THE FOREST REPUBLICAN
Is published every Wednesday, by
J. E. WENK.
Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building
ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.
Terms, - - - $1.50 per Year.
No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 5. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months	5 00
One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year	30 00
Half Column, one year	60 00
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Job work—cash on delivery.

Alaska is now found to have among its dwellers many unique and rarely artistic wood carvers.

Congressman Dingley, of Maine, says that during seven years' service in the House he has never seen a member sleep.

There has grown up such a demand for alligator skins, and there has been such an effort to supply the demand, that the big saurians of the South are becoming scarce.

The Senate of the United States has recently passed a bill appropriating $[illegible],000 to erect a monument in memory of the colored soldiers and sailors who gave lives in the Union service during the Civil War.

The Pacific coast boasts of two enormous policemen. Thomas Kennedy, of Seattle, and Marshal Mansfield, of Tacoma, weigh together more than 800 pounds. Naturally, they make the way of the transgressor a hard one.

Buffalo is about to build a driveway twenty-seven miles to Niagara Falls that is meant to be the handsomest in the world, and the local papers have been fight as to whether or not it should be styled "the Boulevard."

Siberia, as a place of exile, is shortly [illegible] to become a thing of the past. The Russian Government, acting upon the advice of the Governors of Irkutsk and Tomsk has decided to keep its prisoners in large convict-houses, instead of sending them to Siberia.

The King of Norway and Sweden is said to be the only crowned head in Europe who refused to send congratulations to the Pope on his sacredotal jubilee. According to the census of 1886 there were only 810 Catholics in Norway, and a proportionately small number in Sweden.

It is proposed to convert about 5000 acres of land in Twiggs County, Ga., into a royal hunting ground, with a club-house, etc., and make it a resort for hunters. The tract will be stocked with all kinds of game. Gordon and other well-known men are interested in the scheme.

George R. Graham, of New York, was the founder of the old *Graham's Magazine*. He has lost two fortunes, and after several years of blindness, has recovered his sight at the age of seventy-[illegible]. With a heart full of gratitude, and with all the confidence of youth, the old man has again taken up his pen with the intention to enter the literary arena and make a living.

A traveler who is traveling in India says that he was astonished by the dexterity of the Hindoo children. Many of them are skilful workmen at an age when other children are learning the alphabet. One of the most expert carvers he saw was a boy of seven. Some of the handsomest and most [illegible] rugs and carpets are woven by children not yet in their teens.

It is reported a stock company is being formed which expects to control the entire sorghum crop of the country through the process of a new patent process. This company claims to be able to produce "sugar" from sorghum cheaper than cane sugar. In addition to the sugar works now at Fort Scott, Kan., the company, during the summer, will erect three new factories, one of them in Topeka.

A contemporary, says the London *World*, explains that the Queen usually leaves a drawing-room before the function is over because her Majesty cannot stand for any length of time. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Queen really stands during a drawing-room. As a rule her Majesty sits upon a sort of throne of crimson and gold, which is so arranged that to those who pass before her she appears to be standing.

Large numbers of counterfeit five-dollar silver notes have been discovered in circulation in Chicago. They are well executed, and several banks were imposed upon. The most obvious details are these: The scroll-work surrounding the big V is badly done; the ruling of the stamped paper is crude, ending abruptly, instead of running into the paper gently, and the portrait lacks a life-like expression. In the genuine bill a key on the seal has a notch shaped like a letter T whereas in the counterfeit it is straight, like an I.

"The Bohemian oats swindle has been succeeded by the hay-fork game," are the words of warning issued by the New York *Graphic*. "This consists in storing a lot of forks in the barn of some farmer, whom the owners tell that if he will take care of them and sell them he shall have a commission of from thirty to seventy-five per cent. On this representation the farmer is induced to sign a receipt 'merely as a matter of form,' and in a few weeks the receipt turns up in the hands of some other party and proves to be an agreement to pay about four prices for the forks. It is generally cheaper for the farmers to pay than to fight the swindlers."

THEFTS OF THE MORNING.

