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Of the 8,000 communes in Italy, more than 4,000 are totally unprovided with sewers. There are 37,200 dwellings underground, which give shelter to 101,-457 persons. Altogether the sanitary condition of the people is wretched, and the majority are so poor and ignorant that there is little hope that it will be

An Indiana man who, under the last admistration, held the position of Indian agent in Dakota, told the Chicago Journal recently that the excessive dryness of the atmesphere there affected his health, causing him to have the rheumatism so badly that he was not able to walk half a mile, though he was never thus afflicted at home. A subsequent transfer to the Indian Territory caused a great improvement in his health. He said he knew of many persons having to leave Montana also on account of similar rheumatic troubles,

Chickens are valuable outside the question of eggs and flesh. A full grown hen will yield from two and one-half ounces to four and one-half ounces of feathers and down. The feathers serve for bonnet decorations, the ornamentation of military shakos, and for dusters. The average sized feathers are employed for beds and bolsters, the down for pillows. But the latter classes are not held in as much esteem as the same from geese and ducks. When the feathers are plucked, they are placed for a short time in a baker's oven, after the bread has been withdrawn, to kill the insect germs before they are sent to market.

Dr. Oswald says that "candidates for the office of a Turkish policeman seem to be selected without regard to their achievements in ward politics. By the present regulations of the hadjeh kazna, or board of police, the patrolmen of Constantinople have to speak at least two of the five principal languages of their cosmopolitan metropolis. They have to be first-class swordsmen, being required to disarm and not dissect a contumacious criminal, and use their ponderous pistols only in extreme cases of personal peril. They are to a man picked athletes, and would be models of their class but for one rather venial foible-their pay is so one rather venial foible—their pay is so scotch drops was a privilege highly scant that they can not afford to refuse prized by either of these rustic admirers. an occasional subvention. According to special instructions, they are permitted to assist a 'tipsy but discreet unbeliever' to reach his quarters in peace, and after dark every offender with a handful of his father sternly, "if you don't get a lit-small currency is apt to be mistaken for the more sense in your head with your a tipsy but discreet infidel.

There exists in New Bedford, Iowa, n very curious optical phenomenon in the person of a little girl about ten years old, by the name of Nancy Taylor. She attends school up in Grant Township. If the current philosophy of vision, that we really see things upside down, be correct, then this little girl is an instance of a person who sees objects as they really are. She does her figuring and writing with inverted characters, begins at the right side of the slate or paper, and reads with the book upside down. Objects within two feet of her eyes look inverted, while if removed further off they make the same impression on her visionary organs that they do on other people's. Her eyea are light blue, and have nothing about their appearance to indicate them less capable of performing their functions than ordinary optics. They have been examined by prominent specialists, but no malformation could be detected.

The Secretary of the New York Medical Society has been instructed to formulate a denunciation of those pretended Indian doctors who, during the last few summer seasons, have so multiplied throughout the country. They travel from place to place, setting up an imitation of an Indian camp in each, drawing crowds by means of a crude variety show of singing, dancing, and athletic feats, and then selling medicines composed of a stew of herbs made in a kettle over a fire in the presence of the spectators. liked those biscuits I had made for her Sometimes mystic rites or savage incantations accompany the manufacture of the cure-all, and the superstitious and ignorant are so impressed that they part · with their dollars freely. The Medical Society will direct the attention of all the county medical associations of the United States to the fact that, although these quacks are careful not to formally announce themselves as physicians, they do usually figure as "medicine men." and are in effect medical practitioners in the eye of the law. In some instances the adventurer is a degenerate physician, entitled by diploma to practice, but that is unusual, and the societies will be urged to prosecute all the rest. The assertion will be made that great harm and small good are done to their patients, because the stuff sold is almost invariably a simple cathartic, likelier than not unsuited to the disease.

CONFIDENCE.

Think not that you may calmly tread The loftier beight that thousands miss, Till you have measured all the dread And darkness of the abyss.

That foot which climbs where towers me The peak of blended sun and snow,

Is always gardianed by an eye That dares to 'ook below!

-Edgar Fawcett, in Independent.

