FOREST REPUBLICAN.

after all, it was only little gray Neddy

Dorothy, caressing the plump, mouse

colored quadruped who was nipping

white clover-heads at her feet.

answered .- Saturday Night,

"You'll never be jealous again?" said

"Never of Neddy, at all events," he

Cannon Made of Leather.

"Let me give you a bit of history

said a downtown leather merchant the

other day, "that many a student has overlooked. The objects of peace are

not all that leather figures in, for it is to

eather that we owe the introduction of

light artillery. Leather cannon have

actually been tried on the battlefield,

and, what is more, turned the tide of

one of the greatest battles of modern

times. The inventor of leathern artillery

was a certain Colonel Robert Scott,

Scotchman in the service of Charles I., of

leather and experimentally tried them. The result was that they were pronounced

superior to guns of brass or iron. But

the Colonel did not live long to enjoy the

died in 1631, and a monument erected to

his memory I have seen in a churchyard

in London. This monument represents

him as an armor-clad, flerce-looking man,

wearing a heavy mustache and pointed

"In the very year of the Colonel's

death the effectiveness of his leathern

artillery was amply proved on the memorable field of Leipsic, where,

September 7, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus

achieved his splendid victory over the

Imperialists under General Tilly. It is

said that it was owing to the invention

"The guns were found to be so easily

carried that a small battery could fly

from one part of the field to another,

and thus artillery be brought to bear where most needed -a thing impossible

with the heavy artillery of that period.

Certain it is that leathern artillery was

used in this great battle by Gustavus,

though it is equally certain that the guns were never used afterward. The reason

of that, however, was that the leather

uns having demonstrated the value of

light artillery, a way was discovered of

making the metal guns lighter, and the greater durability of the latter gave them

The "Black Drum" Fish.

The black drum is one of our largest

game fishes, most abundant in the South-

The drum belongs to the fish family, which, owing to the peculiar structure of

the air-bladder, possess the power of utter-

ing sounds to a greater or less degree. Other members of the family, such as

the weakfish, croaker and roncador, make

a grunting sound when boated (although

can be very distinctly heard at a distance.

The croak of the ubiquitous sea robin,

family, is familiar to all who have ever

During the breeding season of the

drum this noise is more pronounced than

at any other time, the males calling to

the females, who respond in lower tones;

and at night, while feeding on the oyster

and mussel beds, which provide their

principal food, the fish seem to grunt

their satisfaction with the repast. Their

strong, pavement-like teeth, work sad

ago this July the oyster planters of Prince's Bay and other near-by waters

lost their entire crop, owing to the

of this fish. Since then they have

not put in an appearance in such num-

bers, although the damage done by them

is considerable, as they seem to take de-

light in crushing the oysters, even

though they may not require them for food.—New York Times.

Getting the Peach's Best Flavor.

The Delaware peach is a noble fruit.

"You people who live in the cities don't

know the real taste of a peach," said an

old-timer of Delaware as he drove

through the orchards of Kent County be-

hind his favorite white horse, intent on

showing the visitor what the country

"You mean that picking early for

"That's it," said the old-timer. "We

have to pick peaches from three to six days before they are really ripe, so as to

get them to market. Now, a peach will

grow more in the last three days before

it is fairly ripe than in two weeks at any other time. To know what a peach really

s you want to take it from the tree after

has hung until it is dead ripe. Our

folks have a way of preserving peaches for their own use, which beats anything you get from the canneries or the drying

with a good layer of sugar between every

good deal like that of preserving figs,

only the layers of peaches are not pressed

as the fis are. Peaches put up this way

keep right along. You put cream on

Mare Island, San Francisco, Cal.; New

They take the peaches when

The process is a

narket robs the peach of its best flavor?"

descent upon their beds of vast schools

with the oysters, and forty years

wet a line in the bay.

ern States, but occurring along the

waters of Staten Island, where one

caught last week in Prince's Bay.

the superiority."-Frank Leslie's.

of Colonel Scott that the victory was ob-

beard:

tained.

reatest triumph of his invention.

