American capital is rushing into Central and South America.

Uncle Sam makes a profit of four cents on every nickel put in circulation.

There is a strong movement, intimates the Chicago Sun, to establish subsidies with steamship lines to foreign countries.

An English mining expert declares that there is just enough coal to bust Great Britain 102 years, no days, hours or min-

A Buildo (N. Y.) Judge refused to issue unalization papers to a man on the ground that he was a common drunkard and wife beater.

Palmyra, Neb., must be short of Bibles, remarks the Chicago Times, as the local paper the other week published the witen commandments "by request."

- The Japanese experiment of employing French and German army officers simultaneously has worked badly. The two races clash and trouble has arisen.

The builders in about twenty of the largest cities of the country predict that 1889 will be a larger year than was ever experienced in bullding operations.

The method of monthly payments lately introduced in the United States army seems to be more and more favorable indorsed as its workings become

The Western Union Telegraph Company has had fifteen different fights with the city of New York in regard to putting its wires under ground, and has won its case in every instance.

The Mexican Consul at Los Angeles, Cal., turned a nice little penny by charging from \$3 to \$4 for passports to cross the line, and scooped in many greenhorns. No passport is needed.

The Hartford (Conn.) Post has come to the conclusion that abducting children who are heirs to fortunes is a thrifty, growing business out West. No less than five such abductions occurred last

The Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue says, in Harper's Magazine, that there are 2500 in St. Petersburg "society." "The 2500" comprise those who are inscribed on the lists of the grand fetes of

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American declares that "President Harrison now sleeps in the same room in which his grandfather is supposed to have dled, and possibly the same bed.21

Copper still monopolizes the attention of financiers, and in France has become a political factor. The New York Herald declares that the year 1889 will justly chim hereafter to be known as the "copper year."

Probably not one in a thousand realizes the fact that, next to England, little Holland, is the greatest colonial power in the world, observes the New York Telegram. The Dutch colonies have an area of nearly \$60,000 square miles, which include some of the finest colonial possessions in the world.

The Cherokees have in operation over one hundred common schools, with an aggregate attendance of 4059 pupils; a high school for boys with an aggregate attendance of 211 students; a seminary nearing completion, with a capacity for 165 students; an orphan asylum containing 146 children, besides a number of charitable institutions.

The committee of Australian scientists, appointed to investigate the discovery of M. Pasteur for the extermination of rabbits, reports that it found that rabbits which had been ineculated with the virus of chicken cholera or which ate food which had been infected with the virus dled, but that the disease was not communicated by one rabbit to another.

Says the Chicago News: "European musicians come to this country in droves overy spring to wander through our cities and toot their woful wind instruments for small change and beer. Then they go back home late in the fall. Four hundred of them arrived at Castle Garden in one immigrant vessel the other day. Yet some people wonder why so many thousends of Americans habitually spend their summers in Europe."

Dublin, Iroland, has had a remarkable dog case in one of its courts. Two men claimed the same dog. One, to prove his ownership, told the animal to fetch his cane. The dog beyed. The other said that he had owned the dog in Asia, where d heard only Hindostanee spoken. at language he told the dog to and. The dog obeyed. No rethe decision of the Judge has yet ceived in this country.

THE THREE RIDERS.

Three riders set out for the temple of Fame Each booted and spurred and equipped the

The first rode forth at a rattling pace, Like a jockey who wins an exciting race. ond set out with caution, slo So that, when need was, he might faster go The third rode steadily, quietly on, At a quick jog trot he could recken upon.

And which do you think will the winner be The hare, the tortoise, or number three? The first one soon broke down, of course,

He saved the saddle, but lost his horse; The second met the regular fate, Dallied too long, and was just too late. The ird, I grieve and regret to say, Did not get there, for he lost his way. He thought so much of his regular trot, That to look at the signs he quite forgot.

See how strangely things befall. Another, not thinking of Fame at all. Who was on his way to the breadfruit tree. To provide for his wife and children three, Went straightway into the temple of Fame And innocently asked its name!

They answered him. With a quizzical face, He remarked: "It's a most uncomfortable Then he went on to the breadfruit tree, And home to his wife and children three.

