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The assessed value of the property of the South has increased over \$900,000,000 in the present seven years, or at the rate of about \$125,000,000 each year.

No horse could come up to the record just made by a bicycle in England. A man named Hale drove his machine 100 miles in 6 hours, 46 minutes and 47 seconds.

Statistics show that the consumption of sugar in the last fifty years has gone up from about fifteen to seventy pounds per head; of tea from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 pounds per head; of tobacco from .86 to 1.40 pounds per head.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

Recent investigations have shown that nearly a million pupils are enrolled in the public schools of the Southern States; that the amount of money expended annually for schools is \$11,545,000; and that since 1880 the number of public schools has been increased from 43,000 to 61,583.

A man has been selling patent charms to Eastern farmers, taking in payment notes payable on demand, "not transferable," and pledging himself not to demand payment within a certain long period. Then he changed the notes, and sold the notes, and the farmers were called upon to pay up.

A mining excitement has broken out in the vicinity of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, owing to the discoveries of gold, silver and lead there, and miners from Mexico, Colorado and California are flocking to the locality by hundreds. The mineral district is about one hundred miles in circumference, and everywhere shows evidence of volcanic action.

A high grade of civilization develops peculiarly frightful vices and crimes. In such a category is the stealing of the dead bodies of men for a large ransom is likely to be paid. Another is the horrible crime of train wrecking, for the sake of pillage in the confusion of the disaster. Several attempts of this sort have been made within a short time, fortunately without success.

If medals are any indication of valor and merit the Bulgarians lead the world. No fewer than 64,000 silver medals were despatched to Sofia within a few months ago, and within a short period an additional order for 30,000 has been received, which the Austrian mint is now engaged in manufacturing. A foundry near Buda-Pesth has also delivered 30,000 bronze medals at Sofia. For a small army this is doing very well.

It appears from official statistics that on the first of January, in the present year, one person in every thirty-four of the population of England and Wales was a pauper. On that day 822,215 persons, men, women and children, were receiving relief under the present poor law, 201,598 being indoor and 620,517 outdoor paupers, while 100 received both indoor and outdoor relief. Of this large number more than 70,000 were insane.

An Iowa railroad engineer went mad in his cab one night recently, and had it not been for a quick-witted and courageous fireman, probably have wrecked his train and killed many passengers. Occurrences of this nature show how much depends on a locomotive driver. Thousands of lives are hourly dependent upon his judgment and ability, and the history of railroad accidents proves that the engineer is generally worthy of his trust.

The total forest area of the United States, according to the chief of the forestry division, is 489,910,000, and of this 20,900,000 acres are in Florida. But one State, Minnesota, has a greater forest growth; but three, Arkansas, California and Oregon, are estimated to have the same acreage. The proportion of forest to total area in Florida is 57.6 per cent., and the forest area held in farms is 2,186,601 acres, or 10.9 per cent. of the total forest area. The proportion of forest in farms to the total farm area is 66.3 per cent. The area of land in farms unimproved, but not in forests, is 163,983 acres, or 5 per cent. of the total farm area.

Within the past forty years numerous attempts have been made to introduce the English skylark into this country. Large numbers of the birds have been brought over and liberated at various points from Delaware to New England, but, without exception, the birds have disappeared at once, and never been heard of again, except occasionally, after intervals of years, reports come of one being heard in some part of the country. Abroad they flourish from the south of England to Scandinavia. Why they die in this country no one knows. Some think that they do not die, but that the country is so big that they scatter over it as soon as landed, and are swallowed up in its immensity, as it were.

THE CANARY.

A day in June, of light, of fragrance rare, A bride brought to a home, a bride as fair As angels are, as sometimes women are.

Loud sings the little canary in its cage. A day in June again; what greater bliss On earth may be, myneph in heaven, than this.

Falls faint on a babe's face a mother's kiss, Loud sings the little canary in its cage. A woman, fair and young and pale, at rest, A dead babe laid on the dead mother's breast.

A preacher murmuring: "All is for the best." Loud sings the little canary in its cage. —Chicago Tribune.

