'Sidney," said Ethel as she walked in the garden with her brother one beautiful spring evening, "nurse has been telling me such wouderful stories to-day about dwarfs and water nymphs, and she says that the fairles who many years ago lived under the rocks on Landen Hill have returned and are visiting their old home."

"I do not believe there are such beings as fairies," said Sidney, "for I never saw any, and never heard of any except in our story books."

"But they do live," insisted Ethel, "for grandmamms has often told me that when she was a little girl and there were only a few cottages where our village now stands, the fairies would sometimes come to her father's house, and even now she has a pearl necklaceSwnich the Fairy Queen gave her."

"Well," said Sidney, "suppose we go out to Linden Hill, and then if we see any faries, we shall believe all the stories we have heard; but I am sure we shall not find

"We must go at night," said Ethel, "for grandmamma says that the fairies sleep all day, and then after the sun goes down, especially moonlight nights, they have their

even more beautiful than this, and they said that they came to the rocks on Linden Hill only once in five years; and that before the sun rose the next morning, they would begin their journey toward the South. When the feast was over and the tables were removed,

small opening in one end, a shower of choice bonbons fell, and although the box was small, the rain of candies continued t fall as long as the Queen shook the box.
"I should like to have such a box. whispered Sidney to Ethel, "and I think I shall take it when the fairies are not look-

treated with such kindness?"

eyes, and scarcely had the Queen put it out of her hands when Sidney siezed it and ran through the room, along the hall and out onto the rocks. The fairies raised a cry anger and started in pursuit of the thief But they could not run as swift as Sidney, and the boy had soon reached the foot of the



feasts and dances. I am certain we shall see them, if we can go." "Of course we can go," replied Sidney,

two miles out of the village, was a slight rise of ground which took its name from the many Linden trees growing on its summit. Here, also, were several large rocks, forming a small cave, which was supposed to be | not to look inside." the abode of the fairies.

That night two little figures stole poiselessly down the wide stairway, out the front door, and into the village street. Here all was very quiet, and no one was to be seen. As long as the children could keep near the and knew that any cry for help would be speedily answered, they were very brave, and chatted gaily about their mid-night adventure. But when they had passed the last house in the village, and the way lav along lonely country roads and through quiet lanes, Ethel crept closer to her brother, and thought that the moon had never before looked so large. Sidney, too, although he would have scorned the idea of being afraid thought what strange shadows the trees east, and wondered if it was always so still in the country at nights. Even the birds seemed to be sleeping, and no sound was heard save the dreary croaking of the frogs

in a pond nearby. The children now spoke only in whispers and hastened their steps toward Linden Hill. Finally the rocks on "O. S dney, don't you smell something good

Sidney thought he did and said: "Maya ter all we shall find the fairies, and what fun it would be if they should invite

Suddenly the sound of sweet music floated on the mir, and as the children drew near, ther could hear voices joining in gay songs. Now, Sidney," said Ethel, "aft you will certainly believe in fairies."

But the boy was too busy wondering how he should get to the fairies to pay any attention to his sister's words. Through crevices in the rocks, rays of bright light shone; but the openings were so small that was going on inside, and although they round and round the rocks, they could find no entrance into the cave. The sound of music and singing grew louder, and the air became so fragrant with the odor of good things that Ethel and Sidney became very hungry, and they thought they must surely starve if the fairies did not appear soon, and invite them to the feast. "Perhaps, if we call they will come and show the entrance," said Ethel. Then the children's voices sounded above the music of the fairies: "Please let us in. We are

For a moment all was very quiet, then a fire voice said: "Who is there?"
"Two children, who are almost starving, and who want to see the Fairies," was the

Shouts of laughter followed these words. Then suddenly the rock opened, and a dwarf, having but one leg, appeared, and said: "Our Queen has heard your request,

and says that you may enter."

Ethel and her brother lost no time in accepting this invitation. They could hardly keep from laughing at the comical appearance or their little guide, who hopped along briskly before them through the narrow passage, leading under the rocks to the banquet hall of the Fairies. The children had expected to see great splendor, but they were almost dumb with astonishment at the wonderful and beautiful scene. The walls and floor of the room were of white marble, and many colored lamps furnished the light. Fountains, surrounded by flowers, and pouring forth crystal waters added to the beaustood a long table, laden with the choicest Fairies enjoying their feast and listening to the music which the dwarfs, who sat near

the fountains, were producing on their tiny When the strangers entered, the Fairy Queen, who was more beautiful than any of her subjects, rose and kindly greeted her guests. She usen gave them places at the table, and ordered that golden plates and food should be brought for them. The children spent a very happy hour, hearing the fairies tell of their other homes, some the fairies joined in a wonderful dance; after which the Fairy Queen exhibited to her visitors her priceless jewels and rare gems. Then taking a plain wooden box in her hand, she said: "This is not a very valuable possession; but it is very curious."