#### GOSS & SONS.

It was Friday evening, the busiest time in the week for Goss & Sons, for it was the night on which the country orders

"Goss & Sons" were in the shop. Goss was a country grocer; the sons were young fellows of nineteen and twenty, John and William; the shop was a low wooden edifice, with a window in front and a window round the corner, crammed up with mixtures the most re-markable. It was, in fact, quite a small "store," for it was the only shop in Hep-burn, unless we count two or three cottages with goodies and apples in the

"Now, lads, look alive," said Mr

"Is it twopenny or threepenny sugar Mrs. Reece takes, father?" said William,

presently.

"Threepenny, of course!" struck in John, impatiently. "Will never knows what belongs,"

said his father; "he's always wool-gathering, Will is!" "Will never supposes anything's worth thinking about that isn't printed in a

"It doesn't want much thinking to tell him that Sir Benjamin Sykes' housekeeper doesn't want common stuff. What's this? If it's meant for half a hear."

pound it's uncommon good weight."
"Oh, well! I thought a few butterscotch drops didn't matter," said Will,

turning crimson.

"Butter-scotch drops!" said John, pricking up his ears, "they must be for Miss Dulcie; she must be home from great deal of good, Mr. Goss," with a kindly smile. She felt she had been a

"Yes, she was in the shop to-day. We had two carriages standing at the door at once!" said old Goss with pride. John didn't speak, but he was very vexed indeed that he had chosen just that time to slip out about some pota-toes. Even to serve Miss Dulcie across

the counter with half a pound of butter Will, tying up a package, gently hummed:

Tell me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot—how nourished?

"I'll tell you what, young man," said readin', an' writin', and poetry, and rubbish, I'll—I'll—

"Here, father, let's go and draw the treacle for the Rev. Matthew Barton,' said John.

It is five years later. The village shop is shut, but only for the day. The villagers are standing about in groups; some of the most excitable ones have their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Walking slowly along the white highroad is a black procession, the group in front toiling under a heavy burden. Those behind are singing, as they draw near the church

The saints of God, their conflict past. "The saints of God!" What more noble and beautiful title? Who can it be who is now a saint of Godf Only old Goss, the grocer.

After that heavy burden walked the two young men and their mother, a rather lady-like little woman, They were left comfortably provided for—about three thousand pounds apiece

besides the shop.
"Let us sell the business and go up to London," said Will.

"What for? What's the good of Lon-

"Oh, London! Why, I might get some literary work if we only lived in London. Editors and people like that don't think anything of you if you live in the coun-

Poor, honest John, who knew nothing about editors or literature, or anything of the kind, looked troubled.

"I should have thought myself that it didn't matter where good work came from. I know when I am buying things all I care about is the quality; whether they come from Reading, or London, or America, doesn't matter a bit. By the by, brother, Mrs. Reece said Miss Dulcie and wants some more. I'll have a whole lot done; I dare say I might get a little trade for them."

"You've no soul, John, I declare!" said Will, with impatient disgust. "You think about the place—will be delighted to see your 'little trade' the most important thing in the world!"

"It is to me-it's my work," "Now, if I were in your place I would never let another creature taste the bis cuits that I made for Miss Dulcie; they are stamped with her approval, and no inferior person should have them for love or money. It's a trifle, of course, but it shows how utterly you lack poetry and sentiment, that your only idea should be of making a 'little trade!'

"Well, a great trade, then." "Pooh! And if you did, would it bring you any nearer Miss Dulcie?" John didn't speak; but a sudden wild idea flashed into his mind. Perfect madness it was, but it made his heart beat

and sent the color into his face. CHAPTER II. It is ten years later. Old Goss, the selves tidy. \_\_

grocer, has been dead five years. His son Will, intent on a literary career, has gone to London. John has remained in

splendid prisons for many young ladies. Dulcie had been sitting here for the

was at home; then stopped perplexed. ate anything else. What a modern ver-There was something oddly familiar sion of the old primitive bread-making! about him.

since you were at Hepburn." "Surely—surely, you are not John Goss—I mean Mr. Goss?" hastily correct- "Doesn't it remind you?" he

ing herself. He looked such a gentle-He laughed pleasantly. "I am glad you remember me, Miss Dulcie."