"He constructed guns of hardened

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1890. VOL. XXIII. NO. 8.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month..... 5 00

Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Explorer Stanley thinks that Africa will in the future become what America

A minister of Boston says no farmer can be successful who doesn't work sixteen hours a day.

The adoption of steel ties in place of wooden ones seems to be one of the coming reforms in railroad building.

The Argentine Republic imports yearly over \$100,000,000, and of this vast sum, the United States sell them less than seven

There is an extraordinary increase of suicide and dueling in high military circles in Russia. The fashionable duel is fought at five paces with cavalry revolvers.

It is estimated that \$312,000,000 is invested annually in the co-operative building associations in this country, and that these associations annually furnish 156,000 houses or homes to their mem-

The newspapers of Louisiana, without regard to locality, almost solidly unite in demanding that the United States Government take charge of and maintain the levee system of the Mississippi

The remarkable statement was recently made from the pulpit by an optimistic Boston clergyman that "there were never more beautiful women that now, and that Helens and Cleopatras are produced by the thousands.'

The burning of a Florida steamer is attributed to the laziness of a watchman who attempted to fill a lighted coal oil The result was the loss of three lives and the destruction of the boat with all the passengers' luggage. The New York Telegram declares that "a term in the penitentiary is the fit reward of such

Domenico Cappeletto, a journalist of Padua, Italy, sent his newspaper an account of his own suicide and then shut himself in a room, lighted a charcoal fire and underwent asphyxiation. In a footnote he advised the editor to print 100 extra copies, as he thought there would be an unusual demand for the paper on account of his death.

A Philadelphia barber testifies that the use of legches for black eyes is becoming a thing of the past. This is not due so much, he says, to the growing unpopularity of the leech, as it is to the fact that black eyes are much less frequently seen than they used to be. Is this a good sign, muses the Chicago Herald, or does it only point to the gro ing popularity of the revolver!

In discussing the best way to keep boys in high school the consensus of opinion at the meeting of the Northern Illinois Teachers' Association at Rock Island was that athletic sports should receive more encouragement. Farm, Field and Stockman suggests: Why not substitute manual training or horticultural pursuits? This would develop muscle and impart useful instruction at the same time.

It is worth remarking that the Germans have never called Bismarck "The Iron Chancellor." The title is one of French or British invention, Bismarck was called der Eiserne Graf after the battle of Sadowa, and for years he was known only as "The Iron Count." But this title is said to have been given him in admiration of his nerve in himself arresting Blinde, who tried to assassinate him in the open street.

In a case just disposed of the Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that a will made on Sunday is valid. It holds that the drafting and execution of a will are akin to the execution of a marriage contract and solemnizing the marriage. "The statute," the Court notes, "makes it a penal offense to be found engaged in common labor or in one's usual avocation. It certainly could not be contended that a minister of the Gospel engaged in solemnizing a marriage on Sunday, or a lawyer employed in writing a will to be executed on Sunday, would be subject to indictment and prosecution for a violation of the statute."

There is just now a remarkable revival of the ship-building industry in the State of Maine, announces the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Yards, which long since fell into decay, have been brushed up and the symmetrical shape of a large schooner or ship has appeared, and the hum of building has taken the place of silence. After a careful review of the field it is concluded that the present season will rank well up with any in the history of this industry in that State, even in its most palmy days. While last year there was a marked increase in building, this year will outrank it. This may be in part accounted for by the great ice boom and the additional number of bottoms needed to move the product.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest Ere you fill them full of flowers; Wait not for the crowning tuberose To make sweet the last sad hours, But while in the busy bousehold band Your darlings still need your guiding hand,

Oh fill their lives with sweetness! Wait not till the little hearts are still For the loving look of praise; But while you gently chide a fault, The good deed kindly praise.

