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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes categories like 'One Square, one inch, one insertion', 'Legal advertisements', 'Marriage and death notices', 'Job work—cash on delivery'.

Experiments at Chicago prove Texas fever to be contagious.

The longest ocean cable in the world is to be laid from Canada to Australia, 7500 miles.

Statistics of the cost of public education in Prussia has just been published. They show that the cost is fifteen cents per head.

A Kansas ranchman predicts that sheep and mutton of the future will come from the immense grassy plains of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

The German colony in China is said to number about 600 members. The number of German mercantile firms is about sixty-five, larger than that of any other nationality excepting England.

Competent authorities estimate the total area of land in British India capable of producing wheat at nearly 70,000,000 acres, less than one-third of which has as yet been utilized for the purpose.

The only recognized G. A. R. post outside of the United States is said to be in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. It is called Post George W. De Long and always observes Memorial Day with fitting ceremonies.

California now ranks sixteenth in the list of States arranged from a point of view of population. Illinois leads with 2,000,000 people, closely followed by Iowa, Texas and Kansas, while California ranks sixteenth with 367,000.

The California State Board of Horticulture offers prizes for essays on the methods of crystallizing fruits. The grand prize is \$100, and the first prize is \$50. The object is to produce a crystallized fruit that will keep for a long time.

During the last five years 427 lives have been lost at sea among the English fishing fishermen. There are 49,221 fishermen and boys regularly employed. The number of boats is 13,135, and the total invested in them and in their outfit exceeds \$8,500,000.

The school census of Chicago shows a population of 802,651, an increase in the last two years of 28,834. The average yearly increase of the city is 1,000. The total for Cook county is 1,082, an increase in two years of 28,834, and in eight years of 454,461. The Chicago suburbs contain about 150,000 people, raising Chicago to nearly 1,000,000 souls.

And an hunting is, according to the Santa Constitution, the popular amusement in Brazil. On the frontiers it is a common thing for parties of white men to attack Indian villages and slaughter the inhabitants. When this is impossible they poison the wells with strychnine, and in this manner helpless and innocent victims by wholesale. The hunter will be brought to the notice of the government.

The New York Sun: "Now there is another rush of invalids like that of the consumptives who go to the Atlantic coast to be cured. This time the rush is by rheumatics, who believe that they can be cured by standing near the dynamo in electric light establishments. This new fad grows out of the idea that men employed in the manufacture or use of electricity never have rheumatism or neuralgia. It is said to be a fact, and another statement is that if a rheumatic gets work that takes him constantly beside dynamo, his disease quickly leaves him."

Port Huron, Mich., has a gas well that is six years old. The fluders did not know what it was when they struck it. It was put down for oil, and as the Times says, the objects for which the work was undertaken not having been reached, it was abandoned, and by some strange phase in this wide-awake community it is being forgotten. The site of the hole was originally a hollow basin. It is now a mound. The action of the gas through those years has forced over 500 tons of matter out of the bowels of the earth and is still at work. A power that might have been used in lighting and heating our city is thus running to waste in building a miniature hill.

The practice of sub-irrigation by means of tiles, says the New York Times, is the exact reverse of the drainage, water being supplied to the land through the tiles instead of being drained away from it. But there is no economy in the quantity of water used; the ground must be saturated anyhow, and it makes no matter how the water is supplied. Twenty thousand gallons would supply an acre of land with three-fourths of an inch of water, and this would be sufficient in Florida, if given once a week, so that a tank of this capacity filled every twenty-four hours would supply five acres. At first a much larger quantity of water is required until the soil is filled, and then the quantity evaporated only needs to be restored. This quantity depends, of course, upon the dryness of the weather and upon the nature of the soil, sandy land and porous subsoil using more water by percolation than heavier land with clay under it.