"The early death of a youth was frequently called in poetic language a seizure or theft by Aurora."

Bind us the Morning, mother of the stars
And of the winds that usher in the day!
Ere her light fingers slide the eastern bars,
A netted snare before her footsteps lay;
Ere the pale roses of the mist be strewn:
Bind us the morning, and restore our own!

With her have passed all things we held most dear,
Most subtly guarded from her amorous stealth;
We nothing gathered, toiling year by year,
But she hath claimed it for increase of wealth:
Our gems make bright her crown, incrust her throne:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Where are they gone who round our myrtles played,
Or bent the vines' rich fruitage to our hands,
Or breathed deep song from out the laurels shade?
She drew them to her; who can slack the bands?
What lure she used, what toils, was never known:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Enough that for her sake Orion died,
Slain by the silver archer of the sky—
That Ilion's prince amid her splendors wide
Lies chained by age, nor wins his prayer to die;
Enough! but hark! our captive loves make moan:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

We have beheld them whom we lost of old,
Among her choiring Hours, in sorrow bowed.
A moment gleam their faces faint and cold
Through some high oriel window wreathed with cloud,
Or on the wind before her they are blown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

They do her service at the noiseless looms
That weave the misty vesture of the hills;
Their tears are drink to thirsting grass and blooms,
Their breath the darkling wood-bird wakes and thrills;
Us too they seek, but far adrift are thrown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Yea, cry her Thief! from where the light doth break
To where it merges in the western deep!
It aught of ours she, startled, should forsake,
Such waifs the waiting Night for us will keep.
But stay not: still pursue her, falsely flown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

—*Edith M. Thomas, in the Century.*

IN A STREET CAR.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Everbody that met Gussy Coleman that morning looked at her admiringly; and certainly a pretty girl, stylishly arrayed, red-cheeked and bright-eyed, and in the best of spirits, is an agreeable object.

There was no special reason for Gussy's good spirits, aside from the fact that she was out for a morning of shopping; but to a young lady who was as fond of wandering up and down through the delightful mazes of dry-goods stores as was Miss Coleman, that was ample cause for rejoicing.

Her shopping to-day was somewhat mythical; all she had been able to put down on her tablets, after industrious effort to think of something she needed, was a stick of braid and a paper of hairpins. But she knew she was sure to see something she would want—something she couldn't get along without; and, at worst, there were certain to be bargains, for "this day only," in gloves, and handkerchiefs, and fancy feathers, and hosiery, and stand scarfs, and mantle ornaments.

She found herself four miles from home with three large bundles, and a pocketful of smaller articles, and a shrunken pocket-book, at half-past eleven.

She had bought soda water and a pound of marsh-mallows, and had a dyspeptic lunch of oyster-patties and hot chocolate and eclaires, and she was feeling very bright and comfortable as she ha led a homeward-bound car.

A large share of her complacence was due to the fact of her having bought two handkerchiefs at eight cents apiece, and a pair of gloves for forty-nine cents. She was aware that she should never think of using them; she should probably give them to Nora as soon as she reached home; but that did not diminish her extreme satisfaction in their purchase.

There was nobody in the car but an old gentleman reading a newspaper in a corner, a young man leaning forward, with a ruminating expression, and his hands clasped over his umbrella-handle, and two old ladies in crape bonnets.

Gussy deposited her bundles on the seat at her side—all but one, which rolled over to the floor. The young man, who was immediately opposite, rescued it hastily.

Gussy smiled sweetly; he was an uncommonly nice-looking young man. He smiled in return, and raised his hat, the conductor took her fare and rang his bell, and the car jingled on.

The old gentleman in the corner had laid down his paper, and was fixedly regarding her. Gussy looked at him. He was a small, plump old gentleman, with a bristly white mustache, and eyes of an almost unnatural brightness. It seemed as though she had seen him somewhere before.

Her suspicion was verified by the old gentleman's getting up suddenly and coming over to her side almost on a run.