The word you would speak beside the bier Falls sweeter far on the living ear; Oh fill young lives with sweetness! Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips

To the rosy mouth we press, When our wee one flies to her mother's arms For love's tenderest caress! Letnever a worldly babble keep Your heart from the joy each day should

Circling young lives with sweetness,

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys,

Give thanks for the fairy girls With a dower of wealth like this at home, Would you rifle the earth for pearls? Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown, But daily shower life's blessings down, And fill young hearts with sweetness

Remember the homes where the light has

Where the rose has faded away And the love that glows in youthful hearts, Oh cherish it while you may! And make your home a garden of flowers, Where joy shall bloom through childhood's

And fill young hearts with sweetness -Daughters of America.

DOROTHY'S PET.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Oh, Neddy, you dear fellow, you love me, if no one else does! Kiss me, dar-

Right on the mouth !" An old red barn, settled in a one-sided manner, down among the tall white daisies and clustering red clover-tops, as one sometimes sees an old wreck settled heavily among the drifted seasands---a monster pine tree spreading its green leaves above, the July sunshine steeping all the hills with yellow glory, and Colonel Crowninshield standing, in a bewildered manner, just where the farm lane opened, amid a tangle of elderberry bushes and blackberry briers, into the dusty high road-this is the opening lar bill.

Colonel Crowninshield had been walking rapidly; the black rings of hair curled around his temples and the dews dotted his forehead. In his cool summer dress of white linen, his broad-brimmed Panama hat and the knotted bamboo cane which he carried, he looked like the pictures of a Southern planter-handsome, slim and middle-aged.

"Whom on earth is she talking to?" he asked himself, as the clear, distinct utterances of Dorothy Emmerick caught

The color rose to his temples; a sombre, jealous light glittered into his eyes. "Wish me good luck, Ned!" the sweet voice once more spoke. "I've told you about it-but no one else shall know. You love me, Ned, don't you?"

"It's that good-for-nothing sweetheart of hers, come back from South Africa, unknown to her parents!" thought the Colonel. "Ought I to interfere? She is so young and inexperienced, and— No, 'Hal Crowninshield, old fellow," he added, setting his strong white teeth together. "Do you happen to know, you Paul Pry, what the elev enth commandment is? Well, it is 'Mind your own business!' Dorothy Emmerick is only nineteen; you are seven-and-thirty. Leave her to associate with those of er own age and go you into the society of your own mature cronies! Yet it would be something to hear her sweet

voice uttering words like that to you." And he walked on, ruthlessly cutting off the white daisies with his cane, as he made his way up to the house.

Five minutes later Dorothy flew in at the back door, a simple straw toque covering her sunshiny curls, a muslin scarf wrapped around her shoulders. 'Give me the package, Pamela," said

And if I have good luck, you shall have a striped shawl, and Neddy shall have such a new saddle and bridle! The old servant smiled doubtfully as she gave a small, flat parcel into the

eager girl's hands. "You're fairly daft about that stubborn-tempered gray donkey, Miss Dorothy," said she, "as your pa says ain't safe for any woman to ride. All the same, I hope you'll have good luck, even if it wasn't for the striped shawl that I'm to

Dorothy came slowly up the winding path that led under bowery apple trees, and past a thicket of tall noles garlanded with hop-vines, to the kitchen door.

All the brightness had gone out of her face; the color had concentrated itself into two intense, burning spots on her me?" cheeks, and there was a troubled quiver in her lips.

Old Pamela read her countenance as if it had been an open book. "No luck, ch?" said she.

almost fiercely. But what did you do with the

++I threw it over the edge of Quarry Cliff as I came home from the train,

admitted Dorothy. "Oh, it did me good to hear it crash down among the imestone boulders! The idea of my ever presuming to think that I could be an artist! And you'll have to wear your old shawl, Pamela; and poor, poor little Neddy will have no new bridle and

And Dorothy burst into a tempest of tears, and ran headlong out to the tumble-down old barn, behind which the sun was setting gloriously. "I'll tell Neddy all about it!" cried

she. "I always feel better after a good cry on dear little Neddy's gray neck! "But, Miss Dorothy—" Colonel, smilingly, "how jealous I was Lendon, Conn., Pensacola, Fla., and The garden gate slammed so violently when I funcied I heard you talking to Washington, D. C.

that the tall red lilies shook as if in a that discarded sailor love of yours, when, cyclone. Dorothy was gone.

