

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building...

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXI. NO. 19. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1888. \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one month... \$1.00

Chicago is the fifth Scandinavian city in the world, and Minneapolis the sixth.

San Francisco declares she has been shaken 417 times by earthquakes in the last eighty years.

Eighty public buildings, costing the Government \$22,000,000, are now in course of erection.

The total vote of these United States at the Presidential election of 1834 was 10,031,851. This year it should reach close to 12,000,000.

Belva Lockwood, the Presidential candidate of the Equal Rights party, is going to stump the States, and will charge an admission fee to her meetings.

In Brazil some of the Senators hold their term for life. One of them has just shown himself in the Senate for forty years, and there is now due him a back salary of \$900,000.

A splendid mine of molybdenum, a metal more precious than silver, has been found in the Cascade Mountains, near Tacoma, Washington Territory. It is worth \$50,000 per ton.

Twenty-six members of the United Presbyterian Church at Bellevue, Pa., in favor of the use of unfermented wine in the sacrament, have withdrawn and organized a church of their own.

The body of a Parisian dandy was found in the River Seine a few days ago. The young fellow was dressed in the latest fashion, and round his heart had tattooed these words: "Tout va bien. Jeanne Granier."—All for Jeanne.

A telephone has been fitted up between the hospice on the Great St. Bernard and the Swiss Alps and the valley below, so that monks are now informed when pilgrims start to ascend the pass. If they do not appear within a proper time, the monks are sent to meet them.

Statistics show that about \$90,000,000 is invested in the hotel business in New York State; that the hotels employ over one hundred thousand persons, and that they consume eighty-seven thousand dollars daily, at an average expense of \$100,000 a day for supplies alone.

There are, says the New York Tribune, about twice as many women as men in Yucatan, notwithstanding which the whole social system of the country seems to be constructed for the benefit of the masculine third of the community. N. B.—The men made it.

It is unquestionable that the straw or reed hats worn by American men during the summer is an insufficient protection against extreme heat. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the natives of the eastern countries. The coiled turban on the head and the general use of umbrellas are protection which people living in American cities do not possess.

For quickness in raising money for business enterprises Hutchinson, Kan., seems to outrank some of the large cities. They called a meeting out there for such a purpose, and after the hall was filled, looked the door. A local paper tells that work then began, and in just one hour and fifteen minutes the sum of \$23,000 was subscribed.

Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, is gradually disappearing, and in a few years more will be totally submerged. During one gale in 1881 a strip of land seventy feet wide and a quarter of a mile long was washed away. In 1775 the island was forty miles long and two and a half miles wide. It is now only nineteen and a half miles long and less than a mile wide.

It is now possible to travel from London to Samarang, in Central Asia, by rail and steamboat in eight days and twenty-two hours. It was not very long ago that a European was unable to visit Samarang at all without incurring great risk of being killed, and until the building of the Trans-Caspian Railroad the best time that could be made between St. Petersburg and Samarang was one month.

On April 20th, when off the Westman Islands, Iceland, the captain of the Danish mail steamer Laura threw overboard a letter written in Danish. On May 6th the letter was found in the stomach of a cod caught by a French fisherman of Reykjavik, about 120 miles distant. The man showed it to the French Consul at Reykjavik, who submitted it to the captain of the Laura. It was much decomposed, but still readable.

The danger of somnambulism is well known. A writer in the Century tells of a piece of good fortune coming from the habit. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write. Her awake, and this essay secured her the prize.

DEATH AND JUSTICE.

Death does not claim us with the passing breath; Before our Lady Justice can be staid.

While Time, our kinsman, shakes his silent sands; She hold the balance true, with steady hands.

Hated and Envy must lie still and wait, So, now, must Love and Borrow stand aside.

In breathless silence, pale and eager-eyed, Till, through the lips of Justice, speaketh Fate.

"Death, in thy keeping must the man abide; Or, 'He shall live for aye—his work is great." —Graham R. Tomson, in Scribner.

TWO SHIPS.

Two girls in the kitchen of a plain, old-fashioned house were busy sewing, the elder rapidly running a machine, the younger trimming a straw hat with odds and ends of ribbons, which she tried in vain to coax into some appearance of freshness.