The Queen shock the box, and through a

"O, do not be so wicked," said Ethel, "how could you act so, when we have been

But the boy gazed at the box with envious



SIDNEY STEALS THE MAGIC BOX.

hill, with only the little dwarf with one leg continuing the chase.
"Catch him, Brother Oneleg," shouted

the fairies in chorus, "catch the thief. "I am not afraid, and to-night after everyone has gone to sleep, we shall steal quietly
out of the house. We can be back before
daylight, and no one will know we have
been sway."

But the poor little dwarf, who hopped
very rapidly on his one foot, could not overtake the lively boy, and he was obliged to
return, breathless and angry. Ethel was
greatly mortified over her brother's con-Ethel supproved of her brother's plan, and agreed to go with him in search of the fairles. Linden Hill, which stood about ways so naughty, she thanked them for one visit to Fairyland, and was about to start for home when the Fairy Queen said: "You may keep the box which your brother has taken and enjoy its contents; but be careful

When Ethel was joined by her brother, who was waiting for her near the foot of the hill, she repeated to him the fairy's words, and the children agreed that they should hide the box where they only would know to find it. For many days Ethel and Sidney remembered the Fairy Queen's warning, and enjoyed the contents of the little wooden box. But at last their curiosity to see what was within conquered, and they lifted the 1id. There sat an ugly green frog, which at once sprang out and hopped away. From that time the fairy box remained empty, and although shaken many times every day, it never again yielded its rain of sweets. And now, when passing a small stream or pond, the brother and sister always look curiously into the water to see if they can discover the frog which came from Fairyland.

PAYSIE. SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusements. Address communications for this departme

to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine, 1459-AN HEBBARIUM. 2cn Plants.



1460-ENIGMA. 1460—ENIGMA.

A kind of wound that may be made
With a keen or sharp-pointed blade,
Or a "slv mischief" if you choose—
No matter which of these you use,
They both define a certain word
In kind of way that's not absurd,
Nor hard to guess; but now when we
Reverse the reading, what we see
Is mammals, such as cannot run,
And such as never see the sun. And such as never see the sup

NELSONIAN. 1461-A HIDDEN PALINDROME. 1401—A hinder who reads the puzzler's tome,
Is hidden here a palindrome;
And he who finds this buried name May earn, perchance, the meed of fame.

And, round his brow, may early grow The halo olden painter's show, Surrounding heads of saints and men, Whose like we may not see again.

But if no shining mark he claim, He will have found a vessel's name, Of which the miner learns the worth While washing precious ores from earth.

1462-RIGHT RHOMBOTO 1462—RIGHT BHOMBOID.

Across—1. A crown. 2. A ship. 8. A plant of the genus Rubia, 4. A genus of birds. 5. Governors. 6. Regular method.

Down—1. Letter. 2. A verb. 8. A measure of liquids among the Dutch. 4. The face of a timepiece. 5. An ancestor. 6. The middle, long finger of the hand. 7. To answer. 8. Roebucks. 9. Skill. 10. Southeast, (Abbr). 11. A letter.

Solon.

1463-ANAGRAM. Are you a lover of choice food? Have you an appetite that's good? And are you fond of company? If so I pray you eat with me.

Delicious whole I'll treat you to, And delicacies not a few; A feast of fat things you will see If you will come and cal with me.

I know that all your taste will please, It is prepared with butter, cheese, And milk and eggs, such dainties we Will relish well; come eat with me. Upon my table you will find Varieties of choicest kind; Nice veal and poultry there will be, And rabbit, too; come eat with me. Nets Spread at Even and Drawn Pull Wriggling Fish at Dawn.

NELSONIAN.

1464-A QUEER UNION. Our Phil was settling down for life, And only had one care, Which was to get a willing wife His happiness to share.

So Sophy he selected out His partner to be, A buxom damsel tall and stout, Who knew no more than he.

For Phil was never fond of books— Thought learning but a bore; By vigor, vim and healthy looks He always set more store. Some at the sequel marvel made, For when the circle joined The two in ood, they both displayed A learning most refined.

