

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	100
One Square, one inch, one month	800
One Square, one inch, three months	2000
One Square, one inch, one year	10000
Two Squares, one year	15000
Quarter Column, one year	2000
Half Column, one year	4000
One Column, one year	10000

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

The practice of flogging prisoners still obtains in English jails.

Machinery in the United States does the work of 500,000,000 men.

The English papers call attention to the remarkable revival of trade shown during the past year.

The millions of various and sundry English syndicates are going rapidly into the purchase of Southern land.

Spain collects a fairly large revenue, but at a ruinous cost. It is doubtful whether half reaches the Treasury.

The population of the United States grows 100,000 each month from births, and about 500,000 a year by immigrants.

Unless all signs fail, says the San Francisco Chronicle, this is going to be a bonanza year for the California farmers and fruit growers.

Minnesota has passed a law providing for executions before sunrise, and allowing the condemned to invite three persons to witness their execution.

English was the language used at the Samoan conference, for the first time on such diplomatic occasions, owing to Americans coming into European politics.

Attempts at suicide, more or less successful, according to the nerve and skill of the would-be self-murderer, are getting to be as common items of news, observes the Chicago Herald, as small fires.

A new law in Madagascar gives a husband the power to chastise his wife with a regulation whip only, and does away with clubs and draystrokes entirely. The whole world is progressing, even if slowly.

Ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt, of New York city, started the guests at a recent banquet in London by assuring them that the Southern States would ultimately be the centre of the hardware trade of the world.

There are twenty-two missionary societies in the United States managed by women. These societies supported 751 missionaries last year, and raised \$1,038,233. Since their organization they have contributed \$10,335,124.

A kind of milk and honey was the Mecca of the ancients. In these days, exclaims the Detroit Free Press, only one person in nine can eat honey without having colic, and only one in ten can drink milk without being made bilious.

A prophecy by the Albany (N. Y.) Times: It is probably not too extravagant to say that at the next centennial of Washington's inaugural we shall travel by air machines; that we shall run over to London or Rome, as now we run down to New York, in a few hours.

The Captain of the English bark Homeward, just returned to Liverpool from Australia, says that he was followed 1550 miles on the voyage by a shark thirty-five feet long, which probably expected a sailor to fall overboard. The creature finally accepted a pair of old boots and quit.

A memorial to Congress was introduced in the Florida House of Representatives asking that the United States propose to Spain a guarantee of \$100,000,000, to be paid in twenty annual instalments of \$5,000,000 each, for the purchase of Cuba, the United States to assume a protectorate over the island until the entire sum is paid.

New York city is growing so fast that its school system cannot keep up. Hundreds of children are running wild in every street in the vast district between Eighty-seventh and One Hundred and Sixth streets, because there are no school houses. The Commissioners of Education are trying to provide temporary school accommodation in manufactories and private houses so as to comply with the law.

The recent death of the young Emperor of Annam, at Tonquin, is now looked upon with suspicion. According to Dr. Lagrange, of Bordeaux, who was formerly employed in the Court of Hue, when the Regency Council resolved to get rid of an unsatisfactory Emperor they present him with three dishes, one of which there is a dagger, on the other a silken cord, and on the third poison. His Imperial Majesty has only to take his choice.

A newspaper syndicate recently offered William E. Gladstone the sum of \$25,000 for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest. The following reply to this proposition has just been received: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax, but wanes. And I would call upon my time leave me to spring residue to dispose of."

A series of efforts is, therefore, finally decided, wholly beyond power to embrace."

AS WE VIEW IT.

Yonder landscape, regal in its splendor, Smiling with a look half proud, half tender, Seems a shrouded corpse when dense fogs roll.

Life is glorious when the rays of duty Shine upon it from a loving soul; But its hills and glades are robbed of beauty If a selfish mist hangs o'er the whole.

Scorning this great fact, the base man loses Truth's best diamond, priceless if he knew it; Life is good or bad, as each one chooses, Life is as we view it.

Wanting wealth of heart, the miser's treasure, Now too small to purchase lofty pleasure, Soon will be a deathbed pang or worse.

