AN "AWFUL" CONVERSATION.

The Careless Habit of Misusing Adjectives.

"Well, here I am at last. I've been an awful time coming through. Every time I was just ready to get started there was something else to do, and after I was half way down the street Gertie wanted to know where her slate was. Children are a horrid nuisance sometimes," and Bella Townsend fanned herself energetically with her broad straw hat, as she rested after her long walk.

"You look most tired to death," said Fannie, sympathetically, as she looked at her friend's heated face. "Isn't it elegant out this morning, though? We've had such windy weather it's just splendid to have a day like this."

"Indeed it is," agreed Bella. "I was awfully hot before I started, or I wouldn't have minded the sun so much. I was baking a cake, and the kitchen was so hot I was most melted before I got out of it."

"Did your cake turn out all right?" asked Fannie.

"Oh, it's just lovely. I made a layer cake and put coconut over it, and it's awfully stylish looking. I hope Etta Grant's won't take the shine off it to-night at the sociable."

"I don't believe it will," returned Fannie, consolingly. "Did you notice what a sweet bonnet she had on yesterday? It was too cute for any thing in front. I suppose her aunt brought it to her, for I know she didn't get it made here."

"Her waist was just magnificent, too," returned Bella. "It's so plain, too. I know the material couldn't have cost much, and the trimmings are cheap, but I suppose it's because it fits her that it looks so well."

"She's awfully homely when she isn't fixed up any, but she did look nice yesterday, I said Fannie. "Her mother is horrid looking. She never has a bit of style, and I'm sure I wonder Etta hasn't got much, she's trying to make up to the minister, I believe."

"It's no use for her to try," said Bella, scornfully, "he wouldn't look at her. Isn't he lovely, though?"

"He is so, and he preaches awfully pretty sermons. Did you see the sunset last night?"

"No, I didn't notice it. What about it?"

"Oh, it was just lovely; all bright and red. May Harmon said it reminded her of Switzerland."

"I didn't know she was back already. Did she have a nice time?"

"Just elegant, I heard she said. The scenery was beautiful, lovely, and she had grand fun all the times she was gone."

"It will be horribly dull to settle down at home again after all her travels."

"Yes, it will be just terrible for her. You just ought to see the dresses she's brought home. They're splendid, and then she has lovely bonnets to go with each of them."

"It must be elegant to have so much money. I wish I had some of it."

"But you wouldn't want your grandfather to die to get it?"

"No, of course not. By the way, didn't the minister make a real cute address at little Lottie Miller's funeral the other day?"

"Why, Bella Townsend! I never heard such an awful thing in all my life! To think of calling a funeral address cute!"

"Oh, well, I didn't mean just that. You know what I meant. It was pretty, and so appropriate; I didn't mean to call it cute, but you know what's my great word."

"It did sound too funny for anything, though. Have some caramels? They're lovely and fresh. Sometimes Dana has awfully stale ones."

"I'll take some to eat on the way, for I must be doing now. I've got a fearful walk before me, up to the store, and then all the way back home. I'll be most dead by the time I get there. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

An overdrawn conversation, do you say? Not at all. It is a real conversation between two young girls who held enviable places in the graduating class of a seminary, and who are perfectly conversant with the meaning and proper application of all the adjectives they use, or misuse, so freely. Of course they know better, but their habit of misapplying the adjectives they use comes from carelessness.

It is a common fault even with well-educated people, to fall into the way of using words in ordinary conversation that are not at all applicable in the sense in which they use them. There is no habit more easily formed, or more difficult to break, as you will soon discover, if you ever undertake the latter task.

The word "awful," for example, signifies awe-inspiring, or full of awe, yet we often hear conversation freely interlarded with it, when its use is, to say the least, senseless. "Awfully lovely," "awfully hot," "awfully tired," are frequent expressions, and are unconsciously used, oftentimes.

Girls, if you would speak pure English, look over your store of adjectives.

Burning a Valuable Book.

The greatest joy of the bibliomaniac, says a London paper, the only one, in fact, is to possess a book of which there is not another copy extant. An Englishman who had abundant wealth (and there are more English bibliomaniacs than all the rest put together) owned a little volume, very rare, and the only one, as he thought, of that edition in existence. All at once he learned that there was a second copy in Paris, and he forthwith filled his pocket-book with bank notes, started across the Channel, and arrived at the house of his "rival." After the usual compliments he said:

"Monsieur, you possess a copy of such and such a work?"

"Yes, monsieur, it is in my library. Here it is, if you would like to see it."

"I will give you 1,000f. for it."

"Monsieur, I do not trade in books."

"Five thousand francs, then."

