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One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
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Half Column, one year	50 00
One Column, one year	100 00

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

A number of Philadelphians have petitioned Congress to authorize and direct the coinage of fifteen cents coin.

Oysters are a favorite dish with our legislators at Washington. In the Senate restaurant about twenty-five bushels a day are served out, and fully the same quantity is dealt out in the House restaurant.

Upon the return of the Squadron of Evolution to home waters, it is thought that in combination with other vessels on the coast there will be a grand landing of the naval brigade for drill and instruction in camp routine.

Not every person knows that the sure test of genuine paper currency is to hold the bill up to the light so that you can discern two lines running parallel across its entire length. These are a red and a blue silk thread inside the paper. No counterfeit has them.

Europeans are becoming alarmed over statements that another epidemic, also of the "nero malady" kind, is following in the wake of the influenza. It has its home in southern regions and its symptoms are a feeling of paralysis in the limbs and a tendency to lethargic sleep.

Senator Sawyer has discovered the value of advertising. The fact was mentioned in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* that he was one of the wealthiest in the list of Senatorial bachelors and widowers. Within a few days thereafter he received 7237 letters from spinsters willing to marry him.

A wealthy citizen of Osaka, Japan, who is the owner of a rich copper mine, has celebrated in a rather peculiar manner the 200th anniversary of the mine coming into possession of his family. On that occasion each of his 300 or more employes received as a memento of the occasion a swallow tail coat.

The daily rations of a pair of ostriches on the Fallbrook farm, San Diego County, Cal., are forty pounds of beets for breakfast, and for dinner a gallon or two of grain. For dessert the birds are given bits of bone. "Gail Hamilton," the pride of the farm, is two years old and stands nine feet five inches high.

Though the King of Dahomey, against whom the French in Africa are now at war, is a very bloodthirsty person, whose favorite amusement consists in killing his subjects, he appears to have advanced ideas on the equality of the sexes. His army is largely composed of female warriors. In a recent battle a number of black amazons were killed by the French.

An electrical instrument has been invented, which is designed to remove the pain incidental to the extraction of teeth. It consists of adjustable prongs carrying buttons and connected with an electric battery. The buttons are placed on the face over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established the moment the extracting instrument touches the tooth to be removed.

According to a recent official return the length of the telegraph lines on the globe is at present about 600,000 miles, or twenty-six times its circumference at the equator. The length of wire is 1,688,880 miles, or eighty times the length of the equator. Europe has telegraph lines measuring 232,270 miles; America, 176,246; Asia, 50,375; Australia, 26,053, and Africa, 12,973. These are the land lines. There are, besides, 950 sub-marine cables of a total length of 112,701 nautical miles.

Japan is going to hold an exposition of her own in the Uyeno Park of Tokio, this year. It is not to be on the world's fair order, however; Government exhibits aside, only Japanese products and works will be exhibited. None the less it promises to be a show well worth seeing. There are to be eight departments or sections—fine arts, agriculture, horticulture, live stock, sea food, forestry, mineralogy, metallurgy and machinery. Ample accommodations for visitors, in the way of hotels and restaurants are promised, as also reduced rates from San Francisco and other points.

The white population of the Congo, in West Africa, is increasing at quite a rapid rate. Five years ago, after Stanley had founded his stations, there were only about 200 white men engaged in the various enterprises along the river. The number has now increased to nearly 500, some of whom have lived on the river nine or ten years. The gratifying thing about it is that a fair average of health is maintained among these colonists. The fact would attract world-wide attention if these pioneers were having the experience which, it is said, was formerly the fate of the Governors of Sierra Leone, the old Governor invariably going home in his coffin while the new official was traveling to his field of labor.

ONLY A PAUPER.

Only the face of a pauper:
Eagerly pressing the window pane;
Heedless alike of the snow and the rain;
Watching the rich sit down to dine,
To their smoking meat and sparkling wine,
Hungrily eyeing the tempting fare,
With a look that bespeaks the heart's despair;
Then turned again to the dismal street,
To the piercing wind and the stinging sleet—
Only the face of a pauper.