Love, contentment, goodness, hopes eternal, Make the peasant, slender though his purse, Vastly richer than the whole material, Stars-blinded, unconscious universe.

Mental wealth, whose very touch entrances, Sometime lies for all whom minds pursue it; Man is rich or poor, just as he fancies; Wealth is as we view it.

Life's flames, flickering feebly in the strongest, Off blown out, is soon burnt at the longest; Frail we live, we're nothing in our graves, Almost awful now, yet daily heightening.

In our power, that rides the fanning waves, Weighs the planets, grasps the leaping lightning, Changes fire and air to docile slaves, Man can humble Nature if she shows him, Set her some hard task and make her do it; Man is weaker than the steel that bears him; Power is as we view it.

Knowing not where Truth's first step commences, Since the sages say our very senses Teach but fictions, dark we live and die, Priebeles thoughts that time in its rays reveals.

Through past ages gathered, open lies, Scissors shows the cipher that unravels; Nature's secrets, writ on earth and sky, But the wondrous volume spread before us Needs eternity to read right through it. All's darkness! Floods of light float o'er us! Truth is as we view it.

One faint gasp, and then the low death rattle! Thus we end it, harken in the battle, Losing all things with our parting breath, Life has glories but intensely brighter Is the glory of a noble death.

When the soul, its load each moment lighter, Mindless now of what the vain world saith, Seeing visions, pain sublimely soaring, Feels the joy hand, yet dures to woo it; Death is starless night, or radiant morning, Death is as we view it.

—J. U. Chapman, in the Academy.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

During the siege of Sebastopol almost every step of earth round this mighty fortress in the Crimea was steeped with human blood. Thousands of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians and Turks had fallen by Russian bullets or been carried off by cholera or other diseases. Still, the fortress defied the united exertions of the allied armies. On June 18, 1855, the French had, indeed, with wonderful bravery, attempted to storm the Malakoff Tower, considered to be the key of Sebastopol; but they were repulsed, with immense losses, by the Russians. On September 8 a second attack was to be made on the Malakoff, and on the preceding day the zouaves gave themselves up to the few amusements which the camp afforded them.

The zouave is always a merry soldier; he laughs at everything—at many things at which he ought not to laugh—at life, at death, at the cholera, at poverty, at guns and cannon. On that evening the merriest among the zouaves were the two brothers, Charles and Victor Carabine, so called because they knew no other father than their musket. They were not even certain they were brothers; the chief proof of their relationship was their mutual affection. They were as like, too, in face, as they were in heart. Victor was to-day telling all sorts of funny stories; they seemed to think little about the terrible day which was to dawn on the morrow.

All the bells of Sebastopol and all the trumpets and drums of the French camp, too, announced noon on September 8, 1855. A signal sounded from the hill where General Pelissier had posted himself with his staff, and with sharp eye he was following all the movements of the army. Before this signal General MacMahon, who commanded the First Division, threw three battalions of zouaves against the left side of the Malakoff. Charles and Victor Carabine had the honor to stand in the vanguard. With their comrades they crossed the enemy's trench, climbed up the breastwork, and were soon inside. Colonel Collienne led them. He received a shot in the head as he fell upon the Russians, but he quickly bound up his wound with his handkerchief, waved his sword and rushed into the fray.

Charles Carabine had a young Russian officer opposed to him, who had already cut down five or six zouaves with his sword. Charles rushed upon him, in order to avenge his comrades, and disarmed the officer with the first blow of his sword, that the Russian had already seized a heavy fragment of a shell, which he was in the act of hurling at his foe. Victor, who was fighting about fifteen paces off from his brother, saw the danger in which he was, and fired at the Russian. The ball struck upon the eagle of his helmet, without even causing the officer who wore it to wince. Meanwhile the great piece of iron had smitten Charles to the ground. In a moment Victor is at his side; but he comes too late—the huge piece of iron had crushed Charles's head.

It is a terrible sight that meets his eyes; to the right, Charles' dead at his feet, and his foe, fighting fiercely as ever; to the left, on the top of the parapet, he sees Corporal Lihaut, the bravo boy of Paris, unflinching as the stars of the zouaves, and close to him MacMahon, planting his sword on the ground they had taken.

