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The growth of cities in the United States is not among the least of the marvels of its development. There are now 350 of them, with an aggregate population of nearly 16,000,000.

During the year 1889 there were carried over the elevated railroads of New York city 182,413,987 passengers, not one of whom was injured by carelessness or other fault of the management. This is certainly a wonderful showing and affords a marked contrast to the accidents associated with surface travel.

During recent German manoeuvres it was found that with bodies of troops 400 yards apart, one body in the woods, the sound of their firing could be heard, but there was not smoke enough to locate them accurately for a return fire to be effective. It is suggested that the balloon will become necessary for reconnaissance in such cases when smokeless powder comes to be generally used.

Rumor has it that there is soon to be a "world's strike" of seafaring men, to affect the merchant marine service or all countries, but especially that of America, England, Australia and the China Seas. It is said that the members of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, numbering more than a quarter of a million men in the trade between the above-mentioned sections, have managed to collect nearly a million of dollars with which to support the strike.

The Quebec Legislature has passed a bill offering 100 acres of land to every man who is the father of twelve children. The persons entitled to this novel bonus appear to be numerous. At Trois Pistoles there are two families, named Roulette and Belzil, who each have fifteen living children. Another named Gingras, in Bellechasse, has had no fewer than thirty-four children born to him. Still another named Cretien, in L'Islet, has twenty-seven, and one Villancourt, in Kamouraska, has just had his thirty-seventh infant baptized.

The young Emperor of Germany has ordered the suppression of all words of French origin in the addresses of letters. At the same time the Czar of all the Russias issues from his bomb-proof an ukase to the effect that all letters for foreign lands shall be addressed exclusively in French. The New York Commercial Advertiser suggests to their mercantile associates a compromise: "Let their subjects learn and use good American. They will have to come to it at last. It is the language of the future, and the sooner that it is acknowledged the better."

There has been an example in Manchester, England, recently of the folly of parents exposing their children to disease with the idea that they must have it at one time or another, and that as they must have it the trouble may as well be over with. Some Manchester mothers had this notion in regard to measles, with the result that in two weeks forty-four children died. The mothers deliberately placed their children in the way of taking the disease. The large mortality was probably due to the fact that a gripe was prevalent at the time. The Chicago Herald declares it to be the very acme of unwisdom to expose a child to any disease.

Thanks to the missionaries, inner Africa is now able to do a good deal of her own printing, as the Portuguese found out in October last. They received, the New York Sun asserts, a printed declaration from Consul Johnston announcing that a large part of the Shire River region had been placed under the protection of Great Britain. The typesetting and press work had been done by black boys at Blantyre, the new famous mission station in the beautiful Shire Highlands, where the wilderness has been made to blossom, hundreds of acres having been turned into plantations and grain fields, while scores of children are studying in the school and learning trades in the workshops. It has cost \$200,000 thus far to bring about this transformation.

One thing which harasses Americans in England perhaps more than anything else, observes the New York World, is that they have so frequently to pay for something which should be supplied free and supplied freely. The performance at the theatres is a familiar illustration. The latest story of returning travelers, however, has to do with the lights in the underground railroad cars. The passenger can turn one on and read his paper if he puts a penny in the slot. If he grudges the penny he cannot have the illumination. The light is arranged in a deep box just back of the passenger's head. It is an electric light and will only illuminate the paper or book immediately in front of it and will only illuminate it for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, if a second penny does not come in, the light goes out. In this way the radiance remains fixed, although obviously the passenger's pockets grow lighter all the time.

HOW THE SUN WENT DOWN.

We were together, my love and I, We roamed the meadows and life was sweet; Never a cloud in the summer sky, And flowers a-blowing about our feet. Our hearts were glad for that one glad day, So bright it seemed of all joy the crown; But the beautiful brightness passed away, Oh, how quickly the sun went down. Golden light upon land and sea! Golden light for my love and me! Never can dawn a day so bright, Linger a little with us to-night! We have been parted, my love and I, Many a year by time and tide. Not till we reach the home on high Shall I stand again at my lost one's side. The flowers are faded, the world is cold, The trees are naked, and gaunt, and brown, And youth has fled and my heart is old, Oh, how slowly the sun goes down! Evening shadows of dreamy gray, Draw your veil over my weary way! Till day shall break and the shadows flee And morning bringeth my love to me. —Florence Tyler, in Once-a-Week.

DOLLY'S CONFESSION.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The clear February sunshine lay like a river of gold across the dark, rich lines of the Axminster carpet as Dolly Damar drew the decorated window shade.