"Why, don't you recognize me, my dear young friend?" he demanded, with loud anxiety, sitting down close at her side, and throwing his paper to the floor—Gussy observed, with surprise, that he had been holding it wrong-side up. "Don't you know your father's oldest and most devoted friend — Seymour Proggett?"

Gussy did recall the name. The sound of it brought up a faint recollection of something peculiar—something doubtful; but she couldn't remember what. She knew at last that her father had had no connection with Mr. Proggett for years. But meeting the eager gaze of his shining eyes, she could do no less than to smile faintly, with a murmured word.

"Why, to-be-sure—why, to-be-certain!" Mr. Proggett went on in a high key. "Why, my child, I trotted you on my knee when you were, let us say, three feet high—certainly not more than three feet high—I trotted you on my knee!" said Mr. Proggett, excitedly.

Gussy grew pink. Mr. Proggett's remarks were piercingly audible. The young man opposite looked up in a startled way. The two old ladies turned astonished faces toward them.

"I knew you as an infant—I see you now in the full flower of womanhood!" Mr. Proggett went on.

He put hands on his knees and held back for a good view of the flower of womanhood. His sharp eyes twinkled admiringly.

Gussy clasped her hands together within her muff. The young man looked steadily at the floor. The old ladies stared.

Mr. Proggett gazed at her in silence for several moments.

"I have been for many years without the soft refinement of woman's companionship," he proceeded at last, pensively. "Her sweet sympathy, her gentle care, her tender love is a sealed book to me."

He sighed loudly and edged a little closer to Gussy. She drew away affrightedly, but Mr. Proggett moved after her.

"A sealed book. And yet, I have thought, I have hoped that such happiness may yet be mine. I now believe it."

Mr. Proggett leaned closer, his lips parted in a tenderly-persuasive smile, his eyes aglow with eagerness.

"My dear young lady," he went on, pantingly, "be not alarmed at my suddenness. Remember that I knew you in your infancy. Think only of my warm affection, of my pure devotion! Accept the heart of one who faithfully adores you."

Gussy sat stunned and motionless. The two old ladies shared her fright. They clutched their black hand-bags and half rose from their seats. The young man turned hurriedly and looked out of the window.

"Look not at my gray hairs. Remember that my heart is young and fresh!" Mr. Proggett implored, wildly—"and that its store of pent-up affection, the growth of years, is yours—all yours!"

Gussy stared at him in helpless, trembling horror. She saw dimly that the two old ladies were hurrying toward the door, in which the conductor stood broadly grinning. She herself was weakly unable to move.

Mr. Progett peered into her face in deep agitation. Then, with a placid deliberation of movement at strange variance with his heated face and glowing eyes, he placed himself on his knees at her feet.

The two old ladies, glancing backward, screamed faintly as they stepped off the car; the conductor laughed unrestrainedly; the young man, with a face of grave alarm started forward.

"Do not doubt me!" Mr. Proggett was saying, shrilly. "Do not hesitate to accept the lifelong devotion of a heart which beats for you alone! I have long awaited this opportunity; long have I hoped and prayed—"

Gussy pulled herself together with a mighty effort. Her heart was thumping furiously and her head whirling around.

She looked up and met the eyes of the strange young man fixed upon her with solicitous anxiety.

In another moment—she could not have told how it happened—she was outside the car, under a friendly grocery-awning; the strange young man, laden with her muff, her pocket-book, the remains of her marsh-mallow, and her three bundles, was at her side; the car was rolling on.

"Thank you—thank you so much!" she said, gaspingly. "I—I don't know what I should have done."

She looked up at a lamp-post.

"I am only four blocks from home," she said, trying to smile, and made a movement to relieve him of his burden.

But she was pale and her voice was unsteady, and the young man bowed negatively.

"I will see you to your door if you will permit me," he said.

They walked on, in a palpitating silence. Gussy was trembling still; her cheeks were red and pale by turns, with the embarrassment of her lingering horror. Her companion kept his eyes considerately turned away.

"I—I think," said Gussy faintly, "that he isn't in his right mind. He must have been insane!"

"I am sure of it," the young man responded, in respectfully sympathetic tones.