"I am astonished, monsieur—"

"Ten thousand francs!"

"Before such insistance it would be impolite to refuse you. Monsieur, the book is yours."

The Englishman had won. He counted ten bills of 1,000f. each and took the book. The conversation had taken place in the library, where an open grate fire was burning. The Englishman examined his purchase carefully. Then, with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal, threw the book in the fire. The Frenchman, thinking his visitor was insane, attempted to rescue the treasure. The other prevented him, and added in explanation: "Monsieur, I also possess a copy of this work. It is the only one which exists to-day. I wish you good-morning."

H. A. Rowland professor of physics in the John Hopkins University, Baltimore, has been elected an honorary member by the Philosophical Society, Cambridge, England.

A fine meteor was recently seen from Kissimmee, Fla. It was very large and brilliant, and broke in two parts when about two-thirds of its course was completed, one following the other, while for a considerable distance a stream of sparks flew out. It had a faint tinge of pink in the head, with blue on the edge of the foremost ball of fire. It resembled somewhat the appearance of a large rocket. It was evidently at a great distance, as no report was heard.

HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO MAKE OATMEAL BREAD.—An important use for oatmeal not much known in this country, but common in Scotland, is in making bread. It cannot well be made into a loaf like wheaten flour, but it can be prepared by mixing the oatmeal, salt and cold water into a rather stiff dough, which, after being well kneaded should be rolled into a thin cake about the thickness of a half dollar; then put it on a very clean griddle, no grease on the griddle, and only moderately hot; bake on one side till it just begins to brown, but do not brown it; then take the cake off the griddle and lay it on a clean board, baked side uppermost; after the cake has dried and almost cooled, lay it on a board or any other suitable implement and slowly toast the uncooked side before the fire; this makes a very crisp cake, keeping a long time if protected against exposure to moisture. Children are fond of it, and chewing it is beneficial exercise for the mouth and teeth.

POTATO SALAD.—Six cold boiled potatoes (medium size) chopped fine, three hard-boiled eggs, also chopped or grated; three finely-cut stalks of celery (or, if not obtainable, sprinkle well with celery seed); also mustard, salt and pepper. For the dressing one egg well beaten, and enough vinegar added, one teaspoonful at a time, to make two-thirds of a teacupful, sweetening and weakening the vinegar slightly so it will not curd the egg. Pour this over the salad, and stir thoroughly with a fork. Of course one must use her own judgment, to a great extent, in salad-making. If so much is not desired lessen the proportion. Much depends upon getting it of the right consistency.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Take two pints of rich milk and soak three-fourths of a package of gelatine in it. Make a custard of a quart of milk, one pound of sugar and the yolks of eight eggs, add the gelatine and two teaspoonfuls extract of vanilla. When it begins to congeal stir in a quart of rich cream whipped to a froth. Line a mold with stale sponge cake; set on ice.

PEACHES AND TAPIOCA.—A nice dish for dessert is made by soaking half a pint of tapioca in cold water for two hours, then let it boil gently until it softens; slice canned peaches and put into a pudding-dish, and pour the tapioca over them; bake until the tapioca is perfectly tender; serve the sugar and cream. Dried or evaporated peaches may be used for this dish, and if they are properly cooked and softened, it is almost as good as when the canned fruit is used.

WHITE SOUPE MAIGRE.—One pint of milk, two pints of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two onions, pepper and salt. Let the flour thicken in the heated milk; mince the raw onions to the finest squares; add them to the boiling water and incorporate with the milk. Stir in the yolks of two eggs; have a few hot boiled carrots cut into squares, and serve with fried bread.

SALT FISH WITH ONIONS.—Soak the salt fish well and parboil it, letting it drain. Slice up some onions and fry them in butter a delicate brown. Remove all bones from the fish, season with pepper, mustard and a dash of vinegar. Mix with the fried onions and serve hot.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Line a mould with sponge cake; break six egg yolks in a vessel with twelve ounces of sugar, and add a pint of milk or cream, stir on the fire until it thickens, add an ounce of gelatine steeped in water; when cold, mingle with a quart of well-whipped cream, and then fill the molds and put on ice; when cold, turn out and serve.

AN EXCELLENT RELISH.—Dried herring make an excellent relish. Split, skin and bone, cover with cream, and heat through in the oven. Place each one on a strip of buttered toast, thicken the cream with flour, season well, pour it over the fish, and give each a dish of lemon, and send it to the table hot.

FIG CAKE.—Three pints of flour, one cup of butter, one of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of sugar, whites of sixteen eggs, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-half pounds figs flavored and cut in strips.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Make a rich pie crust and fill it with thin slices of apple and of steamed sweet potatoes spread thickly with butter and sugar and grated nutmeg. Cover with a thin crust and bake.

