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The railroads of this country own about 800,000 freight cars used in revenue service, which represents capital to the amount of at least $400,000,000.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard College, who has been making an inquiry into the matter, finds that one-third of the students there spend under $700 year, one-half under $1,000, and three-fourths under $1,200.

The fund of £500,000, or $2,500,000, left by George Peabody for building improved houses for the poor of London has, through rent and interest, grown to £910,668, or $4,513,340. There are now 5,014 separate dwellings, containing 11,150 rooms, and the average rent of each dwelling in less than $1.25 a week.

Professor Thomson is quoted as predicting that when the means of utilizing the power of creating quick heating by electricity is better understood it will be used in every workshop for welding, forging, and other purposes. It would be well for manufacturers to watch the progress of the adaptation of electricity to manufacturing purposes.

A tunnel is projected to be bored under Gray's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It will be placed 4,000 feet below the summit of the mountain, will be about 25,000 feet long, and will direct communication between the valleys in the Atlantic slope and those of the Pacific side, with a shortening of some 300 miles in the transmontane distance.

The Japanese have adopted a plan for providing the money necessary for coast defences which relieves the mass of the people of the charge and throws it upon the class chiefly concerned. With the permission of the Mikado the wealthy classes of Japan are subscribing sums ranging all the way from $1,000 to $100,000 for this purpose. No sum less than $1,000 is accepted.

Frank G. Carpenter, of the Cleveland *Leader*, recently cast his observant eyes on the Khedive of Egypt. He thinks the Khedive resembles King Humbert of Italy. "He was dressed in European costume, save that his black hair was covered with a red fez cap. He wore a black frock-coat and white vest and trousers of a grayish hue. His linen was spotless, and I noted that his bosom was decorated with diamond studs. He is a well educated man and speaks French and English."

New York city needs about 6,000,000 postal cards a month. Chicago comes next on the list, with about 3,000,000 cards in the same period. There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually. The adoption of the two-cent postage did not cause any lessening of the use of postal cards, but checked the growth of their use for some little time. That check has been overcome, and the public is using more postal cards every day, the ratio of increase being constant and steady.

"The return of vessels lost or missing at sea furnishes a most terrible record," say the *St. James's Gazette*. "In the four years from the 1st of January, 1880, to the 31st of December, 1883, 1,266 vessels foundered or were reported as missing, with a total loss of 6,661 lives. The record for the eleven years 1873-83 shows a loss of 3,153 ships, and no fewer than 17,157 lives. An extraordinary fact with regard to these figures is the large excess in loss of life in the vessels reported as missing in comparison with that of the ships known to have foundered. It is clear that nearly six-sevenths of the loss of life is in vessels which have disappeared without 'the ken of mortal man.'"

Three of the largest payments on account of arrears of pensions which have ever been made passed through the Pension Office recently. Francis Patterson, of the 154th New York Infantry, who is totally blind, receives $13,337; Walter S. Stephens, of the Eighty-first Ohio Infantry, $12,346, and Jacob Dingman, of the Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry, $12,441. Patterson's claim has been pending for many years, and has been twice rejected. The application in behalf of Stephens, who is insane, was first made in 1865. He has been bedridden for years, and his money will go for the benefit of relatives who have been caring for him. Dingman's application has been pending for ten years. All three were printers. They will receive $72 a month each from this time.

A Russian General indulging in the curious name of Kork, in command at Warsaw, committed suicide the other day. In a note which he left behind him he stated that his son, Lieutenant Kork, had had been arrested a short time before for being implicated in a conspiracy, with several of his brother officers, to kill the Czar. "I know," added the heart-broken father, "how such criminals are treated in our country. I know what tortures they are compelled to undergo, and I fear lest my son, in a moment of weakness, may be induced to make pretended revelations which may compromise me and threaten a life passed in the service of the Czar. I will not submit to such a fate and I put an end to my own existence with the solemn declaration that I have ever been the Emperor's faithful servant."

THE STONE-CUTTER.

There dwelt in far Japan,
Long ages since, a man
Who earned, by hammering stone, his daily food—
But discontent and dole
Lay heavy on his soul,
Which craved great riches as the only good.

And so the gods on high,
Who sometimes bitterly
Punish a man by granting all his prayers,
Gave him a mine of gold,
And lands to have and hold,
And, by and by, breed feuds among his heirs.