A GUILLESS ROGUE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

I was traveling third-class from Rosenheim to Munich; the only one of my companions in the coupe who in the least interested me was an old man, wiry and vigorous-looking, in spite of the white hair that lay over the collar of his coat, and the testimony of seventy years at least written on his furrowed forehead. His dress, that of a well-to-do Bavarian peasant, first attracted my attention; knee-breeches, shiny and smooth from long wear, and with delicate tracery in colored silk needlework at the seams; a leather-fronted waistcoat; a blue coat of antiquated cut, with scolloped shells ornamented with buttons; and what most struck my eye, trained to note and copy such details in my pictures, was a leather belt about six inches wide, covered thickly with the most skillful embroidery, also in colored silks of mellow and beautiful tints. The device was very grotesque; harpy-like creatures smothered in flowers which could have grown only in some dreamland garden. The belt shut with an antique silver clasp, a serpent catching its own tail in its fangs, and was evidently an heirloom in the family.

Con conversationally, I found the old man rather dull, even lacking, it would appear, as he rambled along a disjointed narrative in which the name Erika recurred at intervals. He frequently caressed his belt just below where his dagger lay, mumbling half to himself: "Erika will be the happier for that—yes, far happier. She little guesses what it is in."

I was in doubt as to what the old fellow alluded to; evidently some mysterious booty in his belt, but as he continued to ramble, I was at last led to conclude that he had broken the stilette I asked Erika to mend—she had no suspicion of what she was sewing up safe inside, I decided it must be the belt.

Certainly Erika, whoever she was, made a great mistake in letting this weak-minded old man come alone to a busy, crowded city like Munich. My reflections were cut short by our arrival at the huge station, where a chattering party of friends took me into custody at once. I saw the old peasant walk briskly away with the rest of the stream, armed with a stout stick, and I straightway forgot his existence for the time being.

When a not unattractive and still young widow invites a man to go to the cemetery with her to contemplate her late husband's grave, he is apt to be unprepared with a suitable reply. To say briskly he accepts with pleasure, sounds heartless and unfeeling, while a dismal deprecation and speech befitting the occasion may be construed into a reluctant assent.

Into such embarrassment my landlady, Frau Mollhaupt, plunged me soon after my installation at the "Pension Maifeld." While I assisted her to hang wreaths of tin pansies, and numerous unknown flowers done in black-and-white beads, round the railing which held down the bedstead, I was struck by the fact that the sorrowing relic prepared to find consolation for her loss in unworthy me. The tearful sentimental tenor of her conversation causing me great uneasiness, I proposed, as diversion for us both, a stroll toward the rows of tall windows behind which, according to Munich law, the dead are exposed for two days—the coffin-lid lifted so that all the living world may see.

There lay the silent testimony of that day's sad mortality; the rich surrounded by a pomp of burning tapers, velvet drapery and fragrant banks of flowers.

Saddened by this spectacle, I was turning away, when I saw lying in the pinkest of panper collars an old man whose face was very familiar. A moment's reflection recalled the peasant in the blue coat, my traveling companion from Rosenheim. Poor old fellow, that journey was but the preliminary to a very much longer one which he had scarcely expected to take so soon. His garments were suspended on hooks above his head, conspicuous among them the embroidery which I had noticed so particularly. A printed notice, with the words, "Unknown—Identification Desired," was attached to the clothes.

Poor Erika, I thought, her heart will scarcely be made glad, as the old man predicted; I wished I had listened more attentively to the name of the village he had mentioned as his home. I would recognize it if I heard it again, but unaided, my memory could not recall it. Perhaps I, in all the city, was the only one who knew of the dead stranger's history. And what I knew was barely more than a word—a woman's name, Erika.

I went to the Police Bureau, where they told me the old man had fallen dead in the street from a stroke of apoplexy. No paper or letter had been found upon him, and no inquiries had been made for him. His clothes would be exposed for a week, after which, if still unclaimed, they would be sold.

Should this sale take place, I resolved to buy the belt, chiefly on account of its artistic value, and also because I felt curious to know if its half-imbellec wearer had any reason for his mysterious allusion to something stitched within it. Returning to the rather too friendly shelter of the "Pension Maifeld," it was borne in upon me that unless I wished to be married off-hand, without regard to my own inclinations, I had better not tarry longer. Fate intervened to spare me yet a little while.

she was a tiny, blue-eyed baby, I had obeyed and waited upon my sister with willing, dog-like devotion, and there was no reason to hesitate now. My destination lay about four miles distant over the same Rosenheim route which I had lately followed to Munich. I found Dorothy better, but much depressed by an illness that was more than a bad cold. "I'm fretting myself to death, Tom, dear," she said. "And you must help me; you always do, you know."