"It seems a pity to shut out God's sunshine," murmured she, "but Mrs. Ledyard is always cautioning me about letting that carpet fade."

And she took a farewell glance over the snow channelled avenue, where gaily caparisoned sleighs skimmed to and fro and parties of promenaders occupied the pavements before she returned to her hum-drum task of dusting the drawing room.

For Dolly Damar was "only the upstairs girl" in Mrs. Ledyard's pretentious establishment. She was a farmer's daughter, who had received an education above the average; and when old Hiram Damar's death had broken up the household, she had come to New York, hoping to get a situation as nursery governess or companion.

Disappointed in one after another of her aspirations, she was at last glad to secure a place as parlor maid at Mrs. Ledyard's, where she was to-day, singing as she dusted brick-a-brac and polished plate glass—for Dolly was a cheerful little maid, and had an inveterate habit of making the best of things.

Crash! Dolly gave a start and turned around. Little Gladys, the youngest child of the Ledyard flock, in tampering with a china shepherdess, had knocked it over. It lay in a score of glittering fragments on the floor.

"Oh, Miss Gladys!" cried the upstairs girl. "What have you done?"

"Dolly, don't give me away," stammered the staid daughter of the house. "But ma it was the cat."

"But Miss Gladys, that would be a lie."

"No, it wouldn't. It would be nothing on earth but a tiny little white fib. And ma will be so mad! Oh, Dolly, do let her think it was pussy!"

"I couldn't, Miss Gladys. Please don't ask me! I trusted poor Dolly. I must speak the truth if she asks me."

Miss Gladys Ledyard swung, muttering out of the room.

"I'll be even with her yet!" said she; "the mean, hateful tattle-tale!"

And when Mrs. Ledyard came home from her sleigh-ride in the park, Gladys was beforehand with the "mean, hateful tattle-tale." Mrs. Ledyard sent for Dolly, taxed her with the misdemeanor of breaking a Dresden shepherdess worth twenty dollars, and then endeavoring to conceal her mishap, while Gladys stood grinning by, and then discharging her, first warning her that it would be useless to expect a reference from that number on Fifth avenue.

So poor Dolly went back to the intelligence office and sat there day after day, until all her slender stock of patience, and still more slender supply of money, were exhausted. No one would engage a girl without any reference from her last place. Day by day her heart sank lower and the future became darker, until her landlady's daughter, a stylish, black-eyed girl, who was lady's maid in a handsome house on Mallialue Square, heard of her dilemma.

"Do recommend, eh?" said she. "I can set all that square! I'll give you now!"

"You?"

"Yes, I. Why not? It's often done. I know two or three girls who have helped each other out of a tight place like that. My family is going in the country for the Easter holidays. Send your people to 6 Mallialue Square, Mrs. Nyton, and I'll be Mrs. Nyton, and give you an A. No. 1 character!"

"But, Ellen, that would be untrue!"

"What would be untrue? That you are honest, willing, capable?"

"No, but—you are not Mrs. Nyton!"

"I shan't say that I am. I merely say what I know to be the truth about you; and if you succeed in getting a good place, all that I ask is a dollar or two out of your first month's wages. It'll be a sort of mortgage!"

And Ellen showed her broad white teeth in a laugh.

"It's a pity if we poor girls can't outwit the fine ladies now and then. Any time after Monday, Mrs. Nyton will be at home."

Dolly hesitated long, argued the point feebly, but finally gave in, and little Mrs. Edgcombe, of Lilliesleaf Farm, was more than delighted with the "reference" she obtained for her new maid in the Mallialue Square mansion.

"Such an elegant house!" said she, "and a tea-gown of olive plush, such as I never saw out of a fashion-plate. But I was surprised to hear Mrs. Nyton speak such dreadfully bad grammar!"

"Probably," said Mr. Edgcombe, "she is endowed with more money than brains."

Dolly Damar was quite happy at Lilliesleaf. It was, strictly speaking, a bee-farm, but they kept cows and poultry as well, and Dolly was delighted to get back to the pleasant cares that had been so familiar to her in the old life.

John Gardiner, Mrs. Edgcombe's brother, the village pastor, boarded there, and they soon discovered that Dolly was no ordinary uneducated "kitchen help."

The three children were blue-eyed, sunny-tempered little cherubs, the wages were generous, and Dolly found herself at last in possession of a home.