And they smiled at each other, in relief.

Gussy's father came out at the door of his dignified brown-stone house as they paused at the foot of the steps.

He nodded to his daughter, but at the sight of the strange young man he stopped short.

"Well, Delancey Tatum!" he ejaculated, "where did you fall from? Where did you find him, Gussy? Upon my word, I didn't know you knew him, my dear!"

Mr. Coleman turned about and dragged the young man up the steps.

The latter looked at Gussy in gallant silence.

"I don't know him, papa," Gussy murmured; "but he—he—on the car—"

"I was able to be of some slight assistance to Miss Coleman," Delancey Tatum interposed, with gentlemanly seriousness. "We had not the slightest notion of our respective identities. I am exceedingly happy to meet you, Miss Coleman."

He met Miss Coleman's eye. In that brief glance, Mr. Proggett's proposal was forever sealed to the knowledge of the world.

Mr. Delancey Tatum was prevailed upon to stay to lunch.

Gussy's opinion of him may be gathered from the succinct description of him with which she favored a particular friend. She said he was "just sweet."

She was not astonished later, when she gained the information—after a cautiously gradual jogging of her father's memory—that Mr. Proggett had been feeble in mind for some fifteen years; that he was prone to do unexpected and peculiar things, and was therefore provided with an attendant, from whom he occasionally escaped.

Nor was she astonished to find that Delancey Tatum was a fine young fellow, a first-class business man, and one of the most highly valued of Mr. Coleman's business acquaintances.

"I invited him up to call," Mr. Coleman concluded, sportively. "He's never seemed particularly anxious about it before, but I noticed he promised mighty easy the other day."

And Gussy blushed sweetly and becomingly. She is Mrs. Tatum now.—*Saturday Night.*

WISE WORDS.

Happy is he who has no friend to feed.

Borrowers and beggars are half brothers.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Trust the cat when the buttermilk is on the top shelf.

Man's passions make him more terrible than any beast in the wilderness.

We should not imagine that all are friends that flatter, or enemies that censure.

The more we know the less positive we become—it is only the ignorant that never have any doubts.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.

Poverty is not dishonorable any more than sickness; it is only the cause of it that may be dishonorable.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence than one of the smallest in ourselves.

He who works for the public has a thousand masters, each one of whom insists upon being served in a different way.

One man can see into futurity just as far as another can, and none of them can tell whether or not will the world be in existence to-morrow.

Art is not a sermon and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct.

Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundation; but falsehood, being built on the sand, if you proceed to examine its foundation you cause its fall.

Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself, and do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. Hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner; and who does nothing while he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out and bark.

Interesting Emigration Figures.

The New York *Sun* says that this interesting table has just been compiled by the Emigration Commissioners showing the number of alien passengers arriving at this port each year since the establishment of the Commission:

1847	129,062	1868	213,635
1848	189,176	1869	258,989
1849	220,601	1870	212,171
1850	212,706	1871	227,630
1851	289,601	1872	291,584
1852	300,962	1873	296,818
1853	284,945	1874	140,011
1854	319,223	1875	84,701
1855	136,233	1876	68,264
1856	142,552	1877	54,536
1857	183,773	1878	75,347
1858	78,589	1879	133,070
1859	79,822	1880	327,571
1860	105,162	1881	455,681
1861	65,539	1882	476,086
1862	76,601	1883	405,909
1863	176,844	1884	330,630
1864	180,296	1885	391,036
1865	196,752	1886	321,814
1866	253,418	1887	405,405
1867	242,731		

A glance at the report of the nationality of the alien passengers landed at the Garden during 1887 will show who some of our new neighbors are:

Germany	81,864	Iceland	158
Ireland	56,860	Mexico	151
England	45,636	South America	144
Italy	44,271	Centr'l America	131
Sweden	37,862	Portugal	75
Russia	35,203	China	64
Hungary	17,719	Great Britain (not specified)	50
Scotland	14,864	Australia	36
Norway	13,011	Arabia	22
Austria	11,762	Nova Scotia	15
Denmark	8,375	Japan	13
Bohemia	6,449	British East Indies	11
France	5,999	South Africa	11
Netherlands	5,560	New Zealand	11
Wales	5,449	Brazil	9
Switzerland	4,537	India	8
Finland	4,031	Africa	6
Belgium	2,362	Egypt	4
Roumania	834	Sandwich Isl'd's	4
Quebec and Ontario	711	New Brunswick	3
Greece	612	Prince Edward's Island	3
Luxemburg	572	British C'l'mbia	2
Spain	485	Java	1
West Indies	466	Morocco	1
Malta	298	St Helena	1
Syria	175	Peru	1
Burmah	170		
Turkey	169		
Armenia	161		

The Cause of Creaking Shoes.

Many people object to machine sewed shoes on account of the creaking they make when walked in. This creaking is never heard in a hand sewed shoe. The hand sewed shoes are from $1.50 to $2 higher in price than the machine sewed shoes. The reason that machine sewed shoes creak when walked in is that the soles are sewed to the uppers through and through with one thread, while in hand sewed shoes what is called the "welt" is sewed by hand to the uppers and the outer sole is sewed to the welt. The hand sewed shoes do not wear better than the machine sewed, but they are more comfortable, and adjust themselves to the foot more readily.

Several inventions have been made to obviate the creaking difficulty, and one line of goods is made by machinery which it is claimed no one can detect as a machine made article. It has the same flexibility and softness, does not creak, and is a half cheaper. The shoes are made in men's women's and children's sizes, and some retailers are adopting them altogether in place of the hand sewed shoes for this year's trade. The inventor claims a royalty from the manufacturers for every pair of this make that are sold.—*New York Telegram.*

When a Great Artist Begged for Bread.

Jean Francois Millet, the greatest of all modern artists, lived a life of poverty. A sad story of the lack of appreciation of that which is truly great was told to the lecturer by Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston. That gentleman possesses about thirty of Millet's finest works, and among them a little picture of a peasant girl, with a head that might be a Leonardo. This picture Millet had taken to every picture shop in Paris to sell for thirty francs—only $6—to buy food for his starving family, and now the picture would fetch $15,000. This was one reason why the lecturer advised any one of his hearers who wished to paint to paint for love of the art only.—*San Francisco Alta.*

HOW LARD IS RENDERED.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE MANUFACTURE OF THIS ARTICLE.

Why Modern Steam-Rendered Lard is Better Than the Old "Kettle-Dried" Product.

Lard is defined in Webster's Dictionary as "the fat of swine after being melted and separated from the flesh." This is generic, and is in contradistinction to tallow, which is "the suet or fat of animals of the sheep or ox kind separated from membranous and fibrous matter by melting it down." Previous to the Civil War, when Cincinnati was the great packing centre of the United States and when the State of Ohio packed more hogs than all the other States combined, the rendering of lard was conducted at the packing-houses in the same manner, but on a much larger scale, as was practiced by the country and village housewives of the period. The leaf lard and trimmings from the hams and sides were cut up into pieces about the size of a walnut and thrown into a big iron kettle set in brick-work. Fire was applied, and as soon as the fat began to melt a continuous stirring became necessary to prevent the boiling grease from burning. Those who have lived in the country and seen the farmer's wife trying out the lard stripped at the annual hog-killing will remember the odor that attached to the operation. It remained in the house for several days. As soon as the pieces of meat adhering to the lard were cooked crisp the lard was pronounced "done." The fire was banked, and as soon as the "cracklings" had sunk to the bottom workmen armed with large scoops dipped the cooling lard into the barrels and tierces, in which it was afterward shipped to the consumers at home and abroad.