The moral? Well, if you can find it, Write it out, for I sha'n't mind it! -Tudor Jenks, in Christian Union,

## AN ARTIST'S VISION.

How many sleepless nights and weary wandering days that haunting face had cost me, and yet I seemed as far from its discovery as ever, while the picture on which my hopes of fame were built. and in which so many beautiful thoughts and dreams were enshrined, stood unfinished on my easel. I strove again and again to paint the face I had seen in my visions, but alas! the moment I seized my brushes and palette, I found myself painting an ordinary woman's beauty in stead of that soulful and mystical loveliness grown perfect and precious through centuries of spiritual communion with the denizens of the dim land of dreams.

At last, one night, after painting all day in vain, I threw myself down on a tiger skin in front of the picture, utterly wearied out, and fell asleep, though to this day I am not sure if what seemed merely sleep to the material part of me was not really a spiritual experience, sent by those unseen helpers who are ever near us, to prepare and strengthen me for the

I saw a mountainous coast, with deep purple hills melting into tender lilacs and faint blues as they met the sky, already breaking into the golden radiance of

Gradually, as I gazed, the fairness of the golden dawn changed into a lurid coppery hue, and save the bells, not a ound was heard, while I felt a growing horror and terror in that heavy stagnant

I strove to fly, and in the darkness which was growing slowly, suffused with a weird unearthly light, as if the pitiful stars had faltered back into the morning sky to comfort the wailing people, stumbled over something in my path, and peering down, saw it was an wherein lay a veiled woman. Half unconsciously I stretched out my hand to raise the veil, and saw the hunting face I sought everywhere in vain for my

I sprang up with a cry of terror, and awoke in my darkened studio! But the face was as clear now as if she really lay before me in her coffin, and still very faintly I fancied I could hear the clashing se weird bells in the distance.

I lighted my lamp and worked on and off, with that strange feeling of possession one has sometimes—as if mighty power outside us were guiding our hands and inspiring our thoughts. Gradually the dawn, faint and pale and ghostly, as it comes to us in London, stole into my room. I extinguished my lamp, but still worked on, and at last there lay the lovely face, clear and dis-

My picture, "The Vision," was duly sent to the Royal Academy and accepted; not only accepted, indeed, but actually hung in the place of honor in one of the best rooms, and I was overwhelmed with the generous congratulations of my brother artists, mingled with inquiries about the model who sat for my princess. I could see very few of them believed my story, that I had painted from no living model, but only from a dream-face, and my closest friend, Reginald Doone, expressed the general feeling, when he

"Ah, well, old man, you want to keep her to yourself. I don't blame you, for there is not such another face in England. By Jove!" he broke off under his breath, with a mischievous look at me, "look there; is that a dream, too?"

And following his glance, I saw, to of my picture. Involuntarily I glanced Yes; every line, every curve of the sweet face was reproduced with and an old gentleman who was with her

"Why, Ina. that is your portrait!" "Oh, no, papa; I am not beautiful like

"I must have that picture," he added, tially walling her in. as, after another long look, they passed

I had placed a price of 2000 guineas comparatively unknown artist. However, I found shortly afterward that it was sold to a well-known dealer.

I followed my "Vision" at a distance through the gallery, asking every one I knew who she was, but no one could tell me anything about her; and at last, when they left, I was fain to follow still, thinking from their carriage I might be able However, to my to discover some clew. surprise, they walked some little distance. and then got into a hansom. I jumped

paying my man I hurried into the station. was just in time to see them disappear into a first-class carriage as the train

I had lost her for that time, but I comforted myself with the idea that we must meet during the season, and determined at once to look up all my old friends, and accept all the invitations I got, for until now, wrapped up in my art, I had rather neglected the first, and always declined the last. But everything had changed; since my dream had been the shadow of this sweet reality I seemed to have reached at one bound the very soul of life.

After some months of solitary wander

ings, I began to journey homeward. pausing at each picturesque village which took my fancy, and crossing the rich Lombard plain to Milan, and so to Genoa and the Riviera.

It was late on Christmas Eve when I reached a quaint little town near Bordighera and d. eve to the Hotel Francia. was very tired, and after supper and a hasty glance at the beautiful bay, and the white moonlight shining on the rugged Rocher Rogue, and mingling with the glancing lights flitting about in the steep. arched little streets. I went to bed, feel ing a strange sense of familiarity and expectancy, which I strove in vain to account for. However, I soon fell asleep, and then once more the old dream cam-

There was the violet sea thundering on the beach, the shadowy purple hills growing paler against the clear gold of the dawn, and the strange, wild chorus of the bells surging and quivering through the hushed air; and then, with a gathering sense of terror and fear, the darkness, and that dead face veiled in its coffin lying before me.