Only the hands of a pauper:
Tremblingly clutching the tattered shawl;
Bloodless and numb are the fingers small.
Once they were rosy and plump and fair,
A baby's fingers, untouched by care;
Little more than an infant's now
Are the slim hands pressed to the throbbing brow,
As with feeble steps she totters on,
To be jostled and pushed by the heartless throng—
Only the hands of a pauper.

Only the feet of a pauper:
Bleeding and bruised by the icy stone,
Shoes and stockings are all unknown,
Senseless now to the freezing air,
As she hurries on, she knows not where;
On through the streets unshod they roam,
Sheltered no more by the warmth of home;
While the fierce wind roars, and the storm beats wild
On the ill-clad form of the shrinking child—
Only the feet of a pauper.

Only the cry of a pauper:
Wrung from the lips by the heart's deep woe,
As the frail form sinks in the drifting snow,
Drowned at once by the shrieking gale,
All unheard is that feeble wail.
Yet He who rules from His throne on high,
Who heareth even the raven's cry,
Think ye not He hath caught the note,
That rose from the dying wanderer's throat?—
Only the cry of a pauper.

Only the soul of a pauper:
Freed at last from its earthly thrall,
Rising up at its Maker's call,
Leaving forever the want and woe,
The pain and heartache it knew below,
Borne aloft to that blissful shore,
Where cold and hunger shall pinch no more;
Through the white gates of the city of love,
Into the presence of God above,
Floateth the soul of a pauper.

—*Mortimer C. Brown, in Yankee Blade.*

AN UNEQUAL PARTNERSHIP.

Never dawned a brighter morning than that which ushered in Ray Huntington's wedding day. Never throbbed a happier heart than that of the fair girl who, forsaking home and friends, vowed to love, honor and obey him "until death do us part."

"She was the belle of the village, and ought to have had her choice among us all," exclaimed Carl Trenton, who, everybody knew, had been refused by the bride at least half a dozen times.

"He is so handsome, and rich, too, they say. Really Nell Alden has done remarkably well," said more than one envious maiden.

Ray Huntington, although he was not a rich man, was advancing rapidly on the road to wealth. As he was a lawyer in a distant city, the wedded pair at once went to the home which he had provided there, a modest cottage in the suburbs, very plainly furnished, but as beautiful as a palace in the eyes of the loving bride.

"We shall be away from the disagreeable and bustle, dearest," said Ray, uneasily. "I can lunch at Roger and Allen's, and be home for an early tea, except, perhaps, in very busy seasons. Besides, I got this place at a bargain—it costs dreadfully to rent—and we must really economize in every way possible. We must creep before we can walk, Nellie."

"I am sure everything is as nice as it can be," said the wife. "It is much better than being right in the city. I am sure that I should be crazy in a week there."

"I don't doubt it," returned the relieved husband. "But you will not be bothered here at all. I will attend to the marketing each day as I go to town, and we will have a quiet little home of our own."

That was the beginning. Ray Huntington's boasted creed was that marriage was simply a partnership of two congenial souls; a blending of two lives into a perfect whole, whose thoughts, whose aims, whose energies, were one. That was all very well, if our legal friend had lived up to his professed belief. But, like many others, he professed one thing and lived another. While he often declared that a man and his wife were one, his daily life added most emphatically, "and the man is that one."

Pretty Nellie was not long in discovering that fact, and, although grieved that her exalted idol proved to be but common clay after all, she made the best of life as she found it, and succeeded in eking out the scanty allowance which was grudgingly given to an extent which surprised and delighted him.

"It isn't every man has a wife like mine," he often said to a friend, but never a word of praise to the toiling wife herself.