1465-A PARADO X. Go into a busy factory where the "wheels go round" and you will find a first. On a still, drowsy night in summer, in a vast wilderness, thousands of miles from any factory or man, a second is making a first, from which it might be called a first second, yet it is not a whole, although this may seem to you a whole.

BOB GIGLER.

1466-CHARADE. Some persons one the sight Of boxing pugilists, And gaze with great delight On a debate with fists.

And, although a complete May be against the law, They at such show will meet, To fill their brutal maw,

At anytime, they cry: "A two! a two!" invokes "A two! a two!" invoce.
A brightness to the eye
Of these half-savage folks.
BITTER SWEET.

1467-TRANSPOSITION. Take a most delicious fruit And change its letters all around, And you will have a timid brute In Central Asia's forests found.

1468-DECAPITATION. Let not despair, my triend, Total ambition; Wait, e'en unto the end, For sweet fruition.

Last not for love or gain, Ever thyself restrain; Haste may but cause thee pain,

Tears and contrition ANISE LANG.

ANSWERS. 1450—House-cleaning time. 1451—Keats, eats: Burns, urns; Saxe, axe; Scott, cott: Morris, orris; Sears, eats. 1452—Couriesy. 1453—L. Carpenter. 2. Baker. 3. Printer. 4. Mason. 5. Architect. 6. Merchant. 7. Black-smith.

1454-Pea (P), thus: Caret, car-p-et; Sark, s-p-ark; pier, pi-p-er; male, ma-p-le; ears, p-ears; lover, p-lover; ple, pi-p-e; L p-i-p; polar, po-p-lar; ray p-ray; arson, p-arson. 1450—Abandon.

noticed a crowd of boisterous young men thousand years!"

standing around the soda water fountain.

And so they have. A desperate and unwere very dissipated looking young They men. Their coat collars were turned up, their language was unwholesome and their general demeanor that of reckless rounders. One young man had tossed \$1 on the counter and asked the others what they wanted. They took "vanilia," "crab-apple," "lem-on," and after tossing the drinks off, stamped out of the drugstore. It was a very cold night, and the Man About Town was omewhat taken aback.
"What!" he exclaimed, "do you sell soda

water at this time of the year?" "Oh, yes," replied the drug clerk, "on receipts are more than half as large in the winter as our summer receipts from the fountain." Then he added: "Those are dissipated youths who have been to the theater and are now following a devious way home, taking in all-night drugstores en route to fill up on soda water. In this way they have just as much fun as the real earnest tipplers, and none of the consequences,'

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE. The Man Who Asks to Be Told of His Faults Gets Mad if He Is.

hicago Advance.] "I want you now to be very frank with me, and tell me my faults, and if you see anything adverse to my work, or myself. I am especially anxious to know about it." four bands, labored day and night for How often is such a remark made by one months, and Yarmouth was saved. The am especially anxious to know about it." who is just beginning his career. It is a seventh harbor done, it has since stood, the cautious remark to make, and is received by him to whom it is made also cautiously; but how seldom is it that one avails himself of the right that is thus given, and also, how seldom it is that one who makes the remark would receive with grace and gratitude the

suggestion of any criticism!

A man said to me, "My old friend coming to work near me asked me to be free in tell-ing him his faults and mistakes. After six mouths I had reason to believe he was drift-ing in a wrong direction. 'I ventured to indicate to him this tendency. The result was the same that occurred to the man who lent a friend money. He lost his money and his friend. I lost my friend and my advice

MRS. SHELDON'S AFRICAN TRIP.

Luxurious Car in Which the Fair Explore Will Do the Country.

Mrs. French Sheldon is off for Central Africa with only one European companion, an attendant of her own sex. The sketch, which is from Pall Mall Budget, shows Mrs.



Sheldon's African coach, which was made at Whiteley's, having been specially designed by Mr. Henry S. Wellcome. It is a unique specimen of strong, light, and artistic cane and bamboo work. It contains within itself the comforts and luxuries of a Pullman palace car. Mrs. French Sheldon pro-poses to be carried in this palanquin by four

A Proverb Improved Upon. Binghamton Leader, 1 The love of money is the root of all evil; but the need of money is the evil itself.

of her Zauzibari porters.

YARMOUTH BLOATERS.

Wakeman Describes Bow the Famous Edibles Gets Into Market.

A NIGHT ON THE NORTH SEA.