After the housework was done of an evening, she could help Mrs. Edgcombe with the family mending, copy music for Mr. Gardiner's choir practice, or write to the dictation of Mr. Edgcombe, who was painfully preparing a "Text Book on Bee Culture," and day by day she grew, she scarcely knew how, brighter and happier.

She had experienced a pang of remorse when she sent Ellen Gibbs a two-dollar bill in a letter, out of the first instalment of her wages, but that was soon over; until, one Sunday afternoon, sitting in charge of her class in the little church, she heard John Gardiner's talk to his Sunday-school about the divine attributes of truth.

Like a keen-edged poniard, it stung her to the heart.

"And I," said she to herself, "am a liar! What business have in this happy home—this pure, peaceful atmosphere? Oh, I wish—how I wish—I never had listened to Ellen Gibbs! And yet, if I hadn't, I must have starved or drowned myself. Oh, dear, how hard it is to know what is right!"

She went home and packed her poor little trunk.

"My second month is up to-morrow," Mrs. Edgcombe said, she is a faltering voice, "and I am returning to New York."

"To New York? Oh, Dolly!" cried the little woman, throwing up her hands in despair. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Dolly, valiantly swallowing her tears; "only I must go."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"If you want higher wages?"

"No, Mrs. Edgcombe; you pay me all I earn now," protested Dolly.

"Then what is it, Dolly? Dear, Dolly, do stay. You are like one of ourselves," pleaded Mrs. Edgcombe.

But Dolly only answered with her tears.

"I can't think what has changed her so, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Edgcombe. "The children have coaxed her—dear little things!—and Mrs. Edgcombe has offered her a better rate of compensation, but it is of no use. Perhaps, John, if you were to speak to her—"

Mr. Gardiner sat silently balancing his pen, regarding of the big round blot that had fallen on the "Thirdly" of his next Sunday's sermon. It was a strange revelation to him, the chill feeling that came across his heart at the idea of Dolly Damar's going away.

"Yes," said he, "I will speak to her. Somehow, it seems as if we couldn't spare her."

But even to his kind reasonings, Dolly only replied with tearful silence.

"I must go," said she—"I must! And you, if you knew all, would say the same thing."

"I don't know what I shall do, I'm sure," said Mrs. Edgcombe, lapsing into deep despair. "I never shall have courage to face an intelligence office again. Cassie Merton has just been here, telling me the strangest stories about those places. It seems, she knows of a woman whose whole business it is to act as 'reference' to girls who can't get any, or don't care for. She has hired a grandly furnished flat, and sits up there all day, acting the part of the last lady with whom the girls lived, at so much a head. Just fancy what a deception! The police have broken up this place, at the complaint of some lady who found herself the victim of a dishonest maid whose recommendation was obtained in this manner, but who knows how many others there may be?"

Dolly sprang to her feet, very pale but firm.

"Mrs. Edgcombe," said she, "that is what I did! That is the reason I am going away from you. I can't live on here and bear the burden of my guilt any longer!"

And she confessed it all, beginning at the story of the Dresden shepherdess, and ending with Ellen Gibbs' sitting up in the vacant boudoir of the lady who had gone to spend the Easter holidays at Tuxedo Park.

"Now you know all," said she; "please let me go at once, for my course you won't be willing to have me sit down to the table with the dear little children again."

And her words died away in a great burst of tears.

"Not willing indeed!" cried Mrs. Edgcombe. "Of course I won't be willing to let you stir a step from Lilliesleaf farm. Is that all that troubles you, Dolly?"

"Isn't that enough?" wailed poor Dolly.

"Quite enough to satisfy me that you must stay," said Mrs. Edgcombe.

"Why, Dolly, child, you're like my own sister now. Do you think I will let you go back into such temptation again? Never! Talk to her, John. Make her understand that we like her better than ever for having told us the truth—dear, brave girl!"

And Mrs. Edgcombe ran out of the room to tell her husband that all was right.

Dolly looked timidly at Mr. Gardiner.

"Well," said he, kindly, "it is for you to decide," whispered she. "I will do exactly what you say."

"You'll promise me that, Dolly?"

"Yes," she avowed, artfully.

"Dear little Dolly!" said he. "You have done very wrong, but you have atoned for all that by your free and frank confession. My verdict is that you remain here."

"Oh, Mr. Gardiner, I am so glad!"

"Stop," said he. "I am not quite through."

"Oh!" sighed Dolly, blankly. "There is something else I want you to do."

"By way of penance?"