Lying in a hammock in a sheltered nook in the beautiful garden, my sister began to pour her tale of woe into my ears. The sympathetic tender little heart was breaking itself over the troubles of somebody else; a very humble personage, the Frau Baronin's maid, who had been arrested for theft. "I'm sure the poor girl is innocent," Dolly declared; "but I must tell you the whole story. Baron von Glasow has—or rather, had, until last Wednesday, when the loss was discovered—a very curious son, Andrew's cross, old as the hills, I believe, given to a young man, who had introduced a new shape of beer-mug, or for killing a Frenchman, or some heroic deed of that kind. At any rate it was very valuable, for its antiquity, and for its intrinsic worth, which was not at all to be sneezed at—solid gold, beautifully wrought, with a splendid diamond, set as a dewdrop, set deep in the gold. On Wednesday, when I was in the kitchen, Baronin asked for it to wear to a dinner party, to and behold, it was not to be found! Suspicion fell at once on the Baronin's maid, the only person who had access to her mistress's jewel-case. Some of the other servants swore to having seen the maid in church with the cross round her neck, half hidden in her lace waist, an accusation which she did not deny."

"It looks very much as if they had arrested the right person," I replied. "Now, Tom, you are not to think anything of the kind," answered my tyrant. "That poor girl is innocent, I'm fully convinced, and you must share my conviction. She is so pretty and modest, and with such a winning manner." "The most dangerous kind," I murmured to myself.

"She pleaded her innocence with such dignity and straightforward honesty that she won my heart completely." "So it appears." "Now, you flinty-hearted creature, you must look into this case and get the girl pardoned," continued my relentless taskmaster. "I shall never know a moment's peace or health again if she is condemned to the two years' imprisonment they talk about."

"Really, my dear Dolly, how can I hope to find—"

"No objections, if you please, sir. You can surely get lawyers to find her innocent. Poor thing, this is not her only trouble. The one relation she had in the world, her old grandfather, of whom she was very fond, disappeared from his home lately, and no trace of him can be found. Erika—that is the girl's name; it means health, you know—fears he has come to some bad end, and it looks very likely. They come of a very respectable family in Distelberg, the little village youder, of which you can just see the church-spires through the trees, and these two—"

"Erika—Distelberg—that was the name of the village the old fellow said he lived in—very odd!" I exclaimed; "and Erika, the girl's name?" "Oh, nothing, nobody—only I fancy I can tell Erika something about her grandfather."

"In that case you must go to the prison at once; admission will be easy to get, and the poor girl will be so glad to have your news. You can tell me about it afterwards."

I feared my communication would scarcely cause joy if my conjectures were right. As soon as it could be arranged, I visited the prisoner, accompanied by the housekeeper from the Schloß, who protested her innocence in a way that, I confess, won me over in spite of my better judgment. She bewailed her wrongdoing in wearing her mistress's property to church that morning; but it was St. Basil's Day, the patron saint of some one she loved very much, and she wished to honor the festival by saying her prayers with that beautiful cross on her head. It had been but a foolish fancy, perhaps, and she had been bitterly punished for it. She had restored the cross safely to its case afterwards, and had never seen it since.

A new suspicion began to shape itself in my mind, and I turned the conversation upon the subject of the missing grandfather. "It was struck me," she said, "that he and the old man I had met on the train were identical. I had told Erika the whole truth about him, but even this was better than the uncertainty which wore upon her as much as the disgrace of her present situation."

"My poor grandfather, my last faithful friend gone! But I'm thankful he cannot see me here," she added. "I never saw him in better spirits than the last day he came to visit me at the Schloß. He laughed like a little child whenever he looked at me, and kept repeating over and over again that he would see me happy before he died, and that fortune was nearer than I supposed. You see, sir," she said, with a blush, "I was engaged to the forester of the Herr Baron's estate in Styria, and my poor old grandfather was always fretting at the thought that he would die before we had saved enough money to marry on. Ah me! Basil must let me go now, since all the world believes me guilty of this theft."