Urged on by the madness of victory and thirst for revenge, Victor cries: "This way, comrades," and like a torrent his companions rush down upon the Russians. The Captain who had slain

Charles is cut down, together with his soldiers, and hurled into the trench. Is he dead or alive? The zouaves don't know, but at 5 o'clock they are masters of Sebastopol.

Victor was made Sergeant for his bravery during the attack. He marched with his comrades through the suburb of Karabelina as sword in hand they drove the Russians to the bridge, which was their last refuge. The city was on fire in several places. Victor came at last before a house whose appearance showed that it belonged to people of high rank. It was the dwelling of a rich inhabitant of Sebastopol; perhaps one of the leaders of the defense, whose military skill had cost the French so much blood. Vengeance again awoke in Victor's breast.

The house did not seem to be altogether deserted. If he could only find a brother here to butcher as they had butchered his brother—hearts that he could rend as his had been rent. Such was the revengeful feelings of his heart.

He will avenge himself by plunder, if he cannot by murder. He will take gold, if there is no blood to shed. He now stands on the threshold of the rich house. He now strides through a porch filled with flowers. Flowers in the midst of this bloody massacre! But whence comes it that the zouave hesitates? Close to the flowers some children's playthings are lying—a tin soldiers, a sword and a copper cannon, the uniform of a little four-year-old artilleryman. Little children have here been rehearsing the tragedy which their father has been playing! Victor goes on; he penetrates into the drawing-room, which had been abandoned in terror and dismay. The zouave casts a triumphant glance on the treasures which the owners could not take with them—a rich booty for the soldier, if they had not murdered his brother!

He was on the point of calling in his comrades to plunder, when he heard a heartrending cry above him. A shell had fallen into the upper story of the house. The zouave hastened up and saw in a room, in the midst of the ruins caused by the explosion, a young mother, apparently dead, and a child in her arms.

"The poor boy!" cried Victor, horrified at the sight, and he forgot everything—his dead brother, his revenge, the victory, Sebastopol and the rich booty. He hastens to the help of the mother—the, who never remembers to have had a mother himself—he seeks to restore her to life. But all his efforts to restore her to life are vain.

"Come," he says to himself, "it is no good; nothing will help her. Now, let me see to saving the child," and he looks at the little boy, who has fallen to the ground and stares with terror at his dead mother and his unknown enemy.

The zouave sought for the victor's reward. There it is before him! To protect an innocent life! to give a father to an orphan. He who had himself been an orphan from his birth. But what does he discover as he takes up the child, and whence comes his confusion? He had seen on the table a gilded helmet, and on the helmet the black eagle and the crest which he had seen on the officer who slew his brother.

This, then, is his wife whom he has before his eyes—this is his son whom he is about to save! Victor, who has overcome the cholera and faced death in a thousand forms, sinks down upon a chair. He struggles in a terrible conflict with himself, his sword seems to move at his side and his musket seems to cry "Fire!" But another figure stood between him and his slain brother—that of the dead mother of the child, who seemed to be kneeling before him with clasped hands.

"Oh! I am sufficiently avenged! No cruelty!" the zouave exclaims, springing up, and then these words come into his mind: "Whatever ye do unto me, do it to these little ones ye do unto me." And with gentle hands he took up the little child, whose father had killed Charles Carabine, and bearing him close to his heart he passed with indifference by the silver plate without heeding the jewels and rich dresses.

On the evening of that day the zouave returned with the little Russian in his arms to his tent, and prepared for him as good a supper as he could, and his rough comrades vied with each other in providing for "the little eagle," and preparing him a nest as soft as that of his mother.

Several months had passed since these events. Peace was signed at Paris, and Victor Carabine, with his comrades, had returned to the capital, taking the "young black eagle" with them.

About the middle of January, 1856, an old man and a young lady in deep mourning—still very pale from the effects of illness—from which she had scarcely recovered—arrived at a hotel in Paris from St. Petersburg. The first thing they did was to drive to the barracks in the rue de la Penitence and inquire for Sergeant Victor Carabine. "You mean the Lieutenant," answered a groom; "he lives a few steps from here," and he told them the street and number. The young lady did not even get into the carriage again, but led the old man to the house which had been pointed out to them.

