

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

A correspondent of the Chicago Herald writes that the ordinary doctrines of law be taught in public schools.

The people of France have \$200,000,000 invested in the Panama Canal, and the chances are they will never get back a cent.

"Pine straw bagging," says the Florida Dispatch, "is pronounced, after a thorough test, to be superior to jute in every respect."

The Argentine Republic is forging ahead at a tremendous pace. The only parallel to be found in the history of the United States.

There are about 83,000 deaf and dumb people in this country, and they increase, of course, as the population increases. The greatest educational centre for them is in New York city.

The French chemist who discovered oleomargarine has now invented a process for treating steel by which steel bronze and bell metal can be made at fabulously low prices.

The new public library building in Boston is designed to accommodate the most complete collection of books in the United States. It will have shelf room for \$1,000,000 volumes.

A new phrase was invented by Lord Compton, a Radical peer, who was recently a Parliamentary candidate in London. "Three rooms and a cat" was, he said, the existing standard of comfort for the working classes.

The fact that the city population of this country had increased from four per cent. for the whole in 1890 to twelve and a half per cent. in 1895, and twenty-two and a half per cent. in 1898, was made the basis for gloomy prophecies of disease, poverty and anarchy.

Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One or two cases have recently occurred in which the finger nails have dropped off, one after another. This affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the Morse system of telegraphy.

Indianapolis is to have a soldiers' monument that will be 265 feet high, and is expected to cost \$350,000. It will be constructed of limestone from Indiana quarries, and, if the hopes of its designers and builders are carried out, will be the finest and costliest soldiers' monument in America. The work will take three or four years to complete.

The little town of Brookline, Mass., which is nearly surrounded by Boston, is valued for purposes of taxation at \$407,454,098, which is more than one and a half times as much as the valuation of the whole State of New Hampshire. It is the wealthiest town of its size in America, and mainly because it has the reputation of being a taxpayer's paradise.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from Washington: "The question of pure lard would appear to be interesting the country just now to an unusual extent, as about two hundred petitions have been presented in Congress asking for the passage of a law to tax adulterated lard, as was done in the case of oleomargarine. The petitions are being sent from the gauges in various States."

Belgium, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and several Swiss cantons, have prohibited the public exhibition of hypnotic or mesmeric performances. France will probably soon follow, as the measure is recommended by the French association for the advancement of science. There is a growing conviction that the practice of abnormal phenomena tends to make them normal or permanent characteristics of the patient.

There is much that is picturesque, doubtless, in the war now in progress in Egypt, observes the Washington Star, but not a great deal that is of interest to Americans, except as the results may effect the fortunes of Emin and Stanley. So long is the influence of propinquity and kindred that the sinking of a tug on the Potomac with two laborers on board would stir more deeply the hearts of the newspaper readers of Washington than the brilliant fight at Suakin in which 400 Arabs were killed.

Says the New York Herald: "It is one of the oddest geographical caprices that in the course of nature the strip of land in Central America, only about one hundred and fifty miles wide, should separate the two oceans. You would naturally suppose that either the Atlantic would have worked its way to the Pacific or the Pacific to the Atlantic. The early explorers, believing that this must be the case, for they sailed on and on to find the expected outlet, but were at last compelled to go round Cape Horn. What nature refused to do we must do for ourselves. Since the Panama route has been practically abandoned, the more necessity for undertaking to pierce the Isthmus by the Nicaraguan line of survey."

MARTHY'S KISS.

When I went a courtin' Marthy, I was poor as poor could be, But that didn't set her ag'in me, For she had faith in me; She knew I had grit an' courage, An' wasn't that kind to stick, An' she was ready an' willin' To do her share of work.

IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

It was a rainy evening, and Hattie Murray's well-worn blue merino gown was liberally besprinkled with bright drops as she came into Daphne Walters' room at the "Old Red House." "That was the name by which it went, although the gown was long ago washed off its crumbling shingles. It had been a hotel once in the old post-revolutionary days, when four horse stages went rumbling by, and cock-hatted travelers trotted past with saddlebags strapped behind them. It was now a cheap boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Sandison, where most of the girls boarded, who worked in Liscombe's Silk Mills, half a mile down the river. "Hattie Murray did not live there, because her father owned a dreary sheep farm on the flats beyond, and she helped with the housework morning and evening in lieu of her board, and she had run over in the rain for an evening chat with the girl who stood at the next loom to hers. "She was a blue eyed, yellow-haired girl, like a French doll, with pretty teeth and a simpering way of showing them; and slender as were the wages she earned, she always contrived to be showily attired. She worshipped dress as a Parsee worships the sun. "Daphne Walters was quite a different sort of person—quite complexioned, with sombre, glittering eyes, and a dimple nesting close to the corner of her lips. "She wore a brown serge gown, which Hattie was quite sure must have belonged to "Mrs. Noah," and in place of the cheap imitation jewelry which sparkled all over Hattie's trim person, her plain linen collar was fastened by a bow of narrow brown ribbon. "She looked up with a smile, and pointed to a wooden chair close to the table beside which she was working. "Why, Hattie," said she, "you are all dripping with rain!" "Oh, it's nothing!" cried Hattie, flinging off her hood and shawl. "What are you working at? That old thing?" with a contemptuous upward tilt of her pretty little nose. "Daphne looked down at the garnet cashmere dress, which she was re-trimming with bows of fresh red ribbon, and smiled a little. "It may be old," said she, "but it is the best I have got." "You are not going to wear that to the husking dance?" "It's that or nothing, Hattie," Daphne answered, composedly. "Do you suppose I can afford white silk toilettes or wine-colored pushes out of my ten dollars a week?" "Hattie's face clouded over. "It's a shame that old Liscombe pays us sixteen cents a piece for that stuff, and that's just what I've come over to talk to you about, Daphne. I've been to New York to-day, in the cheap excursion steamboat." "I noticed that you weren't at the room," said Daphne. "Kosa Bucknor took it." "Such a time as I have had!" cried eager Hattie. "And such a lot of new ideas as I've picked up! Put away that dowdy old cashmere, Daphne. You won't look twice at it when you hear what I've seen. I've been to the Holton Street Bazar." "Well, what of that?" calmly questioned Daphne. "Have you never heard of it?" "No." "Hattie lifted her hands and eyes in a protesting manner toward the ceiling. "To think," said she, "that any one can be so ignorant of what is going on! Well, my dear, it's a place where you can buy—or hire, if you like that better—the prettiest, most stylish dresses you ever saw for a mere song." "You must have been into the domains of the Arabian Nights," said Daphne, drily. "It's a second-hand place," explained Hattie, "where fine ladies dispose of the things they have worn only a few times, and one can get superb bargains." Daphne shrugged her shoulders. "We should look fine, shouldn't we," said she, "in dresses that had been worn by fine ladies?" "We could enter them over," said Daphne. "No, thank you!" said composed Daphne. "I prefer the old garnet cashmere, with the knots of new ribbon." "Oh, but," pleaded Hattie. "You don't know! There's the loveliest yellow moire-antique—perfect, only for a wine stain on the front breadth, and that could be covered up by changing the draperies at the back. You are such a brunette, Daphne, you'd look superb in yellow! And it cost a hundred and

twenty dollars when it was new; and you can buy it now for thirty-five, paid in installments of five dollars a week."

"Why don't you say thirty-five hundred?" said Daphne. "I am as able to pay on time as another."

"Or you can hire it for one night, with boots and gloves to match, for ten dollars, and you to pay the expressage both ways," added Hattie.

Daphne shook her head resolutely. "How should I look," said she—"I, a poor factory girl—wearing yellow moire-antique? Did you ever read the fable of 'The Daw in Borrowed Feathers,' Hattie?"

"I've hired a dress to wear!" defiantly cried Hattie—"a beauty!" "The more goose you!" "Pale blue," said ecstatic Hattie, "trimmed with crystal fringe and loops of crystal cord. Rudolph Tuxford likes it. I heard him say so once."

Daphne colored a little, but said nothing. "And I supposed, of course, you would send for the yellow moire," went on Hattie. "There wouldn't a girl there be dressed like us?"

"No, I should think not!" said Daphne. "Ten dollars isn't much for a party dress!" urged Hattie. "But you owe the jeweler for that set of cameo eyes," reminded Daphne. "And you haven't paid the last installment on that imitation sealskin jacket that you wore all last winter."