"How does it look, Mattie?" she asked anxiously, holding it off a little, and slowly turning it around.

Mattie looked up from her machine without stopping its quick motion, turned one comprehensive glance upon the hat and said, impulsively: "Like a last year's bird."

"Oh, dear," said Dolly, flushing all over her pretty, worried face, and tossing the poor little hat into a corner.

"What is the use, any way? We may as well give up and go to the poor house first as last."

"I'll never give up, first or last," said Mattie. "Somehow and somehow I know there must be something better for us, and we are sure to find it sooner or later; but in the meantime I can't afford to waste any of my strength in pretending. Our clothes are old and shabby and dingy, and it's of no use trying to make them look anything else."

Dolly gave a sigh that touched Mattie's heart.

"Poor little Dolly! It's too bad for you; you're so sweet and pretty and patient. Just wait till my ship comes in, and you shall see."

Dolly smiled.

"That was what father always said when we wanted anything. I used to believe in that ship as much as I believed in next year, and sometimes I indulge myself in dreaming about it now and fancy what it will bring us."

Mattie set the last stitches with lips compressed, and began folding the coarse shirts in which she was working into a compact pile.

"Are they finished?" asked Dolly.

"No; I'll sew on the buttons to-night; I'm going out to look for our ship."

Mattie put on a hat older and more openly ugly than Dolly's, and walked down the street with her firm, rapid tread. Once she turned to look back at the small brown house that was the only inheritance her father had left to her, wife and girls—a fortune that seemed indefinitely smaller, now that the mother had gone also, after a protracted sickness that had consumed the last dollar from the sale of the orchard and garden.

The coarse sewing, with which the girls made their own dresses, and which was certainly better than nothing, and was considered a respectable resource, but at best it was working with starvation against a merciless lash over their heads.

She went where many a poor soul had gone with perplexities that seemed no doubt to be the minister. No doubt in that penurious, poverty-stricken community the good man had perplexities of his own, but that only helped him to sympathize with other people, and few households held any secrets from the old housekeeper, knitting on the porch, welcomed Mattie kindly. The minister was away; "gone to South Adams to 'tend a funeral," but she was looking for him every minute.

Mattie went to the study, and turned wearily from the rows of solemn old books to find refreshment in the papers upon the table that seemed so much more modern and human. There was a story that looked tempting with its spicy bits of conversation, but this was Chapter XX.

Then there was a sermon, letters from a traveler, answers to miscellaneous queries, household hints and economies, at which Mattie smiled grimly, with the feeling that she could open some depths of experience in that line herself, and at last a letter from a woman addressed to the editor, complaining that the world was out of joint and in need of regulating.

"So it is," thought Mattie, nodding assent as heartily as if the writer had been sitting there in the leather-covered chair opposite her. As she read her dark face flushed, and her breath came more rapidly. Why, here was a woman in desperate need of help, and here was she, asking only the chance to help her, and they were but twenty miles apart. But then, perhaps, the letter was just made up and put in the paper; perhaps there was no Mrs. E. L. Howe, and at the thought Mattie threw down the paper and went to meet the minister who was coming in at the gate. He smiled at her impudence and seated himself very amiably to read the letter, which would never have attracted his notice. He smiled again when he looked up at her and quite agreed with her that the writer was probably a fiction of some nobody's brain, created to make forcible the undoubted truth that there were scores of women with beautiful homes whose wealth brought them nothing but bondage, because of the impossibility of obtaining the help of intelligent, dependable caretaking servants, while there was a great multitude of women in need of homes and driven to all manner of makeshifts for a mere livelihood, who might, if they would, supply just this service, with mutual satisfaction and benefit. The problem was to bring them together.

"But if the letter were genuine, my child," asked the minister, "what then?" "Then," said Mattie, promptly, "I would write to the woman and ask her to let me try. I should like nothing better than to be her housekeeper. I delight in housekeeping; I'm a born cook,

and Dolly would be perfectly happy with two babies to cuddle and sew for."

"I suspect it is only the rosy side of her work that the letter writer describes; there must be a good many disagreeable things about the position of cook or nursery maid."