Lieutenant Victor was at home. The two strangers went up one story, rang at the bell of a small door, and stood before the Lieutenant. He started when he saw them, and led them to his modest room. A writing table, four chairs, a camp bed, a stand of arms, formed the whole of his furniture. No—have I forgotten something—a cradle stood in the room, which, by its comfort and elegance, contrasted very much with the rest of the furniture. On the officer's table, among his books, papers and cigars, stood in soldiers' arrangement in order of battle, which were commanded by a child with fair hair, whose clothes were worth six months of a zouave's pay. The young lady had scarcely glanced at the child before she uttered a loud cry, rushed up him to embrace him and then fell fainting into the old gentleman's arms. Victor at once recognized the mother of the "little black eagle," the wife of his brother's murderer, whom he had left for dead in her room at Sebastopol. She it was, indeed, accompanied by her father. After her recovery she had passed three months in searching for the Sergeant, and had

been led to him at last, as we have just seen.

"I understand it all," said Victor, as he wiped a tear from his eye, as he beheld the mother embracing her child; "but if I know your story, madam, you do not yet know mine." And he told her in a whisper, so that the child should not hear it, about the attack on the Malakoff and the death of Charles. The young lady turned away her eyes and the old man was silent. "You see how I have avenged myself," concluded the zouave.

"I shall never forget it!" exclaimed the mother, as with eyes full of tears she looked now at the boy cheeks, now at the silken cradle. Ask of me all my fortune and I will give it to you for my son."

"One moment," said Victor, placing his hand on the fair head: "the child is mine, and I can only give him up to his father, while I leave to him the choice of the weapons," he added gloomily, with a fierce look.

"Be silent, unhappy man!" groaned the old gentleman; "his father is no longer living. Do you not see the mourning dress of the widow? His body was found on September 9 at the Malakoff."

"Good!" said Charles's brother in a low voice, so that the young lady should not hear. "May God forgive him, as my brother doubtless has forgiven him! Madam," he continued, as he turned away his head in order to conceal his emotion, "let there be peace between us, as there is between France and Russia. Take your child back, and never tell him the story of his father!"

"I promise him, sir; but I shall tell him your name," replied the mother, as she gave the Lieutenant her hand. Victor pressed it, and then gazed for a long time into the eyes of the "little eagle."

"You must leave me, my child," he said in a choked voice; "you won't see Papa Carabine again." The child sprang up on the zouave's knees.

"He shall come and see you every day, if you will allow it," exclaimed the mother. "I have settled with my father in Paris."

Victor passed his hand over his eyes, drew a deep sigh, took the child once more in his arms, filled his arms with playthings, and carried him down to the carriage.

"Get in, Lieutenant," said the lady, as she made room for him. "We must accompany Alexander to the separation, and I want to show you the way to my hotel."

Victor hesitated, but the child's tears decided him.

"Ah! your name is Alexander, like your Emperor," he said, smiling. "Well he has made peace, and peace is a beautiful thing—after war!"

He got into the carriage and led his adopted son into the hotel, where he found the same treasures that he had trodden under foot at Sebastopol.

And afterward there was often to be seen in the drives of Paris a Russian carriage, in which sat an old gentleman with white beard, a lady dressed in black, a child of six or seven years old, and a Captain of zouaves, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. It is the Countess C—, who vowed to wear mourning all her life for her husband, and for Charles Carabine, her father Prince Alexis K—, her son Alexander, and Captain Victor Carabine, who won his promotion to the cross during the war against the Kabyles.—Chicago Herald.

Uncanny Plants.

What, forsooth, is a fungus? A wily invader which, having by some unguarded entrance gained access, may do all sorts of mischief; may fill our cellar, for instance, and turn us out of house and home, as one is reported to have filled the cellar of the wine merchant, barring the door from within and threatening summary eviction and what not? Is it not a fearful parasite which, having found lodging in the tissues of its unwilling host, swells to proportions vast, a hidden tumor, sending its human victim all too soon forth from his tenement of clay?

