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Job work—cash on delivery.

The Michigan Legislature has passed a new and more equitable libel law.

Little Denmark expends $55,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools.

Governor Lee says foreign capital will not be solicited to settle Virginia's debt.

The Sugar Trust is making a profit of $3,000,000 a month or $36,000,000 a year.

Says the New York *News:* most hopeful sign of the times in the political life of this country is the rapid spread of ballot reform."

A movement has been started by the Swiss Government looking to a universal reduction of the hours of labor for employes in factories and on farms.

Brazil has recently celebrated the first anniversary of the abolition law, by which she placed herself among the ranks of the non-slave-holding States of the world.

The New York *World* finds 125 men in New York worth over $1,000,000 each, forty women and 129 firms, at least one member of which is good for a million, or a total of 294 millionaires in the American metropolis.

The population of the city of London is now, according to the most reliable estimates, 4,250,000. Of these 4,250,000 people fully 900,000, or something over twenty per cent., are at present in receipt of some form of pauper relief.

Sir John Swinburne has discovered that the Portuguese Government has been owing England a trifle of $12,046,205.12½ for value received ever since 1815, and has never yet paid any interest on the little bill—nor given anything on account.

The new eastern express from Berlin to Constantinople, Turkey, is to run once a week. The event is hailed in Berlin as marking an epoch in German railway traveling, for it practically connects Hamburg and Constantinople direct by express train.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that many have been induced to go to Buenos Ayres from both England and Ireland, upon the representation that they would receive land and houses free. Instead, however, they have met nothing but misery, want and starvation.

The Austrian troops are being armed with what is known as the Manlicher rifle. The deadly nature of this weapon may be inferred from the fact that during target practice recently a soldier accidentally received a fatal wound from a bullet fired at a distance of two and a half miles.

It is just three hundred and fifty-one years since Don Alcar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, the pioneer white man, first entered what is now known as the Territory of Arizona, and yet, as far I can see, writes a correspondent to the New York *Observer*, the great Eastern public has very little more real knowledge of it now than then.

The military forces of England, all told, amount to about 617,000 armed men. Of this number rather more than a third belong to the regular army, which is supported by a first-class army reserve of 52,000; the volunteers have reached a strength of 226,000, but the militia has fallen to 118,000, and only 11,000 Yeomen mustered for training last year.

There are in the civilized world an average of one deaf mute to every 1500 of the population; in other words, there are at least 1,000,000 of this afflicted class. In the United States there are 38,000, in Great Britain, 20,000; in Germany, 25,000; in France, 30,000; in Sweden, 2000; in Norway, 1100; and in Switzerland (the country above all others where deafness is prevalent), 10,000.

Until 1886 Maryland was the only Southern State, according to the New York *Post*, which had a bank that was exclusively a savings institution. In 1887 North Carolina was added to the list, and the next year South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, these four States reporting over 23,000 depositors and nearly $6,000,000 in deposits. "Both as a sign of the development of thrift, and as a promoter of the habit," adds the paper, "the rise of the savings bank system in the South is heartily welcomed."

Yale College may take to herself the credit of having, at this year's commencement, produced a novelty, states the Washington *Star*. The roll of honor of the graduating class is said to be made up, to a very large extent, of the names of young men conspicuous for their skill and devotion to athletic sports. The youth who in these days correctly reconciling the triumphs of scholarship, field and race-course with oar and ball has certainly the makings of an Admiral Crichton in him.

CONEMAUGH.

"Fly to the mountain! Fly!"
Terribly rang the cry.
The electric soul of the wire
Quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood
Face to face with the flood
Answered to the shock
Like the eternal rock.
For she stayed
With her hand on the wire,
Unafraid,
Flashing the wild word down
Into the lower town,
Is there a lower yet and another?
Into the valley she and none other
Can hurl the warning cry:
"Fly to the mountain! Fly!
The water from Conemaugh
Has opened its awful jaw.
The dam is wide
On the mountain side!"

"Fly for *your* life, oh, fly!"
They said.
She lifted her noble head:
"I can stay at my post, and die."

Face to face with duty and death,
Dear is the drawing of human breath.
"Steady my hand! Hold fast
To the trust upon thee cast.
Steady, my wire! Go, say
That death is on the way.
Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
Grand is the power, you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand.
Grander the woman who dares
Glory her high name wears.
"*This message is my last!*"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry:
"*Fly for your lives, oh, fly!*
I stay at my post and die."