MOSS. Strange tapestry, by nature spun On viewless looms, aloof from sun. And spread through lonely nooks and groves Where shadows reign, and leafy rest— Oh, moss, of all our dwelling spots, In which one are you loveliest? It is when near green grass that coil Their silky blades through humid soil Or when you wrap in woodland gloom The great green pine trunks rotted red, Or when you dim, on sombre toms, The "requisites" of the dead! Or is it when your lot is cast In some quaint garden of the past On some gray, crumbling basin's brim, With conches that mildew'd tritons blow While yonder, through the poplars pin, Looms up the tursted chateau? Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves Your emerald film on low, dark leaves, Above where pink porch roses peer, And woodbine break in fragrant foam, And children laugh—and you can hear The beatings of the heart of home. —Edgar Fawcett, in Mail and Express.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"We might just as well have been standing behind the counter in New York all these ten days," sighed Barbara Hale, "for all the out-of-the-way adventures we've had!" "Who wants out-of-the-way adventures?" said Dorcas Dun, scornfully. "Behind the counter, indeed!" chimed in Mary Vanacker. "Can you breathe in a closet crowded as like this behind the counter? Can you get a mountain view like this from Sixth avenue? What more would the girl want, I should like to know!" Barbara sighed once more, and shook her head. "It is all so fine," said she. "It isn't what I expected at all."

The three girls—Barbara, Dorcas and Mary—were sitting on a side hill, under the shade of a grand old cedar tree. Barbara, who had once taken a quarter's lessons in drawing, had a sketch board in her lap, and was trying—with but ill success, as must be owned—to reproduce the lovely, ribbony curves of the river that wound its way through the valley below. Mary had her needlework in her lap, and Dorcas, with her hands clasped under her head, had long given up all attempt to read the paper covered notes that she had brought with her.

"The y and the sunshine are so much better!" she said. "You must be a good genius!" cried Mary. "I'm only a tramp," said the ghost. "And I'm ever so much obliged to you if you ladies let me go!" "We couldn't have kept you out if we had tried," said Dorcas, frankly. "You don't think I would have thrusted myself in here against your wishes? Even a tramp would do that," said the young man.

The sticks blazed cheerfully up; the ghost economized them to keep the flames alive as long as possible. He told thrilling tales of his experience in these woods; he made himself a most agreeable companion. "Are you from the Valley House?" asked Dorcas. "No; I am camping just where it happens."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked Dorcas. "And the landlady went to the door to point out a slender blue thread of smoke that was curling up heavenward from a mass of woods on a distant hill, and once more it came forth on her pilgrimage, this time with undoubted success. She engaged one room. The board, to be sure, was plain, the bed a coarse hick mattress, with a blanket spread on the floor for Dorcas herself, the furniture home-made and unattractive. But there was a grove of pine woods in the rear, the blackbirds piped their silver dutes all day long, and the bees darted in and out of the red lilies by the garden wall, and our three heroines believed themselves to be in Paradise.

But on, as Barbara Hale thus bewailed herself, a portentous shadow crept across the sun, and looking around, they saw that a mass of vivid purple thunderclouds had piled themselves up along the western sky, while distant muttering, and now and then a sudden flash, announced the coming of a storm. Dorcas sprang to her feet. Barbara began hurriedly to fold up her sketching apparatus. Mary put her thimble and scissors in her pocket.

"We must get home as quickly as possible!" cried a third voice. "But in availing themselves of a 'short cut' in a path of woods, they got hopelessly lost. The sun set behind the purple battlement of clouds, the dusk fell rapidly in these dense woods, and the rain began to patter down in huge drops. Barbara, the aspirant after adventure, began to cry. "What next," said she. "Oh! Nonsense!" said brave Dorcas. "When I can see the railway track shining down below, who ever got lost close to a railway line? Let's make for the track."

"And get run over," lamented Barbara. "Not likely, when there's only one train a day, and that at noon," laughed Dorcas. "If we walk along the railway line, we must come out somewhere, don't you see?" "And besides," added Mary, "there is a little ruined cabin not far from here, where the railroad flagman used to live before they changed the location of the station. I remember Mrs. Morris showing it to me once." "Oh, oh!" shrieked Barbara, "I couldn't go there! The flagman was killed on the track. There's a g-g-ghost there!" "Would you rather stay here and be drenched through with rain?" severely demanded Mary. "Or struck with lightning?" added Dorcas. "And the upshot of it was that the three fugitives took refuge in a miserable old shanty close alongside of the railroad track, where weeds were growing up through the cracks of the floor, and a plentiful portion of rain came pattering through the leaks in the roof, while the old stone chimney, all settling to one side, looked as if no stroke of lightning could harm it very much.