Even when not thus associated with the destruction of nobler forms, fungi are nevertheless held suspect. At best and largest they are odd, peculiar, hiding in out-of-the-way places, far from "the warm precincts of the cheerful day;" "off color," as men say, and owing little or no allegiance to our sovereign sun; pale, ghastly things whose homes are with the dead.

It remained for modern science to dignify the world; nothing shall be stranger to her touch benign. Even the fungi come into prominence as they come into light. Odd as they may appear and mysterious too, they, like some odd and peculiar people, do greatly improve upon acquaintance. Certainly no one can look in upon a basket of Boletif fresh from August woods and not greatly admire their delicate tints. Fungi, once for all, are plants, for the most part very simple ones too; in their larger forms more commonly useful than noxious, and positively sources of serious injury and detriment in those species only which to mankind at large are unseen, unknown and unsuspected.—Popular Science Monthly.

Hedgehogs as Fruit Gatherers.

Gathering fruit can scarcely be called trapping, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of toothpicks" called the hedgehog which may properly have a place in that category.

It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping apartments, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way. It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls and run off upon low boughs, and, instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet.

They curl into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them, and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter houses.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GROWN IN DARK PLACES.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE TOOTH-SOME MUSHROOM.

Conditions Under Which This Delicacy is Produced—A Chicago Company's Cave—"Cellar Plantations."

"The Chicagoan is fast becoming quite a gourmet, an expert in gastronomy," said Mr. Kinley, the well known restaurateur. "Chicago is better off in the matter of mushrooms than Paris. We have finer and more choicely flavored mushrooms here all the year round than the Parisians can boast of. With that we have a practically never-failing supply of those delicacies. True, in Paris they have three varieties of mushrooms, while we have only one. But ours is of a superior kind—firm, not soggy or spongy, and they cook like meat. There is substance to them. The best are those of medium size, about as large on the surface as a silver dollar. Since our home supply has been composed entirely of fresh and home grown mushrooms the consumption has risen enormously. I use about fifty pounds a day on an average. It was quite different a year or two ago, when mushrooms were eaten very sparingly in Chicago, when many thousands who now delight in this gastronomic luxury had a very solid prejudice against it. Those were the days when the Chicago restaurateur was obliged to use the canned article except for a few weeks each year, when men and women went around gathering mushrooms that grew wild in the meadows and fields around Chicago. But those were of a very poor quality and lacked flavor and consistency."

For this great change, it seems, a company whose headquarters are in Chicago, and whose organizers are Chicago men, is mainly responsible. This company owns a big cave at Ulica, a little town near Peru, Ill., sixty miles out. This large cave, covering an area of twenty acres, was partially produced by nature. The company, however, improved it by digging out many thousands of loads of sand, until the cave assumed its present aspect. To-day its bottom is level with the ground. There are arches overhead, and it is laid out so well that wagons can penetrate through its avenues, winding all around, and the excellent mushrooms there grown are loaded on these wagons, ready for transfer by rail. From this cave mushrooms are sent all over the Union, especially to Chicago, New York and all the larger cities. This cave virtually supplies the continent with fresh, delicious mushrooms, growing there all the year round, and in quantities to satisfy even the rapidly growing demand. The natural temperature in the cave is fifty-six degrees. This has been found, though, to be a little too cool. The mushrooms did not grow so fast nor as luxuriantly as was desirable, and thus the company, some time ago, put in steam pipes, and by that means is now in a position to regulate the temperature and always keep it at that point most conducive to mushroom culture—about sixty-five.

The company ships its mushrooms in neat baskets of about the same appearance as peach baskets and with a securely fastened perforated cover. The price of these mushrooms have been brought down in this city until there is almost no difference between Paris and Chicago. They vary between twenty-five and sixty cents per pound, with an average of forty-five cents. After being skinned every part of the mushroom is utilized in the kitchens of our fine restaurants. The stem is sliced up and used for mushroom sauce, while the more delicately fibered head is cut up and served with steaks, roasts and all sorts of game. Many people don't know yet that raw mushrooms, sliced and dipped up as a salad, with vinegar and olive oil, make a very appetizing dish.