But soon he, murmuring,
Desired to be a king;
To reign and rule—ah, that were perfect bliss!
He wearied earth and air
With his incessant prayer
Until the gods indulged him, even in this.

His courtiers fawned and lied,
And rival powers, outside
His realm, assailed his peace with fierce debate,
And heaviness and care
Bleached gray his youthful hair,
And made him weary of his regal state.

"Oh, change me to a rock!"
He cried, "that no rude shock
Can stir, nor any strife disturb or shake!"
And lo! he stood, ere long,
A bowlder, fixed and strong,
Which torrents could not move, nor tempests break.

In vain the burning heat
Of fiercest sunshine beat
Upon his head; in vain the storm wind smote
His rugged sides; in vain
Great rivers, swol'n by rain,
Came roaring from their mountain caves remote.

He was at rest; and he
Rejoiced exceedingly,
Saying: "No more for me, oh, sweet release!
Will there be change and woe,
And wavering to and fro—
Since I am fixed in an eternal peace?"

But on a summer day
A workman brought that way
A hammer and a chisel—these alone
He measured here and there,
And then, with patient care,
Began to cut away the stubborn stone.

"Ah!" said the bowlder king,
What means this wondrous thing?
This plodding workman smites and conquers me!
He cuts, as suits him best,
Huge blocks from out my breast—
He is more strong than I! Would I were he!"

And lo, the powers aloft,
Who had so long and oft
Laughed at his follies, craved and then outgrown,
Again his pleading heard;
He, taken at his word,
Became once more a hammerer of stone!

So, wiser than before
And asking nothing more,
Again about his olden toil he went;
Until he died from age
He toiled for scanty wage,
Nor ever spake a word of discontent!

—*Elizabeth Akers, in Scribner.*

A CONSTANT WOMAN.

BY EVELYN THORPE.

"But, my dear Mrs. Blair, I ask you now, is there any common sense in such far-fetched, finely drawn—"

"Stop, stop, stop!" laughed Mrs. Blair. "Don't say too much. In the abstract you know as well as I know that constancy is a very fine thing."

"Oh, in the abstract! I'm not considering that at present. But—"

"Yes and in the concrete. Reverse the case now, by way of argument. Imagine if you yourself were in Captain Low's place. Suppose that my charming friend Marion had engaged herself to you—"

"It was not an engagement," broke in Farmley sulkily.

"Well, so near it that one may call it so. But I'll say an understanding, if you shy at the other term. Suppose, anyway, that you had loved her—"

"I don't believe the fellow ever loved her!" Farmley again interrupted, pulling savagely at his mustache. "If he had, do you suppose he would not have come back in seven years?"

Mrs. Blair tapped him on the shoulder with her fan.

"You are a very impertinent young man. Twice you have broken in upon what I was saying. And you wish me to take an interest in your little affairs."

"You are a thousand times in the right—pardon me," murmured Farmley, contritely. "The truth is I am completely demoralized."

"I was saying, then, suppose that there had been a tenderness between Marion Dennison and you, and that you had gone away and she had not be able to keep faithful to you for a few years. Would you have thought constancy in that case a far-fetched, finely drawn notion?"

Farmley chafed silently.

"It is not the same thing," he said, at last. "Besides, seven years—"

"Oh, it is not? Mrs. Blair threw herself back, showing all her still pretty teeth. "Oh, you men; you are very amusing at times! The truth is, you don't understand anything about fidelity; it's an unknown quantity in yourselves (or no quantity at all), and you can never admire it in the other sex unless you personally are the object of it."

"So you will not help me with Miss Dennison?" Farmley asked, appealingly.

"Well, I won't say that," Mrs. Blair responded, getting up and walking the length of her pretty drawing room. "I like you, and I am dearly fond of Marion. I think you are very well suited to each other, and I really should like to see you married. Still, if the girl will persist in cherishing her love for the man who took her fancy years ago, I don't see much that I can say. In the abstract, I repeat, the sentiment is admirable and rare, and it does Marion very great honor."

"Bah! She was only a child when she met that fellow. Her feeling for him is a pure chimera, based on a schoolgirl's romantic illusion.

"Go dress for dinner, my dear boy, and put on a fresh humor before you appear again," Mrs. Blair admonished him, and left the room.