With a sharp cry I awoke to find this was no dream, but a horrible reality, for the room was rocking and trembling with that sickening motion one grows to know and dread in countries subject to earthtakes, and terrible sounds of falling buildings were mingled with cries and grouns of those buried beneath the ruins. The sea broke on the shore with a sound like thunder, and above us the peaks seemed to shiver and crack, as huge bowlders came tottering down on the lit-

I sprang up, and hastily dressing, groped my way out of the hotel; and not a moment too soon, for as I reached the road, which here sloped sharply down to the sea, the ground again quivered and rocked slowly backward and forward, and the whole building fell into a mass of shapeless ruins, and as the steep little streets seemed leaning together, the un-earthly chorus of bells rang out again and again, half drowning the cries of the

It was all exactly as I had seen it in my dream, and I turned away with a shiver, noting how familiar was each detail, and feeling sick and dazed, and helpless, when a voice near recalled me to

"Ina, where are you? My God! where can my daughter be?"

I recognized the voice at once as that of the old man I had seen looking at my picture, and the girl's sweet name sounded like a hymn of peace amid the horrible

Was she in the Francia?" I gasped. 'Yes," he replied eagerly; "she was with me as we groped our way down stairs, but a blow from some falling beam hurled me here, and she—where is she?'

He strove to rise, but even as he spoke another fearful shock came, the ground opened at our feet, and with a terrible cry and hopeless clutch at the yielding masonry of the wall by which he stood, disappeared, swallowed up before my very eyes! Had I been a foot nearer I must have gone, too. As it was, I staggered and fell heavily, but only to struggle up again, haunted by the hor-rible thought that she was lying buried, perhaps dead, underneath those cruel

I must find her! And nerved to creater haste and energy by the awful sight I had just seen, I rushed into the ruined house,

"Ina! Ina! Where are you?"

Alas! there was no answer. I groped my way over the great heaps of debris through what had been the hall of the Francia. Great jars of rude native pottery, in which grew orange and palm trees, camellias and myrtles, had been set on the wall on either side. Most of these were now crushed and broken, but at the further end close to the solid stone staircase, stood two, apparently unin-jured, though half buried, and in the dim light of the returning dawn I caught a glimmer of something white underneath heavy wooden beam which appeared resting on these two immense vi fall having been broken by the balustrade of the staircase.

I hastened forward, and as I reached the spot the first ray of the Christmas morning sunlight rested upon it, and my amazement and delight, the original showed me a sort of rough tomb or alcove formed by the beam resting on the absolute fidelity, and I stood as if turned exactly as I had seen her in my dream, to stone as she paused before the picture, apparently dead, the lovely face as white block of wood had probably knocked her down, and falling above, had been caught by the jars, and so protected her from all the other debris scattered around par- Progress.

I tore away the stones and broken fragments with frantic hands (the beam itself, of course, I could not move by on my picture, wishing to keep it for bair's breath), and at last was able to myself, and thinking no one would be draw her gently from underneath it, and likely to give that sum for the work of a carry her tenderly out on to the road, which was now rapidly filling with carriages, into which wounded and sick people had been lifted, for greater safety than could be found in the tottering

In one of these carriages, to my great

promising to come back to them as soon as all possible help had been given to the unfortunate people, many of whom were still half buried beneath the ruins of their

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

I feared to face Ina, knowing what her first words would be, and the terrible answer I must give to them, and strove to forget the inevitable pain by hurrying from place to place, assisting as best I could those in need of help. It was a very desolate scene, amid all the beauty of purple mountains and blue sea, that Christmas day sun shown down upon. The little city lay in ruins, with scarcely house still firm on its foundations.

The cathedral alone seemed to have escaped, and its bells kept up a monotonous ringing, and the chanting came down to us in snatches of melody, the blessed Christmas hymns sounding unutterably sweet and comforting amid all the pain

and desolation. At last some one suggested that the cellars of the Francia were very large and solidly built, and probably many people were in hiding there, waiting to be reeased; so a party, including myself, began removing the tons of fallen stones, bricks, etc., and after great labor succeeded in making an opening into the first cellar. We soon found our labors were not in vain, for we could hear voices long before any one became visible, and at last we reached them.