"There are many unpleasant things about our present position," began Mattie, but stopped abruptly.

Not even to the minister would she have owned that they were actually pinched sometimes for suitable food.

"Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly, "there would be any impropriety in my writing to this lady to inquire?"

"Not in the least; I will forward your letter with a line to the editor. Why not write here?" he continued.

And with the promptness of desperation Mattie seized the venerable goose-quill with which alone the minister thought it possible to write his sermons, and penned upon a great square sheet a brief, ladylike letter. The minister's endorsement was also brief, to the effect that the writer was a sensible, practical girl, tolerably well educated, and would, in his estimation, be a beneficial addition to the family such as that described in the communication signed Mrs. E. L. Howe.

The joint letter found its way in due time to the sanctum of a puzzled and amused editor, who frowned and laughed alternately over its contents, half disposed to toss it into the waste basket, in his estimation, but a beneficial addition to a dozen other documents. It might have remained there indefinitely, for the editor was a young man, and had no personal interest in the domestic problem, but dining that day with his sister, his serene enjoyment was suddenly disturbed by a series of dull thumps upon the stairs, followed by a rushing woman.

"There!" said Mrs. Lattimer, rushing away. "She's let the baby fall down stairs; I always said she'd kill it! I shall dismiss her the minute Fred gets back!" she panted, returning with the baby. "I never draw an easy breath except when the children are asleep."

"Oh, by the way," Florence, replied her brother, "I've got hold of a solution for all your domestic difficulties. Never say I'm not practical again. Here are two servants for you made to order—a cook and a nursery maid—natives, sisters capable, educated, warranted by the minister; what more could you ask?"

"Dolly, what on earth are you talking about?"

"It's all here, you can see for yourself. The fact is, I've been thinking a good deal about this labor question; and one evening I wrote a letter for the Journal purporting to have come from Mrs. E. L. Howe, setting forth her troubles with servants, and appealing to the most respectable, unemployed women for help."

"You miserable humbug! I read it with a sympathizing heart, and meant to write to her myself—our cases are so much alike—only I forgot it."

"Well, here comes a letter from a rustic maiden, who speaks for her sister and herself, and proposes to undertake the job, she'll do it, and I'm quite impressed by her letter. Just read it."

Mrs. Lattimer read with a critical note to say skeptical air.

"I'd sooner have Bridget with all her peppery temper. Deliver me from superior airs, and as good-as-you-are servants. I intend to be mistress in my house, and I want servants and not companions and friends."

"All right, you have my approval there; but I thought the trouble was you were not mistress. They obey just far enough to enable them to keep their places and draw the wages, and they have no conscience in any other kind of service. Now, if I were a housekeeper I should try these girls; certainly you wouldn't be worse off."

"If you were a housekeeper you would do just as the rest of us do—bear the ills we know rather than tempt the unknown."

"Perhaps so; I'm profoundly thankful I'm not a woman, to go on doing a thing to all eternity because my grandmother did it before me, and my neighbors would think it 'so queer' of me to try any new way."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"So I shall tell the minister I have forwarded the letter to Mrs. E. L. Howe, who will correspond with him if she decides to pursue the matter."

If the editor's letter, proving that Mrs. E. L. Howe was no myth, created deep and profound excitement in the little circle of three, what can be said of the effect produced by a letter addressed to Miss Mattie Harper, offering to her and her sister service in the household of the writer, with wages and conditions very carefully specified? To be sure, it was signed Mrs. Frederic Lattimer, but of course one would use a fictitious name in a paper. The letter was written in very plain terms; it said servants, and not "hired girls," which was supposed in Nottingham to be a title of greater respect, and stipulated that the engagement was only for a month of trial, at the end of which time, if Mrs. Lattimer be not pleased, she would pay their expenses home.

"It'll come pretty tough on you, Marthy Harper, being looked down on as a servant," said the kind old housekeeper. "You won't have any 'sociation with the family.'"

"I don't care to associate with the family; we don't associate with the men we make shirts for," said Mattie. "I shall have Dolly, and Dolly will have me, and we shall both have the babies. I don't think we shall care for much more."

