

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
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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 four new States come into the Union with an area three times as great as the British Isles.

Since August 4, 1887, up to recent date, the Government has purchased bonds to the amount of \$201,720,650, at a total cost of \$234,497,744.

Captain Chapel, of the French Artillery, has devised a projectile which is literally "to shoot round a corner." It is to be sent over the heads of men behind works, turn a soursartier, return and take them in rear. "Projectile retrograde," he calls it.

The Bostonians are pluming themselves upon the fact that Sir Edwin Arnold said that they remind him of Englishmen. But, when he added that they "talk the English language in its native purity," the *Commercial Advertiser* says, they began to be doubtful of the value of the compliment.

Every one in Paris was surprised at the youthfulness of Mr. Gladstone during his recent visit. Being asked by some one how many lines of the "Iliad" he still remembered, he replied, after a moment's hesitation: "If some one would give me the first line of any page I think I could repeat what follows to the bottom of that page."

One of the most interesting localities to visit in London during the recent dock strike was the "Booth Arms," a hostelry conducted by members of the Salvation Army. The food was plain, but plentiful and good, and sold at an almost nominal rate. One hundred thousand dockers were estimated to have been fed there during the strike. Soup, bread, sandwiches, coffee, tea and cocoa were the principal items on the menu.

Some convicts in the penitentiary at Salem, Oregon, display energy in proving that they hate work. Several of them within a year have maimed themselves so as to be unfit physically for the tasks allotted them. Recently a colored man, John Saell, took a hatchet and cut off the fingers of his left hand. He is now resting in the infirmary. He has four more years of his sentence of five to serve out. Some one-handed work will be found for him as soon as possible.

According to the New York *Sun* Long Island can boast of a farm which is operated entirely by the labor of insane people. It is known as the Islip farm, and 250 lunatics are employed upon it. It was a wilderness a few years ago, but has been brought to a high state of cultivation. Grain, fruits and flowers are grown upon it, and the men engaged in their production are said to take a deep interest in their work. They are sent there from city institutions by the commissioners of charities and correction, and the experiment is declared to have proved a pronounced success.

A question upon which opinion was much divided at the international botanic congress, in Paris, was whether the grains of corn found in the Egyptian sarcophagi had any seminal virtue left. It appears that most of the so-called mummy corn, remarkable for streaks of tar on the surface and sold to travellers in Egypt at the rate of \$1 per twenty-five grains, is a gross imposture. A gentleman who received a few grains from M. Maspero himself planted them in various soils and positions. A good many sprouted, some even grew about two feet, when they looked like ordinary spring wheat, and then rotted away, but none ever came to maturity.

A story full of pathos of the death of a brave man was made known to the London public the other week. He was a freeman, and in searching for possible sufferers in a burning factory his retreat was cut off. His companions escaped through a small window, but he being too bulky was prevented from following them, and though at the outset he called to his companions to let them know of his plight he said never a word when he saw that all hope of escape was lost, but stood and burned to death with the fortitude of a hero. When his body was found his legs were entirely consumed, but in his charred hand he still held the nozzle of a fire hose. He had done his duty to the last.

The experiments which have recently been brought to a conclusion abroad with a smokeless powder, the latest of the kind invented, have disclosed one defect which militates strongly against its introduction. Immediately upon the discharge of the shot, there is such an intolerable smell produced by the combustion of this new explosive that several of the officers and men at the firing-point have fainted. The powder creates hardly any perceptible smoke, and imparts to the shot a higher velocity than any former compound. The statement that it is noiseless is, however, erroneous. On the contrary, the discharges are louder than hitherto with the old black powder. The new smokeless powder has not yet been made applicable to artillery.

THE SHOP-GIRL'S SUNDAY REST.

SCENE—A small attic containing a narrow cot, a chair, a table, and a few articles of necessity. TIME—Near midnight. Enter a girl poorly clad, wan, and staggering with fatigue.

At last I'm home, and oh! so tired, tired, tired to very death. It's work, work, work, till one has neither strength nor even breath. But this is Saturday, and here's my little peaceful nest. Where I can have, all by myself, a good long Sunday rest.

All through the week I've counted, counted on this precious hour; That thought alone has kept me up, alone gave me the power To finish all the weary work, to live through days oppressed. So tired, so tired, and longing, praying for a Sunday rest.