THE STRANGE SADNESS OF THE FOLK

YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, Feb. 28.-Pilgriming in many lands, I have been much among their waterside folk-with the fishermen of Algiers, who are a conglomerate race of Greeks, Italians, Spaniards and Arabs; with the fishermen of Sicily, gloomy and voiceless as Gypsy dogs; with those of Barcelona, the giants of the south of Spain; with Biscayan, Breton and Cornish fishermen, superstitious and sodden above all others; with the brave, kind men of Cladown coasts, prove the most valuable recruits to our east shore fishing fleets; with the capand-tasseled pescadores of Cuba, brigands all in looks and ways; with the squatty Eskimos of the Labrador coast, satisfied with any fruitage of the deep which will barely sustain, life; with the crofter fisher of the North Scottish and Shetland coasts; and with our own brave Gloucester men who risk their lives upon the Grand Banks, and the 'Quoddy fishermen whose chief quarry is the herring, all along the grand Maine coast to the mist-wreathed crags of wild Manan-and I have been continually impressed with the almost indefinable and wholly indescribable sadness that seems to brood over and among

all this class of people. Sadness Sets on Every Face.

It is in their cabins and homely social life. It is in their voices and looks. In repose it sets on their faces pitifully. Roused into some great activity, in storm, in taking fish, or in saving lives, they have grand, earnest faces, these fishermen. But in the quiet hours, there is something hunted, wearied, worried, dreading and dreadul to be read in the lines of their faces, in the tremulous-ness of their voices, and in the light which shines from their eyes, that all their brave and hearty ways cannot hide or disguise. It is as if the sea, from which they live, had whispered in secret to each consciousness some savage threat of reprisal; as if over every little comfort, home joy, or wellearned content, hung the spectre hand of fate, coming closer to the inner vision every time the fisherman's heart grows glad. In whatever degree this is universal, it seems to me to be more marked among the fishermen of Yarmouth than I have ever tound it elsewhere revealed. I believe Dickens saw and felt this here at this old fishing port, when he created out of his great and tender heart the pathetic characters of the Peggottys-simple, tender, true; scorning baseness; resolute in all manly attributes; majestic in suffering and forgive-ness; and througs and over all, the pathetic thread of sadness, quivering like an end-less plaint in a melodiou though mournful

Their Battles With the Sea.

It is surely here among all these thousands of Yarmouth fishermen, wives and bairns. The upward, far look in their eyes, has come as a heritage of centuries of dolor TIPPLERS OF SODA WATER.

Western Fouths Fill Up on the Fire That
Does Not Intoxicate.

St. Louis Republic.]

Strolling into a downtown drugstore late one night last week, The Man About Town noticed a crowd of boisterous young men thousand years of the cause we have battled with the sea a thousand years!"

past and present, to retain their vecy existence, as well as their trade in herrings. The history of the Dutch in their battles for the preservation of their dykes against the gnawing of the sea, cannot surpass the rec-ord of Yarmouth folk in their struggles to preserve their port. For hundreds of years it was the ever-recurring victim of destructive tempests and sifting sands. Seven different harbors were excavated between the middle of the fourteenth century and the time of Elizabeth.

Rebellion, Pestilence and Famine. While the storms and the sands were destroying one harbor after another, war, re-bellion, pestilence and famine assailed the brave Yarmouth' folk ashore. In the old oks one can read how they sold their church-plate, bells and vestments for funds to preserve the harbor. Again you can find where every inhabitant, save the shipwrights at work on her-ringboats, were compelled to labor three days of every week, on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, at the excavations. They worked first and worshiped alterward, in East Anglia in those religious days. At another time, when the danger was most immi-nent, the precious store of the town's gunpowder was sold for means with which to save the port. And again, when the sea had almost buried the wharves and town in sand, the entire inhabitants, divided into greatest monument to human pluck and invincibility that can be tound in all Britain

to-day. One cannot help having an admiration and affection for men made out of this sort of stuff; and to know them in their humble homes, in their haunts and resorts of the quaint old town, and in their dangerous toil of gathering the harvests of the deep, is to The sess a long-remembered pleasure and depossess light,

flerring Fishing the Big Thing.

Their methods of fishing vary little at the present time from those in vogue for the past hundreds of years; save that the little open boats formerly in use have been sup-planted by fine decked smacks; as is true with the fishermen of the entire British coasts, barring those of the west and northwest Irish islands, where the ancient cur-ragh, or skin-keeled canoe, is still in use. Though long-line and deep-sea fishing is prosecuted by many the year round, and, during the winter months under the most perilous circumstances known to any fishermen on the globe, the paramount interest at Yarmouth, from the fisherman's standpoint, is centered in the herring fisheries of this

These made Yarmouth. They sustained the city and its eitizens. At the present time it is reckoned that the city increases its population three-fold, and houses 60,000 souls during the "season," two-thirds of this number being drawn here solely by the herring industry. Again, this number is doubled by excursionists and seaside loit-erers from the near manufacturing cities, and even from far-away London itself; so that from June until September it is no un-common thing for Yarmouth to hold from 100 000 to 120 000 people 100,000 to 120,000 people.