The torrent took her. God knows all.
Lovely the savage currents fall
Shuttering calm. Men count their
dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
God's will we neither read, nor guess.
Poorer by one more hero less
We bow the head, and clasp the hand:
"Teach us, altho we die, to stand."
—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Independent.*

THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side paling to talk to her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my Henrietta cloth. She lives in town"—Mrs. Ford's charming home was a little out—"and my brother Jim has gone for her with the dog-cart. Stowe is her name; I haven't even seen her. I sent Bob's nurse girl to engage her."

"Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it!" said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's full blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her so they say. She's pretty, you know, in that showy sort of way—red hair and pink cheeks—and I guess she knows it. Mrs. Ritter had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, serenely—"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's because he's so superior to all girls. Oh, yes, of course, I should feel dreadfully! I feel that Jim is on my responsibility while he's with me, and I should be broken-hearted. But there isn't the least danger with Jim."

The dog-cart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Kob at her heels.

Jim—tall and blonde, and handsome like his sister—was driving slowly to the horse-block. He was turned squarely toward the dressmaker, and his gaily-enthusiastic tones were audible to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked absorbedly on. Mrs. Ford was thankful that Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing.

"Jim!" she said.

And Jim jumped out, lifted the dressmaker down, presented her to his sister, walked with her up to the porch steps and pulled forth a chair. He was brisk and smiling.

Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay window hid them from Mrs. Sayles.

"We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim, eagerly. "Those woods over there, with the break where the sky——"

"I have everything ready for you, I think, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, distinctly, and took Miss Stowe indoors.

She intended sewing in the dining-room—it was large and cool and light; but it was on that account that Jim was wont to lounge there. The upstairs hall would do. There was a window at the back.

She took Miss Stowe up stairs.

"It's rather warm," she apologized, "but it will be cooler later."

It would not be cooler before five o'clock, but Mrs. Ford congratulated herself warmly. For Miss Stowe was pretty, with a lithe form in a blue gown, and hair not red but darkly auburn, and cheeks not vulgarly pink but softly tinted, and bright eyes.

"It is very comfortable," she said, cheerfully. "I will take your measure. Shall you like a basque?"

And Mrs. Ford forgot Jim in pleasurable plannings.

But at the end of fifteen minutes there was a clatter below and a rush up stairs.

"Why, I've been looking for you everywhere!" said Jim, in injured tones, lifting Rob from his shoulder to the top stair.

He sat down in the window seat. Miss Stowe sat near the window.

"Is there anything you want, Jim?" said his sister, with severe eyes upon him.

But it was doubtful whether Jim heard. He was springing after the spool Miss Stowe had dropped.

"I want to show you that old coin I told you about, Miss Stowe" he declared. "See—1710. Oh, stop that snipping and look at it!"

But Miss Stowe, smiling and faintly flushing, looked at it over her snipping.

"Who drove into the yard?" Mrs. Ford demanded, cutting a gore at a wrong angle with nervous hands.

"Oh, Jeff Lowry! I must tell you about Jeff, Miss Stowe. He's been wearing a beard for two years, and he went down town the other day without it, and the fellows didn't know him. He's—"

"I thought you were going driving with him?" Mrs. Ford interposed.

"Oh, it's too warm!" Jim responded, as blandly as though rattling down shady roads were indeed warmer than the upstairs hall.

His sister watched him wofully. Jim, talking to a young lady, with smiling gusto and fascinated gaze, and foregoing a drive and the morning papers and his cigar for this alone!

He had stayed in his room for three hours to escape the Kenny girls, and came nigh to dying the evening Miss Markham had called. The Kenny girls and Miss Markham did not have red lips and shining eyes, to be-sure, and if Jim had told them stories, they could never have listened so prettily as did Miss Stowe. But was she the girl for Jim? Mercy, mercy, no!

It did not serve to calm Mrs. Ford that Mrs. Sayles should come over, and, after inquiring of the girl, bustle up stairs.

Her sharp gaze fixed itself on Jim, lounging in the window, his handsome head bent toward the dressmaker and his honest blue eyes unflinchingly upon her.

"You dressmaking, too?" cried Mrs. Sayles, with a triumphant glance at Mrs. Ford. "You don't mean that you're staying away from the ball game—you?"