There were two cellars, one opening out of the other. We had succeeded in reaching the inner one, and found it crowded with people. Many of the hotel servants had gone there on the first alarm, and a few of the visitors had been guided by them, or had found their way there lso; and as these people were gradually lifted out through the hole we had made, what was my amazement to recognize Ina's father among them!

I rubbed my eyes, and thought the gony of the night must have turned my But no, there he was, covered with dust, indeed; and with bleeding face and hands, but alive and comparatively uninjured.

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed as I eized his hand. "Dare I believe my eyes after having seen you swallowed up close to my det? Thank Heaven, for Ina's sake! "Ina," he answered huskily; "where is

my child?" She is safe. I found her after you

disappeared, and she knows nothing of that horrible time. She is with friends. I will take you to her. But I cannot understand-"My being in that cellar?" he inter-

rupted. "No, I am not surprised, for I can scarely understand it myself. I only know that I lost my consciousness in that terrible moment when the ground opened and I slipped in. When I came to myself I was lying on the floor of the cellar with many people around me, and they said that one of the earthquake shocks had shaken down the outside wall of the outer cellar, throwing in a great quantity of earth and stones, and with them my unconscious self. I was stiff and bruised, out otherwise uninjured. That is all I

At such time all conventional barriers are forgotten, and as Ina's father and I wrung each other's hands and looked traight into each other's eyes we under stood each other's hearts better than if we had been friends for years of every-

I need not dwell on the joy of father and daughter, as Ina, rushing into his arms, described the sudden blow that tore her away from him as they tottered down the staircase. She remembered nothing more after this blow until she herself with Mrs. Doone, and learned from her how she had been res-

We returned to England together, and I found courage as we stood before "The Vision," which held the place of honor in their drawing room, to tell Ina the story of my dream and its strange fulfillment, together with my luckless search for her all the past summer, "Since that night I have loved you, dear. Can you love me?" I asked as I finished my tale, and Ina, as she turned that beautiful baunting face toward me with a smile which was, indeed, like a benediction, whispered: "Yes!"-Once a Week.

Six Boxes of Oranges to a Tree.

James Andrews has about five acres of range land, three acres of prunes and two acres of nectarines, besides twentyfive lemon trees. He has given his orch ard unusual care for several years, and has made fruitgrowing his whole care and attention. The result is he reaps a splendid financial reward for his work. Mr. Andrews sold his oranges on the trees (nine years old) for \$1.40 a box. On Thursday the packing began. Up to Saturday evening 387 of the 490 trees had been picked, and fruit packed in 2338 boxes. This makes an average of six boxes of oranges to the tree, 2940 boxes to the 490 trees. a box, the amount that Mr. Andrews will two unbroken orange jars, and in it lay therefore receive for his orange crop this the girl I was seeking! There she was, season is \$4116. That is \$823 for each acre of oranges. He received a check for \$2500, in partial payment for the as the draperies around her. The huge crop on Saturday. Last year he sold the crop from the same trees for \$5265, and then, as now, did not pick, pack or haul any of the fruit. - Los Angeles (Cal.)

Whence Most of the Earth Can be Seen. . Professor Whitney says that from the mmit of Mount Hamilton in Califor aia more of the earth's surface can be seen than from any spot on the globe The view extends around in every direc tion, and the snow-capped range of the lofty Sierras can be plainly seen 200 miles away against the northern sky. To the south, nearly as far away, the San Bernadino range limits the view, and bejoy, I recognized the face of Reginald tween the two lies room for all the Eastone's mother, a lady who was almost as era States, with their rivers, lakes, dear to me as my own, and who always mountains, and sea coast. Twenty minlooked on me as one of her boys-Regi- utes before reaching the summit, a heavy nald and I having been so much together. white cloud floated up and treated us to She was now looking out anxiously, and a drenching shower of rsin. We were into another, and ordered the driver to recognizing me, stopped the carriage.

In was still perfectly unconscious, and fer any inconvenience beyond loss of the carriage. Much to my disgust, Paddington station with a few words of explanation I left view .- Worcester Spy.

## seemed their destination, and when after her in my old friend's motherly care, | SLAVES OF THE BETEL NUT.

PECULIARITIES AND DAILY LIFE

Feminine Beauty Marred-Bathers in the River Menam-Stamese Children-Floating Homes.