The Crew of a Smack. Now, as of old, the merebants of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Gorieston and other near ports, fit out large decked boats of from 50 to 80 tons burthen, the Yarmouth and near coast fleet numbering perhaps 1,500 of these vessels. Each one is manned with a master, mate, hawseman, waleman, net-rope man, net-stower and about haif a dozen laborers or "capstern men." All these engage to serve during the season, at atipulated wages, with an allowance of a certain sum in money for every "jazz" of herrigge these with an allowance of a certain sum in money for every "last" of herrings taken, to the master, mate, hawseman and waleman; some vessels engaging with this allowance to each vessels, the allowance being divided by the entire crew, "share and share alike."

A "last" of herring is the Yarmouth standard of reckoning. It comprises ten heared.

boat, is to count out 13,200 herrings. The vessels are victualled by the owners, and are also provided with several tons of salt. For the herrings taken at Yarmouth are disposed of in an entirely different manner from those secured by the Scottish and Shettand fishers. The latter sell their "takes" immediately to "curers," who, at "stations" alongshore "pickle" the herring according to the old Dutch method, in barrels, which, after receiving government inspection and brand, are shipped to the continental market. All the herring taken along the East of England coast are marketed at Yarmouth, and are either shipped fresh, in car-load, lots, to the London fishmongers, or are transformed by salting and smoking into "Yarmouth bloaters," for shipment to all parts of the world in the little pine boxes, which from time

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. A night with the Yarmouth herring-fleet s replete with interest and often with exitement. On more than one occasion have I been rocked in the cradle of the North Sea in no gentle fashion aboard these herring-smacks, but great storms during the herring-season are rare exceptions. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the mass of smacks along the quays begin to swarm with men; and half the city folk, after an old custom, straggle up and down the quays to witness the daily departure of the fleet. You will dagh, at Galway, and those along the won-drous Kerry coast; with the lazy fishermen of the dreamy A zores, who, transferred to our great level pile in the hold. This is a work

in the little pine boxes, which from time immemorial have adorned grocery store

out of the Yare-mouth, and thence across the Yarmouth Roads, into the open sea. As the twilight falls the old city sinks from sight into its sand-danes. What at first was a semi-circle of bright color from the thousands of pleasure seekers along the beach, gradually merges into a line of rose above another of white; these blend into a ribbon of purple; and then the city lights show like faint, far stars lying across the horizon, beneath the darkening purples of the western sky, the Yarmouth beacon light blazing brightly above, alongside St. Nichola's grim, square tower.

Spreading Out the Nets. . Net after net flies over the side, as we float with the tide, trailing at least a mile behind us, like a majestic sea serpent, the corks and buoys dancing on the waters farther than the eye can reach. Then the cook calls us below to the "den" for supper. A queer little place it is. One can hardly stand upright in it. On either side are the sleeping berths for a crew of eight. There is a good American stove, and a tiny table at which four of us can sit at one time and eat. And how we do eat! Never before have ham and eggs, potatoes fried in fish grease, pretty tough bread and black coffee, tasted so toothsome and sweet. Then an hour or so on deck spinning yarns, and all but two or three of the crew "turn in" be-

About midnight we who remain on watch "try" the nets. A half dozen or more are hauled in. Perhaps not a single herring is found. The nets are east out again. Then it is drift, drift, drift, until 3 o'clock in the morning, more than 1,000 silent smacks in company, trailing 1,000 miles of nets. At this hour all is commotion throughout the entire fleet. The daily drawing of the sealottery is at hand. On each smack's stern is a machine called the "Iron Man," worked by one man, which hauls in the back-rope over three pulleys, and is equal to about two and one-half men's strength.