"Oh, I don't care for it this weather!" said Jim, unblushingly—Jim, who had breathlessly watched a game last week from the sunny side of the grand-stand, with the thermometer at ninety-eight.

Mrs. Sayles laughed delightedly.

"Yes, I will have a point in the back, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, with cold ignoring of Mrs. Sayles and her rejoicings.

But she was in a despairing mental tumult. Mrs. Sayles's small, keen eyes seemed periods which pointed and made complete and certain what she had tried not to believe.

He was in love with her. And with Jim, who was ardent and single-minded, it was likely—it was certain to be serious. And who was she? Mrs. Ford did not know—probably nobody did.

She stared at her bastings with unseeing eyes.

Jim, with his good looks and cleverness, and family histories for both sides of the family, with a coat-of-arms in each—the lions on their hind legs in their centres seemed to prance before her eyes—and a dressmaker whom they didn't even know!

What should she do? What would her father and mother say to it, and to her? It would never have happened if Jim hadn't been visiting her.

She was in a whirl of helpless agitation. She could not tell the right from the wrong side of the cloth.

And where was Rob? His nurse was setting the dinner table, and his mother had meant to oversee him, but she hadn't. He might be over playing with those rough little Beldens, for all she knew.

"Well, I just ran over," said Mrs. Sayles, airily. "I won't stay, since you're all so busy."

And Mrs. Ford knew, as she ran downstairs, that the Dwyers and the Bidwells at least would know the state of affairs within half an hour.

"You are basting those darts too high, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, sharply.

And Miss Stowe, who was basting the darts exactly right, flushed and raised wondering eyes.

"And I never have my collars so high—" Mrs. Ford stopped. "What is that?" she cried, nervously.

It was a sound of feet on the porch; feet and shrill young voices and sobs in a terrified little voice that Mrs. Ford knew.

"It's Rob!" she cried, flying down stairs.

It was Rob in the arms of the Beldens' gardener, and the three small Beldens were close behind and all talking together, rather enjoyingly than otherwise.

"He fell out of the hammock." "We was swinging him, you know, awful hard." "And you ought to heard him holler." "And I guess he's broke his leg; he came down awful hard."

Mrs. Ford gathered her boy into her arms.

"Go home, you little wretches!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, my baby! And I didn't watch him—I didn't know where he was! Is the leg broken?" she demanded, wildly, of Miss Stowe, who had come down with Jim and stood beside her.

"I'll see," said Miss Stowe.

It did not seem odd to Mrs. Ford that she said it, and she was not astonished when the pretty dressmaker took Rob into her own arms and laid him on a sofa.

She watched her dazedly, wringing her hands. Miss Stowe rolled down the small black stockings and leaned over them.

"There isn't anything broken," she said, tremulously; "but the right leg is dislocated at the knee. The sooner it is set the better, and I think, Mrs. Ford, if you will let me, I can do it."

The color was gone from her cheeks; but she held Rob's hands firmly.

"Let you," cried Mrs. Ford. "Oh, if you can!"

"It will hurt," said the dressmaker; "but only a minute."

And she gave a sudden, quick, strong jerk to Rob's leg; and then sat down quite pale and faint, while the little boy cried on his mother's arm.

"I never did it before," she said; "but I've seen it done, and I think I did it right. The doctor will know."

Mrs. Ford went up stairs an hour later. Jim was already there, watching Miss Stowe make buttonholes.

"How could you do it?" Mrs. Ford cried, with eyes yet tearful. "The doctor says you did it right, and he couldn't have done it better, and Rob will only have to keep still a little to get it well. Oh, I am so thankful, my dear girl! Where did you learn it?"

"My Grandfather Gorham was a doctor," said Miss Stowe, quietly overcasting; "and I used to drive about with him, and I saw him set dislocated limbs two or three times. It is simple enough—just a jerk. I was sure I could do it; but it made me faint."

"Gorham?" said Mrs. Ford, forgetting dislocations. "My grandfather was a Gorham. I wonder if it's the same family? What was his name?"

"Andrew," said the dressmaker.

"And my grandfather had a cousin Andrew," cried Mrs. Ford, "in—"

"Fairfield," said Miss Stowe, smiling.

"Yes, Fairfield," said Mrs. Ford, exultantly; and the lions in the centres of the coats-of arms, still visible to her mental gaze, assumed a meek and vanquished mien. "Why, we're cousins!"

"We're cousins" said Jim, and shook Miss Stowe's hand with an ardor disproportionate to the degree of kinship.