What wonder that the roses in Nellie's cheeks gave place to colorless lilies, and "crows' feet" multiplied in the fair face as added claims taxed her strength and economy. Tiny feet pattered here and there; baby voices made the sweetest of all music to her mother heart, and the added numbers brought added labor to the patient mother.

Ray Huntington was recognized by the world—by his world, in which his wife had no part—as a successful man. He attended his clubs, and dressed in a manner befitting his station, while his wife wore shabby calico.

"Because I must, my dear; you do not understand," he explained, when she gently chided him for some extravagant outlay. "It is quite necessary that one in my position should do so. I heard it hinted that I was to run for mayor next year. Think of that, my dear."

And the uncomplaining woman did think of the proposed honor—thought of it with added dread—as she toiled in the kitchen with no help except an ignorant Swede girl, whose chief recommendation was her patient love for the little ones.

Once she ventured to suggest an allowance for family use, as the busy lawyer often forgot to order the necessary articles, but she was met with indignant surprise.

"Women know nothing about spending money. Nellie, I am surprised! I will attend to it. What! Gretchen wants more money? Wasn't it last week that I gave you two dollars for her?"

"Yes, but she has been here four weeks. We owe her five dollars now," Nellie began with a crimson face; then she went on desperately, "mother wrote me that she was going to visit us next month. She has never been here—never seen our children. Charlie must have new shoes and clothes; baby needs new flannels, and—and this is the best dress I have in the world. You would not want me to feel ashamed to welcome my own dear mother, Ray?"

"How much money do you want?" he asked frigidly.

"Fifty dollars, at least, to make us comfortable and respectable," she replied with painful hesitation.

"Fifty dollars! I am not made of money!" he exclaimed, even while his faithful conscience reminded him that he had paid more than that for a club dinner the week before, and paid it with a willing smile. "Here, this must do," and he counted out four five-dollar bills into her hand.

With one startled, indignant glance, the wife's hand shut convulsively over the money, and she left the room hastily.

"She will make that do," muttered her husband, uneasily, watching her. "Next time I will give her more, and I really think I will call at Blankton's and order one of those new silks."

The silk came, and Nellie smiled bitterly as she laid it in the corner of her bureau drawer.

Charlie rejoiced in new clothes and real "boys' boots;" baby wore soft new flannels, Gretchen was paid, but there was nothing left to replenish the mother's wardrobe.

One evening Ray Huntington returned to find his well ordered house in confusion. Baby had cried herself to sleep, while Charlie was crying softly by the chamber door, where Gretchen was vainly trying to quiet the fever-stricken mother.

"Oh, papa, will my boo'ful mamma die? Say, papa, will she die?" wailed Charlie, creeping timidly to his father's side.

Gretchen looked up wofully as he entered.

"I will do it in a moment, Ray!" cried Nellie, with crimson cheeks and strangely bright eyes. "I only stopped to rest for a moment, my—my head feels so queerly; but I will get your tea at once."

"Lie still, dearest," he said more gently than he had spoken for many months. "Gretchen, take this note to Doctor Davis, and call as you come back and ask Mrs. Hall if she will run in for a few moments."

Doctor Davis came, a gray-haired man who had read many of this world's lessons aright.

"Overwork, my dear sir. System completely run down. I have noticed it. No help but that raw Swede girl—willing enough, but not capable, sir. Men don't know the value of good wives until they lose them," said the old man, bluntly.

"You don't think—she—my wife—Nellie—will die?" cried the startled lawyer.

"Perhaps not—hope not. But she is worked out, and the worst of it is she will carry her worry and trouble with her through her delirium. What is this about partnership, Huntington? I have heard you define marriage often enough. How have you used this partner of yours? Have you shared the profits honestly? I'd like to have you compare accounts; you will have time enough before your wife gets up again. I suppose she has a mother? Send for her at once. Yes, yes, I'll be round in the morning, but more depends upon loving care than upon me; mind, I said loving care. Good night, sir."