"And I am glad-nay, delighted-to see you, Mr. Goss. I am longing to hear some news of dear old Hepburn. Since my father died I seem to have been quite cut off from it; my brother is a shocking correspondent. How is everybody, and what is all the place like!"

"Well, I am sorry to say-at least, of course, I am not exactly sorry either-but

"Well, yes, it is a good size, and I

have had to build a great many workmen's cottages; in fact, the place is quite

kindly smile. She little hard on him. "Good? Oh, dear! no, you are quite mistaken! Of course, I built the schools

hospital; but they were almost matters of necessity." He said it in all simplicity, "I wish I lived down at the Hall

and the workmen's club, and the cottage

again; I might do something for your workpeople, even if it was only the hackneyed round of clothing clubs and mothers' meetings.' "Do you really wish to live at the Hall, Miss Dulcie? I am so glad; that is just what I came about."

"Indeed!" Privately, she had rather wondered what he had come for; but she had been so dull the visit was an interruption; and John was not the sort of man she could, even if she had wished, either snub or patronize.

"I don't know whether you are aware that-that-I bought the old Hall?" "You bought it, Mr. Goss?" Certainly there was a touch of hauteur. She

was shocked. The prejudices of a life are not overcome in half an hour. 'It was merely as an investment, Miss Dulcie, I assure you. I shouldn't think of living there myself-at least, not at present. What I should like better than

auything would be for you to take the place. I am very old-fashioned in some things. I like old families better than I do new ones. "Thank you all the same, but I could not possibly afford it. It is quite out of

the question.' But the rent or purchase money,

whichever you preferred, would not be considered at all. It could stand over indefinitely, and there is plenty of furni-"You are exceedingly kind to give me

the first refusal, and I would take it gladly if I could; but it is quite out of

my power."

John was silent. He leant forward, biting his lip, and there was a line between his eyes as he stared hard at the carpet. It was a crucial moment in his life, and he knew it. He had been working all these years with one object in view; at first a faint far-off star, lately nearer; this morning apparently almost within reach; and now, unless he could bridge over the difficulty of access, he would be baffled after all.

Dulcie little knew what was going on

in his mind. "I suppose you wouldn't care about letting it just for the summer, Mr Goss! she said, calmly.

"Ah!"-and the thought revived him "she's coming after all," "Oh! yes, I would with pleasure if you would like to come for a short time,'

"I have no doubt I could persuade my uncle to take it for three months, and I should very much like it myself,"

you again. "You must introduce me to your wife,

"Oh, Miss Dulcie!" in a pained tone How could she think it possible, haven't a wife,"

"I beg your pardon." She laughed a little uneasily, but colored under his incomprehensible look.

About a month later the proudest day in John's life arrived. His workpeople could not think what in the world made him so fidgety. Every single article in the mill had to be cleaned and polished and set in order, though it was always as nice as it ever could be; but he bothered even over the brass knobs and bars about the engine, and gave the woman's overlooker a hint to tell them to make them-

At 11 o'clock a carriage and pair drove up to the door, just as in old days Miss Dulcie used to drive up to the little shop.

John remembered.

Miss Dulcie Sykes, now a lady of the mature age of twenty-eight, is sitting in a splendid drawing-room in Cromwell Road, Kensington. But these splendid drawing-rooms are little better than the splendid drawing-rooms are little better than she certainly was beautifully dressed in prisons for many young ladies. gray and silver, with a bunch of yellow and been sitting here for the roses in her dress and in her hat. He best part of three days, for her aunt was glad she looked so nice for he hoped wanted the carriage, and it was "not this was her future kingdom, and the proper" for a young lady to go out admiration of his workpeople was not a

matter of absolute indiffence. She was envying with all her heart the middle-class girls who walked along the causeway quite free and happily indifferent to 'society," when she saw a hansom pull up at the door, and a fine-looking man of about thirty-five get out.

Some gentleman to see her uncle, no of men and women looked to him alone looking man of about thirty-five get out.

Some gentleman to see her uncle, no doubt; but in a minute or two the foot-man the man threw open the drawing-room door the huge engine feeding all the world by and announced 'Mr. Goss!" coolly waving its arms about. And such colly waving its arms about. And such lights of about 20,000 candle-power. She came forward, bowed, and said millions and millions of biscuits! One she was sorry neither her uncle nor aust would think nobody in all creation ever

about him.