* * * * * *

"Yes, she is a pretty girl," said Mrs. Ford, wheeling Rob about the lawn a week after the accident in his discarded baby carriage, and pausing to talk to Mrs. Sayles over the fence. "She's lovely and so sweet tempered and bright! And you were right about Jim, too. He is in love with her already—dreadfully! He told me so. And of course she likes him. How can she help it? And they're to be married. She never encouraged Paul Ritter at all, do you know? She disliked him from the first. I asked her. And do you know that her mother was a Gorham, too, and we're distantly connected? We've the history of the family for two hundred years back, so we know what it is. We were so glad to discover it!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Sayles, in tones embittered by defeat and disappointment.—*Emma A. Opper.*

A Ditch That Cost $6,000,000.

A party of engineers were discussing the Spring Valley water problem on one of the late boats, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, and their talk fell upon the engineering feat of bringing the waters of Alameda Creek from Sunol across the bay to the metropolis.

"By the way," said one, "did you ever notice that old stone-walled ditch and flume which ran from a point up the canyon down to the old flouring mill at Niles, and the grade of which the Spring Valley's pipes now follow when first the water is taken from the creek?"

The others asserted that they knew of the ditch, and the speaker continued:

"Well, that flume and ditch cost $6,000,000."

"What!" ejaculated the others, with a suspicious inflection.

"Yes, sir—$6,000,000," repeated the story-teller. "You know old Vallejo, a brother of General Vallejo, who is still living, built that mill way back in the early days. He owned all the surrounding country and had docks and herds no end, but no ready money. When he came to build his ditch to bring the water to his mill he wanted some $25,000, and mortgaged his estate to get it. You know how the money-lenders used to gouge the old Spanish settlers in those early days? Well, they piled up the interest on Vallejo, compounding it about whenever they pleased. The mill didn't pay, the interest kept accumulating, and finally it ate up all Vallejo's belongings, and he lost his mind. That property is now worth easily enough $6,000,000. That's the cost of that ditch."

Connecticut's Extinct Volcano.

Professor Davis, of Harvard University, was telling a couple of friends in the Brunswick Cafe the other evening of an extinct volcano he discovered not long ago near Meriden, Conn. While out with Dr. Chapin, of Meriden, investigating the mountains and valleys of the Nutmeg State he came across what has since been a matter of great scientific interest. The ash bed of an extinct volcano was discovered between Meriden and the little town of Berlin. The ash bed is an overhanging cliff about twenty-five feet high and fifty feet long and of a greenish tingue. In describing it, he said: "On the face of the cliff are occasional pockets of quartz crystals, some of which shade to amethyst and some to rose. Another feature of the cliff is the prevalence of roundish stones, varying from one to four feet in diameter. These were the bombs, in geological parlance, and were portions of the trap rock which were ejected from the active volcano. Another exceedingly interesting object was a small portion of the sandstone bed twisted and contorted by the action of heat and pressure."

Many scientists have visited the scene of his discovery and they unite in saying that there was nothing else of its nature this side of the Rocky Mountains. The volcano which produced the phenomenon must have been extinct thousands of years ago.—*New York Star.*

How Slate Pencils are Manufactured.

One of the most peculiar branches of industry in this country is the manufacture of slate pencils. There is only one slate-pencil factory in the United States. It is located at Castleton, Vt., and employs twenty-five hands, who turn out 30,000 slate pencils every day.

The method of manufacture is a good deal in advance of the primitive means employed some years back. Not long since the blocks of soft slate from which they are cut were sawed in lengths and distributed among the neighboring laborers families to be whittled down to pencil shape. Those working at them could earn about fifty cents per thousand. By the present system the blocks, which are as wide as a pencil is long are put into the mouth of a machine called the crocodile. This contains six rows of revolving curved knives. As the slab passes between these knives parallel grooves are cut in the slabs, then they are turned and cut through. The square pencils are then rounded and polished by holding them against the emery belt. One man can cut out and finish about 8000 pencils per day.—*New York Journal.*

AT A JACK-RABBIT DRIVE.

HOW THE LONG-EARED ANIMALS ARE ROUNDED-UP.

A Picturesque Description of a Successful Hunt in California—The Chase With Greyhounds.

"So you want to hear something about our famous jack-rabbit drives, do you?" queried a gentleman just returned from California.