Pulling in the Wriggling Fishes. The remainder of the crew are hauling in the middle and foot of the nets, shaking the wriggling, silvery, squeaking fish from the meshes into the hold as the nets come over the gunwale; the "scummer boy" with his 'scummer," like a salmon-landing net, eagerly scooping up every herring which by mischance drops back into the sea, from which service his entire wages are secured. If few fish have been taken, it is a wearisome task hauling in more than half a mile's length of dripping nets. If three or four or half a dozen "lasts" are secured, as is often done, the men work under the greates excitement and good feeling. Finally, as perhaps the dawn is just breaking, the entire fleet is heading toward Yarmouth before a spanking breeze, the light-laden, unlucky

craft outspeeding those deep-sunk with their precious freights, rendering easy and cheery the onerousness of lagging behind. The herrings are disposed of in a jiffy by auction; carted to the fish-houses; covered with salt for 24 hours, and are then washed in vats by the curers, called "towers." Then they are spitted through the head upon spits about four feet long by women, glib of tongue and dextrous of fingers, locally known as "rivers." From their hands they are conveyed to the huge "smokehouses. where they are hung in tiers in narrow pass-ages from 40 to 50 feet high; and in these the process of smoking goes on in gentle smudgings, with frequent intermissions. several weeks. They have then become the rich, juicy, toothsome "Yarmouth bloaters" commerce. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

STRONGER THAN SAMSON.

He Looks Like a Fat Man, But His Fat

Proves to Be All Muscle. Louis Cyr, the French-Canadian strong man, is 27 years old, and though lacking 11/4 inches of the 6 feet in stature, he already weighs 22 stone 10 pounds. He is described as looking more like "the fat man" than "the strong man" of a show; but his muscle is anything but soft and vielding to the touch. The great man's hair is yellow and curly, and he wears it long-not, he exlains, because the original Samson kept his strength that way, but because "it is at-tractive while exhibiting." At other times, by a liberal use of hairpins, the golden locks are put up in a neat knot under his hat. The lifting of heavy weights is the forte of the strong Canadian, and his



Louis Cyr. last and biggest lift was 3,993 pounds, within 7 pounds of what they call two "short tons" over the water. When interviewed the other day, he said:
"My first lift was in this way. There was

a load of bricks-over a ton, I guess-stuck in a hole in the road, and the horse couldn't pull it out. I was only 17, but was a big fellow, weighed 240 pounds (17 st. 2 lb.), and I got underneath the cart and lifted it off the ground and got it out. Then I tried to see what I could do, and have never had any difficulty in lifting 2,500 pounds since

'For two years I have abstained from liquor and tobseco; before that I used to take them regularly. I am three times better off since then. I gained in atrenth enough to lift 700 pounds more in these two years. Liquor is a bad habit, anyway. Tobseco, too much of it, is bad. I am three times better off since I gave them both up. I eat five or six pounds of meat a day—eat

A "last" of herring is the Yarmouth stand-ard of reckoning. It comprises ten barrels of fish. Another method of computing the "last," where the fish are sold out of the street. Cutting and fitting the very best. Su

MEALS FOR ONE DAY.

Three Menus Suitable for the Season From Ellice Serena.

HOW TO MAKE VARIOUS DISHES.

Delicious Creamy Omelet, a Lemon Ple and a Cream Rose Cake.

A NUMBER OF GENERAL RECIPES

ambitious housekeeper is not always happy. It is not so easy to tempt the appetite in Lent as it is at other seasons. However, I shall try to give some hints this week that will seem to lighten the burden of penitential sorrow. Following will make up three

very acceptable meals:

In this season of sackcloth and ashes the

Sliced Oranges.
Porridge. Sugar and Cream.
Fried Fish. Hashed Potatoes.
Hot Biscuit. Coffee. Creamery Omelet,
Beet Salad. Luncheon. Lenten Sandwiche Lemon Pie, Chocolate,

Brenkfast

Tea. Dinner. Creamed Oysters.
Roast Mutton. Boiled Rice.
Mashed Turnips. Creamed Cabbage.
Mayonnaise of Lettuce.
Cheese Fritters.
Cream Rose Cake. Lemon Jelly.
Coffee.

Following are recipes that will help the earnest housekeeper in her effort to have palatable and healthy meals: BISCUIT.

Sift together, twice, one quart of flour, two beaping teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt. Rub through the flour, thoroughly, two large tablespoonfuls of cold, firm land. Add sweet milk enough to make a soft dough.

Mix with a silver fork, and turn out on a well-

floured molding board.
Handle as little as possible.
Roll out smooth, and cut with a keen-edged knife into small squares, fingers or diamonds.
Prick with a fork lightly.
Dredge the baking pan with flour.
Bake in a brisk oven 15 minutes.

CREAMY OMELET. Beat the yelks of four eggs lightly with a silver spoon. For each egg add one tablespoon-full of cream. Season with a scant teaspoonful of salt and a little peper.
Stir in the whites, beaten stiff.
Have the omelet pan perfectly clean, smooth and hot.

and hot.