"But it's some shelter," said Mary, cheerfully. "We'll stay here until the shower is over, and then make the best of our way home." The shower, however, showed no indication of abating in its vigor. The rain still poured down in sheets; the thunder still bellowed through the rocky gorge where the cabin had been built; the lightning still lit up everything with sudden spurts of blue flame, like pantomime effects.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Barbara wringing her hands; "it must be midnight!" "It can't be but nine o'clock yet," said Mary. "And I'm so hungry! Oh, how I wish I hadn't eaten the last of those sandwiches! Oh, oh! what is that?" flattered Barbara. "An unusually vivid electric flash had revealed something white and spectral at the window. All three girls jumped at once. "The ghost!" shrieked Barbara, stopping her ears and shutting her eyes as if she were afraid.

"A stray white cow," suggested Mary. "A young man in a flannel tennis suit," said Dorcas, the closest observer of all. "Don't let him come in," said Barbara. "We shall be robbed and murdered." "Not while we are three to one," said Dorcas, bravely. "And at the same moment a voice sounded hurriedly at the door: "Please, may I come in. I know it seems intrusion, but it's raining a deluge, and I'm wet through."

"Come in by all means," said Mary. "The ghost entered, dripping like a fountain. "All in the dark," said he groping his way. "There are no gas jets here," said Dorcas, ironically. "But we might have a little blaze of sticks," hazarded the new arrival, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog. "I saw that last glare of lightning, that there was a heap in the corner, and I've got my match box intact."

"Oh, that would be splendid!" cried Dorcas, who was wet and shivering. "And I've got some fish on a string outside, and we could have some soup," suggested the ghost, cheerfully. "I'm so hungry!" wailed Barbara. The stranger was evidently used to mountain camping. He had a fire kindled in no time, and the fish, cleaned by aid of his pocket-knife and washed in one of the pools outside, were presently steaming over the coals, emitting a most savory smell.

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"I thought he was very nice," said Barbara; "and I thought, perhaps, he was going to be the beginning of a real adventure." September set in sultry as the tropics this year, and the three girls returned to Archer's great store with unwilling footsteps. But the cashier met them with smiling face. "I've received instructions," said he, "to raise the salaries of all the girls in this department ten per cent. Young Mr. Archer himself told me to do so."

"You're Mr. Archer?" "There he is now!" said the cashier. And the next minute the hero of the rainy night had come up, and was cordially shaking hands with them. "Then you are not the tailor's young man after all?" said Mary, a little taken aback. "Did I say I was?" said Archibald Archer. "At the end of the autumn little Barbara Hale had a confession to make. "Girls," said she, "when I thought that young Mr. Archer was going to be the beginning of an adventure, I was right. He is a very nice young man, and when we go on our summer vacation next year, we shall go together!"

And Mary and Dorcas kissed little Barbara, and congratulated her from the very bottom of their hearts. "This," said they, "is an adventure worth having."—Saturday Night.

Dogs as Motive Power in Germany. Some philanthropist in Germany should send his name reverberating down the length of the continent in the name of overworked dogs. The condition of these poor animals throughout Germany, writes Blakley Hall in the New York Sun, is a blot upon nineteenth century civilization. They passed a day in England prohibiting the use of dogs for dragging vehicles, but there is no such law in Germany. The operations of a woman seventy-five years of age happened to a cart with two dogs, drawing it wearily along country roads or through the streets of the cities. Very often the woman gives it up or is too feeble to bear her share, and then she varies the journey by alternately pushing the cart and whipping the dogs as she walks by their side. A cart about the size of a street cab in New York, and often loaded to the height of five or six feet by merchandise, is the usual load for an old woman and two dogs. A cart of smaller dimensions is often dragged by a single dog, and sometimes one poor beast is seen struggling under a load that an American would consider up to the powers of an average horse.