The operation of rendering by fire was not always a successful one. Sometimes the lard was not "cooked" enough, and hence was liable to become rancid in warm weather. More often it was overdone and scorched to a greater or less degree. In either event there was a loss to the packer. Hence some other mode of rendering became desirable. The use of steam at low pressure for melting sugar and cleaning sugar hogheads was well known. The author of the first application of steam to trying out lard is not known. However, the process came in vogue in 1858. The tanks of that period were made of wood and were of less than one-third of the capacity of the iron tanks now in use. In the kettles nothing but the leaf lard, the trimmings, and the bright pieces of fat carefully picked from the intestines were used. In the steam tank to the three varieties mentioned were added the heads after they had been carefully scraped and washed. Sometimes the heads were rendered separately. It was the time when lard oil was largely used for illumination purposes—petroleum had not then become thoroughly utilized and was much higher in price than now—and many of the old-time packers well remember when lard made from pigs' heads sold for more than prime leaf, because of its greater percentage of oil.

On its first production there was a prejudice against the steam-rendered lard. The consumers as a rule knew all about the kettle-rendered article. Most of them had seen the operation performed on a small scale, but the steamed variety they did not understand. Hence was the origin of "kettle-drying." After being cooked in the tanks the lard was allowed to run into shallow pans, say eight feet long and four feet wide, where it was allowed to simmer over a slow fire for a short time before being placed in the tierces. It was popularly, but erroneously, supposed that this simmering evaporated a considerable amount of water that had lodged in the lard during the steaming process. For many years after the war "kettle-dried" lard commanded a sight premium over the steam-rendered, but this in time disappeared, when the latter became the standard article.

The "gut lard"—that around the lower intestines—and the tank bottoms were worked up and rendered into soap-grease, known in the trade as white, yellow and brown. The "white" was the lightest-colored and, of course, the best. The names of the others explain themselves. At the present time there are known to the trade four varieties of lard:

"Kettle-rendered," in which the lard is rendered by a steam coil in a jacket, the steam being at high pressure. This is composed of pure leaf, trimmings, and the carefully selected pieces from the upper intestines.

"Prime steam," composed of three kinds named and the heads. The rendering is done with open steam in iron tanks, twelve feet long and six feet in diameter.

"Refined lard" is the article over which there has been so much agitation in Congress. This is composed of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of cottonseed oil, ten per cent. of stearine, and sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of steam lard. The article intended for consumption in the South, or for export to Cuba, Central or South America, contains a larger proportion of cottonseed oil than that which is used in the Northern latitudes.

Pure leaf lard is the article as stripped from the slaughterer's hog, and is so sold to the butterine manufacturers, who separate the membranous portion from it and make a neutral article, which enters largely into the composition of the bogus butter. The first two articles are the only ones known on the Board of Trade and subject to its rules of inspection.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why Room Numbers Are Changed.

The hotel clerk finds many curious people. If at some time there has been a suicide in one of the rooms, the first duty of the clerk is to see to it that the newspaper reporter does not get the number of the room. And if he should, the number is changed at the hotel as quickly as possible. The reason for this is that the average arrival who is posted on the suicide invariably asks the clerk what room it occurred in, and follows the inquiry with the remark that he "doesn't want that room." There is hardly a first-class hotel in Chicago that hasn't had some sort of a tragedy, and the clerks are never supposed to know what room they occurred in.—*Chicago Mail.*

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Care of Kitchen Utensils.

The flavor and wholesomeness of food, and consequently the entire health of the household, depend to considerable extent upon the care given to dishes and pots used in preparing food, and upon the cleanliness of various cloths and towels used about the kitchen. Sand is not used in scouring tins now as it once was, so that they soon become unfit for any use. There are many excellent scouring soaps that are effectual in cleaning, and do not wear out the surface of the pot or pan. Boiling hot washing soda and water will usually brighten any tinware. As soon as it is washed wipe the tin with a dry towel and set it for a short time on a shelf behind or near the stove where it may become thoroughly dry. If this is done systematically there will be little need of sand or even scouring soap.

The ring dish cloth or "Iron dish cloth" is invaluable for removing any remnant of cooking which adheres to the bottom of cooking pots or tins. The outside of pots can be thoroughly washed with this cloth without soiling the fingers with soot, which so commonly clings to the bottom of pots set near the fire. This dishcloth should be kept free from grease with boiling water and soda, and hung near the sink, to be at hand when wanted.