Here is my candle; there's my little bed, so sweet and nice— You've come to me, you little cot, just now above all prices; And once when I'm in bed I'll sleep, and sleep with happy ease, For I am tired, so tired, and want a long, long Sunday rest.

I ought to eat, no doubt, but I'm not hungry in the least, And couldn't eat if I were seated at a rich man's feast; But let me make a cup of tea—that may perhaps be best; And yet I only care for rest, for one long Sunday rest.

All day I'll sleep; to-morrow's sun shall never make me rise; I'll peep at him between the shades as he ascends the skies; But here I'll sleep and dream as he goes on from East to West, For I have wept, and wept, for one long, quiet Sunday rest.

I'll light my spirit-lamp and heat the water for some tea; Here's sugar and a little milk. How very nice it will be! I do declare that, after all, I'm very, very best.

For shall I not be happy when I have my Sunday rest? Make haste and heat, good water. Waiting is my bid; I sleep almost while you are heating, so heavy is my head; Yes, good is tea, and good are many things; but best—oh, best, Of all the world for me's a long, delightful Sunday rest.

The light is out, and here I am upon my pillow. How sweet it is! Ah me! what made my head then flutter so? I'm weak; but I'll be strong on Monday, when I'm up and dressed, For then I shall have had my precious, precious Sunday rest.

And is it now? Ah, yes, for there's the sun far up the sky. And oh! it makes my heart so glad that I'm allowed to lie; For it is Sunday, Sunday true, and I have got my guest— Here I can stay, and have my long, delicious Sunday rest.

I dreamed I was a child again, and at the dear old farm, So sweet, so calm, where wickedness came not, nor any harm; Oh, mother! mother! let me lie—once more upon your breast, For there alone my heart can find a perfect Sunday rest.

I wonder what they're doing now, dear mother, father, Jack, I must give up the shop, and soon as I am strong, go back, and there, though we are poor, in peace and love we yet were best, And all our days were like a blissful Sunday rest.

I can not well make out—there's such a ringing in my ear! How faint I am! Those sounds, those pleasures sound! Is some one near? Oh no; I only dream. In attic no one comes as guest. I'm quite alone. No friend or foe will break my Sunday rest.

I hear my little sister Bessie's voice—but she is dead! Yes, yes, I see her now, she smooths my pillow, soothes my head. I can not breathe. What is it weighs so heavy on my breast? Oh, come, dear Bessie, lie with me, and take your Sunday rest.

How strange it is! How dark and cold! Ah me! I am so weak, Oh, where is mother, where is Bessie? Some one—some one speak! Oh, yes, I will be up—oh, speak—on Monday—up and dressed— I can't—I do not see—who calls—I come—my Sunday—rest.

A moan, a quivered breath, and there, upon the pillow hushed, Sshay, so wan, and yet so fair, but like a flower crushed; And on her bosom lay her thin white hands, together pressed. And marble cold. She's found an everlasting Sunday rest. —O. B. Bunce.

UNCLE GRASPER.

"Am I indeed the only heir? Is it possible?"

"You are, sir; and for proof I refer you to this document deposited in my hands, the holographic will of Mr. Grasper, your maternal uncle, who died yesterday at his residence in Old James street, number unknown, because he would never spend the thirty cents which a plate would have cost, and his neighbors not being our clients, I am ignorant of their house-numbers."

"And how much did he leave?"

"I have just figured it out. Deducting the legal expenses and charges of all kinds, you will receive the precise sum of forty-three thousand three hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-eight cents."

Solomon Lyon, the artist, seemed to be dazzled.

THE SHOP-GIRL'S SUNDAY REST.

"Forty-three thousand!" stammered he, sinking into a chair.

"Three-hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-eight cents," continued the lawyer, with his most gracious smile.

"But—" he added, gravely adjusting his spectacles.

"Ah, there is a but!" said the heir, starting up quickly.

"Yes, sir. And it will cost you considerable."

"How much?"

"Just half of your inheritance."

"Then I am not the sole heir?"

"ardon me. That does not prevent you from having a colegate."

"And who is he?"

"Your uncle himself."

Solomon Lyon seemed stupefied.

"What do you say?"

"I say, your uncle himself. I will explain; by the terms of the will which is in my hands, Mr. Grasper makes you his heir, but on the condition that you transfer to him one-half of the fortune."