"Well, in sections of California the native rabbit has become almost as terrible a pest as the English rabbit has in Australia, and ranchmen are compelled to protect their crops and orchards with rabbit-tight wire fences. In all likelihood the animals will continue to multiply and compel the State to do something for their extirpation. Meanwhile the ranchmen are using the most effective means for abatement within their reach, namely, the now celebrated rabbit drives. I was at several of them while at Bakersfield, and at each of these thousands of the little pests were killed.

"The thing is managed much as an Indiana fox drive, with this addition, that the round-up is in a tight corral into which the rabbits are driven, and where they are slain without chance of escape. When one of these drives is gotten up word is sent out through the surrounding country, a captain and lieutenants are appointed to see to the proper arrangements, and on the morning of the event several hundred people, mostly mounted, are on the grounds. No guns are permitted except to a few men, who are behind the lines, to shoot what rabbits may break through.

"The participants are deployed in long lines, forming a square, open at one end, where the corral is situated. As much as four or five sections of land are thus enclosed with a human fence, if it may so be called.

"At a signal given by the captain the lines begin moving up the corral, each man making as much noise as possible. The rabbits, of course, attempt to get out of the way, and are thus driven in the direction of the corral, which is provided with flanking fences, forming a wide-mouthed V, the point being the opening of the corral.

"For some time any one not acquainted with the sport would hardly suspect that there are any rabbits in the ring, save for the occasional bobbing up of a pair of long ears among the scrub and sage-brush, but as the lines begin to tighten the rabbits become very conspicuous in their efforts to escape; however they seldom break through the lines once the men approach each other pretty closely, but try to escape by way of the corral, there to find themselves hemmed in.

"It is a curious, indescribable sight to see thousands of these creatures imprisoned in the narrow enclosed space and to watch their frantic endeavors to get out. Once in the enclosure they are mercilessly clubbed to death, and the thing is nothing more than the commonest butchery, redeemed by the fact that it is in self-defence and that the rabbits will eat up the country if left alone or killed only in sportsmanlike manner.

"But," continued the reporter's willing informant, "while a drive is butchery and palls upon the taste after one or two doses, a jack-rabbit hunt over the plains, with hounds and horse, is as fine a sport as can well be imagined. For this you need a couple of greyhounds and kind of a trailing hound to start the game and a well-trained pony. This is a staple sport in the West and men keep packs of fine grey-hounds for the chase. Trailing hounds are necessary because the greyhounds run by sight alone, and thus would be unable to start the rabbits. Kansas, Indian Territory, California and parts of Texas are famous places for this variety of sport, which is really a combination of race and chase, for the owners of greyhounds will pit these against one another and against the rabbit.

"As the jacks do not take to the brush, but run in the open, the hunters can mostly see the progress of the entire chase. Imagine that your trailing hounds have jumped up a rabbit. It is then given a short start before the greyhounds are loosened, but as soon as they are released they fly after Master Long-ears like the wind. He is not letting any grass grow under his feet, either. With his ears laid flat over his back he sails away at tremendous speed, apparently taking leaps of not less than twenty-five feet. You follow on your pony, taking short cuts to keep the chase in sight, but if you give your pony the bridle he will follow every curve and dodge of the game and hounds. On you fly as fast as horses' hoofs can go; if there are fences, you jump them; obstructions only make the sport more exciting, and now the fun begins. Master rabbit is getting tired. He has doubled the greyhounds and comes back toward the slow hounds with the speed of lightning. The dogs try to intercept him, but he bounds clear over them and off he goes again, much to their astonishment. Now the slender greyhounds are close upon him. Watch what he does! See him dodge! Over and over tumble the greyhounds in a rash effort to snatch him as he squats suddenly and then shoots off at a tangent. They are upon him again, and again he repeats his manœuvre and escapes, but he tries it once too often! See the leading hound has picked him up on the fly and the race of this rabbit is run.

"Does one ever escape? Well, sometimes, but if he does it is only to go off in the bush to die, for the terrible strain of the run kills them. They are swift runners and can, I believe, go better than a mile a minute, but they can keep it up for only two or three miles, and that is a very long run for them. They must have a pretty good start of the hounds to make spirited chase, and you don't want too many hounds; it spoils the sport."

One alligator hunter brought to Arcadia, Fla., the other day one hundred alligator skins, all of which were between five and twelve feet in length.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING A COW'S HORN.