"I said at the time it was a mean thing to do," muttered Pamela, jangling her dishes noisily together, "and I'll keep on saying it till the year o' doom. She loves that little gray donkey—they've growed up together, Mrs. Emmerick—and she'll rake it awful hard when she finds he's cone." "But it was such a good offer," said

Dorothy's mother—a pale, pink-eyed, washed-out specimen of humanity-swho sat at a table, shelling peas, "and really the beast was unsafe for a woman to

"Never unsafe for Miss Dot," said Pamela, beating savagely away at a bowl "If ever two creeturs understood and loved each other, it was her and Neddy.

"And Mr. Emmerick needed the money," added the lady, conclusively. "It was really a foolish extravagance for as to keep the snimal. Dorothy is quite able to walk where she wants to

"All the same," persisted Pamela, "it was a cruel thing to sell the creeter while

she was gone."

"Sold!" gasped Dorothy, when at last
she realized why the little gray donkey's
stall was empty, the bars leading to the
highroad let down. "My Neddy!
Mother, why didn't you sell me? But I'll
high and the state of the state buy him back again, see if I don't! Didn't you know that Neddy never could be happy away from me?"

Like a whirlwind she rushed across the fields to where the Crowninshield mansion stood grandly up against the crim son sunset sky.

"Colonel Harold," said she, panting and breathless, "you are rich! you lead me some money? I can't pay it back just yet—but I will some day. I'll work hard and earn it. I'll sign s note, or give a mortgage or something; but oh, please lend me \$100 to-day."

Colonel Crowninshield was sitting at his desk, writing. He rose and drew forward a chair, but Dorothy was by far too much excited to seat herself.

"It's to buy back my dear little gray donkey," explained she. "Papa has sold him, and I do love him so dearly! Oh, I never, never could part with him. And I don't know of any one who has noney enough to lend me to redeem him with except you." Colonel Crowninshield hesitated a sec

ond; then he opened his pocketbook and drew out a crisp, new one-hundred-dol-

Dorothy grasped it as a starving white kitten might grasp at food. "I never saw a one-hundred-dollar bill before," said she. "Oh, thank youthank you so much. But I was sure you Jersey coast, and often found in the

would be kind to me. "May I ask you a question?" said he. "As many as you please," she an-

"Why didn't you ask Edward Selleck for the money? Dorothy looked up at him with blue,

wide-open eyes. "Edward Selleck? Why should I ask him? How could I ask him? Isn't he old fishermen claim to be able to detect cruising somewhere around the coast of the presence of a large school of weakfish New South Wales? And Edward Selleck, by the noise made by them); but the

poor fellow, never had a hundred cents sound of the drum is the loudest, and of his own, much less a hundred dollars." Colonel Crowninshield colored. "I which does not, however, belong to this "I beg your pardon!" said he.

had an idea you were engaged to himthat he had returned from his cruise.' "I engaged to Teddy Selleck? Never!" this morning in the red barn?"

Dorothy thought a minute. Then she burst into a merry peal of laughter. "Oh, I remember now?" cried she. "I was thinking out loud to dear little gray Neddy, the donkey. I often do that. He looks at me just exactly as if he understood me. But mother says it's a very silly habit of mine, and now I see that she is right. And you-you thought I

was talking to a man?"