Put in a generous tablespoonful of butter, and just as soon as it melts—be careful not to scorch it—turn in the mixture and at ence begin to shake the pan with regular motion.

While the top is still soft and creamy, set the pan in the baker (which should be hot) and remove the instant it becomes set, or just tinged with brown.

move the instant it becomes set, or just tinged with brown.

Roll with a cake turner onto a platter that is quite warm.

Garnish with parsley sprigs.

If the complete directions given here are carried out, a delicious omelet, entirely worthy of ite name, will be the result. LENTEN SANDWICHES.

Butter lightly and sprinkle with minced water cress and grated Parmesan cheese. BEET SALAD. Boil one-half dozen beets until quite tender. Change into cold water and rub off the

Cut graham bread into thin slices.

skins.

When quite cool, cut into dice and mix with an equal quantity of hard-boiled eggs, minced.

Serve with cream salad dressing. CREAMED OYSTERS. Put into a double boiler one quart of oyster When the boiling point is reached skim care-

When the boiling point is reached sain carefully.

Pour in a pint of cream.

When about to boil add the cysters and femove at once from the fire.

Have seasoning of salt, pepper and butter in the tureen; also a pinch of cayenne.

Pour in the cysters and serve at once.

If thickening is desired, add a little cracker meal, or a heaping teaspoonful of flour mixed with a little milk.

LEMON PIE. We hope the following recipe will be given a air trial. It has been well tested and profair trial. nounced most excellent.

Beat the yolks of four eggs until very Add the grated poel of one lemon and one and one-half cupfuls of suzar.

Beat well and stir in two tablespoonfuls of

nour.

Add the julce of one large lemon (or two small ones) and two-thirds of a cupful of water.

Stir well and pour into pie tins lined with pull paste.

Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Spread over the pies, when baked.

Return to the oven and brown slightly. This recipe makes two pies.

In using the peel of lemon or orange scrape off lightly with a very sharp keife the yellow part only—which contains the oil. part only—which contains the oil.

By scraping or grating deeper bitterness i

CHEESE FRITTERS.

Grate two ounces of rich, sharp cheese.

Mix with two dessertspoonfuls of bread crumbs, a dessertspoonful of butter, a pinch of cayenne and one erg.

Reduce to paste, and shape into balls about as large as a walnut.

Flatten a little, dip into fritter batter, and fry brown in hot fat.

CREAM ROSE CARE. Cream together one cupful of butter and three cupfuls of powdered sugar.

Stir into this mixture one small cupful of cream (into which it is safe to put a pinch of the ceremony of tak). It pur character of coal-mining, an industrial enterprise.

The ceremony of tak

soda).

Beat 5 minutes with the dover, until the Beat 5 minutes with the dover, until the mixture is like whipped cream. Flavor with vanilia and put in by turns the whites of ten eggs beaten to a standing froth, and nearly five cupfuls of prepared flour. After taking out the two white layers, color the remainder with a teaspoonful, or less, of liquid cochineal, sift in (last) two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Bake in jelly-cake pans.

Take two and one-half cupfuls granulated sugar, and one-half cupful of water.
Boil three minutes.
When cool aid the whites of three well-beaten eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.
Grated cocoanut aprinkled in the icing makes a very pretty effect. LEMON JELLY.

ICING FOR CREAM ROSE CARE,

Soak a package of gelatine with enough cold water to cover it.

Stir in the juice of three lemons, and the grated peel of one, and two cupfuls of white Sugar.

Pour over this a scant quart of boiling water and stir until dissolved.

Strain through flaunel into a wet mold.

When about to serve stand the mold for a minute in tepid water and turn out.

Surround with whipped cream.

Here are some general recipes: CHEAM CAKE. One cupful of sugar and two eggs, beaten to gether.

Add one cupful of sour cream, two of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a half teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt.

Bake, and eat fresh.

BANANA PUDDING. Line a deep dessert dish with slices of sponge cake.

Alternate with sliced bananas and cake until the dish is nearly full.

Pour over a pint of cold-boiled custard and heap with whipped cream. WHIPPED CREAM.

Sweeten one-half pint of sweet cream with some idaf sugar, which has been well runbed on the our side of a lemon and then crushed. Put into a cold vessel with the beaten white Whip to a stiff froth in a cold place. CHICKEN FRITTERS. Mince cold-boiled chicken, seas on well and

nix sith fritter batter.
Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. ROILED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD Grate a quarter of a pound of chocolate.
Add one-half pint of hot water and stir contantly until it dissolves without boiling.
Beat together four eggs and one-half pound of powdered sugar.
Add a quart of boiling milk and stir in the thecolate.

chocolate.

