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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with rates for various advertising spots: One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriage and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

We pay \$1,000,000 a year to the examining surgeons in the pension service.

It is claimed that Germany has more able financiers than any other country in the world.

The poet Whitier has added his voice to the protest against enforcing idleness in prisons.

The trust fever is spreading in Europe, notwithstanding the disastrous ending of the copper syndicate.

Belgium is the only European country that has attempted to collect through its censuses the statistics of industry.

The Troy (N. Y.) Press is satisfied that at least five billion dollars in gold and silver lie at the bottom of the different oceans.

Train wreckers have a rough time in Mexico. The Government has them quietly shot, without any newspaper notoriety.

Twenty years hence, predicts the Detroit Free Press, no hunter will be able to discover a wild elephant on any portion of this globe.

Gold and silver discoveries go by nine: California, gold, 1849; Pike's Peak, 1859; Nevada, 1869; Leadville, 1879. Where is the bonanza of 1889?

A phase of benevolent work, which has come into public notice with especial prominence lately, notes the New Orleans Picayune, is the progress of town and city hospitals.

The New York Methodist Conference passed a resolution deploring the custom of raising money for church and charitable purposes by fairs, bazaars, festivals, suppers, pleasure parties and similar means of misleading or injurious tendency.

Ceylon people are interested in a rivalry as to who shall find the highest palm tree. An English railroad builder named Cantrell made the first record of 110 feet, but Mr. Paton-Cray has just shown a palm 117 feet high and takes the medal.

The British naval programme for the future is colossal. In addition to the thirty-eight war ships of one kind or another now in construction, seventy more are to be laid down at a cost of \$110,000,000, making 301 war ships by 1894.

Of all the races of mankind that migrate to this country, the Italians care the least about becoming the owners of land. Few of them strike out for the fertile fields of the far West to enter upon the work of tilling the soil, to live in cabins built by their own hands, and to "grow up with the country."

The Khalifa of Khartoum has kindly presented the Governor of Suakin with the head of Ras Ahlu, the great Abyssinian General, for a football, announces the Chicago News. It is by such little courtesies as these that the people of the Orient have attained a lasting reputation for politeness.

London has become recognized as the great clearing house for all European thieves who operate on a large scale. The proceeds for any great robbery committed in Europe, which it is intended to restore through negotiations, are always sent to be delivered in London, and there is as yet no legal way to put a stop to the traffic.

Three countries in Europe look to their royal nurseries for the future occupants of their thrones. Alexander of Serbia is thirteen, Princess Wilhelmine Helene of the Netherlands is nine, and Alphonso XIII. of Spain but three years of age. There is something almost pathetic, observes the New York Voice, in the interest with which, in the turmoil of political strife at this age of the world, national lives are bound up in these children.

The people of Rutland, Vt., tried the Australian system of voting at their last village district election, and a local paper reports that "over 150 votes had to be rejected owing to irregularity, while there was much grumbling before the day was over and some contested offices will result. This failure was due to no defect in the method, but to ignorance and the stipulation of the clerical secrecy—the voters being allowed to help and advise each other in the matter of erasures.

When the practice of cremation was introduced here a few years ago, remarks the New York Sun, its advocates believed that it would soon supersede the custom of burial. But it has not grown in favor there as they supposed it would grow. The subject has just been brought under discussion in the Kings County Medical Society, and a resolution was strongly advocated by some of its members. But it is now evident that the popular feeling against the practice is of a kind that cannot be overcome by this generation. The crematory now known as "pagan institution, not accepted into Christian countries.

THE COMMON CHORD.

The Halleluiah's stately tide, aglow with sunset light, Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering night. From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore The Spottedwood meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er. Hushed were the sounds of busy day, the brooding air was hushed, Save for the rapid-flowing stream that chanted as it rushed. Over most and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream, The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam— On Spottedwood's slopes the Blue; on Stafford's hills the Gray; Between them, like an unheated sword, the glittering river lay. Hark! Suddenly a Union band far down the stream sends forth The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the psalm of the North. The tents are perted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim, Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn. So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound. And when the last note died away, from distant posts to post, A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal host. Then straightway from thither shore there rose an answering strain. "Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain. And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide— A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide. "Star-spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray." While cheer on cheer rolled through the dual, and faintly died away. Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had come, When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home." Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well. Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong, The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song; And rich and mellow, horn and bass joined in the flowing chords. So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words. Then came a chorus from both the hosts, with faces to the stars! And tears were shed and prayers were said upon the field of Mars. The Southern band caught up the strain; and we, who could sing, sang. Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang! We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind— The low-roofed farm-house 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind; The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door; The dusty sunlight all adiant upon the old barn floor. Oh! loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again, And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain. Then to our coats of straw we stole, and dreamed the living night. Of far-off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled, and still, and white. —James Bookham, in Harper's Weekly.