Dolly's blue eyes sparkled; her old playful spirit was coming back again.

"If you choose to call it penance, yes, I have discovered something within the last hour, Dolly. I have discovered that if you went away a great portion of the light and sunshine of my life would go also; that I love you, Dolly, and this thing that I ask of you is to be my wife!"

Dolly hid her burning face among the leaves of the big geranium in the window.

"—I think—I must—be—dreaming," said she. "—Because—how can I have deserved such happiness as this?"

"If we all got only what we deserve in this world," said Mr. Gardiner, "we should some of us fare pretty hard! That is the clerical side of me. And now, Dolly—my own darling little Dolly," taking her tenderly to his heart—"here is the human side of me! No happiness in all the universe can be too much for you, sweet one! And I love you all the better, in that you are no more absolutely perfect than myself."

And this "situation" as minister's wife at Lilliesleaf was the last that Dolly Damar ever took, and if any one else wants a "reference" for her they must ask the Reverend John Gardiner!—Saturday Night.

Farmhouses in Holland.

The houses in Holland, a correspondent says, are mostly of brick, square in shape, one story high with peaked red tiled roof. The hatched roof which is so usual in Belgium is here seldom seen. The houses are usually neat looking, both outside and in.

On opening the door you are shown into a large room with kitchen utensils in the glory of highly-burnished splendor hanging about a stove or cooking range, with here a table, a settee and a few chairs, with a strip of carpet laid on a brick floor.

Ranging down this long room is a row of cow stalls on an elevated brick-paved platform, with a trench back of the stalls about two feet wide and two feet deep. This room accommodates from twenty to fifty cows on a well-to-do farmer's place, and was a curious sight to us. These stables and kitchen combined are scrubbed clean and whitewashed and are as clean as any ward in some of our best hospitals.

In the spring, when the cattle are turned out to grass, the stalls are scrubbed and scoured, the brick pavements painted and the walls and ceilings whitewashed. Lace curtains are arranged at the windows; often flower-pots or little jardiniere are kept there during the summer, and the room smells as sweet and is as clean as the milk house of the most fastidious farmer's wife.

After the cows are housed in the fall, they remain in until spring. You see no cow yards. The cattle are either in pasture or in their stalls. When turned out, they are blanketed with sack cloth, curiously held in place by robes running under and around the legs.

This large room mentioned above is occupied jointly by the cows and the servants. Opening from it you enter a dining and a sitting-room, generally carpeted, and, unlike the stable and kitchen, has wooden floors. From this you enter the bedrooms. The beds are generally in an elevated alcove, with doors in front, cutting it off from the room. The bed is generally a bunk. In this province bedsteads are seldom used.

I was shown into a bedroom furnished with a washstand, a table and some chairs, but there seemed to be no bed. Investigation of what appeared to be a cupboard door in the wall, only about the size of ordinary sideboard doors, showed the bed in this cupboard, or closet, so high from the ground that steps kept inside for the purpose had to be used to get in.

A New Industry for Children.

A novel industry for children's tiny little fingers has somewhat recently been introduced into England, and is quite as fascinating to the little workers as it is remunerative. A company has been formed for the manufacture of toys, which were formerly imported into the country at the almost incredibly large sum of \$2,000,000. When it was learned that most of the work of manufacturing the toys was accomplished by little children, who enjoyed their employment so much that they preferred it to play, this company established their factory in the midst of a crowd of fields, at Birmingham, and advertised to teach children the work free of cost. As soon as the people learned of this offer, women and children besieged the place in such numbers that the street was literally packed with applicants, and the police had great difficulty to force their way through the throng. The children after learning how to do the work are allowed to take it to their homes, and, surrounded by new comforts and luxuries purchased by the proceeds of their fascinating employment, amid the refining influences of home, hundreds of busy little hands are employed in delightful work.

To call out the most intelligent workers in the trade the company issued a list of prizes to be competed for by the children under twelve years of age and awarded to the child who shall construct the best outfit for the company's paper doll. The largest prize is \$5, the smallest \$3, and other prize lists are to follow presently. —New York Sun.

He Eats Lamp Chimneys.

A man walked into a queensware house in Asheville recently, and purchased a lamp chimney. He took from his pocket a handful of crackers, called for a cup of water, and before the eyes of the astonished clerks proceeded to make a meal of the glass. It was apparently relished, and after finishing his strange repast, he thanked the attendants for their kindness and withdrew. —Asheville (S. C.) Citizen.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

MAKING STOCK.