Strain through a sieve.

Return to the fire and stir with a weeden spoon, without ceasing, for five minutes.

Set on ice until ready to serve. APPLE CUSTARD PIE. Beat together three eggs and one-half cupful f sugar, Stir this mixture into one and one-half cupfuls of cold apple sauce.

Add a pint of new milk and season with nut-

Line ple tins with rich paste and glaze with Pour in the custard and bake slowly.

CORN MUFFINS. finto a cupful and a haif of sweet milk stir the beaten velks of two eggs and two level tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Add one teacupful of white Indian meal, two teacupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder—all sifted.

Stir in one tablespoonful of melted butter and the beaten whites.

Bake in well greased gem pans in a brisk oven.

TURKEY PATTIES. Take some of the white meat of cold reas Mince, season with salt, pepper. a grate of nutmeg, and a little grated lemon peel.
Stir in a little cream and gravy, let simmer for a few minutes and then fill the patties.
Serva warm or cold.

Serve warm or cold. CREAM TART. To three well beaten eggs add three heaping tenspoonfuls of sifted flour.

Pour this mixture into a pint and a half of healing mixture. boiling milk.

Sweeten to taste, add a pinch of salt, and flavor with lemon or rose.

Line tart pans with puff paste and bake in a cuick own.

quick oven.

Pour in the mixture, sift with sugar and PRIED CABBAGE. Mince fine cold broiled cabbage, season to taste, add a half cupful of cream and season-ing of salt and pepper. Put into a buttered frying pan and cook long enough to brown it slightly

BEEF CAKES. Mince underdone beef with a little bacon or ham and a small onion.
Season well and pound thoroughly.
Shape into cakes and fry brown.
Serve with gravy.
ELLICE SERENA.

QUICKSILVER OF MEXICO.

Mines Which Beat Those of Almaden in Spain and Something About Them. Illustrated News of the World. 1

No country of North America has made more rapid progress in the last decade of years than the Republic of Mexico; and since the opening of its railway system fresh fields of agriculture and mineral wealth are constantly being taken in hand and developed. The recent construction of the branch of the Mexican Central Railway, between the State of San Luis Potosi and the Port of Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, has opened up to the English capital another of the rich mineral zones of that country. In the center of this zone, a short distance from the new railway, is the quaint old town of Guadalezzar, which, though, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, is situated in a



Specimen of the Mining Country.

and well-cultivated valley, securing for it in these tropical latitudes an equable and halmy climate, varying little from 70° to 75° the year round. The district surrounding Guadaleazar for miles is a great mineral zone, containing gold, silver, copper, anti-mony and quicksilver. Except the silver mines, the only developed portion of this zone is the quicksilver mines of Guadalcazar, which have been worked for over a century by the Mexicans, and which have lately been acquired by an English com-pany—The Guadalcazar Quicksilver Mines, Limited.

These mines are situated in a range of mountains about six miles northwest of the town. Here work is being energetically proceeded with in scientific methods with surprising results, and these mines now bid



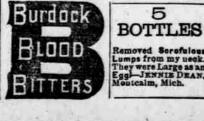
mines of Almaden in Spain and New Almaden in California. It should be observed that mining for quicksilver is quite unlike mining for gold, silver, or other precious metal. It partakes more of the character of coal-mining, and is practically

The ceremony of taking possession of a Mexican mining property is interesting. The new owner stands at the mouth of the mines, and the late owner takes him by the hand and leads him into the mine. The previous owner then picks up a hand-ful of ore and places it in the hands of the new purchaser, thereby signifying that



The Crude Mexican Furnace. he has handed the property over to him but, in case any third party may have any claim, the Judge in attendance then reads claim, the Judge in attendance then reads a declaration of titles, and demands if anyone present knows of "any true or just impediment to speak now by hold his peace forever." Preparatory to the ceremony the picture of the patron saint of the mine is worshiped at the mine chapel and hymns are sung. Needless to say, the Mexican miners are very superstitious, and, for some reason or other best known to the mealway. reason or other best known to themselves, will not allow a temale into a mine. Indeed, in some remote districts of Mexico, a female would be murdered by the miners if she attempted to enter the mine, as her presence would be considered a certain forerunner of disaster. However, every morn ing before the work is commenced all hands join in prayer, and not a stroke of work would be done in the mine if this custom were not rigidly adhered to.

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