The betel nut, writes Frank G. Carenter from Siam, is a native of Siam. and immense quantities of them are exorted to India and other countries where the chewing of it prevails. It has a green skin and is of the size of a black walnut It is sold in pieces the size of a hickory nut and is of a soft, spongy nature, having a bitter astringent taste. The Siamse mix it with lime colored red and a bit of tobacco. The red lime is wrapped up in green leaves, and every one in the country has a betel box near him. chews and spits all day long, and it is said that this habit costs the people fully as much as their food. It has much the same effect as tobacco in that it takes away hunger and produces a stimulating and soothing sensation. It is used every-where and the bridegroom gives a pres-ent of betel nuts to his bride. Bubies are given it and I saw a young Siamese boy of ten squirting betel juice between his teeth and aiming at a mark. It is a vile, filthy habit and it turns the Siamese from moderately handsome nation into a most

The Siamese girls have beautiful eyes and the plump olive checks of maidens of fifteen would be very attractive were it not for the betel. Their eyes are black, ustrous and full of soul. Many of them are peddlars, and they sit in the long, narrow canoe-like boats and paddle along their wares from house to house. They seem to be the managers of the store; and these river shops of Bangkok are out of the water and the maiden storekeeper quats down on the floor with her goods all around her and with her betel box and obacco beside her. Her husband is usually lying in a back room or loating. Her stock is very small, and there is nothing for the foreigner to buy. The wants of the people are few. Siamese washing takes neither soap nor starch, and vegetables and rice constitute the most of the food of the people. When they want a dainty they take a little raw, rotten fish and mix it with their curry, and the ma-

jority of them do not know what meat is. The Siamese wash their clothes and their bodies at the same time, and this River Menam is always full of bathers. The girls step down into the water and roll about like mermaids. The men bathe in the same way, and they delight in taking a vessel and filling it with water and standing or sitting on the wharves of their houses and raising it high above their heads and letting the cool stream pour over their warm persons. After they have had a bath they stand a minute to let themselves dry, then slipping another cloth loosely about the waist, over their wet garment, they let the other fall to the floor, wring it out and dry it for second wearing. In the evening you see this bathing going on everywhere, and the playground of the children of Bang-

kok is in the river. Children of the poorer classes under ten wear no clothing, but nearly every baby and every boy or girl has gold or silver jewelry upon its body. The most of the children have anklets and brace lets, as well as necklaces of gold or silver, and the boys wear around their waists a string of charms of silver and stones, while the girls have simply a string, to the centre of which a silver or gold heart, perhaps two inches in diameter, hangs down. Of late the children of the better classes, those of the princes and woven gold and silver about the waist, and as I patted the son of the Governor of the city on the head yesterday, I noted that around his waistcloth of bright green silk was buckled a heavy silver belt of woven links, at least an inch wide, and

of the most beautiful workmanship. The children seem to be quite as happy, however, as though they had pantaloons vest, underwear and overcoats, and the music of their voices is as sweet here an the waters of the Menam as it is any where. On their floating homes they have not more than ten or fifteen square feet as a play ground, and many of them

have never been upon the land. These floating homes are more like cottages or huts than houses, the average size of them is three rooms, and you could set one roof all down within a good-sized American parlor. First, there is an outer ledge covered with a roof and open to the river. Inside there is a kitchen and They have no windows, and edroom. in Bangkok I don't suppose there are hundred panes of window glass. The climate is so warm that the people want every breath of air they can get, and when you pack the survivors of two or three generations of one family into one of these buts you have no need of either windows or doors. There are no chairs in these floating homes. The people sleep upon mats, or straw, or skins, and their allows are stuffed with cotton or are mere pieces of wood. A Siamese kitchen has no chimney and

the people never need a base-burner. The cooking is all done over coals in a box filled with earth or ashes, and the chief culinary articles are a rice pot, a kettle and a frying pan. Many of the eatables are bought cooked, and the rice is first boiled and then set to steam in an earthen pot. Rice forms the bread of the country, and the Siamese knows nothing of the after joys of the underdone American pie or the oily Boston baked beans. These Siamese girls never learn how to make cake or pudding; they have roust and no soups. They squat on the floor, around a little table no more than a foot high, when they cut, and each put her picks out the morsel which pleases her In cating rice they put the whole hand into the steaming kettle, and rolling the mass into a hard ball between their fingers, they crowd it into their betel-stained mouths. The men, as lords of the family. get the first bite and the women tak what is left. There is, however, no fixed linner hour, and gustronomy has a long way to go before it will become a science

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO CLEAN THE POTS.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black, it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, oc casionally, if you must use iron ware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of oda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one mong ten thousand of our housekeepers: - Yankee Blade.