THE MAVERICK SILVER.

It was a stormy November evening, with a high wind and a pouring rain—such an evening as makes people appreciate the luxury of a pleasant home fire.

The Misses Maverick felt very comfortable as they sat in cushioned chairs, one on each side of the glowing fire, while between them the little tea-table gleamed with polished silver which reflected back the dancing blaze.

No planned warfare was this, but, as the ladies often boasted, solid sterling silver which had belonged to their grandfathers; and having nothing else to show in token of what the Mavericks had been in their day, they prized this battered silver service above all things. As Miss Maverick often observed, she would prefer to lose the house over their heads, though it had been left them by an aunt, than part with one of those worn spoons engraved with the Maverick monogram.

"Alice seems very long about the tea," observed Miss Maverick, glancing at the clock. "I am almost sorry I allowed Nancy to go to her sister's." It is inconvenient, and I never feel safe without her, in case of illness or accident. She hasn't been long with us, but I think she's to be trusted."

"She is certainly sufficiently outspoken," said Miss Myra, nodding her little gray curls. "What do you think she said to me to-day? 'Miss Myra,' says she, 'if that young doctor's too poor to support Miss Alice, as I heard you say, couldn't you let 'em have the rooms across the hall that's no use to anybody but the nice, and that 'dave 'em their rent?' says she."

Miss Myra laughed a little, timid laugh, while she glanced half-avertedly at her sister.

But she, stiff and erect, gazed into the fire.

"Nancy must be taught to know her place," she said, sternly. "And as to Alice, I have already said that I will never consent to her marrying Doctor Darrel. Think of our bringing up that child, educating and clothing her, in the hope that she would make a match worthy of a Maverick, and the first thing that we know she wants to throw herself away on a poor doctor—the son of a plain farmer—who has nothing to depend upon but his practice, if he ever gets one."

"He may succeed in time," said Miss Myra, who rarely ventured to differ from her more strongly minded sister. "They say he's clever, and people seem to like

him. I would not be surprised if he and Alice marry at last."

"In that case they know what they have to expect of us!" returned Miss Maverick, grimly. "I will give the house to be an orphan asylum, and leave the silver and everything else to the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen. It will be better there than with common crockery on Farmer Darrel's table."

At this moment Alice entered, bearing the tea tray, an office which she had taken upon herself in order that Nancy might have liberty to visit her sister.

She was a slight girl, with a fair, sweet face, and a gentle, appealing look, contrasting with Miss Maverick's determined expression. She did not look happy.

How could she, when she knew that to give herself to the man she loved would be to estrange from her the only relatives from whom she had found kindness and affection!

Alice poured out the tea, and the ladies had just helped themselves to toast and marmalade, when Miss Myra gave a slight scream and pointed to the window opposite which she was seated.

There between the curtains appeared a man's face, and as they looked he nodded and beckoned.

"For heaven's sake, Alice," said Miss Maverick, startled, "see who it is and what he wants!"

The girl raised the sash slightly, but before she could speak, the man—who was leaning over from the porch—stooped and said, in a low and hurried voice:

"Don't be alarmed. I am a policeman, and come to let you know that there are burglars on your premises. Let us in quietly, so as not to alarm."

Miss Myra sank pale and trembling on a sofa. Her sister, seizing a lamp in one hand and with the other firmly clutching Alice's arm, went to the hall door and quickly unlocked it.

Two men stepped in—one a dapper and well-dressed little man, and the other tall and stalwart, wearing a rough overcoat with a large cape.

The moment he passed the threshold, he turned the key and withdrew it from the lock.

"They won't escape by this way," he muttered, and cautiously followed the ladies into the room they had just left.

Here he opened his overcoat, displaying a policeman's shield and uniform, and again buttoned it.

"I am Sergeant Angus," he said, speaking in the same low and cautious tone. "This gentleman—Mr. Martin—has just informed me that he saw two men enter your house awhile ago."