The sudden scarlet flared up to her temples, her blue eyes corruscated like old mine diamonds

She flung back the hundred dollar bill to him. "Take it!" she cried. "I won't have

"The little donkey! Ah," exclaimed the Colonel, "I see it now? What a she. "Quick! I'm late already for the tool, what a dolt I have been! No, Dorothy; you shall not go until you say you have forgiven me. And I am the culprit after all. It was I who bought the gray donkey. I never supposed that you cared for him. If I had— But, Dorothy,

He threw open a casement draped with pale yellow Japanese silk, and just below the terrace steps she saw her little favorite feeding in the plush-like thickness of

the soft, green grass. "It was to be a playmate for my sisinve."

It was late in the afternoon when August," said he, "but I comprehend now how cruel it would be to part you. He is yours once more."
"I won't take him!" stoutly reiterated

Dorothy, "I-I am so ashamed to think I asked you for that money." "Why, Dorothy! Cannot you trust

"Oh, I can, I can!" she cried, fervently. "I think you must be like Sir Launcelot, or even King Arthur himself, Colonel Herold-a 'chevalier without fear and without reproach!' I could trust "No luck at all!" cried Dorothy, you with anything!"

With anything?" He advanced a step or two and held out his hands entreatingly, "Well, then, I'll try you? Will you trust me with-yourself? Oh little Dorothy, you don't know how truly and tenderly I love you! how earnestly would strive to make your life a dream of happiness! Darling, what is your answer to be? It is true that, compared with you, I am an old man, but-

"You are not old " cried Dorothy, in diguantly. "You're just splendid! And I know I'm only a silly child, but-she came shyly to him, and hid her tace on I could trust you with anything I meant So they became engaged, little Dorothy

and stately Harold Crowninshield.

"But I never shall forget," said the

they are full ripe and about to drop. They halve them and lay them on a board in the sun. Before the juice is dried out the halves are packed down in layers,

two layers of fruit.

them when you get ready to eat them, and you have got something good."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. United States Navy Yards. There are nine navy yards in the United States, located at Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charlestown, Mass; Gosport Navy Yard, near Norfolk, Va.; Kittery Navy Yard, opposite Portsmouth, League Bland, Philadelphia,

QUEER WORK FOR WOMEN. ODD INDUSTRIES FOLLOWED BY

SOME OF THEM. A Woman Who Finishes and Fur-

nighes Houses-One Runs a Livery Stable-Some Shoe Horses. New York is full of independent omen; "7268" is the numeral that distinguishes a young lady who consigns

dreds of which have since been sold. Mrs. Eleanor Davis, a member of the Woman's Working Club, has a family of children which she is educating with the

money earned from salad lessous. In Sixth avenue, near Fourteenth street, there are two sisters who conduct a jewelry business. Both are expert watchmakers, having learned the trade with their father, who is now in feeble health and dependent on them for support. The little women are pretty and bright, and under twenty-four years of age. Aside from being self-sustaining, they have several small brothers and sisters depending on them for motherly care and education.

Mrs. Sarah L. Wright, of West Fortyfirst street, runs a livery stable; Miss Ferne has a boarding-house in West Twenty-first street and gets time to manage a boarding and lodging bureau located in West Twenty-third. There are no less than 130 female bakers about town, and the largest tobacco factory in the vicinity of Rivington and Cannon streets is the property of a woman.

In Chicago there is a Miss Neeler employed by a local firm, who takes the use from the builder, decorates it throughout, and after the ornamental touches have been added in the form of gas fixtures, sconces, faucets, door-knobs, hinges and bell-pulls, she individually selects the furniture, upholstery goods. carpets, cushions and rugs, and prepares the entire house for the reception of the family. Even the nursery is appointed, the cook, butler and maids provided, the table spread and the meal prepared for the house-warming. Miss Necler is a young lady whose success has been phenomenal considering the short time she has been engaged as an interior

Chicago's Central Music Hall building is filled with bright women, who give medical treatment, physical and ethical training; build up voices and broken-down constitutions, make bonnets, collect rents, teach music, pull teeth and right the wrongs of their timorous sis-