"Did your grandfather make this visit after you had worn the cross at the church, or before?" I asked. "Oh, long after, sir. He saw me put the cross safely away in its case. If he were only here to swear to that!" "Where was he when you put it away?" "On the balcony outside the Frau Baronin's lodgings. I often let him come there when my mistress was away, as she had given me permission. I might also have given him a cup of coffee sometimes. That very morning I went down stairs to get him some, leaving him in charge of the Frau Baronin's room while I went. I managed all this very quietly, as I did not like the other servants to know he was there. They were often jealous of what they called the Frau Baronin's partiality for me. I did not tell my master, either, for fear suspicion might fall upon my dear grandfather, who was honest as the day is long."

The day in this instance must have been very short, with its supply of honesty run low, for I now felt convinced that the old man was the thief. His weak brain had reasoned that, by taking this cross and selling it in the great metropolis, he would insure his beloved grandchild's happiness—little guessing that it was more than a bad cold. He had hidden the jewel in his belt; whether the belt was to be found, and if so, with its contents unmolested, was now my duty to ascertain. I kept my own counsel, arranging that pressing business should call me back to Munich the next day.

Arrived in town, I went straight to the Police Bureau, to ask if trace could be found of the old man's clothes, which had been sold on the appointed day. A red-haired young man, with a stutter, to whom, as compensation for his physical defects, a good memory had been granted, arose, and with much difficulty informed me that the unknown man's entire outfit had been bought by an old clothes dealer named Schmier, in the Thal Strasse.

I repaired there at once and found the breeches and leather waistcoat still on sale, but the blue coat and the precious belt were gone. Did Herr Schmier possibly remember who had bought these articles? Yes, Herr Schmier recollected perfectly; two young artists had bought the garments in question, at a contemptible price, sir, that would wring tears from a stone.

"Do you happen to know the address of these gentlemen?" I continued. "One of them, Herr Bossel, has a studio in Rosen Strasse, 39; I don't know the other. But you can't touch us in any way, sir; I came honestly by the clothes, and I have no objection to their being sold." "Pray do not distress yourself, sir; I have not the remotest idea of calling your integrity into question; and I wish you a very good morning."

I went to Rosen Strasse 39, and blundering up five flights of dark dirty stairs, found Herr Bossel busy at work with a corkscrew, and not far enough advanced in his labors to be in a good humor. "Yes, he had bought that blue coat with the shells on it, of an old-clo' man, and he supposed he might buy as many coats as he liked, without strange fellows intruding upon him to ask impertinent questions."

I pacified the gentleman by telling him much of my story as I discreetly could, omitting all allusions to the gold cross. He believed Collins had bought an embroidered belt, but was not quite sure. He might be in town still, and he might be gone to the country. One never knew what a fellow would be up to this beastly hot weather.

I sought out Mr. Collins, only to find that he had sold the belt the previous day to a comrade who was to wear it at a costume dance at Garmisch. Weary, but still undaunted, I betook myself by train and diligence to Garmisch, and by a Machiavellian astuteness I got an invitation to the dance at which Mr. Collins's friend was to appear. At last my delighted eyes rested again upon the old peasant's belt, round the sturdy form of a jolly young Irish tourist. There was no mistaking those bright-winged harpies in the embroidery and the curious old silver clasp. I could imagine I saw the outline of the St. Andrew's cross faintly silhouetting itself through the needlework; but this, of course, only exaggerated fancy.

How to get the belt into my possession would be, I feared, the most difficult part of my task; but this turned out to be a very simple matter. Over a bottle of Markgräfer, we began to talk of the belt, Collins's friend bewailing the fact that he had been weak enough to spend money he couldn't spare, to have it for the belt. Collins had asked such a big price, too. Now the dance was nearly over, the tourist began to wish he had not been so particular about the details of his costume. In an offhand indifferent manner, I said I often found such knickknacks handy in my studio at home, and if he chose to part with the belt, I didn't mind taking it for the price he had paid Collins.

The tourist seemed upon my offer with delight; and my feelings when, after the ball, I retired to my room with the belt, my lawful property, can be more easily imagined than described.

How eagerly I tore open the stitches so neatly taken by the dutiful Erika! The belt was wadded and lined, till with the cold it felt as if it was about half an inch thick. I felt no hard substance inside, nor did anything fall out when I shook it. A horrible fear seized upon me lest, after all, I was mistaken. But no, I was quite right in my suspicion. Under the body of the fattest harpy, held in place by a bit of wax, and well covered by wadding, lay an antique gold cross with a superb diamond sunk deep at the junction of the bars. The crafty old man had secured his booty well.