"By the cellar window in the side yard," replied Mr. Martin, who looked a little timid and uneasy.

Sergeant Angus nodded and again addressed Miss Maverick:

"It is possible the servants may have let them in."

"Oh, dear, no! We have only one—our cook—and she was sent for an hour ago to see a sick relative."

The Sergeant smiled—a peculiar smile.

"That's an old trick, talking oneself out of the way to avoid suspicion. I will warrant, ma'am, the servant has a hand in this matter. Probably she knows where you keep your valuables, and has posted her accomplices. It is just there that we can best trap them. I have a man at the rear and will let him in."

Miss Maverick was shocked and alarmed out of her self-possession.

"I would never have dreamed it of Nancy. But it's the silver they're after. Part of it is here, as you see, and the rest in the closet of my room, locked in an old leather trunk. I wouldn't lose it for the world. Oh—

"Pray be quiet, ma'am!" said the Sergeant, almost authoritatively. "or they will hear you and take the alarm. which is your room?"

"The one over this—"

He held up his hand and listened.

"I think I hear a sound overhead. They are probably at the 'set. Now, ladies, whatever happens, keep perfectly quiet. Mr. Martin will stay by you, if you object to being left alone."

He examined a pistol which he took from beneath his coat, then softly left the room.

Mr. Martin looked around.

"Hush! you better put that silver out of the way," he suggested, "and any valuables that you have within reach."

"Certainly. Why didn't I think of it?" said Miss Maverick, all of a tremble.

And while Alice attended Miss Myra with vinegar and water, the elder sister, with Mr. Martin's assistance, tied up the silver in a table-cover and thrust it out of sight under the valence of the big, chin-tick-covered sofa.

Then she opened a writing-desk, and took out a roll of bills, which she thrust deep down into her pocket—adding to them her own and Miss Myra's mourning brasspins and rings.

Next, she seized upon the family Bible and various photographs which hung above the mantle-piece, and with her treasures thus secured, stood rigid and alert, prepared for the worst.

Ten minutes of dead silence ensued. Then they heard a step, heavy but cautious, coming down the stairs. It crossed the hall, and entered the room next that they were in.

A moment after there was a sound of a muffled voice.

Mr. Martin started up, and hastily motioning to the ladies to follow, ignited out into the room.

In her fright, Miss Maverick forgot even the precious silver under the sofa, and, laden with the rest of her treasures, while Alice supported the limp and trembling form of Miss Myra, stumbled out into the pitch-dark hall.

At the moment, some one rushed past them. Miss Maverick was pushed rudely against the wall, and fell, while a rough hand grasped her throat.

"I've got you, you villain! Here, Angus, lend us a hand! Why, hang it!" as he seized Miss Maverick's pale front hair, which came off in his hand, "it's a woman!"

Then there was a scuffle, a sound of running feet down the cellar stairs, a confused noise outside, pistol shots—and Miss Maverick, in the midst of her books

and photographs, fainted dead away in the darkness.

When she came to herself she was lying on the chintz sofa, with Alice kneeling beside her, bathing her hands in camphor, while Doctor Darrel bent over her, stanching a slight wound on her forehead.

Close by Nancy was ministering to Miss Myra, and indignantly discarding; "Twas just one o' their cunnin' tricks, Miss Myra, bad luck so 'em! To think o' me bein' cheated into goin' off a mile an' more through wind an' rain, to see my dyin' sister an' she dancin' at the wedding!"

"Where am I?" said Miss Maverick, feebly.

"Safe in your own house, my dear madam," answered the doctor, cheerfully.

And Alice looked half-timidly from him to her aunt.

"The silver!" gasped the latter, with a sudden remembrance.

"It is safe, also. We were in the alley, on the watch for the rogues, and they were compelled to drop the silver in order to escape."

Miss Maverick rolled her eyes upward in a silent, but fervent, thanksgiving.

Then she put her hand to her pocket, and her expression instantly changed.

No pocket was there, but a great hole where it had been cut clean out—no doubt when she was knocked down and choked.

"It was the fellow they called Martin," explained the doctor. "He and his companion—the pretended policeman—were the burglars. They both escaped, though Martin dodged a good while before he would drop the silver which he had helped to hide under the sofa. As for the contents of the pocket, he got off with that."

Miss Maverick was too thankful at the recovery of her precious silver to take much to heart the loss of the money and other things.