There is a great deal of unreliable information going the rounds of many papers, professing to tell how to run a stock-pot. Such as, for instance, that a vessel can be kept on the back of the stove, and bones, scraps of meat and vegetables put into it after each meal, and kept constantly simmering, and that from this mess good soups can be obtained. If there is a family of any size, there should be enough of the bones and remains of poultry and meat and game to make a soup at least four times a week without buying fresh meat for the purpose. The most satisfactory way to do this, however, is to keep a dish in your larder or ice-box, to receive such bits and the cold gravies for a day or two, and then make as much broth from them as their quantity will allow. In a boarding-house, or a very large family, it may be possible to keep a stock-pot constantly simmering, but the broth should be strained off and the bones and vegetables thrown out every twenty-four hours. Vegetables should not be put into it until an hour before the soup is to be removed. If soup is to be boiled three hours, use one quart of cold water to every pound of bone and meat, in the proportion of one of the former to three of the latter. If it is to boil six hours (and where time is no object this should always be allowed), add two quarts to every pound of meat; this will reduce to one quart by boiling. The boiling must be slow and steady, and the skimming must be thorough. Inattention to these details clouds the stock and makes it dark. About one hour before the stock is done, add the usual bunch of soup herbs, one carrot, one turnip and one onion stuck with three cloves. This is the proportion for four quarts of plain stock. Simmer an hour longer, strain into an earthen jar, and leave it stand to cool, uncovered. If there is time to let it get perfectly cold, the fat may be removed in a solid cake; if not it may be skimmed off, and in either case it is excellent for frying. Many housewives do not find it necessary to use a bit of lard. The fat first poured from the top of soups. —American Agriculturist.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To freshen salt fish soak them in sour milk.

The best of tea makes but an indifferent concoction unless the water is fresh.

Anything mixed with water requires a hotter oven than anything mixed with milk.

Beets should be boiled one hour in summer, one hour and a half, or even two hours, if large, in winter.

Apples will not freeze if covered with a linen cloth, nor a pile or custard burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

When several cups of tea of equal strength are wanted, pour a little into each cup and then fill in adverse order. The tea first poured from the pot is the weakest of the decoction.

All vegetables should go into fast boiling water, to be quickly brought to the boiling point again, not left to steep in the hot water before boiling, which toughens them and destroys color and flavor.

Paper may be perfumed by laying a perfumed sachet with the sheets and envelopes, or dry sachet powder may be sprinkled in the box, laying an extra sheet of paper between the box and paper.

There is nothing that removes impurities from floors, etc., so rapidly as boiling hot soda and water, applied with a long-handled scrubbing brush and rinsed off once with clear water and dried with a clean cloth.

When the skin is bruised it may be prevented from becoming discolored by using a little dry starch or arrowroot merely moistened with cold water, and placed on the injured part. This should be done at once.

If black dresses have been stained hold a handful of fig leaves in a quart of water and reduce it to a pint. A sponge dipped in this liquid and rubbed upon them will entirely remove stains from crapes, bombazines, etc.

The practice of rubbing the face with vaseline or other cosmetic sometimes makes the hair grow where it is not becoming. Camphor applications, like other irritants or stimulants to the skin, will cause superfluous hair.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woollen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat plentifully and carefully brushing it into a dust pan after a short time and putting it on fresh until the oil has all disappeared.

Rub chalk all along the edge of the door that "sticks," then close it as nearly as you can. The chalk will only come off on that portion of the door opposite the part that needs planing to ease the door. So you need not waste your wood and time in planing away any other part.

It is a little difficult to determine just when custard is sufficiently cooked. This will settle the point: Take a spoonful of the mixture and let it run back into the dish. If it leaves the spoon entirely more cooking is necessary. Should there be little specks upon the spoon it is quite time to remove the "soft" custard from the stove.

A good enough mixture is made by taking two ounces of lard of gilded bees and boiling them very slowly in a quart of boiling water. Let it simmer to one pint, then strain it and add one pound of honey in comb, with the juice of three lemons. Let all boil together until the wax in the honey is dissolved.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright manner. If the milk is pure a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

Mrs. Dros Ickes, of Columbus, Ohio, is fourteen years old and a widow.

MANUFACTURE OF CORKS.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A LITTLE KNOWN INDUSTRY.

Cork is the Bark of a Species of Oak—How it is Boiled, Softened and Punched.