Out on Larrabee street there is a Mrs. Jane Jensen, who keep a blacksmith shop, and when the customers exceed the shoers she puts on a leather apron and a pair of rubber sleeves, and, taking a horse's foot on her knee, will shoe it as well and almost as quickly as any smith

in her employ. Miss Hattie Butterfield, the principal of one of the large Chicago primary schools on the North Side, runs a board ing-house, from which she clears as much as her school salary amounts to. She is a daring trader on the call board, and, notwithstanding the risks she takes, manages to buy a bit of property every

year or so. General I. N. Stiles, has a school on the North Side, where she teaches domestic conomy, and Miss Jane Willard, whose father has had the chair of history in the Chicago High School for the last twenty-three years, returned from Smith College after a year's study, rented a hall on West Madison street and undertuck to teach the wild Western damsel how to swing clubs, manipulate dumb-bells and turn somersaults from a spring-board. She began with a class of ten, put them in blue blouses and divided skirts, went in debt for a supply of bells, clubs, wands and hanging apparatus and be-fore the term closed had three classes of thirty-five each. That was in 1886, With the proceeds of the year's work she went back to Smith, finished the course and is again at work teaching the buds and biossoms of smoky Chicago how to

A Matilda L. Scott, living in North May street, has a kennel and dog farm, where she raises toy terriers that net \$200 a year, and she pays all her expenses with the proceeds of the canine

dek ward. Miss Bessie Bole, of San Francisco, is twenty years of age, and a lady of rare eauty, being a lithe blonde with darkbrown eyes and a very pretty figure. At the Mechanics' Institute she exhibited a set of horseshoes which she made in one of the industrial schools. Her hand became at once a subject of interest and large inducements were offered by enterprising photographers for the privilege f-selling them in cabinet cards. Bole belongs to a good family, the opposition from which is all that restrains er from opening a shop of her own.

Mrs. Mary Miller, of New Orleans, is a teamboat captain who learned the business while traveling up and down the Mississippi with her husband. At his death she applied for a license, having no other means of support, and it was Miss Carrie Burnham Kilgore, of Phila

delphia, has just been admitted to prac-tice before the United States Supreme Court. She is the fourth one of her sex who has sought for or obtained this distinction. The other three women practitioners are Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Laura De Force Gordon, and Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of Nebraska.

One woman has made the silk gowns of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court for the past forty years, and she gets \$100 for each one of them. They are all made alike, the only difference being in the material, the Chief Justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk. The Chief Justice always wears a new gown when he swears in a President .- New

The British House of Commons condata of 670 members, forty of whom constitute a quorum to do business.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING SILVERWARE.

To clean silverware mix together half an ounce of fine salt, half an ounce of ream of powdered alum and half an ounce of cream of tartar. Put them into a arge whiteware pitcher and pour on two puarts of water; stir frequently until the mixture is entirely dissolved. Then transfer the solution to clean bottles and cork them tightly. Shake the bottle well before using. Pour some of the liquid into a bowl, and wash the silver all sorts of hammered silver goods to the Exchange for Woman's Work. She all over with it, using an old fine linen made her reputation by a tea caddy, hun-Let it stand about ten minutes and then rub dry with a buckskin. will make the silver look like new-Chi-

NAPKINS FOR EVERY KIND OF POOD.

A napkin for every kind of food that is to be served hot seems to be a require-ment of the day, and to decorate these napkins in a suitable fashion seems to be a pleasant pastime for needle-loving omen. The fish napkin, made some what longer than the length of the platter, is plain in the centre, and embroidered at the ends in tiny shells, seaweeds or branching coral. The ends may, in addition, be fringed or only hemmed. An egg napkin is pretty, embroidered with chickens in different shades of yellow silk, and a corn napkin with ears of corn, partly opened, so that the grain and silk appear. As there is not so much poetry in a realistic potato, a nonsense rhyme, or the flower and vine of the potato are wrought across the potato napkin, and the squares of linen laid on the butter-dish may be embroidered with grasses or disks representing butter balls in white or gold. A napkin for hot biscuit, which is really more of a necessity than any of these pretty fancies, may be decked with flowers or a line from the poets of

TO BEAT AN EGG. Any child knows how to beat an egg.