The inside of the horn must first be cleansed and the pith taken out by steaming or immersing in hot water and using hot water and soap. While in a soft condition rasp off the rings and roughness at the base and scrape with pieces of glass, smooth the surface with fine sandpaper and remove any scratches or file marks that may remain with finely pulverized pumice stone, moistened with water; wash this off and polish with prepared chalk, applied moist on a piece of chamois leather, then rub briskly with the hands.—*New York World.*

TO KEEP EGGS.

Pour two gallons of hot water over one pint of lime and half a pint of salt. When cold put your eggs in a jar and pour it over them. Be sure there are no cracked ones and that they are kept covered. Another, and perhaps better way, if you wish to keep them for a long time, is to pack them, small ends down, in salt in small boxes, and at least once a week turn over the boxes. The reason for this is that by turning the eggs over the yolk is kept about the middle of the albumen; if still, the yolk will after a while find its way through the white to the shell; then the egg will spoil.—*Washington Star.*

PREPARATION OF CALCIMINE.

Calcimine is prepared by mixing one pound of pulverized glue dissolved in hot water with twenty pounds of paris white, using enough water to make the liquid of the consistency of cream. For colors use the following: Lilac, two parts of Prussian blue and one part of vermilion brown, burnt umber; gray, raw umber and a dash of lampblack; rose, three parts vermilion and one of red lead in very small quantity; straw yellow, chrome yellow and a dash of Spanish brown; buff, two parts of Indian yellow and one of burnt sienna; azure blue, very little Prussian blue. To mix the colors, first make a small quantity strong and then stir in the calcimine until the right shade is made.—*New York Times.*

HOW TO PAPER THE PARLOR.

The parlor, of course, is the best room in the house usually and should have the best paper and the majority of people will be more particular with this than any other room. A good plan is to go by the woodwork, as, for instance: Maple wood, use a yellow, wavy colored paper with a ceiling paper of bluish tint and a little gilt. Cherry, natural or colored, use old gold paper or "metals" for side wall, and blue or white ceiling. Mahogany, a light terra cotta pink for side wall, and a paper for ceiling with a light silver green metal in it. These suggestions are the best for the parlor, as in this room especially the colors should harmonize. One very important thing in this room is a frieze, as it bears the same relation to a side wall as a cornice does to a house. It should give dignity to a room, and should be wide enough to admit of ornament that will not seem cramped or insignificant when seen from the floor. If the ceiling is 9 feet high, use a frieze of 8 or 9 inches wide; if 10½ or 11 feet, you can use a frieze of 15 or 18 inches in width. Do not use a conventional design above a wall paper whose pattern is flowered or vice versa.—*Carpenter and Builder.*

RECIPES.

Huckleberry Griddle Cakes—Mix in an ordinary yellow bowl having a lip one pint of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one pint of cold boiled milk. Mix thoroughly and add one egg well beaten. Pick over half a pint of berries, roll them in flour, and add them to the batter. Bake on a hot, well greased griddle. A soapstone griddle is decidedly the best for cooking griddle cakes, as it cooks evenly and requires no greasing.

Puree of Green Peas—Boil a quart of fresh green peas in a pint of boiling water, slightly salted. Rub the peas through a sieve and pour the water in which they were boiled on the skins; add a pint of clear soup to the pulp and return to the range. Gently melt an ounce of butter; add it to a teaspoonful of flour, a pint of warm milk, salt, pepper and a square of sugar. Whisk this into the soup. When quite hot serve with bits of toasted bread.

Potatoes with Cream—The mistake usually made in preparing this excellent dish is that many economical housewives use cold boiled potatoes left from the preceding day. True economy would have been in boiling just enough for each meal; but for potatoes with cream, see to it that they are boiled and afterward cut up while warm and seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil half a pint of cream, add to it a walnut of butter, and add the potatoes to it. If milk is used, it may be thickened a little with flour.

Minced Lamb, with Poached Egg—The cold lamb left from the preceding dinner may be converted into a very appetizing breakfast dish as follows: Cut the meat into thin slices and cut these very fine. Melt an ounce of butter in a frying-pan. Cut up a slice of onion and fry it in the butter; then remove it; add the meat, a little salt and pepper, and soup or water to moisten it; when thoroughly warmed through put spoonfuls of it neatly on toast; on top of the meat place a poached egg.