The dogs are of all sorts of breeds, but invariably large and strong. They are muzzled—for they grow savage under their harsh treatment—and are harnessed to a cart or a wheelbarrow. The faithfulness and industry of the poor creatures are wonderful. They will toil along the dusty roads straining every muscle in their bodies until they drop dead in their tracks, and dead dogs by the roadside in this country are by no means uncommon. At night in the streets of Berlin are countless yowling carts of splashing fruit, and to every one is attached a dog or two. As soon as they have dragged the load into Berlin, the woman who is selling the fruit takes a small square of carpet out of the cart and places it on the pavement. The dog then rolls himself up on it and it is then covered with another rug to protect him from cold. He sleeps there till it is time for him to begin his journey home. Very often the coats of the animals exhibit big sores where the harness has chafed them.

A Crab's Antipathy to Dirt. Habits of thorough cleanliness are not only required by good taste and good breeding, but are essential to health. These enemies to life and health called "germs," are always found in connection with dirt. Most animals instinctively avoid uncleanness. The bird takes its morning dip in the lake or stream; the elephant trunks himself in a shower bath as often as he likes; dogs love to bathe and swim in the water, as do many other animals. Even so humble a creature as the crab, which does not receive credit for much intelligence, has a great antipathy to dirt. The curious creature, having a singular habit of tearing off its legs on sundry occasions. For instance, if a crab gets badly scoured at a thunder-storm or a loud noise in the water, it straightway tears a leg or two. A crab often loses one or more legs in combat with other crabs. A still more curious thing is, that when a crab's legs are laboring in this way, it grows on again in a few weeks' time; rather, new ones grow out in place of the old ones. Perhaps this is why the crab values a leg so little; he can get a new one just as good as the old one by simply waiting for it to grow.

There lived in Shamokin, Penn., some time ago a Pole named Limbski, who by the industry of himself and his five boys, had accumulated considerable property. Recently an appeal to the courts for money to pay a debt caused a serious dispute between father and sons. The old man sold the property and prepared to sail, accompanied by his wife, to the city of Bethlehem (Penn.) to see to the care of his children. Before leaving he expressed a wish that the boys might be killed in the mines. A few days ago, Thomas, his youngest son, was killed at Cameron colliery, and at the instance of the other brothers the crushed body was photographed as it lay on the cooling board, and the picture sent, labelled "Son No. 1," to his father in Poland.

Spelin is the rival universal language to Yola-puk. The next step involves the patent looked upon as throwing the law's protection around the company's interests. The filters, so-called, carry it out. They are boys, who fix the bored and turned pieces of cobs on spindles similar to those used by the turner, grab a handful of plaster of paris and clutch the revolving embryo pipe. A jar of water sits over their heads, so fixed that a tiny stream flows down, and moistens the plaster. One grab, presto! all the irregularities of the cob are filled with plaster. The pieces are then dried, sand-papered and shellacked. All is by machinery, and when the shellac is dry, the pipes are ready for packing. The amount of plaster the company's interests. One barrel of plaster will fill 30,000 pipes, and one gallon of shellac cover them; the stems are of Arkansas cane, and come already cut. Of the factory's capacity, Mr. Weirich said it was intended to make 350 gross of pipes a week, and the shop would run through the year. If a sufficient supply of cobs could be had. There was never an accumulation of stock, as the cobs usually came in by the single load and were worked up very fast.

For filling the interstices of the cob the company looks upon plaster of paris as the best thing possible. Many cobs do not have to be filled at all, being large enough to turn down smooth. One early preparation tried was of cornstarch and gamboge, but this was not satisfactory. Nothing is done to the inside of the pipes, the cob being left in a natural condition. The men packing filling has chalk, pumice and sulphate of potassium among its ingredients.

There are now about 800,000 bee-keepers in the United States. Many of them are procuring several tons of honey annually from their bees.