"But how?"

"By putting it with him into his coffin."

Mr. Grasper's heir opened his eyes wide.

"And the clause is formal, sir," continued the lawyer. "Your deceased uncle has expressly stipulated that if you fail to respect his wishes, you shall be deprived of all your rights to the inheritance. In that case, his entire fortune is left to the poor of the town, to whom the deceased confers, with a sincerity that does him honor, that he never gave a cent during his lifetime."

"But," cried young Solomon, "this is absolute folly, my dear sir."

"No, sir, it is not folly. The case is a very simple one. Mr. Grasper was so miserably to astonish everybody when he died from disease rather than from the perpetual fast which he seemed to inflict upon himself. And it would ill become you to complain, since it is in consequence of this stinginess that he succeeded in amassing, cent by cent, the fortune which he has just left you. Now you must be aware that the greatest torture of a miser is the thought that after his death he will have none of the money whose possession was the sole joy of his life. Thanks to the obligation which he imposes upon you, he assures to his remains the enjoyment of a posthumous fortune. Even when dead he will have a portion of the money which was the delight of his eager eyes and avaricious fingers. Of course he will only have half; but if he had demanded the whole, he could not have found an heir who would be an accomplice, obliged for self-protection to carry out the wishes of the testator. It is to this reason alone, you may be sure, sir, that you owe the fortune which has been left to you. Otherwise—"

"Oh," interrupted Solomon, "that is plain enough."

"Well, sir, do you accept?"

"I should think so. Half is better than nothing."

"Well reasoned. Be so kind as to sign this paper. Now let us attend a few details at once. There are some bills which must be paid to-morrow, especially the funeral expenses. Have you plenty of money?"

"I have a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"That is not enough; but the matter can easily be arranged. A week before his death, your uncle, distrustful everybody, deposited all his money in the bank. Here is a check-book which you can use. Please draw a check for two hundred dollars; that will be enough for the funeral and for your immediate needs."

"What," said the surprised artist, "will they give me two hundred dollars on my simple signature?"

"Yes, and twenty thousand whenever you like."

"Why this is admirable, sir."

Solomon Lyon, the landscape painter, after returning to the hotel, passed the night in a state of agreeable insomnia, swelling with pride at the idea that his name written on a piece of paper was worth more than the names of a dozen members of the Academy signed upon a hundred feet of canvas, even when the latter were embellished by gilded frames. One thought, nevertheless, troubled his pleasure; the necessity of depositing in his uncle's coffin half the fortune which he had received so unexpectedly. And as he lay between dreaming and waking, he wondered whether the recent events were realities or hallucinations.

The next morning he sprang out of bed, continuing his reflections, and after washing himself in a tub of cold water, prepared to complete the painful sacrifice. Taking a seat, he drew the check-book from his pocket, and made ready to write the check for the money which he was to draw from the bank for the purpose, also of placing in his uncle's last resting-place. He reflected a moment before putting pen to paper, and suddenly his eyes brightened and a smile appeared upon his lips.

"Ha, my boy," said he, "our uncle didn't think of that."

Two hours later, a visitor Potter, surprised at not receiving a reply from his client, entered the room, found the young gentleman in company with a fat fowl properly cooked, and was welcomed with an air of beatitude from clouds.

"I have found the weak spot," cried the heir, as soon as the man of law appeared upon the threshold of the chamber.

"What weak spot?"

"Here, look for yourself."

The lawyer took the blue paper which his client handed to him.

It was a check in proper form as follows:

"Pay to Joseph Grasper or order, Twenty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-three (21,683) dollars." \$21,683.00.

SOLOMON LYON.

"Now, Mr. Potter, what say you to that?" asked the heir, with a wink. "Is the amount correct?"

"Perfectly correct."

"Very well, whenever Uncle Grasper wants the money, he need only go and draw it."

The argument was unanswerable; and when Solomon Lyon had plausibly de-

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO CONQUER DUST.

That dust is unavoidable as a trueness as thoroughly settled in the belief of most householders as that it is disagreeable; and that it is disagreeable is to be scientifically known from the very different sensations one experiences in a room before and after it has been swept and cleaned, in the lightness and buoyancy and pleasant scent of the air there.