WALNUT.—The whites of 5 eggs with 1½ cups of powdered sugar beaten together, 1 cup of butter with a teaspoonful of sugar beaten to a cream, 1 pound of chopped walnuts, ½ cup of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and 2½ cups of flour.

MY FAVORITE.—One cup butter, 2 of pulverized sugar, one of sweet milk, 3 of flour, ½ cup cornstarch, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 of lemon extract. This is an excellent cake and has been favorably tested.

SPONGE JELLY.—One cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder mixed in the flour; bake in thin sheets; when cool spread jelly and roll it.

SODA.—One pound of flour, ¼ pound of moist sugar, 6 ounces of butter, ¼ pound of currants, ½ pint of milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda; time to bake, 1½ hours.

A new idea is a bed-spring which shall serve as a fire-escape in time of danger. It consists of four sets of springs, 7 feet long and just wide enough when laid together to sit in a bed-frame. Each set is attached to the adjoining one by a clamp, which unites iron appendages fastened to the end of the springs. These appendages add to the length of the arrangement so as to make it about 30 feet long while hanging out of the window. One side of each set of springs is fitted with rungs made of wrought-iron, the only part of the contrivance not of steel. These rungs, which are on the outside when the springs depend from the window, and about 15 inches apart, form a pretty strong ladder, which may be made use of for descent.

With a view to overcoming the difficulties in spreading borax and other fluxing materials over the heated surfaces in making welds, a Frenchman has invented plates, usually consisting of a very pliable wire gauze, on both sides of which the flux, being highly vitrified, is evenly spread. Paper may be also used as a support. In cases of small surfaces it is often sufficient to form a sheet of the flux and metal filings agglomerated together. The plates are simply placed between the surfaces in place of the powder being sprinkled on, the wire gauze being welded in between the surfaces.

Belts that have been loosened by getting wet should be thoroughly dried and fastened together by inserting cement into the cracks with a knife, and hammering until dry. A good cement for this purpose is equal proportions of good glue and Prussian gelatine dissolved in the same manner as ordinary glue.

Down Hill and Up.

"We are surely going down hill," said Grace moodily. "It is easy enough to see that much."

Louise wrung her hands, which, in spite of dish-washing and floor-scrubbing, still remained white and dimpled at the knuckles, like a baby's.

"Oh, Grace," said she, "why can't I go out and be a seamstress or something?"

Louise, feeling the necessity of action of some sort, could not but recognize herself as being utterly useless in this emergency. She had advertised for a situation in some school, but no one had answered the advertisement. She had registered her name at a pretentious "employment agency" in the neighborhood, but as yet no crop of ladies in need of governesses, or children wanting instructresses in French, music and German had sprung up, and now came the point-blank question.

"The postman!" said Grace, suddenly starting up. "Run, Louise, quick, before he knocks. Alfred must be kept quiet, whatever happens. What is it? A letter for Alfred?"

"Yes," said Louise.

"Open it, child! See what is in it!"

"Open Alfred's letter?" exclaimed Louise, in dismay.

"Yes, of course. Didn't the doctor say that nothing must excite or disturb him? It's about some business, of course, and perhaps it needs instant attention."

Thus urged, Louise hesitatingly tore open the letter.

"It's from a Mr. Townsend," she said; "a gentleman who is writing a book."

"Writing a book!" cried Grace. "What on earth has that to do with Alfred?"

"It's about French literature in the time of the first Napoleon," went on Louise, "and the man wants a lot of information from some unheard-of book in the public libraries here, and he can't come himself because he has sprained an ankle, and some one has mentioned to him the name of Alfred as a capable, cultivated and literary gentleman, whose services in completing a thing of this nature would be invaluable. He will be glad to remunerate Mr. Fortescue at the rate of $1 a page for all compilations concerning the Napoleonic age of literature."

"A dollar a page!" exclaimed Grace, with gleaming eyes; "and for doing the one thing that Alf likes best in all the world!"

"What are we to do?" asked Louise.

"What can we do?" sighed poor Grace. "Write and tell him that Mr. Fortescue is confined to his bed, and that the doctor thinks he cannot leave it for several weeks, even under the most favorable circumstances. Oh, dear! it seems wicked to let this high tide of fortune go by us unimproved."

"Grace," said Louise, with a quick breath, "it shall not pass us by. I'll do it myself."

"You!"

"Why not I? Cannot I read French as well as Alf himself? Isn't my handwriting big and bold enough for any man's? I'll go to these big public libraries. I'll do the compiling for this man."