In the weary time of anxious waiting, Huntington learned a new meaning of his favorite creed. In her delirium Nellie told him many things which she would never have mentioned in her rational moments.

At last there came a day when the little cottage was as silent as death; when the dread angel hovered on the threshold, then passed mercifully by; when a human flower bloomed but to perish, and a tiny life went out with its first glimpse of earth.

"Yes, she will live," said good Doctor Davis, suspiciously wiping his glasses. "You have learned your lesson easier than many men do, Huntington, for you will have your wife again. If you love her, cherish her, man—make her happy. She is your partner in life. She has common sense, I suppose? Well, then, allow her her share of the profits. Never let her be ashamed of her husband's manners. I am a blunt old man, but I mean well. I have seen much of this one sided partnership business among married people. Your wife has as much right to her share of your income as you have. I hope you're not offended, but I'm glad I had the courage to give you something to think about. Keep up the loving care, Huntington, and your wife will be around in a month."

That month was one of pleasure and sorrow to the repentant husband, but he had resolved upon a new course of action, and as they sat at the table on New Year's Eve, he said tenderly:

"It was kind of the mother to leave us to begin the new year together, Nellie; it shall be the beginning of a new life for us. Henceforth my 'partner' is an equal with myself. The household is your branch of the business. I will see that you have sufficient funds to cover all expenses in a creditable way. My wife shall never again feel ashamed because of my stinginess."

"I never was that," Nellie protested, loyally.

"Perhaps you were not sensible of it, but the feeling was there just the same," replied her husband firmly. "It shall never happen again. To-morrow the firm of Huntington and Wife begins anew, and on a different basis. I will cherish my family hereafter."

And happy years have proved the truth of his vow.

The Trade in Adulterations.

Of all the dishonest trades, the most interesting is that which supplies the materials used in adulterating or imitating legitimate articles of commerce. I dropped into one not far from Chatham Square, and was astonished to see the ingenuity and scientific skill displayed, as well as the large amount of business done. It destroyed many romances to have the proprietor pour upon a piece of tissue paper a few drops of "Havana Extract" and produce a cigarette worthy of Hourados, or mixed raw spirits, burnt sugar and oil of otard and have a very palatable brandy.

I asked the proprietor who were his chief customers. He said:

"All and every sort of people. Candy-makers are large buyers. They want imitation flavors for their cheap, so-called 'French confectionery'. Cigarmakers use immense quantities of 'Havana Extract' while tobacconists that article and Turkish oil. Liquor dealers—both wholesale and retail—are the heaviest purchasers, using vast quantities of preparations to 'age,' blend and improve their goods. Spice men, who grind cocoanut shells into black pepper and cigar boxes into cinnamon, consume the extracts of these genuine articles or else imitations of them.

Of course we ask no questions, and generally we want cash down or else sell C. O. D.—*New York Star.*

The Eyes of the Mole.

Carl Hess, the German naturalist, has proved by minute microscopical investigation that the eye of the mole is perfectly capable of seeing, and that it is not short-sighted, as another naturalist would have us believe. Hess maintains that, in spite of its minute dimensions—1 millimeter by 0.9 millimeter—the eye of this little creature possesses all the necessary properties for seeing that the most highly developed eyes does, that it is, indeed, as well suited for seeing as the eyes of any other mammal, and that in the matter of refraction it does not differ from the normal eye. In order to bear out the theory of short-sightedness, the physiological reason was adduced that in its subterranean runs the mole is accustomed to see things at close distances, and that its eye had become gradually suited to near objects. But to this Hess objects that the mole when under ground most probably makes no use of his eyes at all, as it would be impossible to see anything, owing to the absence of light, but that when he comes to the surface, and especially when he is swimming, he does use his eyes. In order to accomplish this, he only has to alter the erect position of the hairs which surround and cover his eyes, and which prevent the entry of dirt when he is under ground, and at the same time to protrude his eyes forward.—*Nature.*

Iceberg Dust.