'prosiets" in regard to bread .- Atlanto

which is true so far as that any one by dint of patience and a fork can beat an egg to a froth, but one person will take fifteen minutes and have it less light than another in five. The one will beat fast, carrying the fork, but entangling very little air; the other will lift the egg, it were, and throw it over the fork. This is the proper way, and does the work in half the time. Acquire the habit of beating eggs, or, in fact, anything else, from the elbow, not using the whole arm; the fatigued will be much lessened. The use of egg-beaters has made egg-beating for cakes, such a formidable task in our mother's days, a very light one in ours. but for beating just one egg a fork, even now, is often most convenient. Even with a beater, however, the best results are obtained by observing certain rules. In hot weather leave the eggs in ice water or on ice for some time before using. It is not a good plan, however, to keep all your eggs on ice, because they then become so thoroughly chilled that it boiling them you cannot estimate the time required, and should they become frosted they are inferior for all purposes In beating the whites of eggs a tiny pinch of salt will tend to facilitate the work .-Good Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

Asparagus Salad-Cut off a pint of boiled asparagus tops, throw in cold water, and let stand until ready for use. Then dry carefully, put them in a salad dish, pour over French dressing, let stand ten minutes and serve.

Buckwheat Muffins - Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda (not heaping) in two cups or one pint of buttermilk; add a tablespoonful of molasses and a little salt, and stir in one cup of sifted flour and one and a half cups of buckwheat. Bake in gem pans or muffin rings.

Eggs and Cabbage-Warm up a large cupful of cold, boiled cabbage, chopped fine; season with butter, pepper and salt. Stir in three beaten eggs and a cupful of milk and bake for twenty minutes in a pudding dish. In this way a small rempant of cold cabbage will make an excel lent side dish for dinner.

Grandmother's Gingerbread-This is the real old-fashioned gingerbread of our childhood's days. One cup of New Orleans molasses, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in five tablespoonfuls of hot water, ginger, salt, and half a teaspoon-ful of powdered alum. Two and a half cups of sifted flour. Pour into well but tered iron pans about half an inch thick and bake in a quick oven.

Parsnip Fritters-There is no more delightful way of serving cold mashed parsnips left from dinner, for breakfast, than in balls. Mix up the cold parsnip with the white of an egg and a little cream to hold it in shape, and mould i into little balls, which should be dipped one by one into the beaten volk of an egg, and finally dropped into gently steaming hot fat and fried three or four minutes till they are of a nice brown

Stuffed Potatoes-Boil good-sized potatoes. When done, cut the tops off with a spoon, scrape out the potato in to a hot pan, mash, add a tablespoonful of butter, a quarter of a cup of sweet milk (to half a dozen potatoes), a teaspoon of sait and a little pepper. Beat until very light, then add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fill the skin with this mixture, heaping it on top brush over with the yelk of the egg; pu in the oven and brown. Soup Stock-To three pounds of lean

beef without bone put two and one-half our, skimming theroughly when it comes to the boiling point. Then add one carrot, one turnip, one onion, one stalk of celery or a teaspoonful of celery seed, one bay leaf, and simmer for four hours longer never permitting it to boil or to grow cool and adding a little hot water, enough to keep the original quantity. Slow and steady simmering, not boiling, is neces sary to make the stock perfect. This will keep three or four days in summer, and at least a week in winter.

Job work-cash on delivery.

The dear old story: we were bound to meet Upon the pathway that we folks call life; Your eyes sought mine, your heart sought

mine, my sweet. And all my being rose to call you wife! Each lived for each; we made a world apart From all the busy, weary haunts of men; Hand within hand, and loving heart to heart, We lived beyond the world both new and

The years have passed, but on the hearts of

In spite of stormy weather, rain, and wind, Where never hand of mortal man may reach, A talisman is graven, sure and kind-

Kismet! 'Tis written there in golden type. Oh, happy truth!-Oh, blessed, blessed Through autumn's glows, from youth's bright

mem'ries ripe, We've lived and loved, and for the future

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Buried alive-Electric wires .- Puck. A safe investment-Buying one .- Lawrence American.