Mrs. Blair's house was a delightful one to visit, and it was never so delightful as when her guests, always well chosen with respect to harmony and sympathy of tastes, were assembled about her own gracious little person in the large dining room, whose generous bay window opened upon the flush of sunset, the long shadows over the lawn, the glimpse of a curve of shining river and soft blue ridge of hills beyond. But this evening the little company was out of tune. Marion Dennison looked pale and grave, Farmley (nice fellow as he was usually, Mrs. Blair said to herself indignantly) was silent and morose, or only exerted himself out of courtesy to his hostess.

"Really, young people are very tiresome when they fall in love," thought Mrs. Blair. "And when are they not falling in love?"

After dinner Mrs. Blair gave Farmley permission to light his cigar, and, taking Marion Dennison's arm, went out upon the gravel walk at the back of the house, where chairs had been placed, and joined him. The dusk was full of sweet smells of flowers and herbage, and there was a pale light abroad, mingling with the fading daylight, and emanating from a yet unrisen moon.

"I wish you would sing something," Mrs. Blair said to the girl.

Marion Dennison sang as no else sang. She had a low mezzo soprano voice, infinitely sweet and clear and thrilling, but not powerful. It had been trained, but not overtrained. She sang as naturally and freely as a bird sings, and as effectively and simply without accompaniment as with one. She had what the French call tears in her voice. There was an intense pathos in some of her notes. She was never more charming than when she sang, and she was always charming. Mrs. Blair, as she listened to the liquid tones and watched the girl's delicate, spiritual face, acknowledged to herself that Ambrose Farmley's infatuation was not an unreasonable thing. Ambrose Farmley himself, throwing one arm over the back of his garden chair, allowed his cigar to go out, and pulled at his moustache, with his fine eyes glowing with resentful passion at his enchantress, while she, her head thrown up a little and her hands clasped loosely in her lap, seemed lost to all things sublunary. Was she thinking of that handsome, dashing, absent English lover of hers, who had captured her young heart when yet it was in its early teens, and whom she had given Farmley to understand she had promised never to forget?

A servant came out of the house and approached Mrs. Blair apologetically.

"A gentleman!" she said low, in answer to his whisper. Marion stopped singing. "Where is the gentleman?"

"In the little reception room, ma'am."

When Mrs. Blair had departed there fell an embarrassed silence between the two young people. The moon was now up, and it cast a pearly radiance full on Miss Dennison's blonde head and othereal face. She seemed to her impassioned lover too beautiful and delicate and good for this earth and its rough uses. A moonbeam could not be more intangible nor cooler than she had been to him. This very evanescent, poetic charm of hers enthralled him—seemed to meet a want of his nature which no other woman had ever yet remotely touched.

He leaned abruptly forward, and her startled, dove-like eyes rested on his pallid visage. "Miss Dennison, I shall go away to-morrow."

"Go away?" she murmured.

"You see, I can't stop here, and be with you constantly after what I said to you yesterday." They both colored a little, but each was too much moved to notice the fact in the other. "And so I had best go away. But I wish you to know that I shall never change, and that if ever—if you—"

"Marion, dear!" called Mrs. Blair from the house.

Marion rose with a little agitated glance toward Farmly, who had put out his hand.

"Say good-bye now, won't you?" he stammered huskily. He looked very handsome and devoted and miserable standing there, and she impulsively laid her fingers in his. He held them in a close grip, and at last she had to tear them away. When she entered the little reception room she had a heightened color.

A gentleman sat talking to Miss Blair—a large, red-faced, middle-aged man with a resonant voice. At her entrance he started to his feet and walking rapidly up to her seized both her hands.

"Marion! Well, well, well!" he cried, jovially. "I declare! Why! Ha, ha, ha! Bless me if the child knows me! So forgetful as that, Marion? Inconstancy, thy name is woman?"

Mrs. Blair had risen with the intention of leaving the room. But dismay rooted her feet to the spot. She expected the words which fell the next second from Marion's white lips, yet she could scarcely credit that she had heard them aright when they came:

"This is Captain Low, Mrs. Blair."

The captain bowed gallantly, and the exertion increased the ruddiness of his complexion.