"I am afraid you don't remember me,
Miss Dulcie," he said; "it is a long time and the power of the man beside her.

Dulcie felt to her heart's core the stupendousness of the place, and the work and the power of the man beside her. "Won't you take one?" he said, offer-

"Doesn't it remind you?" he said "Why, these are the very ones you

made for me a long time ago! "The very same. It was in pleasing you that my fortunes began." She looked up. "Shall we-shall we

go into another room?" The three months passed away only too quickly, and John was no nearer his heart's desire than on that day. In vain he tried to comfort himself with the thought that in society wealth such as his was considered a fair equivalent for the place is not nearly so pretty as it used to be, and it is my fault; but I really couldn't help it."

birth such as hers: and in vain Dulcie's worldly aunt, who recognized a good match when she saw one, invited him to "You have an immense manufactory, I dinner, lawn tennis and picnics. He went to them all, but Dulcie gave no sign-not so much as the droop of an evelash. She was too proud to take up the ungenerous part of trying to attract the man, now that he was rich, whom she had despised when their positions were reversed. But how did he know that? He thought she simply did not

It was almost the last day of their stay, and John was standing in a very disconsolate mood by the workmen's entrance to his mill, watching some casks of sugar being hoisted up to the top story, an immense height, six or seven

As the great iron clamps were being fitted on the last barrel he caught sight of a pretty white dress flitting by.

"Oh, Miss Dulcie!" he said impulsively, raising his hat, "could you spare me a minute or two? I wanted to speak to you about-something." He hadn't an idea what, only he did want her; even a few minutes would be precious.

She stopped, and they both watched all around. the cask being swaved up, till it looked a hand was stretched out, and it was tion have attracted much notice.

Dulcie's upturned face was very sweet. John thought he would like to kiss it; but it suddenly changed horribly. She threw herself violently upon him, and literally banged him up against the wall with violence worse than unladylike-it was perfectly shocking. His hat was sent flying, his head rather sharply bruised. He seized her by the arms in horror. Had she suddenly gone out of her

But at this instant, just at his feet, with a crash, came down the iron clamps on the very spot where he had been standing. Certain and horrible death it would have been.

The worse than stupid workman overhead had unfasted them from the cask and calmly given them a kick over to be ready for the next batch without looking to see if any one was below.

"Are you hurt, John-are you hurt?" seeing the blood pouring from the bruise on his forehead and his head thrown back against the wall, face pale, eyes shut.
"Did it touch you?" she said, taking
his hand gently. "Do look at me—I did
try to save you!"

He looked down upon her. "Dulcie, come into my office." They went across

out of the way of possible eyes and cars and he shut the door. "Dulcie," he said, taking both her

hands, "look up, my dear." She just glanced up, then threw her-self sobbing on to his shoulder. The strain had been great; the tension broke.

"This is the second time you have benefited me, my Dulcie. Your girlish whim began my prosperity, your woman's quickness saved my life; and now you know I want something else." She didn't speak; but John had got the upper hand, and he meant to keep it. 'You know what it is I want," he said, persuasively.

She turned her tearful face up to his and he got what he wanted. — Cassell's Magazine.

## Whence Came the Comets?

The answer to the question: Whence came the comets? would appear to be: 1. Comets which visit our system from without were expelled millions of years ago from the interior of sun.

2. Comets which belong to our system were mostly expelled from the interior of a giant planet in the sun-like state, but a small proportion may have been captured from without.

3. The comets of whose past existence meteor streams tell us were for the most part expelled from our earth herself when she was in the sun-like state, but some of the more important were expelled from the giant planets, and a few may have been expelled from sun. - Professor

. close of the day .- Goodall's Sun.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A gradual increase in the average size of the skull among the natives is believed by a Bombay physician to be taking place as an effect of civilization in India.

The interesting discovery has been made in Switzerland of a bright green moss growing on calcareous rocks 200 feet below the surface of Lake Leman. No other moss has been known so far under water, and how chlorphyl-the green coloring matter-could have been so richly developed in a place so remote from the light is a problem.