However, this company is not the only source of supply Chicago has for its mushrooms. A number of other mushroom cultivators—though on a smaller scale—are domiciled within the precincts of this town. They are all Frenchmen or French-Canadians. They raise these mushrooms, not in caves, but in the cellars of their homes and in cellars rented for the purpose. A man by the name of Charles Martell has such a city mushroom nursery in three continuous cellars on West Thirteenth street. The area he has thus secured is enough to raise, during the favorable part of the season, some 150,000 mushrooms—about 6000 pounds. He sells about \$3000 worth of them during the year.

It is an interesting sight, once the eye has become accustomed to the dim light in this cellar plantation, to inspect a mushroom field. The soil in which the mushrooms are grown is very rich, but not deep. The buttonlike heads bob up everywhere, and much care has to be exercised in keeping the beds properly weeded, so as to afford the required space for each plant. The propagation process is kept a secret.

It would seem that the principal difficulty these mushroom growers have to contend with is to secure that degree of moisture and warmth in the atmosphere required for the healthy growth of this fungus. Those conditions are most difficult to obtain just at the time of year when they are most desirable—that is, when mushrooms are highest in price and scarcest.—Chicago Herald.

The Angora Goat Industry.

Texas is the home of Angora goat industry in this country, but these goats are coming more and more into notice in other States and sections, and their hardiness and fleece-producing value are attracting much attention to the breed. They will endure great vicissitudes of dry heat and cold and are remarkably useful in clearing off brush pastures, thriving in flesh and fleece on the diet of twigs and shrubs. They are raised principally for the fleece of mohair, but the flesh of the young animals has been experimented with in the Chicago markets and a favorable verdict of its value as mutton has been given.—New York Observer.

By far the larger part of the electric wire used in the Paris Exposition buildings comes from the United States.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BREAD FRITTERS. Soak two cupfuls of stale bread crumbed into bits over night in a pint of milk. In the morning add two beaten eggs, and as much flour as will make the batter drop from a spoon. Sift a little baking powder through the flour. These may be made thin like pancakes if you prefer, in which case add a handful of cerealine or Indian meal. Serve these with link sausages that have been split and broiled. This is an unusual way of cooking sausages, but it deserves to be better known. They are more digestible and quite free from fat. A few drops of orange juice sprinkled over is a delicious addition.—American Agriculturist.

BANANA PUDDING. This is my recipe for banana pudding. Three bananas, if large; four, if small. Four tablespoonsfuls of granulated tapioca; three of sugar; a pinch of salt; a pint and a half of water. Let it cook until it looks clear (like boiled starch). Have ready your pudding dish. I use a crystal sauce dish, as the pudding looks so pretty in it. Wet it in cold water, so as not to break the dish with the hot tapioca. Put a layer of the tapioca an inch thick over the bottom of the pudding dish; then slice thin a layer of the bananas, then another of tapioca and so on, have the tapioca for the top of the dish, or last layer; serve with cream, or if one likes to be at the trouble and time, whip some of the cream and put on the top of the pudding. I think any one will say it is a delicious pudding. I have friends who never eat bananas that are fond of them in this form.—New York Observer.

OMELETS. Among the many omelets made with eggs, the most economical are those which gain in bulk from the addition of some ingredient cheaper than eggs; for instance, if a cupful of cold salt fish is on hand, melt together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, gradually stir in a cupful each of milk and water, or use a pint of water; add the cold fish free from bones, three eggs beaten for a minute, and a high seasoning of salt and pepper; stir the mixture over the fire until the eggs are cooked to the desired degree, and serve on toast. The delicacy of this dish may be increased by separating the yolks and whites and beating the latter to a stiff froth, stirring them in lastly. With cold boiled rice a favorite Southern omelet can be made: Mix a cup of cold boiled rice with three eggs, salt and pepper, the yolks mixed with the rice and the whites beaten to a stiff froth, mixed lightly in; just as it is finished, pour the omelet in a hot pan with tablespoonful of butter, and bake in a hot oven.—Philadelphia Press.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS CLEAN. A good way to clean an iron sink is to rub well with a wet cloth in kerosene oil.

To keep tinware nice and bright, scour it every two or three weeks with finely sifted coal ashes.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also recommended for this purpose.

If your dishes must be washed in hard water, add a little milk to the water and do without soap. Try this and see if you don't like it.