"I have had the pleasure of talking some minutes with Mrs. Blair," he cried. "Fancy, Miss Dennison"—some intuition had evidently warned him to address her hereafter in that form—"I only knew of your whereabouts by a mere chance this morning. I've a cousin living in New York now, and I asked him if he had ever met you. He knew some one who in turn knew Mrs. Blair, and he happened to have heard that a Miss Marion Dennison was stopping with her. I expected to find you married, you know," this interesting personage went on jocularly; "I never expected to meet you again by the old name. Ha, ha! Well, I said to myself: 'Old boy, since we have a few days in this part of the world, we'll just run down there and see if it is the same Marion Dennison.' I'm off to San Francisco again Saturday week. I always like to hunt up my old friends. It doesn't always happen that one meets them looking so jolly, though," he subjoined, with an admiring glance straight into the girl's face. "Meeting people you've known is beastly disappointing most of the time."

"You have left the service, Captain Low?"

"Bless me soul, yes! Left it years ago. I've been into every quarter of the globe since, too, sheep farming in Australia and in Colorado, and a little of everything else everywhere." Again he ended up with his laugh, which set Miss Blair's every nerve a quiver. Marion sat as white as marble and as motionless. She must say something, Mrs. Blair felt. The only way to force her into doing so seemed to be to leave her alone with her visitor. As she succeeded in vanishing from the room Marion sent a look of bewildered appeal after her.

"Outside the closed door Mrs. Blair clasped her hands to her head with a sincerely dramatic action. What should she do? Ask that unspeakably vulgar man to remain over night? Unless he cut his visit very short he would miss the last train to town; and it was not in the least likely that he would cut it short. As soon as her back was turned he would probably begin making love to Marion. He certainly looked as though he wanted to. His open glances had expressed enough admiration of her. What had he expected to find? A shriveled-up, passe woman? Did he think every one retrograded as he must have done since Marion first had met him? But, of course, he was not conscious of his own abominableness. It occurred to Mrs. Blair to ask Farmley's advice as to this dilemma. But a second thought suggested the indelicacy of such action in view of Farmley's own feelings and the shock the intelligence of the Captain's arrival would be to him. Mechanically, however, Mrs. Blair had walked to the back door. From there she saw that Farmley was no longer sitting under the moonlight on the gravel sweep. The little group of chairs stood empty.

At that moment the servant came up to her again with a note on the salver.

"From Mr. Farmley, ma'am. He excused himself to you for leaving in such a hurry."

"For leaving?" repeated Mrs. Blair, very much vexed.

She tore open the note. There were only a few words. Farmley had hastily packed his valise and walked off to the station to catch the last train. It had been a sudden determination on his part. Mrs. Blair would understand his feelings.

He had spoken to Miss Dennison anew, and as things stood it was painful and embarrassing for them to meet again.

With her unfailing indulgence and her great kindness and long friendship for him, of which he was all unworthy, he hoped Mrs. Blair would forgive him.

She was still reading the note when the door of the reception room abruptly opened, and Captain came out, very red in the face. He bowed shortly to the lady, and striding straight to the front door, disappeared. Mrs. Blair went into the room, and Marion threw herself into her arms and burst into a storm of tears.

"He wanted—he wanted—" but she could get no further.

"Wanted to renew his engagement with you? The brute!" cried Mrs. Blair, oblivious of the fact that the person thus denominated had been the unapproachable ideal of all her friend's young years. Marion sobbed on as though she could not sob enough. Mrs. Blair held her sympathetically in her arms, and every now and then cooed caressingly down upon her head. But the chief thought in her mind all the time was: "What a fool Ambrose was to start off just now!"

In the course of a couple of months, when indeed the maples and elms were aflush all over Mrs. Blair's place, and the evening grew short and cool, and the mistress of the domain was beginning to think of returning to town, Farmley received a letter.

"Mind, I don't promise anything," a part of it ran. "But I think, if you know how to go about the matter, you stand a fair chance. I am going to keep her with me until next week, when we break up. She has been with me all summer, and I've had a great many people in the house on and off, but she has taken no apparent interest in any of them. You had better come out next Saturday and stay over Sunday here. The country is beautiful. Remember that I have promised nothing. She would be furious—poor Marion!—if she knew I had written to you. She has grown paler and thinner, poor girl, but I think that only makes her look sweeter than ever. We shall see what you can do."