One of the most interesting contributions of Professor Nordenskjold to popular science is his examination—before reaching Parry's Island, to the northwest of Spitzbergen—of the snow which covered the icebergs, and which had come from still higher latitudes. He found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface or situated at the bottom of little pits, a great number of which were to be seen on the outer layer of snow; many of such particles were also lodged in the lower strata. The dust, which became gray on drying, the Professor found to contain a large proportion of metalic particles attracted by the magnate, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystaline snow situated beneath a stratum of light fresh snow, and another of hardened snow. Upon analysis, Professor Nordenskjold found this matter to be composed in varying proportions of metalic iron, phosphorus, cobalt and fragments of Dintomaceæ.

Vegetarians.

A chat with the keeper of a vegetarian restaurant revealed the fact that he fed about two hundred people every day. There is something enticing about the appearance of a vegetarian restaurant. Whatever may be thought of the fare, the place is always clean, and there are none of those very suggestive smells that are often too prevailing in places where the carnivori meet. The waitresses are generally neat and trim, too. The customers at this restaurant are chiefly dressmakers and shopkeepers' assistants. Perhaps twenty-five per cent. are women. The manager said he didn't think there were many among his customers who were vegetarians from conviction. "They come here for cheapness and change," he said. "Some are here every day; others come three or four times a week. The average price a man pays for a vegetarian dinner is 10d.; but the women only average 6d." The manager added that if there were any complaints they always came from women.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Remedy for Burns.

The celebrated German remedy for burns consists of fifteen ounces of the best white glue, broken into small pieces, in two pints of water, and allowed to become soft; then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add two ounces of glycerine and six drams of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass, covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush; it forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.

A BIG COLONY OF CROWS.

HOW THEY WERE DRIVEN AWAY AND THEN COAXED BACK.

The Birds Having Vanished, Grubs Increased—The Crows Brought Back, Slaughter the Grubs.

The crow is so universally looked upon as a sort of vermin which no pains should be spared to rid every community of, that it will be hard for most people to believe there is at least one spot where he is not only made a welcome visitor, but to which he was actually coaxed and begged to return, after having been driven away by years of merciless persecution. That spot is the portion of Edgar County, Ill., known as Ashmore's Grove. Twenty years ago there had never been many crows in that vicinity, but one season about that time they began to arrive in countless numbers. There seemed to be no end to their coming. They occupied every piece of woods for miles around, and it was estimated that the colony contained not less than 500,000 of what the farmers supposed were winged marauders. It is rich prairie land out there, and sixty bushels of corn to the acre was not too much to expect as an average yield. Naturally, everybody believed that this great army of crows had heard of that garden spot, and had marched upon it to devastate the newly planted fields, and leave ruin and famine in their wake, so men, women, and children organized in a systematic campaign against the black destroyers. They were hunted in their roosts, they were trapped, they were poisoned, and they were even pursued by fire, the torch being applied at night to woods where they roosted, and the location of which did not endanger other property. Thousands of crows were killed every night, but still the survivors of the colony lingered in the locality and swarmed upon the fields.

The farmers of Edgar County noticed another new visitor that season—a grub that not only attacked the roots of the young corn, but also played havoc with the grass. The farmers bemoaned these disastrous visitations greatly, for it never occurred to them that the crow was among them for any other purpose than evil. So the warefare on the crow was carried on with merciless vigor, and the next season there was a very decided decrease in the crow colony. It grew smaller and smaller year by year, until only a few wild and straggling flocks put in an appearance.