It was only at Mattie's earnest entreaty that the minister forbore to accompany them to their new home.

It would look as if we expected to be received at something more than an 'and,' she said to Dolly. "And I want her to understand that all we ask is fair wages for fair work."

So they went alone. A smart looking maid answered their ring at the door bell calculated their social standing at a glance, and left them in the hall while she went for her mistress. Presently the girl came back and conducted them to the kitchen. Mattie's eyes noticed that the floor was unswamp, the range greasy, and a pile of unwholesome looking towels lay on the table; for Bridget had been gone a week, and a procession of supplies, each one worse than the last, had held brief possession of her kingdom.

"I'm so glad it isn't a basement kitchen, and see what a large nice yard," she said to Dolly, whose eyes were ready to overflow.

Something came clattering along the hall, and the door was pushed open to admit a beautiful boy of four, drawing a horse by a halter.

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed Dolly, rapturously.

But the boy drew back a little, saying: "Where's Bridget?"

And in a minute the nurse pounced upon him and dragged him off, calling him "a little torment, and a bad, naughty boy."

Mattie's first bread, rashly undertaken with Bridget's home-made yeast, was an utter failure, and the baby, clinging obstinately to Johanna in spite of Dolly's blandishments, while Mrs. Lattimer, knowing nothing of house-keeping herself, had not a particle of patience with ignorance in others, and clung to her deep persuasion that nothing but the most rigorous putting down could ever keep those girls from a disagreeable assumption. But long before the end of the month Dolly reigned sweet and serene in the nursery, wore her nurse's cap without an uncomfortable thought, and drank in delight from the shaded park, with its flowers and birds and fountains, as unconscious of bitter servitude as the children she loved and guarded.

"As for Mattie," Mrs. Lattimer confessed to her brother, "she's invaluable, and I shall never be able to endure an ordinary servant again, but if she hadn't known her mind better than I did mine we would have parted the very first week. That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

"Your ship would have come in long ago, if you had called me a pilot."

"That's one blessed thing: your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endow the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor.

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS OF LORDLY SQUIRES AND NOBLE DAMES.

Those Who Follow the Hounds Require a Keen Steed and a Good Seat.—Reynard's Cunning.

Coursing with the greyhound and hunting the hare with carriers is a kindred enjoyment to fox hunting, but of a more selfish nature, as they lack—the first named altogether—the presence of that necessary and charming element, the ladies.

It may not be out of place, says W. Fenwick in the *Detroit Free Press*, to give some minor particulars in connection with the sport in England, as conducted in England, not generally known.

To begin then, the pedigree of each hound—is it exceedingly improper to say "dog"—is kept as carefully as a race horse, and although to an unpracticed eye all the pack looks as much alike as peas, yet the huntsman and his squire—know each by name and sight and could, perhaps, tell the pedigree of either without reference.

While talking once with a huntsman in his house adjoining the kennels, I was surprised that he could instantly detect a quarrelsome member by his growl, which would be quickly silenced by naming and threatening to send him to the pound.

Hands after the hunting season are fed but once a day, when they have a "lively gorge" from troughs, the only meat being boiled up with biscuits, of which the meal largely consists. They answer quickly to the call of their names at feeding time by the huntsman at the kennel door, and when they appear, in his judgment, to have had sufficient, they are named to retire from the banquet, but often with a let-me-stay-a-bit-longer look. The pack, too, is exercised several times daily, and is not dangerous to strangers in the open, but should you appear in an enclosure the "spotted beauties" immediately give tongue, whereupon a wise person would make himself conspicuous by his absence.

A good hunter requires nerve, a good "seat" and a trusty steed. If the appointed meet is at the residence of the master or some other member of the hunt, a breakfast profuse with champagne only increases the feeling of eagerness.