The following Saturday Mrs. Blair herself met Farmley at the station and drove him up in her low trap. She found him, too, looking paler and thinner. But she would not in any way satisfy his anxious inquiries.

"I have helped you as much as I can," she said. "The rest is for you to do."

Then she smiled a little to herself. In point of fact, she had not the smallest doubt of the outcome of this little bit of manœuvring on her part.

When they got to the house no one was in sight. Farmley, as he assisted Mrs. Blair in her descent from the cart, trembled visibly. He could not articulate a word.

Mrs. Blair led the way through the house, and then abruptly opened the door of the little reception room. Marion, who was there, when she saw the face behind Mrs. Blair's shoulder, turned crimson as the bunch of Autumn leaves at her belt and started to her feet. Farmley, utterly overcome, paused on the threshold. Mrs. Blair, amused at once and impatient with the whole performance of these two young people, who were dying to be good to each other, pushed him in quickly, and then she closed the door upon them.—*New York Mercury.*

A Fight With a Mountain Lion.

John Woods is working on a cattle ranch in Colorado. He had been at Lamar, Col., and while on his way to the ranch, some thirty miles distant, was attacked by a mountain lion. He was riding along on his horse and the lion jumped down on him from a bluff, knocking him off on one side of the horse and the lion falling on the other. Mr. Woods arose as quickly as possible and shot at the lion with a Winchester rifle, but missed him. It came at him and he then pulled his revolver and shot it twice before it got to him, both shots taking effect in the head. He then retreated a few steps and fired again, and the animal fell mortally wounded. Mr. Woods was so badly hurt that immediately after firing the last shot he fainted, and did not regain consciousness until he was carried to the house by some of the ranchmen, who had been attracted to the scene by the firing. The lion tore Mr. Wood's coat and vest and shirt into shreds, and scratched his shoulder pretty badly. His shoulder is also sprained and his side hurt, and it will be some time before he is able to resume his duties.

The graves of Wendell Phillips and his wife, at Milton Center, Mass., are unmarked by any monument whatever.

SIOUX AGAINST PAWNEES.

A CHIEF'S STORY OF A GREAT INDIAN FIGHT.

The Pawnees Surprised by the Sioux and Slaughtered—A Message Sent by the Prisoners.

The Sioux Chief Red Shirt, who is with the Wild West show at the American exhibition in London, has been interviewed. The following are extracts from the report of the interview: "Did you never see Buffalo Bill until you joined this show?" "Yes, I saw him long ago; but we never spoke until a little while since. All the men of the Sioux nation know Buffalo Bill by reputation. The first time I saw him was at the fight at War Barnard Creek, when the white men were too many for the poor Indians. It was twelve or thirteen years ago; but (and here his bloodshot eyes twinkled ominously) that fight I can see now. Buffalo Bill in the struggle killed Yellow Hand, a great Indian brave, and took his scalp. I tried to fight my way to the white man to revenge my brother, and although we got very near I could not reach him. Had we met one would have died. But the soldiers were encircling us; five of our men were shot down, and we fled. Then we would have killed each other; but now we have the same heart, and we are brothers. Colonel Cody is awfully good to me and my people."