Every room in modern houses has more or less of dust, more or less wood dust, dust from the surfaces of wall-paper and ceilings, dust from the wear and tear of carpets and rugs, a certain amount of fine, almost imperceptible earth dust, and a vast amount of half-decomposed vegetable dust from the roadways, from flower-boxes, from gardens, from clothing, from everywhere.

At all times unwholesome, when dampness gets hold of this dust it ferments, decays and becomes positively poisonous; and this must needs happen on any rainy day, on foggy mornings, on dewy nights and at that season of the year when the dampness seems to penetrate the house and it is not yet time to light the fires that might dry it out or hinder it.

The rooms of a dwelling-house, then, cannot be kept too thoroughly well swept and dusted off, in order that the least possible deposit of dust may be left in them. The usual sweeping of a room with closed doors and windows, so that the rest of the house shall not be disturbed, is not so effective as it is desired to be. The broom cannot reach much help out of loosening and carrying away a great deal of it that is beyond the broom, such as that about the walls, the shelves, the mirrors, that dust which is the finest and the lightest, which rises while the heavier mineral dust sinks, and so proclaims itself the dust of organic decay, and infinitely more injurious to the lungs and other vital organs than any other dust.

Many wives think that the less dust is stirred in sweeping the better the dust is done, and tea-leaves and wet grass and moistened meal are thrown about the floor in order to gather the dust and prevent it from rising. But people giving the matter philosophical attention have come to the conclusion that precisely the opposite course is the fit and proper one; that a good stirring up and then a good blowing out is what the dust needs, and that with blowing unobstructed through the room as thoroughly as a wind can be made to blow, so that it is doubtful if at some time a huge patent bellows shall not be invented, to be applied every time the broom goes to work, and scatter all the slumbering dust to the four winds of outside.

But till this is done, or something like it, it becomes the interest of the individual of a house to see that after the sweeping is over, the dust shall be sufficiently thorough to remove so much of the dust as is left, and not merely to send it flying and let it settle again. The feather duster may have its use before sweeping in wiping down the walls and dislodging the all but invisible particles behind pictures and bookcases and in inaccessible corners, and setting that dust so free that the draught may sweep it out of the room farther than the broom can. But when the broom is laid aside, then clean cloth dusters should come into requisition, and they, frequently and repeatedly shaken, are the only things that, as you possibly remove dust so as to make the removal satisfactory until the time when more dust shall have accumulated.

A Dog's Peculiar Mania.

H. T. Jaeger has a valuable field spaniel which has evinced a very peculiar trait, says the Rochester (N. Y.) *Herald*. At intervals Mr. Jaeger has missed him for a half-day at a time, but he always returned about meal time until one day last week, when he failed to put in an appearance for two days. Thinking him lost Mr. Jaeger inserted an advertisement with the result that the dog was returned the next day by a man who had discovered the reason for this canine's frequent absences. He had developed a mania for riding on street cars. His owner had often noticed that when he started from home the dog would always be in the car first, but never imagined that he would board one alone. Inquiry of the driver elicited the fact that he was a frequent passenger, unaccompanied by his master or members of the family. His favorite position was with his paws on the window sill, like a child, looking out. On the day that he was lost it was proved that he had boarded a Monroe avenue car at Union street, ridden as far as the "four corners," where he changed to a Lake avenue car, was ejected by the driver at Driving Park avenue for not paying his fare, was found later under the seat by the same driver and again put off, when he was picked up and returned to his owner as above described. For riding on street cars the dog is said to be a perfect crank, but is otherwise very intelligent.

Where American Credit is High.

American credit appears to be at the zenith in Europe, particularly in Germany. A returned traveler reports that a Philadelphia with his wife on their bridal tour admired a ring in a jeweler's window in Nuremberg. He asked to have it reserved for a few days, as he was not prepared to purchase it then. "That makes no difference," said the jeweler; "take the ring and my address and pay me when you are ready." Afterward, having paid for this, the same lady and gentleman were admiring a diamond-studded watch and some other articles, "But we cannot possibly buy them," they explained; "we can't spare the money." The jeweler was irresistible. "Just take them home with you," he said, "and pay me in six months, a year, longer if necessary; you can have anything in the shop." Yet all he knew about the travelers was their names and their hotel. The jeweler said he had sold thousands of dollars worth of goods to traveling Americans on credit and had never lost a dollar yet.—*Chicago Herald*.