"Who gave the alarm?" she inquired, feebly.

"I did, Aunt," Alice said, with a blush. "The hall door was locked, but I broke one of the side lights and called for help, and Doctor Darrel, who was just entering his office, heard me."

"She called him by his name," said Nancy, excitedly, "an' lucky 'twas he heard her, for there wasn't a livin' soul on the street but him and me. An' he was over like a flash; an' when she told him there were burglars, he run for his pistols, and sent his boy flyin' for the police, and the first thing there was a crowd. An' it's him, mum, you've to thank for savin' your life, an' the silver, an' the house from bein' burnt over your head, likely."

Miss Maverick made no reply; but on the following day she pondered these things in her mind, and came to a conclusion.

"Myra," she said, "that Doctor Darrel is a very nice young man, after all."

"I always said so."

"And he was certainly the means of saving the silver, and was very kind to us."

"He certainly was; and you—we had not been very polite to him."

"Burglars may make another attempt. I think we need a protector."

"Undoubtedly we do."

"If he should marry Alice—" said Miss Maverick, thoughtfully. "They say he is a rising man, and his family very respectable, though only farmers—"

"Yes," said Miss Myra, eagerly.

"The house is large enough for us all; and it is a good thing to have a doctor in the family—and the silver would be safe."

Whereat Nancy, who overheard the whole from an adjoining room, danced a soft and silent dance of satisfaction and triumph—all for Miss Alice's sake.

The silver shone very brightly on Alice's wedding night, and the Misses Maverick have never since been troubled by burglars.—Saturday Night.

Where Cars Are Run With Sails.

I was looking at some models in the National Museum of curious cars used in the early days of railroading in this country, when Mr. Watkins, the curator, pointed out one particular one that had a mast and sail. Experiments with such cars were made on the Baltimore and Ohio and on the South Carolina road. It was then a serious question whether the motive power on railroads would be sail, horse or steam. The steam locomotive was still looked upon as an experiment. Sail cars were used to-day on a Guano railroad on the island of Malden, in the South Pacific. They are, in fact, used near home than that, for railroad men at Barnegat Beach, where the wind is favorable, frequently ride over the road on construction cars—sloop-rigged. "The wind has a good deal to do with railroading even to-day," Mr. Watkins said. "If you go to the bureau of intelligence at the Broad street station, Philadelphia, and ask whether some train, say from New York, is likely to be on time, you may be informed that it is likely to be four or five minutes late, because there is a strong wind from the west. Winds make considerable difference in the running time of trains.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Coaling of Ocean Steamers.

Talking the other day with a manager of one of our transatlantic lines he told a New York Star reporter some curious things about the coaling of ocean steamers and the work and men on board of the big ships. It appears that as time goes on all the Atlantic steamers, which must make the voyage now in seven days or under if they would hold their own and attract custom. To do this a vessel must burn from 200 to 300 tons of coal daily, making this item of expense over \$1500 every twenty-four hours, requiring more men to handle it and taking up additional room in the hold of the ship. The Umbria burns twelve tons of coal per hour, and on every vessel of her size the journals and bearings of the machinery require 150 gallons of lubricating oil per day. The Cunard Line employs 4500 hands, including 1100 of a shore gang, 900 stewards, thirty-four captains and 146 officers.

ROYAL PALACE OF SIAM.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SIAMESE KING'S HOME IN BANGKOK.

Of European Architecture, but Adorned With Oriental Magnificence—H-Kempst White Elephants.

The palace of the King at Bangkok, Siam, was built only a few years ago, writes Frank G. Carpenter. It looks much like one of the great palaces of Europe. It has several stories, and under the bright rays of this Siamese sun it seems to be made of marble. A closer inspection shows that the marble is stucco, and the golden elephants, each about half life-size, which guard the entrance change as you come near them from massive lead to iron gilded. Wide stairways lead by marble steps through these into a great vestibule, the ceiling of which is about forty feet high and the walls of which are hung with old Siamese armor. At the right of this is the King's audience hall. His throne is a bed and he lies on his arm or sits Siamese fashion, a Turk, while he receives his royal Council and discusses matters of the kingdom. The Ministers and nobles sit on leather-cushioned benches, and the portraits of Siamese heroes, in oil, by European artists, look down upon them from the walls. Just back of the King there is a portrait of a shaven-headed, crooked-mouthed, pale-faced, half-naked Buddhist priest. It is the high priest of the kingdom, and thus the proceedings go on under the very shadow of Buddha himself. The priests, by the way, claim that the royal family are lineal descendants of Buddha.