Frying pans of polished iron that become blackened may be readily brightened with a little boiling vinegar and salt, after which they should be thoroughly scoured with soap and dried near the fire. All pans or pots in which onions, cabbage or any strong vegetables have been cooked should be first thoroughly washed, then set on the stove filled with soda and water, in the proportion of two or three tablespoonfuls of soda to a gallon. When this water comes to a boiling point remove the pot from the fire and rinse it out, and wipe it dry. It is better to have a special pot to cook onions in, lined with porcelain, or of granite ware. Iron turns this vegetable black, and it is exceedingly difficult to get the odor of onions out of these pots.

Soft soap is a necessary article in every kitchen, and this should be used with sand to scour floors and unpainted tables; it is also especially useful about the sink, and if freely used with boiling hot soda and water will keep the plumbing works of the kitchen free from the collection of grease which sometimes clogs up the waste pipe of the sink. Brushes that are used about the sink can readily be kept clean with soft soap.

There is one article which is often neglected, but which it is essential to keep clean: this is the garbage pail. It is a simple matter to keep a long-handled whisk hung out doors for this purpose. A few scrubbings with this brush and boiling water, soft soap and soda, will remove every particle of refuse from its sides. It is a disgusting habit to keep this pail within doors at any season of the year. This pail should be covered, and the cover should be carefully washed with the pail once a week.

If a wood box is kept in the house it should be brushed out at least once a week, as bits of refuse food and old cloths used in cleaning are apt to collect in such places. It is scarcely necessary to add that every corner and closet on the kitchen floor should be scrubbed out once a week, and no dust be left in corners for the seeds of diphtheria and other zymotic diseases to be sown in the form of the green mould, which readily collects on any stray crumbs of refuse. It is a safe, neat habit to scald up all cleaning cloths used for paint and doors in the water of the washing boiler after the clothes are removed. Such cloths should be carefully hung outdoors.

An abundance of dish towels of Russia crash, store towels of any coarse cotton or linen crash, and dishcloths of heavy linen, should be in every kitchen. It is better to keep a set of linen bread and cake cloths by themselves, for the exclusive purpose of covering rising bread or muffins and for covering bread when it is taken from the oven, and wrapping around bread or cake when they are put away in a stone pot or tin box.—*New York Tribune.*

Recipes.

CORNED BEEF AND TURNIPS.—Cook the beef in plenty of cold water, bringing slowly to a boil. Cook fifteen minutes to the pound after it begins to simmer. When about three quarters done put in a dozen turnips, peeled and quartered. When you dish the beef lay these unmashed about. Serve meat with drawn butter, having as a base the pot liquor.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Wash the stalks well but do not peel them; cut into pieces about an inch long, put them into a preserving kettle with about half enough water to cover and boil to a soft pulp; strain through a jelly bag. To each pint of this juice add a pound of sugar (loaf is best); boil again, skimming often, and when it jellies on the skimmer remove it from the fire and put it into jars.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To five or six pounds of fine red raspberries (not too ripe) add an equal quantity of the finest quality of white sugar. Mash the whole well in a preserving kettle; add about one quart of currant juice (a little less will do) and boil gently until it jellies upon a cold plate, then put into small jars; tie a thick white paper over them. Keep in a dark, dry and cool place.

BEAN SOUP.—Wash one quart of white dried beans, and let them soak over night in cold water. Next morning put them to boil with only water enough to cook them well; boil slowly until they are reduced to a pulp, stirring frequently to prevent burning. While the beans are cooking, prepare in a large kettle a good soup with three pounds of beef and about four quarts of water; season with salt and pepper, and any other condiments to suit taste; boil the meat until it is all in pieces; strain the soup, add the beans and let them boil until undistinguishable and the soup is very thick.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—To three pints of flour add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of butter, a little salt, one tablespoonful of sugar; mix with one pint of milk and water; roll to an inch in thickness; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When done split open, butter well and cover with strawberries and sugar; beat the white of one egg with one-third of a cup of sugar and place on top of the cake; serve with or without cream as desired.

OUR GRAVES.