Hunting the Evil One.

Intense excitement was created at Goochland, Va., during a church meeting by the appearance of Amy Boggs, a small colored girl, in the congregation flourishing a razor. Men, women and children ran in all directions. Some women fainted, others tumbled in the mud, and the girl was soon in possession of the church, her eyes glaring and her slight figure trembling with frenzy. When she had driven the last person from the church she cried out: "Now, I want to see the devil." Set all her knives overpowered by two constables, and, on examination, showed that she was in a religious ecstasy, and was looking for the devil, whose throat she had taken a vow to cut. It was fortunate that the congregation fled before, as she had been told that the devil was in some people, and she designed cutting them open to get at him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Hindoo Robber.

A celebrated robber of Central India has recently been captured and has made a full confession of his life. His name is Tanti Bheel. More than fifty years ago he was arrested on a false charge and made his escape. He was rearrested, served his term, was arrested again and still again; but before his last term was completed he made his escape and took to robbery. He organized a band and with them would swoop down on a village, rob it of its best, perhaps burn the village, and then take to the mountains. He has been called the Robin Hood of India, because he robbed the rich to help the poor. Last year he is said to have distributed 6000 rupees among the poor, and he has often purchased bullocks to feed them. His name has been so widely known that a number of other bands, he declares, are now committing extensive robberies in his name.

A Voodoo Doctor.

The peculiar methods of a voodoo doctor practicing at Madison, Ga., are thus described: When he begins his practice on a patient he gets a pot and fills it with water and roots and puts it on the fire to boil. While the water boils he gets out in the floor and shakes himself and says: "I'm a buzzard, I'm a crow, I'm an eagle, I'm a king fisher," then goes over a lot of unintelligible incantations. He then makes the patient look into the pot of boiling water until he can see the one who tricked him. The patient is visited frequently at night. The pot with roots and medicines is boiled and the patient must undergo a thorough rubbing with the contents of the pot, while the doctor, doing the rubbing, goes over his incantations.

Comparative Appetites.

"When a crowd is coming to the hotel from Los Angeles and the coast, I always figure on sixteen loaves of bread to every hundred guests," said a Colorado hotel cook, "and when a lot of Eastern excursionists are expected, all I allow is ten loaves per each hundred, and I find that is plenty. One Californian eats as much as two Easterners. A Los Angeles man usually drinks two cups of coffee and a San Francisco man three; the excursionist does well if he gets away with one. Everything else is in the same proportion."—*San Diego (Cal.) Union*.

NATURE'S OWN BAROMETER.

WEATHER CHANGES FORETOLD TWO DAYS AHEAD.

Utilizing a Plant's Peculiar Susceptibility to Variations in the Weather.—Professor Nowack's Discovery.

To know forty-eight hours in advance exactly what sort of weather is coming would, every one must admit, be a great convenience, says the London edition of the *New York Herald*. A gentleman now in London, Professor Nowack, by name, claims to have solved this problem. He says that he can tell with unerring accuracy not only the weather which will be experienced in a given locality, but that which will prevail within a radius of fifty miles, or even at much greater distances. His method of doing this differs entirely from that employed by "Professor" Wiggins, "Professor" Vennor or any previous weather prophet, if, indeed, they had any method, and also is totally different from any means utilized by the Meteorological Office. Professor Nowack says that nature herself foretells what sort of weather she is preparing, and that he has discovered the key of the cipher in which her revelation is made. In other words, he relies for the information upon a plant which is peculiarly susceptible to atmospheric changes.

There are numerous plants, particularly in the tropics, as is well known, which are thus affected to a greater or less extent by changes in atmospheric conditions. Professor Nowack has, he claims, discovered just how one variety of these plants is affected or, in other words, has found out how to read, from the changes the plant exhibits, the kind of impending weather which causes them. He has secured a patent on this idea of plant reading, and on the apparatus he has invented for maintaining his weather plants in a uniform temperature, and otherwise subject to favorable conditions.

This plant, the botanical name of which is *Abrus precatorius*, belongs to the acacia family, and is native to Upper Egypt and India. It is the plant which produces "India peas" or "crab's eyes"—those little red seeds with black spots on them, which are often seen in curiosity collections. Its twigs and leaves are in appearance not unlike those of the mountain ash, only they are much smaller and far more delicate.