"There's no hurry about that," said Hattie, with a toss of her head. "No girl can expect to get settled in life if she has no enterprise at all."

Daphne was silent. She sewed busily on. "You won't take the moire dress?" "No." "It would make you look like an Eastern Queen!"

"I would a great deal rather look like an American factory-girl," said Daphne. And no amount of persuasion could induce her to abandon this position.

Hattie went home, almost crying with vexation. "And Madam Leroux was going to let me have the blue silk a dollar cheaper, if I got a customer for the yellow moire," pondered she. "Daphne is too mean for anything!"

"You are really going to this country husking ball, Rudolph?" cried Miss Tuxford, scornfully. "I am really going, Adele!"

Miss Tuxford raised her pretty blonde eyebrows, as she stirred the chocolate in her decorated china cup. "Is there any especial attraction?" she asked, archly.

"If you'll come with me, Dell, I'll show you plenty of pretty girls," laughingly retorted Mr. Tuxford. "Am I to have a sister-in-law from the country?" asked Adele.

"I haven't quite made up my mind yet, Dell," he composedly answered her brother. "Upon the whole, however, I am rather inclined to fancy the idea of settling down in this quaint old red brick house that Cousin Ariel Tuxford has let me. The girls around here are charming and original, even if they haven't had boarding-school education."

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loom, watching the whirling wheels, the revolving bands, but her restless little heart is ever chafing at her destiny.

"Daphne rolls by in her carriage," thought she, "while I—Oh, if it hadn't been for that latter second-hand dress—for the mocking laughter of those fine ladies!"

But Hattie Murray was wrong. Daphne had conquered through her own noble nature, which spurred aught like deceit or false appearances. It was not Daphne that had conquered; it was Truth.—Saturday Night.

WISE WORDS. Women teach us to repose. Silence is the rest of mind.

The world itself is too small for the covetous. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.

What we ought not to do we should never think of doing. Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness. Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

In youth, one has tears without grief, in old age, grief without tears. The barren fig-tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore no fruit.

A man who is always forgetting his best intentions, may be said to be a thoroughfare of good resolutions.

A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

Others proclaim the infirmities of a great man with satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like in themselves.

Writing Famous Poems. Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lytle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainerd, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

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FROM RANCH TO TABLE.

THE TRANSPORTATION SALE AND SLAUGHTER OF CATTLE.

Carrying Live Stock in "Stable."

These stable cars are 36 feet long and 8 feet 4 inches wide on the inside, with portable partitions, dividing the cars into three compartments. Each car is furnished with hay racks and water troughs. There is no crowding, and the car usually contains from 18 to 20 steers.

On being unloaded, the cattle are handled with the utmost care and are driven to the pens in the division yards, where the commission merchant orders them to be watered and fed and places them on sale under the most advantageous conditions.

Each of Chicago employs a number of buyers, on each of whom there is invariably a weigher in attendance. After being purchased, the cattle are weighed and then driven to the "windmill" or slaughter houses, under the authority of the Chicago Health Department, the inspection at the stock yards is very rigid.

The Illinois Humane Society also has an officer stationed in the stock yards, who takes every precaution to prevent cruelty to the animals.

When the cattle are brought into the slaughter house they are treated to a cold-water bath by means of a hose. This has been found to be a very effective means of reducing the temperature of the animals and getting them in the best possible condition for killing.

In rotation and by sure stages, through a long line of pens, the cattle approach the fatal killing pen, where they are rapidly dispatched by a man who handles the rifle with the unerring aim of an Indian scout, or the spear with the dexterity of a Cossack lancer.

After being killed, each steer is hauled from the killing pen to the "skinning bed," where he is bled, the head being severed from the body and the carcass hoisted by the hind legs to iron runs or rails overhead. Then it is allowed to hang for 10 or 15 minutes, as to give the blood every chance to drain from the body.

Coagulation in the veins, which was so common under the old system of bleeding, is thus avoided. After the bleeding, the carcass is lowered to the floor, the entrails are removed, the bullock is "sided," and then the body is once more hoisted to the runs. Here the skin is dropped and the flesh inside and out is carefully wiped down with a clean cloth.