There is a veil of mystery hanging over a cork manufactory which is difficult to pierce. Of the twenty factories in this country none will receive visitors. Their employes labor behind barred portals and only differ from State charges in not wearing barred clothes. Of these twenty factories four are in this city, four in Boston, three in Lancaster, Penn., three in Canada, one in Baltimore, one in Pittsburg, one in Norwich, Conn., and the rest in unfrequented places. Six importers feed these concerns with stock.

A cork factory is an odd place. Scarcely a sound comes from the buildings where the industry is carried on. Noiseless machinery whirls with great rapidity the only sound heard is that of escaping steam. Cork is soft and elastic, as everybody knows, and is the bark of a species of oak which grows abundantly in Portugal, Italy and Spain, principally in Spain. The trees grow to a prodigious size and live to the ripe old age of 150 years. At fifteen they begin to bear and continue to furnish new crops of cork every five years. The harvesting occurs in the early spring. At that season of the year a large number of laborers are turned loose in the wilderness and the harvesting begins. Incisions are made around the trees and the bark is stripped off. It is then boiled to take out the sap, after which it passes through the pressing process. When dry it is cut, scraped, trimmed and put up in bales like cotton for shipment. The bark varies in thickness from half an inch to five inches, and the price fluctuates from three to thirty cents a pound.

At the factories it is placed in a square box and steamed to soften it, so that it can be easily worked. Then it goes to the saw and is cut into long strips. These saws are different from ordinary saws, inasmuch as they have no teeth. They are provided with a razor-like edge instead. They make 2000 revolutions a minute, and if one should be so unfortunate as to feed his finger instead of cork, amputation would be just as complete and clean.

From the sawer the strips go to the punching machine. This is a simple piece of mechanism, furnished with punches of all sizes, from three-eighths of an inch to five inches in diameter. It is operated with a lever and does its work as fast as a man can handle it. The strips are punched with the grain and it requires no little judgment to guard against imperfections in the bark. It is here that the greatest waste in the material is experienced. From a strip of bark a trifle over a foot long only a dozen corks can be made, and half of the material is lost. But the waste does not end here. It goes tagging the cork all over the factory. Even those that are so successful as to be moulded into a useful form have to be sorted and a goodly number are rejected. So that waste is one of the characteristic features of the manufacture of cork.

Within the last few years, however, use has been found for these scraps which have considerably lessened the manufacturer's loss.

After being punched into circular form the corks go to the tapering machine, where their final preparation comes. This is by far the most interesting part of this interesting industry. Not so very many years ago the only tapering machine known was an ordinary man and his knife. Now hand-made corks are unknown. This finishing machine is nothing more or less than a lathe, the knife of which moves after the manner of an old-fashioned apple-peeler. The corks are put into an iron band, which conveys them to a imaginary mouth, when up comes the knife and the shaving is cut. The finished cork then drops out of place to make room for another. When running the machine resembles a hungry man. Its capacity is about 100 gross per day.

But bottle stoppers are not the only things which are made of cork. Many specialties, such as cork washers of various sizes, caps for pocket flasks and kerosene oil cans and sliced corks are manufactured also. Sliced cork is used for insoles. It is also used in silk machinery where friction occurs. The cork washers are fast taking the place of rubber ones and are now considered the only thing with which to pack valves, as the troublesome oil, which eats up rubber, has no effect on cork.

Before us were discovered for the waste some hundreds of tons were burned up every month, and thousands of dollars were lost in this way. Things are different now, however. All the waste is shipped to this city and made into life preservers, cork jackets, cork sprinkled paper, in which glass is packed, and linoleum. This pulverized stuff is also extensively used to pack Malaga grapes in, being handy, safe and light. Bed mattresses and yacht cushions are also made of the shavings, and are superior to those made of other materials. In fact, they are so superior and come so high that but few can afford the luxury. Every well-furnished yacht, however, is thoroughly equipped with them. —New York Tribune.

The Bookcases Were Too Large.

A story is told of a gentleman who is now and has been for some years past engaged in rearing an elegant mansion of stone a dozen miles or so out of Boston. Much care has been taken and no expense spared in its erection. The other day he went out to see how the work was progressing and visited the library. It is a noble room, and it has been surrounded by elegant bookcases of carved oak in elaborate design. The owner gave in a glance about the spacious and beautiful apartment and then exclaimed to the contractor: "What made you build the bookcases so high? Cut them down two feet and put cupboards underneath! Do you think I am going to buy books for all those shelves?" —Boston Advertiser.

WHEN THE TRAIN COMES IN.

There