On the other side of the vestibule is a grand reception-room full as wide and nearly as long as the East Room of the White House at Washington. This is paved with marble mosaic, and its high ceiling, twice as high as that of the East Room, is gorgeously decorated with carvings of gold. Brilliant chandeliers hang down from it, and about the walls are oil paintings of the royal family, and the only woman's face among them is that of the present Queen, whose sweet face looks down beside those of the King's brothers, and has the best light and the place of honor of the whole room. The furniture of this room is European, and the treasures of Europe have been ransacked to fill it. There are rare vases from Dresden, fine glass work from Venice and richly-carved gold from Siam. Through this room and on to a third grand reception-room we went with the Siamese noble. This room is full of beautiful things. Two of the largest elephant's tusks, wonderfully carved, stand beside the mantel, and an album on a little stand at the back of the room has a medallion portrait of the King painted on porcelain and set in the richest of diamonds. The corners of the room contain large cabinets filled with curious works in gold from card-cases up to betel-boxes, and I noticed a fine portrait of Frederick, the late Emperor of Germany, among the many oil paintings on the wall.

The audience chamber, or rather the throne room of the King, is a grand hall with a ceiling made of many colored pieces of glass and producing the same effect as the glass wall which Tiffany built between the vestibule and the long corridor of our White House. The light shining through this makes it look as though it was made of jewels and the room is lighted from the top. This ceiling is, I judge, fifty feet from the floor. It is vaulted and the walls below are frescoed in gold. Three immense glass chandeliers like those of the East Room of the White House, hang down from this ceiling, and these were made for the palace of the Emperor of Austria, but were bought by the King of Siam. The floor is of marble mosaic and the King sits on a great chair or rostrum at the back. Five steps led to it, and beside him are the King's umbrellas and over him a nine-story pagoda-like crown of white and gold. Around the room there are gold trees and gold bushes, and the leaves of these are of pure gold, while their trunks are heavily plated. There were, perhaps, a dozen of these on each side of the room, and they ranged from the size of a Christmas tree down to that of a small currant bush. These are the offerings of the rulers of the various provinces under the King. They make these presents of gold trees every year, and some of them are worth fortunes. Not a few were of silver, and the silver trees were placed on one side of the room, while those of gold were placed on the other.

Siam is known as the land of the white elephant. The elephant is the imperial animal of the country, and you see his picture upon all of the flags. The old coins of the realm have an elephant upon one side of them, and the white elephant is here sacred. He is supposed to be the embodied spirit of some King or hero, and the people formerly worshipped him, and they do so to some extent now. Before going to see the palace I had read a glowing description of the white elephant of Siam. I expected to see his tusks bound with gold, to find golden chains about his neck and a superb velvet coat of purple, fringed with scarlet and gold, over his snow-white body. What I did find was four wild-eyed, scraggy-looking elephants with long tusks and with skins not much whiter than those you see in the American circus. The only white part about them was their long flapping ears, which seemed to be afflicted with the leprosy. The remainder of their skins had the whiteness only of disease, and I was told, as a rule, the white elephants of Siam are mad elephants. These beasts were in dirty stables and they were chained by the feet to great wooden posts. They had dirty keepers and there was no sign of royalty about them. Their keepers fed them some grass while we were present and they performed some ordinary circus tricks for us. The glory of the white elephant has, in all probability, departed, and the elephants of the interior of Siam are made to work quite as hard as their brothers all over the world. One of the punishments of Siam is making convicts cut the grass for these royal elephants. One of them killed his keeper the other day, and this same holy beast made a snap at me with his trunk when I entered his stable.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WHOLESOMENESS OF COLD FOOD.

Cold food, says the Boston Journal of Health, is much more easily kept on a sensitive stomach than hot; so, in cases where it is rejected in the ordinary warm or hot form, it had better be tried as nearly frozen as may be taken. In many instances, that ice-cream suits admirably some conditions where hardly any other food is acceptable.

CLEANING FINE LACES.