A mound, a stone and violets,
A bird song in the air,
A child that gathers flowers and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across a hedge
Rippled by fairy hands,
A silver stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

No mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead,
A sobbing wind that ne'er forgets
Its chanting for the dead;
Beneath the stars on summer nights
That deep, blue grave, how fair,
The while upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets,
No birds, no wave, no star,
A spot where memory forgets
What spring and summer are;
Deeper it lies than deep sea graves,
From land and sea apart,
A grave, so sad and desolate!
A grave within the heart!

—*Clarence T. Urmy.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Best corn remover—The crow.

A model man—A solicitor of patents.

The sweetest things in bonnets—Lasses.

Constantly in a scrape—The tonsorial artist.

An awful bore—The Hudson river tunnel.

Suspended matter—The Brooklyn bridge.

Elevating the sex—Those running elevators.

A fruitful theme—The subject of horticulture.

There's a good many ins and outs in the life of a ball tosser.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Corn dodgers—People who have been kicked for stepping on them.—*Burlington Free Press.*

With regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.—*Siftings.*

There is a twelve-year-old barber back of the Stock Yards; he is only a little shaver now.—*Goodall's Sun.*

"There's no flies on that nine," said the crank, as he sized up the weak batters."—*Philadelphia Call.*

In his relation to foreign commerce and to domestic larders the hog bristles with importance at present.—*Graphic.*

Daughter—"Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?" Mother (sadly)—"Because it's always out nights.

Jack Goodfellow's small brother—Jack is there any past tense of duet? Jack (gloomily)—Yes, dun.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

This legend was inscribed on the great door of the Sing Sing Prison one night recently: "Hair cut while you wait."—*Graphic.*

A lady advertises that she has a "fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve feet square."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.—*The Teacher.*

He didn't kiss her—they'd told their love
In accents soft and low;
But her little brother behind the door
Shouted: "Gallagher let 'er go."

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Indianapolis, Indiana, has a woman whose voice can be heard for a mile. We do not know what her calling is, but she must be successful in it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A little girl showed her brother a star and said: "That star is bigger than this world." "No it isn't," said he. "Yes it is." "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"—*Tid-Bit.*

A circus proprietor having had an outfit carried away from him in a freshet, remarked that he wouldn't mind the ducking so much if he could only get his calves back.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Ethelinda—"So you are really engaged, dear. How on earth did you manage it?" Arabella—"The calender helped me. It's leap year. I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little ax."—*East End Bulletin.*

A candidate for Justice of the Peace who was asked what he would do if a man was brought to him in a loaded condition, replied that he would at once discharge him. He got the office.—*New York Sun.*

Physician's Wife—"Are your affairs in very bad shape, John?" Physician—"Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season."—*Boston Globe.*

A terrible test of woman's fortitude was made at the Washington convention, when the chairwoman asked those who were present at the Seneca Falls meeting forty years ago to stand up.—*Kansas City News.*

"What a delicious drink!" said a young woman, who was sipping a soda water milk punch. "Is it flavored with the product of the vine, George?" "No," replied George, "it is a flavored product of the bovine."—*New York News.*

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in a car)—"What time is it by your watch, if you please?" Stranger—"I don't know." Mr. Upson Downes—"But you just looked at it!" Stranger—"Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."

Joshua L. Hawkins, of South Hawkinsville, Me., is one of the most eccentric men in the country. He is ninety-eight years of age, yet he obstinately refuses to split a cord of wood before breakfast or to walk ten miles a day. His condition occasions his family much uneasiness.—*Tid-Bits.*

Lovers are prone to self-depreciation, said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars: "I do not understand what you see in me that you love me." "That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.—*New York News.*

She fell upon the crowded walk,
Amid the great parade,
In dainty boots and fabrics rich,
And sealskin sacque arrayed.
Her daughter beat low over her,
Her heart almost dismayed:
"What is it, mamma?—tell me quick!"
In accents wild she said,
The pale lips moved, the weak voice spoke—
"I couldn't—couldn't match the shade!"

Harper's Bazar.