During all this time the yield of corn per acre had gradually decreased, and the crow was credited with being the principal cause of the loss. The grub was still at work, but the farmers had no idea that they were not able to handle him. But the first season the crows failed to appear the yield of corn was smaller than it had ever been, and the season was one of the most favorable for corn in the history of the country. Some of the farmers went to thinking. The grub increased in numbers. The corn crop kept on growing less and less, until ten bushels to the acre was as big a yield as that rich prairie bottom would return and the crows had not been permitted to get another foothold in the region either. Then the thinking farmers made up their minds that the reason the crows had put in such a large and sudden appearance at Ashmore's Grove a few years before was that they had simply followed the wake of the grubs, and had come to feed on that irrepressible pest, and then the community felt like kicking itself clear out of the State. They went to work to try and get the crows back again. They sent clear to the Wabash country, where the biggest crow roost on top of earth is located, and had thousands of crows captured and forwarded to them. These were released at Ashmore's Grove, and finding everything pleasant and peaceful there the crows remained. More than that, news of the situation must have been communicated by these crows to others, for in a few weeks there were more crows in that locality than had been known for years. The next season something like the old time colony took up its quarters in the woods, and that fall the biggest crop of corn that had been known in the region for five years was gathered. Nobody disturbed the crows, and the man who would have dared to molest one around Ashmore's Grove would have been lynched. In four years that prairie was raising sixty bushels to the acre again, and the blue grass was back to its old yield. As the corn crop increased the number of crows that made their home thereabout decreased. That was because they had lessened the grub crop, so that there was no use for so large a force to work there, and they went to other fields of usefulness. But there have always been enough crows around Ashmore's to keep down the grubs, and what corn the big birds eat by way of dessert is not half what the farmers consider that they earn as a premium for the good they do. And there is one thing certain: It won't be well for any one who goes out into that part of Edgar County and says hard things against the crow.—*New York Sun.*

They Mysteriously Died.

Three or four years ago young Adam Forepaugh, the son of the late showman, was over in London. He had spent about $10,000, and didn't dare ask for any more money so he wired over to his father that he had a great chance to get some new attractions for the show. He said that he could get two monkeys that were larger than horses for $5000. The showman congratulated himself on having such a smart boy, and cabled him the money. He was telling every one about his new attractions, and if any one doubted the reality of the alleged big monkeys he would answer angrily, "Pshaw! What do you know about the interior of Africa? Of course they have monks there as big as horses." Next day came a cablegram saying: "Money received; monks dead; much obliged, pap." The old showman never could stand a joke about monkeys after that.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

MARKING CLOTHES.

It is of essential importance that clothes should be marked and numbered. This is often done with ink; but as some persons like to mark with silk, we shall describe the stitch. Two threads are to be taken each way of the cloth, and the needle must be passed three ways in order that the stitch may be complete. The first is aslant from the person toward the right hand; the second is downward toward you, and the third is the reverse of the first—that is, aslant from you toward the left hand. The needle is to be brought out at the corner of the stitch nearest to that you are about to make. The shapes of the letters or figures can be learned from an inspection of any common examples.—*Observer.*

WASTEFUL ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN.

"Many a young wife," said a motherly woman the other day, "would find the wheels of her household moving much more smoothly if she would spend a little less money on the furnishing of her drawing-room and devote it, instead, to supplying her kitchen with labor-saving appliances and plenty of utensils. Economy in kitchen utensils may easily be pushed too far, and if there is another place where a woman may be more readily excused than another for extravagance it is just there.

"To have to stop in the middle of making a dessert in order to clean a saucepan or a kettle in which the soup had been prepared, because you have not another, is folly when soup kettles can be had for twenty-five cents each. To have your kitchen knives of such poor metal that they will not stay sharp, or to let a good knife remain dull because you think you cannot afford to spend ten cents to have it sharpened, is a real waste of strength out of all proportion to the saving. To have nothing by which you can measure your ingredients accurately, because it costs more to buy a set of weights or a graduated glass measure than to trust to guess-work and an old tea cup, has spoiled many a good dish that cost just as much and has brought humiliation on many a good cook. To scrape your porridge pot with a spoon because you will not buy a patent pot-scraper for twelve cents wears out ten spoons to one pot-scraper, and the hired girl invariably selects your best spoon for that purpose. Sifting the coal ashes is such a dirty business as it is usually performed and the servant kicks against it so vigorously that the most economical housekeeper soon abandons it in despair. A patent ash-sifter that allows no dust to escape and preserves all the half-burned coal will pay for itself in one winter and last five. A cheap refrigerator can be had for one-third the cost of a good one of the same size, but if you buy it your ice-bill will be twice as large.