"It was several years ago," said Professor Nowack to a *Herald* reporter, "that I first got the idea that the changes which this plant exhibits indicate what kind of weather is forthcoming. I began to keep an accurate record of the plant's changes and also of the weather. I kept this up for many months and constantly compared the two records. I finally discovered that like changes exhibited by the plant were almost invariably followed by the same sort of weather about forty-eight hours afterward."

"I have found that in order that the indications may be accurate, such as one can rely upon, the plant should be kept at a uniform temperature of 22 degrees Centigrade, be shielded from the sun and be allowed always to stand in the same position. The rays of the sun affect the plant and render the indications of the atmospheric conditions more or less confusing."

"It is important to keep the plant in an unchanged position, because it has the peculiarity of growing its twigs toward the north, south, east and west in twos and opposite each other. If the plant be turned partially round the twigs will gradually bend toward their respective cardinal points of the compass, and if it is left so the new twigs will grow from the four sides of the stem as named."

Professor Nowack has prepared as many as fifty diagrams, showing different positions which the leaves and twigs of the plant assume at times, and indicated the atmospheric conditions which, he says, each one shows. If the leaves stand upward from the twig making with each other an angle of forty-five degrees, the sky will be cloudless and the weather beautiful in all respects. If they stand out straight at an angle of 180 degrees changeable weather is indicated. As the leaves drop below the twig the indications range toward rain until when the leaves hang straight downward, the water may be expected to fall almost in torrents. A local storm is indicated by curling together of the leaves, and a fog by a bending of the twigs. The Professor has made diagrams of numerous stages intermediate to those above named, and claims to be able to tell from the many variations of position which his wonderfully sensitive plant manifests the direction of storms, winds, fogs, etc., and their approximate distance. He claims to have verified his deductions so often that there can remain no doubt of their correctness.

Indian Sandwiches—These may be made from a mixture of veal or chicken, mixed with chopped ham or tongue. After the two are rubbed together, to each half pint may be added a tablespoonful of stock, a teaspoonful of essence of an anchovy or a little lemon juice. Cut thin slices of bread from the loaf, then with a round biscuit cutter cut out the sandwiches, butter each lightly, and toast until a golden brown. Spread over them while hot a thin layer of the mixture, and press together.

Pickled Chicken—Clean and boil until tender a nice young chicken, when done remove the meat, rejecting the bones and skin. Cut the meat into neat pieces and put them in a glass jar. Take sufficient broth to half fill the jar and add an equal quantity of good cider vinegar, twine whole cloves, some of allspice, a blade of mace, a bay leaf and a slice of onion. Bring to boiling point and pour white hot over the chicken, stand aside, uncovered, to cool. When cold, cover. It will be ready to use in twenty-four hours.

RECIPES.

Peach Chips—Peaches are nice to use in winter in place of raisins, for puddings. Peel and slice the peaches thin. Make a syrup of half a pound of sugar and a pound of the fruit, and water enough to dissolve the sugar. Boil the syrup until it becomes very thick; put in the peaches and scald well; then remove them with the skimmer and dry in the sun. After they are dry, pack closely in jars, sprinkling powdered sugar between layers. The syrup left, I bottle for use in puddings, cakes, meringues, etc.

Fruit Pies—In making fruit pies, mix the fruit, sugar and flour in a bowl before putting them over the crust, if usually annoyed by the pie bursting and losing its goodness. For rhubarb and cherry pies the proportions of ingredients is one pint of fruit, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour. For peaches, blackberries and blueberries, four tablespoonfuls of sugar will be sufficient, unless the fruit is very tart. In covering and effectually closing fruit pies, take the two edges between the first finger and thumb, and thus pinch together the whole circumference; then fold over the edges about a quarter of an inch and again make the circle, this time with a fork or print. If by apertures for the escape of steam have been provided we may defy the liquids getting away.

The annual report of the Scotch lunacy commissioners shows that lunacy is increasing in Scotland.

The salt industry in southern Kansas is assuming majestic proportions. A dozen great salt pans are already in operation, and others will soon be established.

A California paper tells of a man in that State raising a bee with which he fed two horses and three cows four days.

AFTER THE RAIN.

The sunset on the water's breast
Is evening down its mellowed light;
The clouds are floating into rest,
Before the night.