As I had never in my life disobeyed a command of Dorothy's, it did not seem to me in the least surprising that I was able to execute this last one of hers to rescue Erika from prison. There were great rejoicings at Lerchenfeld, the wedding of the fair prisoner with her beloved Basil among them. A purse had been made up for her, and the amount Basil might be well satisfied with his bride's suddenly acquired dowry.

My mission over, I returned to the "Pension Maifeld," and in the autumn its proprietress is going to marry me. I could see no way out of such an arrangement; and she is really a nice little woman, after all.—Frank Leslie's.

The Latest Idea of Dudes. The latest idea imported into dude-dom is to wear two side chains instead of one. Last winter one chain, attached to a bunch of keys carried in the trousers pocket and fastened to the suspender button above, was the "proper caper." This year no dude will be complete without a chain on each side. To the second one is attached a stout ring on which are hung a collection of more or less useful articles. To be quite right these should be of silver and handsome in design. They include such conveniences as a match safe, car or dog whistle, pen-knife, pencil, cigar cutter and in extreme cases a miniature corkscrew. When an undersized dude drags forth this remarkable bunch of trinkets the effect is apt to be startling to the person unfamiliar with the latest development of modern civilization.—New York Commercial.

THE COAST OF AFRICA.

QUEER SIGHTS WITNESSED AT CAPE TOWN AND ITS VICINITY.

Racing Ostriches—A Polyglot Parliament—A Noble and Greasy Native King. We were treated to an exhibition which was a novelty worth traveling miles to see—an ostrich race—writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, in a description of queer scenes on the coast of Africa: Two little carts, the frames of which were made of bamboo and the wheels similar to those of a very light cart, were brought forth, and thirty-seven pounds, were brought forth and four large ostriches, trained to the business and harnessed abreast, were attached to each one. The race-course was a flat piece of country about four and a half miles in length; the distance to be traveled was four miles straight away and return.

Two of the smallest specimens of African humanity ever seen, less than four feet in height and weighing about seventy-two pounds a piece, Boschjesmen, pure and simple, were selected as charioteers, and all was ready. I had been provided with a magnificent sixteen-and-a-half high English hunter, having a record placing him among the very best saddle-horses of Cape Town, and was quarter way toward the turn of the course, pushing my fresh steed to do his best, when the feathered bipeds started, and before I reached the turn the ostrich chariots had passed me going and returning like a flash of lightning. I did see them, and yet so quickly did they vanish into distance that a pen-picture of their appearance would be attacked by shafts of fiery polyglot Boer language, and as one of the House assured me but a few of the members could understand both English and Dutch, three only speaking the two languages, how the members came to an intelligent understanding of the subject discussed in this manner is a problem hard to solve.

In triumph, as it were, they conducted us to the large hut in the village, the residence of a stalwart native, whose deportment and mien the absence of apparel did not prevent designating as the ruling power. He bore himself as a king, and failed to show by any outward demonstration that our visit was anything out of the common. His residence was a hut, circular in form, about thirty feet in diameter, made of clay to about nine feet from the ground, then tapering to the centre, covered with long grass and supported by a pole over twenty feet high placed in the middle of the hut, which was bare of furniture except a few buffalo robes. The surrounding homes were of smaller dimensions, but all made after the same style of architecture and of similar material. To make a favorable impression upon his august personage a new brass button that happened in one of our pockets was presented, and the stern expression of his countenance changed as if by magic, a smile illuminated his physiognomy and he chattered in his gibberish like a monkey rejoicing over the possession of an apple. But his hilarity was short-lived. One of the American visitors was by science blessed with portable upper teeth, and with the laudable intention of providing the crowd with something to talk about after we had left their hospitable village, brought his hand carelessly to his mouth, threw the teeth into his open palm, and the hut was vacated by the native throng. Chief included in the twinkling of an eye. It took considerable gestulating before the Chief and his tribe ventured again in our presence. Apparently they stood in reverential awe of the gentleman with the movable ivory, and every time afterward when the crowd was too familiar the tooth act was played with dispersing effect.