The busy hands of man are left and covers drawn till the welcome "gone away" succeeds the sure tongue of a trusty hound and the sport begins in earnest. I remember when a boy watching a "draw" from a hill, when Reynard, unobserved by anyone but my noble self, broke cover and passed by me, not realizing the importance of calling on the pursuers, I stood there with all the dignity of the boy on the burning deck, with the proud satisfaction that sooner or later the whole "hunt" must pass in review before me. This occurred a few minutes later when the huntsman, being told in reply to an inquiry that I had not seen the fox, asked why I had not shouted. I was lucky to be out of range of his whip. Imagine the chagrin that must have filled the hearts of the hunting fraternity of Ireland when they were to be ruled by the ruthless tenants, and of a daring rider listening to the music of the pack as they pass his country domain, and who.

Owing to his having had a spill, he is obliged to be absent against his will.

I have omitted to mention that the early season is called cub hunting, when, should a son of the master be making his debut he may have to suffer from the huntsman the "indignity" of having the go of the first fox killed, smeared over the face, which "initiation" is called "blooding." Of course there is no greater pest of the poultry yard than the fox, and yet as an encouragement to small farmers in some parts of England not to destroy this nocturnal marauder, their claims for lost poultry are paid once a year, and a special destroyer of these animals is looked upon by the hunt with much contempt and his property seldom, if ever, tried.

So many excellent stories of Reynard's cunning have been recorded—the authenticity of which I do not doubt—that it would be superfluous to add to them here, but I may say I have known instances of a "long brush" after a fox, which resulted in no "brush," the causal appendage having been omitted by nature or more probably removed by some heartless opponent of the chase into whose hands Reynard had some time fallen—much to the disgust of the first in at the death who would have to be content with some other limb as a "trophy" of the occasion.

The late Rev. Jack Russell, who bore the sobriquet of "the hunting parson," was notorious in England for many years for the profound interest he took in the noble sport. He was often known to ride to church in hunting costume, change it in the rectory and perform a marriage ceremony and then appear at the covert side soon after. The Prince of Wales took a very friendly interest in him. In conclusion, the topic has a financial savor about it, as it is customary to say the hound first finding the quarry gave a welcome note, and that later on the pack received a check from the fox, probably because they were without a scent!

Decentifal Sponges.

Temporarily displayed along Fourteenth street are baskets of beautiful white sponges, offered at marvelously low rates. It is probably worth the expense to buy the few cents demanded for an attractive looking sponge inasmuch as one will find that these sponges are not the clean and airy things they seem to be. After a year's immersion in water, hot or cold, it will be found that the sponge still retains the consistency of a petrified and perforated rock. The clear white color is due to the bleaching effect of a chemical of such peculiar power that the bleach remains long after the sponge itself has disappeared.—*New York Tribune*.

Robust Mail Carriers.

In many of the back districts of Kentucky the mails are often carried far as thirty-five miles by men who walk the whole distance once a day. A local paper thus describes one of these sturdy carriers: "Mr. Dougherty is very accommodating to persons living along the line (he ought to be). He will carry a saddle, bed-tie, pop, or even a dog, if he is not too big, and he is offered enough. He will ride a horse through for any one for a quarter, and carry the mail pouches on his shoulder."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

The Rose of Order. How can I tell her? By her collar.

Cleanly shelves and whitened walls. I can guess her. By the back staircase and hall, And with pleasure Take her measure.

By the way she sweeps her brooms; Or the peeping At the "keeping" Of her back and unseen rooms; By her kitchen's air of neatness, And its general completeness, Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness The Rose of Order blooms.

Gathering Rose Leaves. The delightful work of gathering rose leaves is best done early in the morning or late in the evening. Shake into a wide basket the petals from roses that are about to fall to pieces. The rose leaves should be spread out on a sheet laid down in a dry place where the wind will not disturb them.

Rose leaves gathered on different days should not be mixed, but each collection on the sheet should be stirred and turned every day; when they are all nearly dry they can be heaped together and finished off on another sheet. When quite dry put up in self-sealing fruit jars. These dried leaves alone, packed in as tight as they can be pressed down, may be used to fill a fancy jar which, when left open for a short time, will perfume a room if the rose leaves are stirred up a little.—*New York World*.