Stuffed Okra—Select a dozen good-sized but tender okra pods, cut off the pointed ends and remove the seeds. Beat the yolks of two eggs, season with salt and white pepper, add a tablespoonful of chopped boiled ham, and bread crumbs enough to thicken the egg. Add the seeds also. Fill the pods with this mixture, stand them upright in a pan; add a little water or gravy; cover the tops with a layer of bread crumbs and add a layer of grated Parmesan cheese. Divide two ounces of butter in little balls, place them on top and bake to a delicate brown.

The skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India is to be exhumed and sent to the museum at Madras. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height.

A DERVISH.

Like Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows
A rainbow blending of its countless hues;
The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes,
His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes.
Few are the hours his weary limbs repose,
Few are the drops that wet his earthen cruse;
The path is long, the sharp flints cut and bruise,
And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows.

His visions are of calm celestial days—
Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies;
Forever shine before his ardent eyes
The fountained heavenly courts through golden haze:
He deems the more he bears on mortal ways
The greater his reward in Paradise.
—*Clinton Scollard, in Lippincott's.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The *Courier-Journal* advocates noiseless powder for fire-crackers.

Who was Luke's mother?—A Mamaluke, of course.—*Siftings.*

The rudder is a stern necessity to a ship.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Children cry for the moon. Men want the earth.—*Boston Courier.*

The woman who lives in vanity lives in vain.—*Merchant Traveler.*

People who get lonesome realize what poor company they are.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A dime museum has a cow with three tails. There are no flies on that beast.—*New York News.*

The lion is the king of the forest, but the cow is the boss of the barn-yard.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

New York has seen many noble pageants lately; but Boston is the real place for spectacles.—*Puck.*

Somebody says a man can get roaring drunk on water. Well, so he can on land.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Wiggins, the weather prophet, says the seas are drying up. They set him a good example.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"I love you well," the stamp exclaimed,
"Dear envelope so true;
In fact its evident to all
That I am stuck on you."
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Drinking is said to be an indication of good feeling. But it isn't the following morning that the good feeling appears.—*Statesman.*

In commercial circles they have what are called cast iron notes. It seems as though it would be hard to forge them.—*Burlington Republican.*

The smart young man said he had not been in the drug store very long, but he had been at the soda fountain long enough to be a fizzician.—*Washington Critic.*

They were talking about penmanship. "I like your hand," said he. "Don't you want it, George?" she asked, sweetly. No cards.—*Lawrence Daily American.*

With a tightening grasp she seized his arm
Like one with horror dumb,
Gurgled and moaned, then wildly shrieked,
"Oh, George, I've lost my gum!"
—*Texas Siftings.*

"No, Claribel, the fishermen down around Sandy Hook do not keep their money in the Fishing Banks. They take it out of that place whenever they get the chance."—*Statesman.*

A writer who, when young was very green,
In time grew blue as years passed o'er his head.
You ask what caused this transformation scene?
The man grew blue because he was not read.
—*Life.*

"I'm afraid this bill is counterfeit," said the merchant, handing back a hard-looking fiver. "I don't see how that can be," replied the man. "I got it not ten minutes ago from an Italian. If it was a bad bill you may depend upon it he'd want to keep it and cheat somebody with it."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Johnny Dumpsey—"Oh, ma! I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day." Mrs. Dumpsey (much gratified)—"Why, darling?" Johnny Dumpsey—"Because the scholars all laughed at me so to-day that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Peck."—*Burlington Free Press.*

On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check." Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said freezingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Four Men Could Lift the Eiffel Tower.

The whole Eiffel tower in Paris could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfectly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the cauti-lever principle, and its bulk of 9400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in armchair on the floor.

Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile looking elegance of an obelisk, not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark hued meshes. And at any rate, in the eyes of its admirers, it plays the part of mountain tops in the clouds, producing new atmospheric effects in our views of Paris. Tinted vapors hang round its summit; the gray shading of cloudland, the pale pink of dawn, the lurid hues of sunset, furnish striking backgrounds for the iron lacework.

The Eiffel tower never claimed to be a work of art. It was never intended to stand in the category of architectural masterpieces with Notre Dame or the Sainte Chapelle. It must be taken for what it is, and criticized from its own standpoint, neither more nor less. It was planned with the idea that it might fill the disputed place of the eighth wonder of the world. The original seven were not works of art. They were vast masses of material intended to astonish the gaping crowd—for the crowd is perennially gaping.—*Paris Illustre.*