Perceiving a splendid bullock tethered close by, motions were made to convey our wish to purchase, and the total ignorance of the population in regard to civilization was demonstrated by the fact that the owner selected two silver English half crowns in payment in preference to a \$5 gold piece, the former being twenty per cent. of the latter.

Firangs were a great novelty to those people, and when we presented the Chief with a revolver and cartridges in partial payment for assistance in providing the vessel with fresh water, his happiness was too deep for utterance, like that of a boy with his first pair of boots. Notwithstanding the absence of this kind of warfare, the tribe must be terrible in warfare, as the bony parts of their spears are embedded for several days in the trunk of a tree, looking something like the ash, the sap of which impregnates the bone, and the slightest scratch or wound with a few spears pointed produces death in a few minutes. Doubting the Croonian's power of understanding the native explanation, we tried the experiment upon an ugly mongrel cur, and doggie established the truth of above statement.

The Art of Expression.

A New York photographer prints a circular containing the following advice: "When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say 'bosom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing she should say 'brush,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small she must say 'flip,' but if the mouth is already too small and needs enlarging she must say 'cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful she must say 'kerchunk' if resigned she must forcibly ejaculate 'cat.'"

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Pickling Cucumbers.

A contributor to the New York World says that the following is an excellent recipe for pickling cucumbers: Wash the cucumbers clean, make a good brine and pour it scalding hot over them and let stand three hours. To one gallon of vinegar add a piece of alum as large as a hickory nut, let it get scalding hot, put the cucumbers in and let them remain fifteen minutes, then take them out and throw away the vinegar. Now take a gallon of fresh vinegar and add red pepper cut up; add also cinnamon, cloves, white mustard seed and horse radish, if you like, with one half teaspoonful of sugar and a little alum; this also come to a scald; put the pickles in, let them scald, then seal up in glass jars. Be particular to use good apple vinegar and the pickles will keep as long as you want them to. To heighten the green color a harmless way is to line the kettle in which the cucumbers are sealed with cabbage leaves and lay leaves over the top.

Recipes.

BAKED EGGS.—Break each into a cup, and put the eggs on a buttered dish with cracker crumbs; cover with seasoned crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are brown.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Fill a pudding-dish with boiled, sliced, or minced cabbage, and pour over it two well-beaten eggs added to milk enough to cover it; sprinkle with cracker-dust, and bake.

JUMBLES.—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, five eggs, a gill of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake one-half of this in small tins in a quick oven. In the remainder put a quarter of a pound of currants and bake the same. Frost or not at pleasure by leaving out the whites of one or two eggs.

FARMERS' GINGERBREAD.—One teaspoonful of New Orleans molasses and two tablespoonfuls of water boiling hot. Stir into the water a teaspoonful of soda and turn into the molasses. Add a teaspoonful each of ginger and salt. Take one-half cup of brown sugar, one beaten egg, and when the molasses is cool mix. Put one teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar into enough flour to make quite stiff, mix and bake in a hot oven.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Three cups of dried apples, soaked over night and chopped fine. Pour over them one cup molasses, one cup sugar, half-cup butter, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices, and half a nutmeg. Set on stove and let stew until apples are well done, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Let cool, and add half a pint of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls soda, and flower enough to make it moderately stiff. Bake with a steady fire, not too stiff.

NICE FINE-GRAINED CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; beat to a cream; five eggs beaten into that, one or two at a time, until the whole number are added. Beat very thoroughly. Then add one cupful of milk, with a little soda dissolved in it—a quantity equal to a medium-sized bean. Salt and flavor to taste. Use, to mix this, about three cupfuls of flour, according to the brand. Use lard in tins, and flour them thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven until it rises; then use more heat.

Useful Hints.

Cornices for curtains, placed close to the ceiling, heighten the effect of the room.

Wash rice thoroughly, boil in salted water for twelve minutes, then drain off the water and allow it to steam for ten minutes.

Mica in stoves, can be cleaned successfully by washing the mica carefully with vinegar and water, and wiping dry with a soft cloth.

Silver tea or coffee pots, which are not in use every day, should have a little stick across the top under the cover, as this prevents rusting.

Now is the time to pickle gherkins, walnuts, cucumbers, onions, red cabbage, cauliflower, artichokes, nasturtiums and bull-nose peppers.