#### ANGRY BEEF

Recent articles regarding injurious effect of excitement upon quality of beef reminds a Country Gentleman correspondent of a circumstance, in London, Canada, of a housewife, long the meat-cook of a large hotel, who one day refused to

accept an ordered roast: The butcher called for explanations. when Mrs. A. replied that she could not cook the meat, as it was 'angry,' referring doubtless to ome peculiarity she finally admitted that the cow, after being struck on the head in the slaughter-house escaped, but was recaptured after a long and worrying chase. Mrs. A. had no theory to offer on the subject, but her practical eye detected, at a glance, the peculiar condition of the meat which rendered it unsuitable for cooking.

#### WASHING WINDOWS.

There is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually lreaded, the following method will doubt less be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least time when the sun is not shining or the window, for when the sun shines or the window it causes it to dry streaked no matter how much it is rubbed. Take painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork in side before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia; do not use soap Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth; do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows .- New York Herald.

# HOW TO USE PEATHERS.

The wings of turkeys, geese, and chickens may be utilized, instead of be ing thrown away or burned up, as is usually their fate. It is a recognized facin the country that there is nothing better for brushing off the stove or brushing up the hearth, but here their value usually supposed to end. Few city bred people know they are useful for even these surposes. They are excellent to dust ished, then they might scratch it, in which case, for pianos, etc., we would recommend the duster made from the fine, soft feathers of the peacock. For gilt frames these dusters are also desira-A cloth should never be used for dusting gilt frames, as that presses much of the dust into the uneven surface of the gilding. For washing windows there nothing as good as wings, far excel ling the ordinary scrub brush or even chamois skin. Cloth will leave line in the corners of the glass, which it is al most impossible to entirely remove. Wings may also be used to spread the paste in papering .- Rural Home.

Lettuce Salad-Take crip heads of lettiuce, wash and dry, tear the leaves in pieces, cover with French dressing, turn upside down to mix well, set on ice ten ninutes and serve.

Stewed Parsnips-Scrape and boil tender, mash, and to a pint of parsnips ald a beaten egg, one tablespoon of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Form into round cakes and fry brown in buttor.

Meat Croquettes-One pound of mineed raw beef, one egg, one onion, chopped fine, one bunch of chopped parsley pepper and salt to taste; mix all together; form into small cakes, dredge with flour and fry in butter.

Baked Spanish Onions-Peel four Spanish onions, put them in cold water ith a small lump of soda, place on the fire and let them come to the boil, and then simmer them gently for half an hour; drain thoroughly, and put them in a baking dish with a little land, and bake till

Boiled Asparagus which has ends, put in boiling alt in it and cook un. bunch of asparagus make a sauce of a pisof milk, a tablespoon of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and a heaping spoon of flour; have ready a few slices sparagus, well drained; pour over all the boiling sauce and serve

Oyster Plant au Gratin-Take six stalks of oyster plant, scrape them and dip then in half vinegar and water as fast a scraped. Cut them in quarters length wise, then in inch strips; wash them and soil one hour in slightly salted water Boil half a pint of milk, add a tenspoon ful of dissolved flour to it; add the vege table and put in a small baking tin; scaso with salt and pepper; strew over the dish er and bake to a delicate brown.

Rhubarb Tarts-One pound of sifted lour, a quarter of a pound of lard, a justier of a pound of butter; work the four and lard together; add water enough to make a dough, roll it out, spread : portion of the butter over it, fold and roll again; add more butter, and so on until all the butter is used. When wanted roll it half an inch thick, cut it into rounds with a fluted cutter, brush a little egg over the top edge and bake. When lone fill them with rhubarb, stewed and

### THE BLUE BIRD.

All bils for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, three months...... 500
One Square, one inch, one year...... 1000

One Column, one year...... 100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

Half Column, one year.....

Marriages and death notices gratis.