Missouri MEERSCHAUMS. MANUFACTURING THE HUMBLE CORN COB PIPE. The Only Factory of the Kind in the World Turning Them Out by the Million. The handsomest houses here come of corn cob pipes, writes Washington, Mo., correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The most pretentious business building is given to corn cob pipe making. The principal business of Washington, in fact, is the turning out of these adjuncts to a smoker's outfit, which are familiarly called "Missouri Meerschaums." Beyond all this Washington enjoys the distinction of being the only possessor in the world of a corn cob pipe factory.

In 1878 H. Tibbe secured the patent for filling the interstices of a cob with what is described in the application for the patent as "a cement-like substance." The substance is simply plaster of paris. The manufacture of pipes was then begun in a small way. In 1882 Upton L. Weirich, of Kansas City, had some thought of going into the same business, but, with several others, took an interest in the Washington factory and organized a stock company. The operations of the members in to buy the cobs as they are offered by farmers. They are turned over to the outside party, who contracts to make the pipe, at to much a gross. The finished pipes are taken by one St. Louis wholesale house, which agrees to take all the company can produce. The only annoyance experienced by the company is now and then a scarcity of cobs. Neighboring farmers do not seem to "catch on" to the fact that they can make more from the cobs raised than from the corn itself. The kind known as the Collier cob is preferred, as it is larger and the corn is not set in as deep as in other varieties. For good cobs one cent apiece is paid, and many a load is known to have realized \$30.

Farmers in the vicinity of Washington are urged to grow the Collier corn and bring in the cobs. An insight into the manner of manufacture, obtained after a considerable trouble, is given in the following description of the simplest kind. They are so simple that there is only wonder that so good a thing could have been kept in one company's hands so long. The cobs are delivered at the factory and are dumped under cover. They are then sorted and the good ones' cored and paid for. The cored size is one and five eighths inches in diameter, farmers being supplied with iron rings of that size through which to try cobs. Those rejected are invariably left by the farmer, not being worth carrying away and are used in the factory furnaces for fuel. The good cobs are then sawed by a circular saw to the right length for turning, one big cob making two pipes. The boring follows. The piece of cob is placed in a cup that holds it tightly, and an inch auger connected with a rapidly revolving shaft is brought down through the center of the cob a specified distance. This is done wonderfully fast by the boys, who are proficient from practice. With one hand they jam the cob in the cup, bring down the auger with a movement of the lever by the other hand, and in a twinkling it is over. Almost as fast as they can be counted the sawed pieces of cobs are bored. The turners next take the pipes. There are two shapes to the pipes, the "pear" and "straight." The first swell in the center and are rounded at the bottom; the others are only smoothed, the natural contour of the cob being left unchanged. The turners are experts. They have no patterns, and are guided by their eye and the condition of the cob. The piece already bored is placed on a spindle, the other end having a spring bearing that gives the pressure to hold it steady. With a turning tool the cob is cut down to the firm body and the shape given, exactly as in wood turning. The fastest turner in the factory does 8000 pieces in a day of ten hours, but the average for the six men engaged in this particular part of the work is 2500. They are paid \$1 per 1000.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. A Pretty Plaque. Take a piece of stiff pasteboard the size of a cabinet photograph, and on one side place a layer of wadding. Cover with dark blue velvet, being careful to have it lie perfectly smooth, and fasten on the wrong side. Take another piece of pasteboard a little smaller than the first and cover with black cambric. Sew or glue this to the wrong side of the larger piece of cardboard. Buy a small bunch of field daisies, and around their stems tie a bow of dark blue satin ribbon. Fasten this to the center of the plaque. This makes a pretty ornament, and may be placed on a wire easel or hung on the wall. If the latter way is liked, attach to the center of the back a tiny brass ring, through which run a loop of dark blue satin ribbon by which to suspend it. —American Cultivator.

In the Kitchen. Several things are indispensable for convenience in the kitchen. First a small keg of soft soap will be found more economical and do its work better than hard soap. Should the latter be preferred though, it should be bought in the green state or newly made, so to speak, and placed in a dark cool place for two or three months before using it. It can be bought hardened but will cost a trifle more than in the fresh state. Next comes a tin can of washing soda for cleaning greasy kettles and pans, for sweetening sinks, for scouring out all dark corners and closets that do not get much air and light, and for washing off dusty and dirty brushes and brooms. Some people forget that the tools they will use for cleaning their knives every day, but forget all about their brushes. From the hair brush to the scrubbing brush, the brushes used in the kitchen should all be frequently cleaned with soda and ammonia.