A Useful Contrivance. For the benefit of tired mortals who recline in hammocks most of the time during the warm months there is a contrivance from which, if properly made, they will derive much ease and comfort. Make a square frame of wood and cover with any light fabric, and place a thick fringe of the same at the bottom. To the top of the frame nail three pieces of board, two at the sides and one in the center, the three meeting together, or attach cords in the same manner by which hang to a screw above the hammock. On one side of the frame attach cords as for a kite, and have a cord long enough to put through another screw on a post on a line with the side of the hammock, which, when swung, will cause the frame to swing and stir a delightful breeze. A damp towel can be attached to the bottom, instead of the fringe, during the intense heat. A string tied to a screw on another post, if pulled, will swing the hammock. If this is too much exertion let some one else pull it. This frame, with more adornment, can be utilized as a fly fan.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Apples in Many Styles. Lubig says: "Besides contributing large proportion of sugar, mulberry and other nutritive compounds in the form of food, apples contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, attractive substances and automatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully on the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendency of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy and probably maintain and strengthen the power of production."

All fruits now are more healthful or afford a greater variety of dishes than apples. We give the following recipes for preparing them, all of which will be found to be excellent:

STEWED APPLES.—Pare tart apples, cut them in quarters and remove the cores, put them in a porcelain kettle, stew with sugar, add the juice of a lemon and a few bits of the rind, cover with boiling water and simmer gently until tender. Dish very carefully without breaking the pieces and serve cold.

BAKED APPLES.—Wipe sweet apples dry and clean, remove the cores without paring, put them in an earthen dish and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

CODDED APPLES.—Pare tart apples, remove the cores, stand in a kettle, cover with sugar, pour in a little boiling water, put on the lid and allow the apples to steam on the back of the stove until very tender. Dish carefully with hot fruit sauce, or lemon syrup over them and stand away to cool.

COMPOUND OF APPLES.—Quarter, peel, core and cook a dozen apples with a little water and sugar. Take up the apples, boil down the syrup, add a sliced lemon and a handful of raisins, let jelly and pour over the apples.

APPLES SWEET.—Pare and core some large apples without dividing them. Boil some rice for ten minutes, drain and let cool. Spread the rice in as many portions as there are apples on small cloths, tie the fruit separately in these and boil for three-quarters of an hour, turn them carefully on a dish, sprinkle with sifted sugar and serve with sweet sauce.

APPLES WITH WHIPPED CREAM.—Pare and core large juicy apples, fill the cavities with sugar and a little lemon juice and a little grated rind, put them in a pan with a little water in the bottom. Sprinkle the top with sugar, bake them and when done set to cool. Cover entirely with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Boil tart apples; after they are pared and cored rub through a colander and sweeten to taste. To a pint of the pulp stir in lightly the beaten whites of six eggs, flavor, put in a pudding dish, set in the oven, brown and serve with custard.

CHARLOTTE DE POMME.—Cut ten sour apples into quarters, peel, put them in a kettle with hot water and two cups of sugar, and stew until they are clear. When they are done, line a large dish with slices of sponge cake, turn the apples in, make a round hole in the middle and fill with the syrup in which the apples were cooked. Then put them in a stove oven for an hour. Turn it out on a dish, place over the top slices of sponge cake. Serve with sugar and lemon juice.

APPLE FLOAT.—Pare and slice some ripe apples; stew down and run through a sieve; beat to every quart of apples the whites of twelve eggs and a pound of sugar. Flavor with extract of lemon.

Portable electric lights, to be hung to a coat button, are now in vogue for the benefit of readers upon cars. Thus each one can become his own lightning bug.

THE TWO ARCHERS.

Upon the hills above the heights Of life two archers stand; One like an angel seeming bright, The other dark and grand.

First the bright angel bends his bow— Though wounded, still the victim lies; Blinded, his wound he doth not know, But loves the pain it gives.

Then the dark angel, soon or late, Doth with his strong arm bend his bow; Swift speeds his arrow, like to fate, And ends the mortal's woe.

These are the archers high above The tides of mortal life and breath— The cruel angel, Love, The pitying angel, Death.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Hard to beat—A wet carpet. Sic transit—Crossing the ocean. The cream of society—Ice cream. A stitch in one's side never seems good.

A girl's "yes" generally has the genuine ring. Too terrible!—The blast of the amateur cornet player.

Lack