Asked if there was any other fight in which he was engaged, Red Shirt replied: Yes; I will tell yon of a great fight of the Sioux nation with the Pawnees, who were always bad Indians. They had met our people on the hunt and killed them; they had attacked our villages and carried away our squaws and children, and their young braves came like serpents in the grass and stole away our horses. The Sioux nation offered to make a treaty of peace with the Pawnees, but the bad Indians refused, and the grand council of the Sioux sat down to discuss how we should punish these bad people, and every Chief there spoke for going on the war path. Then we made ready to fight. It is fifteen years ago, and I was a young Chief then; but my father, who was a great Chief, was on the war path, and I was eager to prove myself a great warrior in his eyes. I collected my young men and we set out, altogether 1,300 strong, under sixteen big Chiefs. The most experienced warriors were sent on two days' march in advance to scout, and scouts were thrown out on every side to guard against surprise. For eight days our braves marched against the enemy, and then some spies came back and told us that they had found the Pawnee village. Many of the Pawnee braves were on a big hunt, but nearly all the remainder of the tribe were at the village. We gathered round the camp without being discovered, and the great Chiefs told the young men how the battle was to be fought. Not till the signal was given for attack did the Pawnees find out their enemies were near. Some of the Pawnees were cowards, and ran before we got into the village, but the majority stayed to fight for their wigwams—and to die for them. They were surprised, and in one great dash we cleared their lodges and wigwams. I was armed with a long spear. Nearly all our braves had spears and bows and arrows, but many had guns, too. I ran to a young Chief who stood to guard his lodge. He was a brave and a good warrior, but he fell before my spear, and his scalp adorned my belt. Near by, four Pawnee braves stood in a bunch and made a great fight against the attacks of some of our young men. I joined them, and with my long spear I killed each one of those four braves, and their scalps I added to the one already on my belt. Then the fight was almost done. The Pawnees left alive tried to get to their fast horses, but our young men were too quick for them. It was a running fight, and they were scalped almost as they ran. I met three women running for the horses. Two were armed with knives and one with a club; but I killed all three. I did not take their hair. A brave boasts not of killing women, and a woman's scalp adorns not a Chief's lodge. There was no hesitation about killing their women and children. They had killed ours, and revenge is sweet to the red man. All, however, were not killed, for we took thirty-six squaw prisoners and carried them back to the Sioux camp, where we were hailed with shouts of victory, for we had brought back with us over five hundred scalps to show that these bad Indians had been punished. Besides, we had all their horses and stores and trophies to make glad the hearts of our squaws. The fight took place in the southern part of the Big Beaver; but the white man holds that land now, and the Indian has gone nearer the setting sun. Another grand council was held on our return, when we agreed to send the thirty-six prisoners back to their tribe—for we felt some pity for them then—mounted on our best horses and loaded with presents, and the message we sent with them was that we tried to make a treaty with them, but they would not listen to our words, and they continued to attack our people and steal our horses. Now we had killed all we could find except the women, and these we sent back to tell them how we punish bad Indians who interfere with the Sioux nation.

Four Bird Stories.

A bird was noticed fluttering about a tree about to be sold in the market in Troy. An examination disclosed in the branches the nest of a lark with five eggs in it.

A big hawk swooped down on one of Robert Brodie's fat hens at Tabernacle township, S. C., whereupon Mrs. Brodie caught it and wrung its neck.

The recent burning of the Paterson (N. J.) Iron Works is attributed to the English sparrow. The sparrows have been noticed carrying straw and other inflammable stuff and building their nests among the girders, and it is believed that the sparks lodging in these nests caused the fire.

A tame magpie, belonging to a lady of Leeds, England, is accustomed to receive dainty little bits from the lips of its fair owner. Recently it horrified the lady when, perching upon her shoulder, as usual, and inserting its beak between her lips, it dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into her mouth, as a grateful reciprocation.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Care of Preserved Fruit.

Keeping fruit of any kind depends on three things. It must be sound to begin with. A speck of decay or acid change will develop ferment in a kettle of fruit.

Second, the jars or cans must be air-tight. The object of steaming the fruit is to expel the air and arrest the change in the juice, which would naturally proceed to ferment. Air penetrates in finer ways than we can discern and needs much less than the crevice of a hair or a pin's point to enter and spoil the contents. Glass that is free from cracks or air-blubbles, well-glazed stoneware free from flaws, yellow-ware, or strong, dark earthen jars will keep the fruit from the air, provided it is sealed with putty, wax, or bladder soaked and left to skrink on the mouth of the jars. Cans with screw tops and rubber rings are apt to have slight defects which prevent perfect sealing and cannot be depended on without wax.

Third, the jars must be kept in a dry, dark, cool place, very little above freezing. A shelf in a furnace-warmed cellar or store-room opening from a kitcken is not the place to preserve fruit. It may be put up in the best manner and yet spoil through keeping in the light or where it is not cool. Glass cans should be wrapped in paper, buried in sand or sawdust, or kept in dark closet. Packed with plenty of chaff, dry sand, or sawdust, or dry sifted ashes, most preserves will stand freezing weather without injury, but each can needs at least six inches of non-conducting material about it on all sides for production. A pit on one side of the cellar, dug below the reach of frost and lined with boards, with straw or ashes between them and its walls, will keep preserves from heat or freezing. A pit dug in the cellar four feet below the level of its floor, well drained and lined as above, will prove the best place for keeping small quantities of preserves, enough for a single family.—*Chicago News.*

Recipes.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—To have good preserves the tomatoes should be about a third ripe. Remove the skin with a very sharp knife, for the thinner the peeling the more whole the tomatoes will remain. Pour into a preserving kettle enough water to cover the bottom an inch deep. Measure the tomatoes and put them into the kettle; add as much sugar as tomatoes, and let them cook slowly for several hours. The syrup must be thick and the preserves a rich brown.