Stamp act-The act that wins applause. -Texas Siftings.

The man who offers an I O U is a writer of promise, - Washington Post. Penny wise and pound foolish-The man who won't take out a license on his dog. -Puck.

Popping the question is simply preimmary to questioning the pop .- Binghamton Leader.

One of our society girls is going to take her poodle to the laundry to have his muzzlin' done .- Puck. Can it be that the habit of casting bread

pon the waters is what makes the dark lue ocean roll?-Somerville Journal. When a young man loses his heart to some girl, he usually loses his nerve at

the same time .- Terre Haute Express. Ethel (to paterfamilias, who has just said grace)—"S'cuse me, papa; is it gram'ical to saya men?"—American Gro-

A correspondent wants to know what kind of an animal a sun dog is? Well, we should say, a "setter."—Boston Bul-"Do you know the nature of an oath,

Madame?" "I think so. All my bus band's oaths are very ill-natured."___ Every one has a mission: The mission of the crying baby is to make old bach-elors and maids contented.—Atchinson

Jay Gould began his business career by cleaning out a broker's office. Subsequently he cleaned out the broker .-Chatter. Emmeline—"Don't you think young De Jones is sweet?" Maude—"Suite?

Globe.

Why, of course—a perfect flat."—Ameri-An exasperating coincidence-That coal should always come down at the same time the stove pipe does .- Burling

A man who hopes to make money out of a stone quarry need not be disappointed if his hopes are blasted .- Lanerence American.

Mrs. Youngwife—"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" Judge— "No, I never did; but I dare say they deserve it."—Statesman. Don't be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind be a mud turtle-

Then you may have some snap to you .-Binghamton Republican. She (at the piano)-"Listen! How de you enjoy this refrain?" He-"Very much. The more you refrain the better

I like it."-Musical Courier.

No matter how much a girl may like her name, she is always willing to con sider the possibility of changing it to her advantage. - Somercille Journal

There is no use of disputing the fact. The man who does business on a side street does not do business on the square. -New York Commercial Advertisor.

"Please give me a copper, sir?"
Was the beggar's pleading wail.
But the copper came with club in hand
And marched him off to jall,

— Texas Siftings. "You are too hard on Mr. Skinflint. You should treat him with more of the

milk of human kindness." "He'd churn it into butter and sell it if I did."-Binghamtan Republican. There are many widows who've found Their first experiment curst;
So married a second husband
To revenge themselves on their first.

—Judge.

Horsy Husband-"I have got a fiver now, Jane, that can beat anything about here." Wife (intent of spring cleaning) 'Well, John, I wish you would let him beat the carpets; they need it awfully."-Victim-"Hadn't you better try the

crimping iron on a piece of paper to see if it is not too hot?" Barber-"Don't need no paper. As soon as I smells your hair burning I knows right off it is too hot."- Times Democrat. "I understand, sir, that you said I was a thief and a robber. I want an expla-

nation." Blobbs (suavely)-"Sir, you are entirely mistaken. What I said was that you sold shoes so cheap that you are almost a freebooter." - Light His Worship-"I must really make an example of you-you are here so often."
Prisoner-"Don't be too 'ard on me,

gav'nor; you ain't 'ad any trouble with me for eighteen months. Why, I only ame out this mornin' !" - Funny Folks. An Ingrate Father-Millionaire-"My dear daughter, it seems to me you ought to do something, and not always be reading novels." Daughter—"Oh, nonsense, papa; you ought to be satisfied, having rich heiress for a daughter."-Time

person is Mrs. Mildman, who has moved nto the next house to you?" Chaffer-"I don't think much of her. Between you and me I think she is next. door to an idiot." Mrs. Gadabout (innocently)-"I think so too, my dear."-