Now that the storm has passed away,
A parable of nature lies
On path and field, for those who say
That they are wise.

Beside the placid more I stand,
And watch the rainbow's wondrous stain
A fragrance from the moistened land
Gives thanks for rain.

A twitter from unnumbered birds
That haunt the tangled flowery ways—
What is it but the simple words
Of love and praise?

We thank our Father for the light
In which His tenderness appears,
For sunny joys—forgetting quite
To thank for tears;

Forgetting that His testament
Is written on the rainy skies—
That blessed comforters are sent
For fearful eyes;

Forgetting he that goes in tears
To sow upon a field of pain,
Shall come when harvest season nears
To gather grain.
—Arthur L. Salmon, in Good Words.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The biggest waterfall is but a drop of water.

The tailor frequently has pressing business on hand.

The woodcutter need never go hungry. He can always have a chop.

Orators climb the ladder of fame by means of rounds of applause.

The man who goes to the seashore resort for change generally comes back without any.

The cat, after making its protest, frequently rises to give some additional claws to the argument.

She—"All extremely clever men are awfully conceited." He—"Oh, I don't know! I'm not."—*London Tit Bits*.

A lispng man does injustice to the young woman of the period, because in his case a mis is always a myth.—*Judges*.

The young man whose poem is rejected should rejoice. His reward comes ten years later, when he looks over the manuscript of that poem.

"Don't you feel well to-day, dear?" asked the dressmaker of the seamstress, and the seamstress replied softly: "Only sew-sew."—*Somerville Journal*.

Joneson (to fortune-teller)—"You have told me that I am to be married soon. Will you kindly tell me when I am to be separated from the present Mrs. Joneson?"

Briggs—"Hello, Briggs! I've just got back from the lakes, you know." Bragg—"I'm very sorry, my boy, but I haven't got a cent."—*Terre Haute Express*.

"If coming events cast their shadows before," said Johnny, just after he had been severely rebuked by his irate parent, "the occurrence leaves its marks behind."

Servant Maid—"Madam, the doctor! Lady (who is having a delightful call from a neighbor)—"It is impossible to receive him now. Say that I am ill!"—*Wasp*.

"How We Are Governed" is the title of a book published not long ago. We haven't read it, but presume it is the experience of a married man.—*New York Journal*.

First Doctor—"I hear you treated my neighbor for typhus fever. Was it a bad case?" Second ditto—"Very bad; the man never paid his bill."—*Offenbacher Zeitung*.

She—"What were you doing to-day?" He—"I was reading 'Looking Backward.'" She—"Dear me! How awkward! Didn't it hurt your neck?"—*Chicago Journal*.

The difference between a bumble bee and a lynching bee is that the former ends with a sting and the latter with a swing. Western papers please copy.—*Cleveland Leader*.

If you eat roast goose on Michaelmas Day No money you'll lack the year 'round, they say.

That's the reason that editors poor we meet; The poor fellows never have goose to eat.
—*Goodall's Sun*.

All that men do in this world is for the sake of woman. She is the spur of action and keeps the world in activity." This may be true, but it is noticeable that wherever she may be there is now less bustle than formerly.

First Waiter Girl—"Do you ever get any tips, Mary, at your place?" Second Waiter Girl—"The gentlemen sometimes tip their hats to me." F. W. G.— "That's something. They don't do that even at our place."—*Boston Courier*.

WEDDED BLISS.
God bless our wives,
They fill our lives
With little less and honey;
They ease life's shocks
And mend our socks—
But—don't they spend the money!
—*Morris and Essex Record*.

Baldheaded and very homely old gentleman to photographer: "Drot such pictures! Can't you make me look any better than that after five sittings?" Photographer (thoroughly exasperated): "I think I can, sir, if you will allow me to take the back of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blamed sight prettier."—*Burlington Free Press*.

How Wild Geese Guide Themselves.

One of the most interesting studies of the habits of migratory fowl is the rare intelligence which they show in guiding themselves by prominent landmarks. An Englishman who was shooting in Labrador some years since recently stated that while in camp at the base of a range of hills he was interested in observing the precision with which flocks of wild geese changed their course when directly breast of two prominences, conspicuous objects in the landscape. At that point they swerved from west to south. At times the old ganders, leading flocks of young birds, were greatly troubled in forcing their eaders for a shift of route,