Dish-cloths are quickest sweetened by being boiled with soda. Borax is a convenient and safe article to strew about where there are roaches. In the laundry it is also useful. For washing the baby's blankets use two tablespoonfuls to three gallons of lukewarm water, and no soap. The garments will be found soft and clean and will not shrink. —Detroit Free Press.

Pickles of Many Kinds. Pickled Pepper: Take large green pepper, take out the seed, soak in strong brine for two days, with chopped cabbage and green tomatoes, sliced; take up, place in jars and cover with vinegar. Pickled Onions—Select small white onions, and skin. Put them in strong brine for three days. Boil the vinegar with mace, red pepper, cloves and mustard seed. Pour over the onions while hot. Cucumber Pickles—Wash and wipe one hundred small cucumbers and place them in jars; cover them with strong brine and let them stand twenty-four hours. Take them out, wipe, place in clean jars and cover with best vinegar, spiced with cloves, mace and mustard seed. Set away for two weeks, when they will be ready for use.

Spanish Pickles: Take two dozen large cucumbers, one peck of full grown green tomatoes, stand in brine three days; cut the same up and sprinkle with salt; take half a gallon of vinegar, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of turmeric and celery seed, one box of mustard and ten pounds of brown sugar; simmer half an hour, pour over the cucumbers, put in a jar and seal. Green Tomato Pickles: Slice a peck of green tomatoes and a fourth of a peck of onions. Put a layer of each in the bottom of a jar; sprinkle with salt, and continue until full; let stand overnight; in the morning drain and put in a kettle with vinegar to cover, in which put two ounces of black pepper, one of allspice, three of ground mustard; let simmer ten minutes. Put away in stone jars.

Indian Pickles: For one gallon of vinegar, four ounces of curry powder, four of mustard, three of brined ginger root, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, two ounces of turmeric, two of garlic, and a quarter of a pound of salt. Put in a stone jar, cover and keep by the fire three days, shaking occasionally. Take cucumbers, put in scalding brine three days, drain, and drop in the spiced vinegar. Pickled Cauliflower—Cut up and throw in boiling salt water, set on the stove until they come to the boiling point, take up and drain. Put in stone jars; boil sufficient vinegar to cover them, seasoning with one ounce of nutmeg, one ounce of mustard seed and half an ounce of mace to every half gallon of vinegar. Pour hot over the cauliflower, adding a little olive oil. Put in jars and seal tight. Chow Chow Pickles.—Chop in large pieces one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of ripe tomatoes, half a dozen onions, three heads of cabbage, one dozen green and one dozen red peppers. Sprinkle with a pint of salt. Put in a coarse bag and wring out the water. Then put in a kettle, with two pounds of brown sugar, half a tencup of grated horse radish, one ounce each of black pepper, white mustard, mace and celery seed. Cover with strong vinegar and boil until clear. Mustard Pickles: Take two gallons of vinegar, two large cupsful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of turmeric and a tablespoonful of turmeric powder. Mix together and let stand for a week. Then take three hundred small cucumbers, six cauliflowers, half a gallon of small onions, one quart of nasturtium, six heads of celery, and soak them all over night in strong brine. Clean all the vegetables, except the cucumbers, until tender. Put all in the mustard, and let stand one week; then put in a kettle add two cups of brown sugar and half a cupful of corn starch. Boil well; skim; add red pepper; let the vinegar boil, and then pour over the pickles. Watching the Heart. A novel case has been brought to the notice of the Paris Academy of Medicine. A man's breast bone was nearly all removed, with parts of several ribs, in order to stop the progress of bone disease. The experiment resulted not only in saving the patient's life, but has given several physiologists an opportunity for direct investigation of the living heart and great arteries, parts of which have been made readily accessible.