The next step is to cleave the carcass in twain and to run it into the cooling room, where it remains from 36 to 48 hours if heavy and 24 hours if light.

The cooling rooms, devoted to the exclusive use of shipping beef, are four in number. Each measures 120 feet long, and has a capacity of 900 carcasses, or a total of 3600 for the four rooms. The temperature of the cooling rooms and the refrigerator cars is kept as nearly equal as possible at from 36 degrees to 38 degrees, and by this uniform temperature the best results are attained.

Between the cooling rooms and the platform where the refrigerator cars are drawn up, a shipping-room is built. The beef that is ready for shipping is run out into this apartment, where it is weighed, quartered and inspected. The inspection is very rigid, and nothing blameworthy is permitted to go out.

The refrigerator car is 29 feet long and 8 feet 2 inches wide on the inside. It is 7 feet 3 inches from the floor to the cross beams on which the hooks are fastened, and 1 foot 7 inches from the cross beams to the roof. This latter space admits an uninterrupted current of air. The car is supplied with galvanized iron tanks at each end, and they are filled with a mixture of pounded ice and coarse salt. This produces a temperature of 33 degrees to 38 degrees in the clear air, and the influence of the tanks forces a circulation and rarifies the air. When loaded, the refrigerator car contains from thirty to thirty-three carcasses, averaging about 650 pounds.

All the hind quarters are hung in one end of the car, and the forequarters in the other. The cars are iced the day before shipping, and are re-iced just before loading, and are iced again every twenty-four hours at regular stations on the journey East. Experiments have proved that in this way beef can be kept sweet for two or three weeks and will taste quite as well at the expiration of that time as meat killed and eaten within two or three days. When the cars return empty they are iced in the same manner.

The distribution of the dressed beef throughout the East is by agencies or depots at numerous points, and including all the large cities. These depots are constructed and run on principles duplicated from the Chicago establishment. The beef is sold and distributed throughout the surrounding country until every town or village that is accessible in the district is supplied. The business is already enormous and is still increasing.

There are nine fully organized commission firms doing business at the Chicago Union Stock Yards, in the receiving, handling, and selling of live stock.—Chicago Drivers' Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Carver's Secret Service Motto.

It cannot be denied that there is a smack of selfishness in the "secret service motto for the carver" recently concocted by an epicure of this city who entertains much company at his table, and who always carves the meats served to each of his guests. It is founded on a principle that no solid saint would practice. Here it is:

Secure that every guest at the table shall think he gets the choicest piece, which, however, you reserve for yourself.—New York Sun.

A Dainty Dish of Apples.

A dainty and unusual dish with apples is the following: Stew half a dozen large apples as for sauce, and while still warm stir in a bit of butter and sugar to taste—very optional. Let this get cold, then stir in three eggs well beaten and a little lemon juice. Put a little butter into a frying pan, and when it is hot add a cupful of bread crumbs and stir until they color to a nice brown. Then sprinkle a part of these bread crumbs upon the bottom and sides of a buttered pudding mold, fill the mold with the stewed apple, sprinkle the remainder of the bread crumbs on top and bake twenty minutes. Turn out of the mold and serve with a sweet sauce if liked.—New York World.

Goslings in Tempting Form.

Goslings prepared in this way are excellent. Put one ounce of salt pork in a dish, and set it on the fire. When the pork is melted put it in the gosling, cleaned and trussed in the same manner as a chicken, and brown it. Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan; thoroughly mix with it one tablespoonful of flour and set it on the fire. As soon as the butter is melted put the gosling in it, with one quart of pea soup, and let it simmer for two minutes; then plunge in cold water or broth a bunch of seasoning, composed of four stalks of parsley, one of thyme, one clove and one of bay leaf, with salt and pepper. Simmer until cooked. Remove the fat and the seasoning and serve hot. If the broth or water boils away, add a little more.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Cheap Food is Rash Economy.