PRESERVING RHUBARB, OR PIE PLANT.—Peel and cut in small pieces, cover it with boiling water, let it stand five minutes, then pour off all the water and put the rhubarb on the fire in a kettle with a little water, and a cupful of sugar to each bowlful of the fruit. After it has boiled slowly for ten minutes, put into glass jars, and seal while hot. Glass is better than tin for rhubarb, which is very acid and may attack the tin.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a deep dish thickly. Cut smooth slices of bread and spread them with butter, and line the bottom and sides of the dish. Fill it with sliced sour apples. Sprinkle each layer of apples with brown sugar and any spice you prefer, also a few small bits of butter. Soak some slices of bread for a minute in milk or water; lay them on the top and cover them with a plate that will fit close, and lay a weight upon that. Bake 2½ hours in a moderate oven. It should turn out whole into another dish. Serve with cold sauce.

BEEF SCALLOP.—Two cups of cold underdone roast beef, one cup of raw potatoes, cut into dice, two beaten eggs, mustard, pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, one cupful of gravy or stock. Peel and cut the tomatoes, lay them in cold water for half an hour, drain, cover them with boiling salted water and stew gently ten minutes; drain off the water, add the gravy and the beef chopped fine; cook slowly for ten minutes, turn into a bowl, beat in the eggs, the onion, salt, and mustard, put into a greased bake dish, strew crumbs on top, bake covered half an hour, then brown.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Use only perfect fruit, boil till tender in enough water keep the berries from burning. Strain through a flannel jelly bag, pressing out all the juice. Strain two or three times through a clean cloth, return the juice to a clean preserving kettle; for every pint of juice allow a pint of sugar and the beaten white of an egg for the whole. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, counting from the time it begins to boil. It is well to test it by putting a few drops in a tin on the ice. When done run through the jelly bag. If the first dripping is not entirely clear, return to the strainer until it runs clear. Put the jelly into glasses when it has become firm, cut out little papers to fit the top, dip them in brandy, and put over the jelly. Place over these larger papers, brushed over with the white of an egg; press the edges against the side of the glasses to exclude the air. These directions apply to the making of nearly all jellies.

Australia.

Australia first became known to Europeans in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Though a vague outline of land in this portion of the Southern Ocean appears upon the map of some Portuguese navigators dated 1542, the first real discovery was probably made by the Dutch in 1606, when the Captain of the yacht Duyfken, sent out from Bantam to explore a part of the coast of New Guinea, saw the northern shore of the continent at a distance. The same year Torres Strait was named from a Portuguese navigator who sailed through it. In 1616, Hartog, a Dutch Captain, came upon the west coast of Australia and called it Endrachts land, from the name of his ship. From this time other parts of the west coast were discovered. In 1622 the Leeuwin discovered the south coast at Cape Leeuwin, and shortly after Van Nuysts sailed from that cape on the south coast to Spencer's Gulf. DeWitt's Land and Carpentaria, in North Australia, were also discovered by Dutch traders. Captain Cook, in 1770, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay, which was so called by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist of the expedition, from the wonderful floral display which its plains afforded. In 1788 the first English colony was established in New South Wales, at first as a penal settlement.

THE SHORE OF LIFE.

I.

Two children stood by the sea of life
Watching the waves break on the shore,
Reckoning little what care and strife
What ceaseless toil and boundless woe
Life's mighty billows in endless flow
Upon their dark, grim bosoms bore.

II.

Two lovers wandered along the strand
And the billows sang them a gladsome song,
Heart bound to heart, hand clasped in hand,
No sorrow, no suffering, grief nor care
But the dark grim billows like syrens fair
With the happy lovers laughed loud and long.

III.