To rub fine laces while washing them is ruinous. The following is the best method of doing them up: A thick blanket of soft rugs is sewed around a bottle, and on this the lace is pinned. The bottle is then placed in a bath of soapy, warm water; after soaking for twenty minutes it is boiled for some time and allowed to cool. It is dipped in several baths of clear water until all the soap seems to be removed. The lace is then taken off the bottle, and, after the water is gently pressed out, it is hung up to dry. When still slightly damp it is placed on a hair cushion covered with flannel and fastened with laces. This demands skill and patience. A pin is placed through each loop and a twist is given before the pin is fastened. When quite dry the lace is sponged with a weak solution of gum arabic, which gives a new appearance when dry.—Brooklyn Citizen.

TO PUT A GLOSS ON WOODWORK.

For gloss or enamel finish on smoothly dressed woodwork, now in favor, as good authority as Devoe and Furnish gives the following directions: It is done by first putting on a good ground of white-lead paint luted and finely rubbed down with sandpaper. Then put into the paint some white copal varnish, sufficient to leave an eggshell gloss when dry, being very careful that it is smoothly applied and laid off finely, leaving no runs or strong brush marks. Then apply varnish alone, with just enough paint to cover it. This last coat must be flowed on the work, not rubbed out or brushed like the previous coats, but left on thicker and in greater body, evenly brushed out, so as not to be thicker in one place than another. Zinc white of the best quality, broken up thick with turpentine and strained very fine, should be used for the last two coats. Enamel finish, to retain its pure white, should be made with zinc ground in varnish for the purpose, the first coat thinned with turpentine, the last with good copal varnish.

HOUSE CLEANING SUGGESTIONS.

In cleaning bed chambers all furniture should be moved, pictures and ornaments taken from the walls and carpets taken up. Bare walls, if hard finished, should be wiped down and papered over, cleaned off with a dry cloth. Paints should be washed; windows washed and polished; floors wiped off with hot water, and walls with strong brine. In washing closets and privies, very hot water should be used, and after drying thoroughly, they should be sprinkled with benzine to destroy vermin and moths. Carpets should be freed from dust before putting down. If spots of grease or dirt still remain, they can be removed with hot water and pearline. When bed chambers are in order, the parlor and dining-room should be cleaned in the same way, and then the kitchen, where special care should be taken. All the baking pans, tin ware and crockery utensils should be put in boiling water, and then scoured. The walls should be white-washed and floors scrubbed; sinks and dishes should be cleaned with carbolic acid and hot water.

After the house has been cleaned from attic to cellar, the yard and out-buildings should undergo the same process, all rubbish and dirt being hauled from the premises, and lime and carbolic acid freely used to cleanse and purify.

SALADS.

Many delicacies and healthful salads may be made from vegetables, says Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, which are particularly appetizing and acceptable at this time of the year, when the appetite requires tempting.

Asparagus Salad—Boil two large bunches of asparagus in hot water, drain, cut off the tops, throw in cold water, and stand half an hour. Then dry carefully, put in a salad dish and pour over a dressing made of a tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of olive oil, a little pepper and salt. Set on ice.

Lettuce Salad—Wash crisp center leaves of lettuce, and dry. Beat or tear the leaves to pieces with a silver fork. Make dressing of half a pint of milk, tablespoonful of butter, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, with pepper and salt. Pour over the lettuce and serve immediately.

Celery Salad—Cut the stalks of white celery into pieces half an inch long. To every pint allow half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Dust the celery lightly with salt and pepper, mix with the dressing and heap on a cold dish; garnish with celery leaves.

Kale Salad—Strip from the stalks the inside leaves of tender kale, lay on a dish; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour over a dressing of raw egg, three table-spoonfuls of thick sweet cream, two of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of mustard; beat all together.

Onion Salad—Cut up a dozen young spring onions, season with salt and pepper. Take a tablespoonful of vinegar and three of salad oil, mix and pour over the onions, then place a layer of hard boiled eggs on the edge of the dish.

Spinach Salad—Take two dozen heads of spinach, put on a salad dish, season with salt and pepper. Set on ice. Take the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, wash fine, add mustard, salt, pepper, with a tablespoonful of melted butter, mix them thoroughly and then with vinegar pour over the spinach. Garnish with hard boiled eggs sliced.

Dandelion, cresses, turnip tops and mustard all make excellent salads prepared as lettuce salad.

HOW THEY RIDE.

Face, pace, pace— That's the way the ladies ride, Foot hung down the pony's side— Face, pace, pace, Facing gently into town To buy a bonnet and a gown; Facing up the narrow street, Smiling at the folks they meet— That's the way the ladies ride, Foot hung down the pony's side— Face, pace, pace.