Southern cooks, who know so well how to cook green corn, leave on the inner husks, first stripping them down to remove the silk, and then tying them in place again. Pitchers of milk should never be allowed to stand after they are taken from the table, unless placed at once in a refrigerator, containing only milk or cream and a sweet butter. Flavored butter will communicate its odor and flavor to milk or cream.

The rubber rings by the use of which fruit cans are made air-tight, after being used, become hard and unyielding, so much so that fruit seldom keeps as well when they are used the second time. Though new ones cost but little, it is not always convenient to get them. Every one should know that the elasticity of the old ones can be restored, and that they can be made as good as new by baking them a half-hour in a mixture of ammonia and water—two-thirds ammonia and one-third water.

PRAIRIE MEMORIES.

A wide o'er-arching summer sky; Sea-drifting fancies, rustling reeds, Where young grasses to their mothers cry; And locusts pipe from whistling weeds; Broad meadows lying like lagoons Of sunniest water, on whose swells Float nodding blooms, to tinkling bells Of bob-o-linkum's wildest tunes.

Far west winds bringing odors fresh From mountains' rays as monarchs are In royal robes of ice and snow, Where storms are bred in Chandler-jar; Land of corn and wheat and kin, Where plenty fills the hand of him Who tills the soil or prunes the vine, Or digs in thy far canyon dim.

My western land! I love thee yet, In dreams I ride my horse again, And breast the breezes blowing fast From out the meadows cold and wet, From fields of flowers blowing sweet, And flinging perfume to the breeze.

The wild oats swirl along the plain; I feel their dash against my knees, Like rapid plash of running seas. I pass by islands dark and tall With pointed poplars thick with leaves; The grass in rustling ripple cleaves To left and right in emerald flow; And as I listen, riding slow, Out breaks the wild-bird's joyful call.

Oh, shining suns of boyhood's time! Oh, winds that from the mythic west Sang calls to Eldorado's quest! Oh, swaying wild-bird's thrilling chime! When loud the city's clanging roar Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud, I hear those song and sounds once more, And dream of boyhood's wing-sung ode.—Hamilton Garland, in American Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The humbug has no wings at all; but he gets there just the same. The reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that it is much rarer.—Life.

The home stretch—fixing up a story to tell your wife at 1 A. M.—Washington Critic.

The Emperor of China has a wife named Kan Di. She must be very sweet.—Life.

If some of the keys of a piano were utilized to lock it up, this world would be a little brighter. A Mr. Story is lecturing against the doctrine of a future life. This Story evidently doesn't expect to be "continued in our next."—Tit-Bits.

Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, is said to have been trained by his young wife. He is not the first bridegroom who has had this experience.—Life.

Betwixt the hen and an incubator you inquire. The difference? Well, one set on eggs. The other sets on fire.—Yonkers Gazette.

In Costa Rica there is not a single millinery store. Married men who want ticklers to Costa Rica should step up to the office before the rush begins.—Baltimore Herald.

NOT THAT KIND OF MATCH. "Maybe you did make a good match," she flung back in angry scolding; "But not a match that will get up and light the fire in the morning."—Harper's Bazar.

There is a man in the neighborhood who never heard a piano. What do the Illinois girls do when they want to arouse the wrath of the neighborhood?—Courier-Journal.

A correspondent wants us to tell him "which is the proper attitude for a fisherman, standing or sitting?" Neither, innocent one; lying is the only position in which he feels entirely at home.—Statenman.

TO HIS BOOTMAKER.

Every boot you've made for me pinches, You destroy an existence once sweet; It is tough to be dying by inches, But it's worse to be dying by feet.—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Palotto—"Will you allow me to paint that picturesque old building back of your house?" Mr. Wayback—"No, I reckon I won't go to that expense; but I wouldn't mind a coat of whitewash, mister, if ye didn't tax me too much fer it."—Tit-Bits.

Mummies in Trade.

The mummy trade was supported by various classes of the community, for artists declared that mummy powder beaten up with oil, gave richer tones of brown than any other substance, and modern perfumers found means of preparing the perfumes and spices found inside the bodies, so as to make them exceedingly attractive to the ladies. Paper manufacturers found that the wrappings of the mummies could be converted into coarse paper for the use of grocers, and the cloth and rags were sometimes used as clothing—at least, so we are told by a traveler of the twelfth century.

It is not pitiful to think