VACATION. O, worker, weary with thy work, Worn with the daily strife, Who knoweth that success is vain, That dreams fade out of life, Go to thy mother's heart for rest, Deep at thy childhood's sleep, Her first children safe and close Thy mother yet can keep. For still 'tis true, as in those days Long past, of mirth and song, Calm Nature greet all sorrow, With love and memory long. Find then, thou cannot, on Nature's heart, This solace for thy pain, The joy that blossoms with the grass, The gladness of the grain. The happy breaking into song Of brook and bird, and bee, And on the wind that lifts the waifs And bends the willing tree. —Edward Carlton.

Humor of the Day. Glucose is a sugar beat. A hand-spring—the pump. The moose has a great head. An ink-convenience—a pen. A sin of commission—More than ten per cent. Milk that is absolutely pure, must be milk of the first water.—Life. The lighthouse keeper ought to be well posted in light housekeeping. It is not surprising that an alma mater should give her students a diploma.—Time. New York can stand the rag and tag, but it can't endure the boobial car.—Lancet Correspondent. When a man sits down and reflects, it does not always prove that he is brilliant.—Judge. A manse, little friend, is a house, and a romance ought to be a boat-house, but it is not.—Harper's Bazar.

An Exchange says: "The buttermilk habit is spreading." So is the butter habit, for that matter.—Pittsburg. Bill collectors sometimes imitate the promoters of a colonization scheme and offer special inducements to settlers. A Pittsburg man has a parrot which can say "Polly wants a cracker" in three different languages. She is a Polly-got. It is hardly fair to sneer at a carpenter because you see him driving every day. Driving nails is not a luxurious pastime.—Harper's Bazar. "Mamma," said little Willie, in specting a porous plaster, "are those holes where the pain comes through?"—Drake's Magazine. One of the parachute jumpers has been killed out West in falling from his balloon. He took a drop too much.—Philadelphia Press. A Boston weighing machine has this inscription on it: "Insert a half-dime in the aperture and ascertain your avoirdupois.—Bazar. "I hear you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown (sighing): "Multiplication, my dear Madam—twins"—Life. Guest—"Isn't my dinner ready yet?" New Waiter—"O, certainly; it was ready yesterday. It is just being warmed over a little."—Siftings. The recent act which prevents the adding of dunning postal cards through the mails should have been entitled: "Post No Bills"—New York News. Eastern people are discussing the question: "Who is the g'atest living novelist?" The correct answer is that there isn't any.—Detroit Free Press. "She's the sweetest temper ever you saw!" He said and she saw him.—Time. "She got mad once at seven years old, and she's stayed mad ever since."—Time. De Smith—"Hello, Travis. You look awfully cut up about something." Travis—"Yes; shaved myself for the first time this morning."—Burlington Free Press. "These are hard times," sighed the young collector of bills. "Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."—Siftings. A young Philadelphia perceives the disadvantage of living in the "Quaker City," when he gets a letter from his best girl, addressing him as "Friend Charles."—Life. "That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."—Burlington Free Press. A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.—Siftings. Soys Willie to Clara: "You blush, maiden meek; 'Twas my glance that planted the rose in your cheek. Let me pluck it!" Her lashes the blush-rose sweep. Says she: "It's but right where you say you should reap."—Judge. Prosecuting Attorney (selecting a jury): "Isn't the prisoner a relative of your?" Juror—"No, sir; he is a relative of my wife's." Prosecuting Attorney—"Your Honor, the prosecution accepts this gentleman."—New York Sun. Leader of Street Band (looking into the sky with extreme disgust, and speaking in stentorian voice): "Half an hour's playing and only thirteen cents! We will try one of Wagner's grand compositions." Shower of silver coins from neighboring window and fifty voices in agonized outcry—Move on!—Chicago Tribune. "Why, sir," said the freeman, "the ingratitude of some people is way beyond understanding. At the Skylla days last week I saved a stock-broker's daughter—carried her down a spiced ladder seven feet long and now—the honest fellow gasped for breath—"Pa blundered if he doesn't want me to marry her."—New York Sun.

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