It is false economy that induces people to use cheap butter, cheap meat, cheap flour and other cheap articles of food. In nine cases out of ten cheap articles of food are either damaged or adulterated, and are dear at any price. They are seldom what they purport to be, and if not really dangerous to use, generally prove unsatisfactory to the purchaser or consumer. Of all cheap things, cheap articles of food should be most carefully avoided. Bread that is heavy or sour has passed the bonds of redemption. Butter that has become rancid cannot be regenerated by the addition of coloring. Meats that are tainted can by no chemical process be restored to their original condition, and the secret of infusing freshness into stale vegetables and decayed fruits remains undiscovered. To use low-priced stuff for food is not only extravagant and foolish, but criminal. It is a flagrant violation of the laws of physiology and hygiene, and a reckless defiance of disease and death. Beware of low-priced articles of food.—New York Graphic.

How to Make Rice Cakes.

Wash a pint of rice and remove all specks and imperfect grains, boil it in three quarts of hot water twenty minutes, drain, and as the water will be found very nutritious use in soup-making. Add to the rice a pint of warm milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and two ounces of melted butter. Beat up separately the whites and yolks of two eggs, add the yolks to the rice and stir thoroughly. Sift into the mixture half a pint of flour. Next add the beaten whites of the eggs, and if the batter is yet too thick, thin it slightly with a little more milk. In order to make the cakes light, beat the batter thoroughly. Grease the griddle slightly after each batch of cakes. Serve them on hot plates and send hot plates with them to the table. If the cakes are closely covered when sent to the table they will be somewhat heavy from the steam that may rise from them and cannot escape. The cake cover should, therefore, have a hole in its centre.

Household Hints.

To remove spots from marble use a paste of whiting and benzine. If the cover is removed from soap dishes the soap will not get soft. A sty on the eye will sometimes yield to an application of very strong black tea. Try a wineglassful of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch for collars and cuffs. When flatirons become rusty, black them with stove polish, and rub well with a dry brush. After washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove. To make good whitewash use skim milk with lime instead of water, and it will be more durable. Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-sized piece of camphor. Fruit stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots. Live syrup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it scours it is very poisonous. Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors. If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water. Use squares of dull colored felt pinned at the edges, under statutory or any heavy ornaments that are liable to mar a polished surface. Equal parts of white shellac and alcohol are a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. Spray it on evenly with an artist's atomizer. For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel, polish with chamois.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and mind at ease. And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for another's woe, And share its joys with a genial glow; With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere, Doubly blessed with content and health, Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought, Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals, in nature's plan, Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops from his slumber deep. Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed, Where luxury pillows its aching head, But he his simple opiate dreams A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore; The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empire pass away; The world's great dream will thus unfold, And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, When all the freest characters con; The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife; However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree, The blessings that never were bought nor sold, And center there are better than gold.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A land of distress—Wales. On strike—A parlor match. A shepherd's crook—A sheep stealer. The seaboard—Salt pork and hard tack. With the builder it's either put up or shut up. In the matter of fans the Chinese take the palm. The "nimble shilling" must be made out of quicksilver.

A beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. You can muddle and plaster. Now say the bees after the hive is plundered for their honey: "We'll make things hum here!" A spirit thermometer is best for cold weather purposes, because there is always a drop in it. Shrewd inquiries are being made as to whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell? Jay Eye See will probably remain on the turf instead of going under it.—New York Herald.

When it comes to a question between pies and pizza it is hard to decide.—Richmond Dispatch. Uncle Sam may laugh at Canada, but he can't catch a nation by chicanation.—Detroit Free Press. If he who hesitates is lost, the man who stutters must have great difficulty in finding himself.—Somerville Journal.

"It is a human act to kill canines meretriciously," says a philosopher. But then it gives a wicked taste To the sausage of Bologna. Bobby—"What did you say, pa?" "I—" "Never mind." Bobby—"I don't oftener than I have to, do I?"—Binghampton Republic.

"So old Brown is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."—Harper's Bazar. A merchant who married a couple of deaf mutes in Brooklyn the other day made a bad break when he wished them "unspeakable bliss."—The Cartoon.

He who fights and runs away May live to fight another day; But he who never fights at all Yet swears he will have his hand of gall. Tennyson compares men to trees, and perhaps he is right about some men, who are all limbs, whose boughs are awkward, and whose general reputation is somewhat shady.—New York Sun.