An aged couple bended and gray
Looked over life's sea from the other side,
What did the distant billows say?
Grief left behind, no more sad tears,
But the peaceful shore of life's end appears
Nearer and nearer with every tide.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A knotty question—Whom shall we marry?—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The cheapest thing in straw hats this season is the head of a dude.—*Picayune.*

According to an eminent English authority a goose lives fifty years. It then becomes a boarding house delicacy.—*North American.*

Elevator youth (inquiringly)—"Suits sixteen, miss?" St. Louis miss (blushing)—"No, only fifteen last January."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

There is one admirable feature about a wire fence. The patent medicine man can't pain't a legend on it in regard to his liver cure.—*Puck.*

The recent cyclones are said to have moved "on a parabolic curve." That is evidently the difference between a cyclone and a tornado, which moves on a diabolic straight line.—*Chicago Journal.*

An intelligent fire engine ran against a Chicago Alderman and broke his jaw. In the excitement attendant upon such a feat, people forgot to inquire how badly the engine was hurt.—*Omaha Herald.*

The towels used in the Treasury Department have the monogram "U. S. T. D." woven in the center of each. It is supposed to stand for "Uncomfortably Small and Terribly Dirty."—*Washington Critic.*

A Dakota man recently got $50 damages from a railroad company whose line runs through his farm. His claim was that the trains were so long in passing across his fields that they injured the crop to that amount by shading it.—*Dakota Bell.*

Although there is no reason why there should be less stability in financial affairs in summer than in winter, it is a fact, nevertheless, that after a crowd of boys who have been in swimming leave the water there is usually a run on a bank.—*Boston Courier.*

The Porters of Constantinople.

Another curiosity of Constantinople, which does not excite disgust, but, on the contrary, a surprise akin to admiration is the *hamel*, or porter. His name, which has in Arabic the same origin as that of camel, describes him quite well. He is, in fact, a camel without the hump; but this hump is, however, more or less represented by a large leather cushion rest- on his back, and in order to supp- his burden. Moreover, the Turkish porter has the sobriety, the patience, and the strength of the camel.

The French proverb: "As strong as a Turk," must have been suggested by the sight of this burden-carrying biped, whose back is strong enough to bear frightful loads. One hardly dares to tell of some of their feats of muscle, for fear of being considered a boaster. Here are two, however,: One day when I changed my lodgings, I had three men come to remove my piano. They tied it up firmly with straps. Then two of them went away, and the third, stooping down, raised the piano, and placing it upon his back, carried it a distance that took more than three quarters of an hour. On another occasion I met a *hamel* who was carrying upon his back an enormous calash, the wheels and axletrees of which had been taken off and fastened to one side of the vehicle. The only thing wanting was the two horses on his arms. The passers-by, accustomed as they were to these prodigies of strength, stopped to see this diminutive Hercules walk by who disappeared under his load, taking an even and easy step, and uttering at the same time the word "guarda."

The frugality of the *hamel* is equally surprising. Who knows but it is one of the secrets of his strength? He never eats any cooked food, except a little rice, and a kind of soft and insipid sea-cracker, called *pide* in Turkish, and taking the place of bread. His ordinary food consists of cucumbers, which he eats with the skin on, salad without salt or seasoning, and uncooked onions.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Cat and Eagle.

While two residents of Galena, Ill., were driving through Southern Wisconsin recently, they witnessed, near Arena, a fierce fight between a bald-headed eagle and a large tomcat. The "proud bird of the mountains" had attacked the cat while hunting in the field, and succeeded in fastening its talons into the animal's back, when the battle immediately began and was continued amid terrific yowls of the cat and the screams of the eagle. It was a sort of catch-as-catch-could contest, and while it continued the feathers and the fur flew thick and fast. The cat was too heavy for the eagle to fly with, but it succeeded in raising it several times in the air, 100 feet or more at each effort, but the attempts to get away with its prey were futile, as the weight of the cat and its fierce struggle for life invariably brought the eagle to the ground again, where the battle was repeated with nearly the same result. In the final bout, which took place on terra firma, the eagle clew up the sponge and flew lugubriously across the river, while the cat, much worried, made tracks as rapidly as possible away from the scene of the battle.

Always.

A breezy joke,
And a friendly poke
In the ribs, 'mid laughter mellow,
Is never bad,
But a man is mad
If it's not on the other fellow!

—*Detroit Free Press.*