Solled coat collars can be rubbed with ammonia, and then a woolen cloth laid over and a hot flat iron held just over the cloth to steam it without pressing.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right side, so as to leave it fresh. Spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water.

If your flat irons trouble you, by dropping black specks from the top or sides of the sole plate, take them in a pan of soap suds, and wash them with a brush and dry quickly to prevent rusting.

In cleaning old cloths use no soap, scrubbing brush; but wash off the dirt with water and flannel. Then go over with milk, and rub with a soft brush till dry and shining.—Housewife.

ART OF COOKING FISH.

Fish must be fresh and thoroughly cooked. It must be washed, wrapped in a spotted cloth and put in a cool place until wanted. Never put it in the ice chest to impair the milk and butter. It should be baked or boiled. Salmon is the only fish that is not rendered tasteless by boiling, for the reason that it is richer than all others in oils and juices. All kinds of fish are improved by the addition of vinegar or lemon juice to the stuffing, or to the water in which they are boiled, or they may be simply rubbed over with the acid before boiling or baking. The acid counteracts the excess of alkali always found in fish. If they are to be broiled the broiler must be rubbed with fat, to prevent sticking, and the fish turned often to prevent burning. If they are to be baked they can be lifted from the pan without breaking, if a strip of cloth is put under them, across the pan. The cloth to be of cotton and to be rubbed with fat to prevent sticking.

Salted fish, like salted meat, has lost its nourishment, and is only serviceable as a relish. The varieties of fish balls, croquettes, and other similar preparations, are of value only on account of the vegetables, eggs, milk and butter which they contain.

Shell fish, namely oysters and clams, are most easily procured, and the most healthful of this variety of food. If oysters are to be cooked, they must first be washed and drained, the liquor that always accompanies oysters, is to be used, it must be strained and cooked first, and carefully skimmed before the oysters are added. When the edges of the oysters begin to curl they are done. Both oysters and clams are most nutritious when slightly cooked.—Detroit Free Press.

In New York city last year the firemen were called upon to battle with 32,942 fires, which did damage aggregating \$1,500,000.

The largest traffic in eggs in the world is said to take place at Rudolfsheim, a suburb of Vienna. A large public egg market will be established there.

A LESSON FOR LAGGARDS.

You think of taking a journey some day; You have talked it over for years and years; Yet somehow or other you make delay, Until further and further away appears The beautiful goal; and I tell you now To bind yourself by a solemn vow To cross the Rubicon. Pluck up heart! For you'll never get there unless you start!

There's looms before you from day to day A task that you dread to undertake; So it hangs like a cloud upon your way Through which the sunshine can never break. And I tell you now that the better plan Is to do the work as quick as you can; Over your fears a victory win, For you'll never get through if you don't begin!

With the bravest and busiest keep abreast, Nor through love of indolence lose your places; For in each endeavor to do your best You raise the hopes of the human race. Be not content to grope below, But rise to your duties with faith aglow! Let your aims be high, and strive to excel; For he who does better must first do well!

The heart that gives way to its doubts and fears, That idly dreams when there's work to do, Will find itself, before many years, Beggared and bankrupt through and through. There are journeys to take and tasks to be done, From early morning till set of sun, And triumphs to win, as none can deny, And you'll never succeed unless you try! —Josephine Pollard, in New York Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Woodlark—A picnic in a grove. A cool proceeding—An ice treat. In the soup—Well, that's the cook's secret.

It must be very exciting for the insect world to see an antelope. The motto of the Socialist—One country, one flag, one pocketbook.

Ships are very polite. They always meet the ocean's waves with a bow. Of all sad words with writer penned, The saddest are these: "No dividend." —New York Mercury.

If there is one thing more than another that "goes against the grain," it is a resper. With the camel, as with the diner, the desert is frequently the last course.—Harper's Bazar.

We believe that an Italian who should start out with a noiseless hand organ would make money.

A hisping young miss said she hoped to be married before she was as "old as Mith Thuthelah."—Siftings.

The woodman's axe is an inconsistent weapon. First it cuts a tree down and then cuts it up.—Lovelock Courier.

Littleend—"My wife never gives me any rest so long as she is