Trot, trot, trot— That's the way the gentlemen ride, Or the horse's back astride— Trot, trot, trot, Riding after fox and hound, Leaping o'er the meadow's bound, Trotting through the woods in spring, Where the little wild birds sing— That's the way the gentlemen ride, Or the horse's back astride— Trot, trot, trot.

Rock, rock, rock— That's the way the sailors ride, Rock and reel from side to side— Rock, rock, rock, Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas, Tossing in a northern breeze; Thinking that he must never quit tack, When he mounts a horse's back; Rocking east and rocking west, Jack Tar rides, dressed in his best— Rock, rock, rock.

Sleep, sleep, sleep— That's the way boy Ned will ride, Floating on the slumber tide— Sleep, sleep, sleep, Out upon the drowsy sea, Where the sweet dream-blossoms be, Far away to Sleepy Isles Sails boy Ned. "Good-night," he smiles; Sinking down in pillow-deep, Little Ned is fast asleep— Sleep, sleep, sleep. —Anne M. Libby.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Apparent ingenuously is frequently genuine ingenuously.

"So you are a jail-bird, eh? What did they put you in for?" "Robin."

It is when the young idea first begins to shoot that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Although baseball is termed the noble game, a third of the men engaged in each nine are base-men.—Graphic.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—Terry Haute Express.

Customer—"Say, waiter, this shad tastes very fishy." Waiter—"Yes, sah; shads is fish, sah." —Philadelphia Record.

I cannot sing the old songs, As I have been requested; When last I tried to warble them The Mayor had me arrested. —Nebraska State Journal.

"I wasn't exactly mad about it," said Slitheraby, discussing his ejection from a theatre, "but I was somewhat put out." —Harper's Bazar.

"Why do they call them spar buoys?" she asked the purser. "O," said he, "I suppose because they are always fighting the waves."—Ocean.

"Alack," he said, "here is a bill, But where's the cash with which to pay it? 'Alack,' he said again, forsooth, It was a lack that made me say it." —Merchant Traveller.

Fond Mother—"You must remember, Emeline, that fine feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter—"True, mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats." —Time.

Scene: A lonely spot on a dark night. "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man? Beside this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world." —Boston Gazette.

Rose (at the cafe)—"Let's see. We've ordered Irish potatoes, haven't we? What can we have to match them?" Emily—"Ah, yes! Waiter, a pat of butter, please."

Amateur Hubert—"Me lud, five moons were seen to-night, four faxed and the other did whir!" Muffled voice from the audience—"Did jeep—hie—try bronide!" —Pittsburg Dispatch.

A gallant young man, under festal circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he enlangued as "a delectable dish, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treasure stand appalled."

You'll find it true as you'll observe, Although the fluting out may pain you, 'Tis sometimes hard to draw the line 'Twixt luvaway and kleptomancy. —Merchant Traveller.

"My dear, was that a hymn you were singing to Lord Fitz de Grey last night?" asked the fond father on Monday morning. "Oh, yes, papa; it was 'When I Can Read My Title Clear.'" —New York Sun.

Mr. Jess Waddle (to his bride)—"Please pass me the sugar, sweetness!" (Looks up in some confusion as the waitress hands him the sugar bowl with unusual alacrity. Suppressed laughter from the other boarders.) —Judge.

A Western college has a school for journalism in it. "John, kill that editorial on 'The Whiteness of the Where,' and cut down 'A Lunar Myth,' so that we can give half a column to the 'Aesthetics of Canine Contests.'" —Merchant Traveller.

Papa (that is to be)—"You make a draft of your plans after marriage, George, and submit it to me." George—"I thought I'd leave that to your generosity, sir. About fifty thousand will do, though. I'll draw when we get to Paris." —Chicago Journal.

A man fell overboard near Havana, and a lawyer jumped into the water to rescue him just as a shark started to seize the poor fellow. The shark reached the man first and swallowed him, but the lawyer was the quicker, for he succeeded in getting the man's boots and pocketbook before he disappeared from sight. —N. Y. Mercury.

The Cuban soldiers and bandits vie with each other in deeds of atrocity. At Guantanamo, while looking for kidnappers, the authorities butchered nine persons.

South Carolina devotes a week annually to tree-planting.