When the welkin rings so gladly with the plow men's voices cheery, the young lambs racing madly in the

fallows making merry; And the sunbeams, mirth provoking, chase the tantalizing shadows; Then in winsome measure mocking comes across the distant meadows,

"Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet! Live is sweet, so sweet! Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet: Twittery tweet; twittery tweet; twittery

Life is fleet, life is sweet, so sweet?"

dew is on the blossom

Building boughs by flashing fountains, laughing winds that sway and toss them When the sun is on the mountains and the

When the mist wraiths seek the dingle when the rosy dawn is breaking. And the woods are all ajingle with the songs the birds are making-"Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet!

Life is sweet, so sweet! Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet Gladly greet! Life so sweet! Life is sweet! Life is fleet! Twittery tweet, twittery tweet, twittery

Life is sweet, sweet, sweet, so sweet!"

Happy bird! your notes are laden with a sweet soul promise bringing Me the hope of some sweet Aiden with its joy bells ever ringing

Where this passion tortured spirit shall find rest from pain and sorrow. And life's twilight shall inherit all the wealth of heaven's morrow! "Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet!

Life is sweet, sweet, sweet! Twittery tweet, tweet, tweet! We repeat: we repeat: Heaven's retreat; promise sweet! Pwittery tweet; twittery tweet; twittery

Life is sweet, sweet, sweet, so sweet." -M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution,

# HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Post haste-The fast mail. "Very shocking"-An earthquake. Forever "on the jump"-The toad. A green conspiracy-The grass plot. Debilitated time-A clock run down. Takes in the whole range-The

The Chinaman says that marriage is

the splice of life. The more a man raises his beard, the further down it gets.

The people who never get right in this world are those who get left. The less head a man has the more frequenty he loses it .- Blizzard.

Among dead languages the French we'll class: No language has more murdered been, alas: —Judge. Love-making is one of the arts in which experience is not essential to suc-

He said in tones of sorrow No "friends in need" for me. The friends that want to borrow I do not wish to see.

A scarf-pin shield that will protect its wearer from entanglement with a girl's air would be a boon to mankind elera' Weekly.

A debating society is debating the following important question: "If a man builds a corn crib does that give him a right to crib corn?" A Western undertaker advertises that

he furnishes "every requisite for a funeral." He must be a doctor as well as an "A mean man?" exclaimed Captain Norris, "I should say so. Why, if you were to put a rat-trap in his mouth,

baited with a nickel, you'd catch his Stranger (to cashier, in restaurant)—
"Is the proprietor in?" Cashier—"No. sir; he has gone out to get something to eat. Back in a few minutes, sir.

New York Sun. George-"Won't you be mine, dear?" Clara-'-I think I should have to be hard pressed indeed to take you." George (equal to the emergency)— "Oh, if that's all, here goes."-Munsey's Weekly. "Do you think your son has the neces-

ary qualifications to become an artist? I'm sure of it. He can do without food for three days and he knows the position of every free lunch in the city."—Life. "Do your shopping early in the morning," says a New York fashion paper. This may be good advice, but it is rather hard on the salesgirls, as it will prevent

them from exchanging confidences concerning the social experiences of the previous evening. At a Kansas wedding the other day the bride's father gave the happy couple r check for \$150. The urbane bridegroom raised the check to \$1500 and started off on a solitary wedding tour. Another case Where is my wandering boy to

night!"-Ruffalo Espresa. He-"Where's my bootjack, Maria!" She-"Oh! must you use it? What a pity! I've covered it with pink satiu and painted a spray of wild flowers on it, and hung it up in the parlor by long satin bows. What a pity one can't be artistic without bevine everything spoiled."-Judge.

Manager I don't like the dude in our play. Author "What's the mater with hier?" "He is not sufficiently stupid. You must throw more ideex and imbecility into the role of the dude, for there will be a lot of experts from Fifth avenue in the audience." - New York Mer-

A Disappointed Husband. - Citizen (at florist's -- "Have you my plants with bugs on them?" Florist-- No, indeed! I don't keep such things," Citizen (disappointedly) - I was in hopes you did. My wife never lets me smoke in the house except when there are bugs on the plants. Burlington Free Press.

School Teacher (to new pupil) -- "We are taught in the Bible that when some one suites us on one cheek we should tiful sentiment?" "Yes, ma'am." "Now, if Charley Jones were to smite you on one cheek what would you do?" "I'd pound der top of his head off,"