"There is hardly anything in the kitchen of which there are not two varieties, the cheap and the dear, and the result of the use of either is generally its exact opposite in actual cash. But in comfort to one's self and to one's husband and children, a saving of time, temper, brain-worry, and back-ache, they repay their own cost many times over every week."—*New York Tribune.*

RECIPES.

Rice Fritters—Three tablespoons of rice, four eggs, one teacup of currants, sugar and nutmeg to suit the taste; boil rice gently until swelled; dredge currants with flour; beat eggs: mix all together thoroughly and fry.

Hermits—One cup of maple sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sour cream, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cloves cinnamon and nutmeg, and one cup of chopped raisins. Knead as little as possible. Bake like cookies.

Curried Eggs—Heat a pint of milk; add to it two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; let simmer, and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn starch rubbed with the sauce of butter; boil six eggs hard, cut them in slices and lay in the sauce; let them stand over the fire until heated.

Mutton Chops Larded—Beat chops flat and lard them with salt pork. Put in a saucepan, sprinkle with minced onions, pepper and salt. Cover with soup stock and let simmer one hour; thicken the gravy with browned flour, add the juice of a lemon, one spoonful of mushroom catsup and a wine-glass of currant jelly. Lay the chops in a dish and pour the gravy over.

Serving Bananas—To make a salad of bananas slice half a dozen and put in a dish with layers of as many oranges also sliced. Over all squeeze the juice of a lemon and sprinkle plentifully with powdered sugar. Serve very cold. Any delicate cake baked in layers and put together with layers of bananas sliced very thin will make a choice dessert. The cake should be served with sweetened whipped cream or it will be too dry to be palatable.

Boiled Chicken with Oysters—Prepare the chicken as for roasting, adding chopped oysters to the stuffing. Put the fowl in a tin pail, tightly covered, and place the pail in a pot of cold water. Boil for 1½ or two hours, as required. Make a gravy from the liquor in the pail, adding to it some of the oysters. Take a half dozen of the largest oysters cooked until the edges curl and lay over the chicken. Put over it a little of the gravy, and serve the rest in a bowl.

Duck with Turnips—Place in a stew-pan a tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter; let the flour brown slightly, then put in a duck that has been stuffed with an onion dressing; turn it about in this flour and butter, then add half a pint of water and a gill of white wine, add pepper, nutmeg and savory, cover the stewpan closely and cook slowly. When the duck is about half done add two turnips cut into balls. When the duck is done, place it on a deep platter, skim the gravy well, add a little thickening, pour the gravy and turnips around the duck and serve with pieces of fried toast and currant jelly.

A MEMORY.

My heart is far away to-night—
Beyond the blue of the southern seas,
Where the world lies wrapped in mystic light,
And the red rose sighs in the hush of night
To her ardent lover, the breeze.

Where the pale acacia trembles and showers
Its petals of perfumed snow on the stream
That hurries over its rock-bound bed;
Where the jasmine lifts its golden head
And the poppies nod and dream.

Where the purple fox-glove hides the bee
That drowsily, heavily drones and hums;
Where the silvery waves break on the sand,
And the sea nymphs dance on the coral strand
When the hour of midnight comes.

And I see his face—and I hear his voice;
My prince, with the shining, soul-lit eyes;
And I feel his arms about me twine,
And the warmth of his perfect lips on mine,
'Neath the dusk of the southern skies.

And oh, I am sad and lone to-night,
And my heart is full of a lingering pain,
And I list where the lilies breathe and move,
For the tender, passionate whisper of love
I shall never hear again.