The largest dynamo in the world is being set up in Cleveland, Ohio. It will be thirteen feet long, five and one-lialf wide, and weigh ten tons-four times the size and ability of the "Jumbo" machine and its current will furnish incandescent

The new French gun, weighing twen seven tons, has thrown a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds over eight miles. The English forty-three-ton gun has a maximun range nearly as great. The English sixty-three-ton gun is credited with the theoretical range of over ten miles. It is true that these extreme ranges are attained with elevations which may not be secured in the turret ports of a vessel.

A genius in Morelis, Mexico, has made a picture with feathers of humming birds which represents the discovery of pulque. The work is a gem of art as well as a most ingenious and original representation of that romantic episode. ures of Xochitl, the beautifuld Toltec princess, and of Teepancaltzin, the sovereign, as well as all other figures, are exqui-itely made. The picture was purchased for \$100 by a German of Guanajuato, who sent it to Germany.

An interesting experiment, showing the influence of electricity on the growth of roots, has been made in Germany. Plates of copper were thrust upright into the earth and connected by wires with similarly placed zinc plates about 100 feet distant, an electric battery being thus formed, with the earth between the copper and zinc in the circuit. Both potatoes and beets planted between such plates gave an increased yield-beets fifteen per cent., potatoes twenty-five per cent .- as compared with other parts of the same field.

All carpenters know how soon the butt end of chisel handles split when daily exposed to the blow of a mallet or hammer. A remedy suggested by a Brook lyn man consists simply of sawing or cutting off the round end of the handle so as to make it flat, and attaching by a few nails on top of it two disks of sole leather, so that the end becomes similar to the heel of a boot. The two thicknesses of leather will prevent all further splitting and if in the course of time splitting, and if in the course of time they expand and overlap the wood of the handle they are simply trimmed off

The results of experiments made thus quite small, so great was the height; then | far in the purification of water by aera-This method is well known to be based on the discovery that the action of air in purifying water is greatly increased by mixing the air and water under pressure. A Fairmount, Philadelphia, turbine engine was converted into an air-pump, which delivered twenty per cent., by volume, of free air into the water main, this being the proportion found necessary to surcharge the water. Analysis showed that the quantity of free oxygen in the aerated water was seventeen per cent, greater than before aeration, while the quantity of carbonic acid was fifty-three per cent. greater, and that of the total dissolved gases was sixteen per cent. greater.

### An Undertaker's Experience.

"I've just returned from the house of a young married man who died last night," said an undertaker, "and his weeping wife told me she wanted his coffin made large enough to hold his gun and game bag, because he was so fond of

"I suppose you have a great many such queer requests," remarked the listener

"Oh, yes. It was only about a month ago that a mother, frenzied with grief, when I was about to put the lid on her daughter's casket, took from a closet a satin ball dress and insisted upon having it used as a cover for the corpse

"Then some people want favorite books, letters, Bibles, pictures, and such things buried with their dead. It seems to soothe their anguish to some degree, and you have to humor them. The queerest thing of the kind happened to me just after I went into the business. It would have been laughed at en a minstre! stage, but in a house of grief had to be tolerated with solemnity. The ten-yearold boy of a poor woman had died of fever, and I was engaged to bury him. Her neighbors had all gathered down stairs. I went up to ask her if there was anything more I could do, and she handed me a little bundle, saying: Please put this at the foot of Johnny coffin. They are a pair of his old panta-loons, and the first I ever whipped him in. "-Philadelphia Press.

### Executions in France.

They have no blundering executions in The executioner is neither a hero nor an outcast, as in other countries. The system of executions have been simplified as much as possible. The instru-ment is erected the night before, and tried on a dummy to see that it works well. Formerly the condemned was often tortured and torn and backed, and be was always encouraged by having a good look at the gleaming knife as he proached the ghastly instrument. Now the knife is hidden, the victim is in position in two or three seconds, a noiseless Nature's most becoming dress-The touch of the button, and all is over.

#### BY THE RIVER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one luch, one insertion..... 1 00

One Square, one inch, one mouth..... 8 00

One Square, one inch, three months ...... 8 00

Haif Column, one year..... 50 09

Legal advertisements ten cente per lius esca

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery.