—*Washington Post.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The office-hunter knows no close season.

There is one thing the hardware dealer always has on hand—nails.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Isn't it rather remarkable that "the oldest inhabitant" is never a woman?—*Washington Star.*

"All the world loves a lover"—except the young lady's father and the dog.—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is unfortunate for a shoemaker when his customers are unable to foot their bills.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"There's one of your patent fire-escapes," said the traveler as a cinder from the locomotive struck him in the eye.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Wife (groaning with neuralgia)—"Oh, how my jaw aches! It almost drives me crazy!" Husband (significantly)—"Think of me my dear."

"Say, mamma," asked a sweet young miss of five, "why do people have two ears when they can only hear one thing at a time?"—*Judge.*

A household paper tells how "to get grease out of white marble." An easier way is to get it out of the butcher shop.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The man who is always being found out considers himself unfortunate, unless, perhaps, it is the bill collector who happens to find him out.—*Statesman.*

Patient (on a diet)—"Doctor, I have a strange craving for baked beans. Are they healthy?" Doctor—"I never treated any."—*Lawrence American.*

At the Hotel.—Traveler (sitting up in bed, watch in hand)—"Six o'clock, and nobody comes to wake me. I shall be sure to miss the train."—*France Mode.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When I come thine eyes to see,
Tie the dog up, tie him tightly,
Then I'll feel it's safe for me.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Will—"I believe editors weigh carefully all manuscripts sent to them." Bill (an author)—"Yes, in order to ascertain the amount of return postage necessary."—*Yankee Blade.*

He (cautiously)—"What would you say, darling, if I should ask you plumply to be my wife?" Darling (even more cautiously)—"Ask me and find out."—*Washington Star.*

A New York doctor says that traveling on the railroad will cure dyspepsia. This doctor never can have heard of the railway ham sandwich.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Algy (who has more than he [illegible] December [illegible] assumpsit. —"Pooh! Riches have wings. C. F. Landers, Jack (who hasn't enough)—erm, 1889. Appeal they're mighty slow in the trespass. fellow."—*Texas Siftings.* M. ARNER, [illegible] Prothonotary.

A veteran soldier fights [illegible] again. He is telling how [illegible] by the explosion of a shell. [illegible] he, "when I looked around [illegible] that I was blind——"—*London [illegible].*

The average wife may say, "I [illegible] so" occasionally, but she is m[illegible] enought not to remind her husband o[illegible] the idiotic nonsense he used to talk to her in their courtship days.—*Somerville Journal.*

Transient—"Do you think there is much of a field here for a dentist?" Landlord—"I should think so. There's one man up at the head of the street that's got an acher or two."—*Binghamton Leader.*

"And what has become of your son Jimmie?" "Jimmie's gone into journalism." "Why, he is only ten years old." "True for you; but he sells forty newspapers a day. He's a smart boy, that Jimmie."—*Bazar.*

Things one would rather have expressed differently: Jones (nervously conscious that he is interrupting a pleasant tete-a-tete)—A—"I'm sorry to say I've been told to take you in to supper, Miss Belsize!"—*London Punch.*

Chargit, '92—"Can I have this put on my account here?" Mr. Tick—"Very sorry, sir, but we don't know you." Chargit (making a trial elsewhere)—"Put this down for me, please. You know me, I believe?" Mr. Hungup—"Most unfortunately we do, sir. Sorry we can't accommodate you."—*Yale Record.*

A Dog's Scent and Sight.

Have you ever thought how largely a dog's "scent" really depends on his sight? Note how confused he gets in trying to follow his nose on a hard surface. Then watch how he stretches his neck and throws his head up. And finally consider how the puzzled guide or hunter gets down to take a dog's-eye view of the situation, whence every bent twig or broken blade becomes plainly visible as a pathway in the wilderness.—*New York Tribune.*