Each of them loving, each of them loved, Gliding down with the river, Nature smiled, and the sun above Brighter shone to hold such love

By the fairy banks of the river. Years had passed, and a woman wept, Wept as she sat by the river, Wept for the love that had died away, \* Wept for the love that was lost for aye,

By the dull cold banks of the river, Ever the careless streamlet flows Ever on to the river. Only the breeze a requiem sighed, For the heart that broke, for the love that

By the fairy banks of the river. -Cassell's Magazine.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

High toned-A fife. A joint affair-A fishing-rod. A flank movement-Pa with a strap. The height of fashion-A dude's col-

Motto for persons who preserve fruit "They can, who think they can."-

Fashion note: Sashes are considered essential to every properly constructed window.—Rambler.

"Now is the accepted time," remarked the poor young man solemnly, when his girl told him she would have him.—Tid-According to Webster's Dictionary, a

windbore is the lower or bottom pipe in a lift of pumps in a mine; but in real life it is simply a book-agent .- Puck. "How to Act in a Cyclone" is the heading of a newspaper article. The neighbors can act just as they want to when a cyclone strikes the town, but we

shall act just as if we were going down

cellar .- Estelline Bell. PREVARICATION. Some wish to be Christians, like Peter and Paul: Tell no lies, and never be boasters;

But how can they manage to do so at all,
When they make out their own circus
posters? -Goodall's Sun. A correspondent who signs herself 'Nervous Girl" writes to ask us if we can tell her of any remedy to cure a tickling sensation about the face. Certainly ask him to cut his mustache off .- Lynn

ASPIRATION. Dreaming of a future fairer
Than the blushes of the morn,
Sit I waiting for the morrow,
When my heart will have no sorrow,
And my shoes will fit the wearer—
Far more easy for the corn.
—Albert Maple Leaf.

### Keely and His Motor.

Everybody except an average New York juryman must have heard of Keely's motor, of which the newspapers have had constant mention in the last ten years. Most readers must have come to the conclusion that the motor is a sham but some persons of intelligence and sci entific attainment believe that Keely has demonstrated that he controls a great power, whatever it might be, and that he will yet be recorded as one of the famous inventors, despite the doubt and ridicule so continually cast upon him. Keely (John W.) is asserted to be a very sincere and earnest man, the opposite of the conscious impostor he has been represented. He is a native Philadelphian, and, at the early age of ten, was com-pelled to fight the hard battle of life alone. He soon had two hobbies-music and mechanics. His knowledge of the former enabled him to discover what he claims to be the vibratory theory, and of the latter to construct the machine about which there has been, and still is, so wide discussion. He was by turns a musician, leading a small orchestra several seasons at one of the summer resorts, and a cabinetmaker, having a shop in Market street. Some thirteen years ago, he began to believe that he had invented a new and extraordinary engine. The first large machine required three years to build, cost \$60,000, and proved to be of no practical value. Another and another machine followed, each being an improvement upon its predeceasor. The latest improvement will, it is maintained, show astonishing results. Keely has denoted two symptons of strength and faith, patience as quiet; and if he should succeed at last, his experience would simply be a repetition of what other great inventors have endured .- New York Commercial.

#### An Epicure's Dish. Asparagus is plentiful and good this

eason. I wonder if everybody who has a freezing machine knows how delicious iced asparagus is? It simply needs boiling as usual, draining, dipping in oiled but-ter and putting into the freezer till thoroughly frozen. By oiled butter I mean, of course, butter reduced to the condition of oil, not what is commonly called "melted butter." The best way to prepare oiled butter is to place the quantity of butter required in a covered jar, to put this into a sauce-pan and to let water boil around it till the butter is thoroughly melted. A kind of curd falls to the bottom of the jar, and the clear oil must be carefully poured off it. Many epicures prefer this as sauce to "melted butter" to eat with boiled asparagus. The vegetable, dipped in oiled butter and frozen, is eaten alone, with no further prepara-tion but dipping salt on the plate. It is almost worth while living to have icad asparagus a few times a year. Like every other good thing it clogs the pulate if partaken of too frequently. Only the giant form of the succulent veg stable should be chosen for this treatment; but on a future occasion I hope to give some recipes for using the smaller kinds in various delicate fashious .- London News.