"But, Louise, do you believe yourself capable of it?"

Louise drew herself up with much dignity.

"Do I look like an impostor?" said she. "Just wait and see. Give me a chance to build up my reputation and don't breathe a word of this to Alf. One dollar! Our fortune is made."

The next day she took her way to the library and calmly announced her business to one of the principals attending—a silver haired gentleman—who at once became interested in her behalf.

She sent off her work and Mr. Townsend wrote back expressing the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Fortescue's MSS., he said, were far beyond his most sanguine anticipations in clearness, comprehensiveness, and research. He did not know but that the accident of the sprained ankle was likely to prove a really fortunate occurrence. And, better than all, he inclosed a check for a sum that seemed like a gold-mine to the girls.

This was in March. When the May violets began to blossom in the carts of the flower-sellers, and "Primroses! primroses!" cried through the streets, Alfred was considered sufficiently convalescent to be told all these events, and one afternoon, sitting by the window, Louise had just begun to say: "There is something we've been saving to tell you, because—" when Grace opened the door, with a puzzled face, and announced:

"Mr. Townsend!"

Enter a tall, fine-looking man, who held out his hand to the bewildered Alfred with the utmost courtesy.

"Being unexpectedly summoned to this neighborhood," he said, "I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling to thank you for the very scholarly and thorough manner in which you have carried out my ideas respecting the 'Napoleonic era of literature,' and I wish to bespeak your co-operation in another and perhaps more comprehensive literary undertaking, which—"

"My dear sir," cried Alfred, "I haven't the least idea what you are talking about!"

"But I have!" cried Louise, starting up. "I—I—beg your pardon, Mr. Townsend, but it was I that carried out the Napoleonic ideas. My brother was very ill with brain fever, and we didn't dare to tell him, and I had been expensively educated, and read French readily, so that—"

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Townsend, "that you wrote all those follies in that bold running hand—that you sifted out the kernels from that mass of historic evidence?"

"Yes, I did," confessed poor Louise, coloring to the very roots of her hair. "I was just beginning to tell Alfred about it when you came in."

Things happen most unaccountably in the world. For example: In a few weeks Mr. Townsend discovered that it would accelerate the progress of his work very much indeed if he could personally superintend it. And he found himself compelled to go over a great many of the folios with Miss Fortescue. And one day they drifted into a topic of conversation quite irrelevant to literature of any age whatever.

And Alfred, buried soul and spirit in a pile of tomes in the window-seat beyond, had to be shaken briskly by the shoulders before he could be brought back into every-day existence.

"Eh?" said he, laying down his pen. "What is it?"

"My dear fellow, congratulate me!" cried Townsend, radiantly. "Your sister has promised to be my wife!"

Alfred Fortescue was not particularly surprised. Your book-worm never is surprised at anything.

In his paper before the Health Congress lately held in London, which was attended with interest by many American practitioners and sanitarians, Dr. George Wilson makes some startling statements as to the domestic sanitation of the rural districts in England. He declares that one-third of the rural homes in England are unfit for human habitation, and that 700,000 hovels should be immediately demolished and replaced by habitable dwellings. In many villages half the cottages have only two sleeping rooms, and ten in every hundred only one, while the provisions for disposing of excreta were disgraceful to the boasted civilization of the country.

There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures in life come in the wake of duties done.

FARM NOTES.

PROFESSOR A. BLYTH, of the University of Norway, has made some observations of the climatological relation and the distribution of plants in Norway that will be of interest to botanists. Nearly all the climatological lines there run more or less in the shape of the coast, so that the climates are ranged in bands, the changes being observed as one goes from the interior toward the sea, or *vice versa*. In keeping with the same are the variations of the flora. The plants may be divided into groups, whereis the species belonging to same group have a somewhat similar extension, while each of the groups is confined to special climatological conditions, and is found only in those parts were the conditions corresponding with its nature prevail. The flora is generally monotonous, but there are certain places dependent partly, perhaps, on the character of the soil, but as much upon exposure to the sun and protection from the changeableness of the coast climate, where a rich vegetation may be found. The flora is destitute of peculiarly characteristic species, because it has come to the country by immigration after the glacial period, from other countries which were free from ice at that time. This immigration must have taken place during repeated changes of climate. "After several thousands of years with a severer climate that favored the immigration and extension of nothern and eastern species, other thousands of years followed with a milder climate. During this period fresh immigrants came from the south and south-west, compelling the other flora to retreat. In this manner the climate must have changed several time since the glacial age, and the distribution of plants must have changed in accordance therewith. The periods of variation are reflected in the present flora, and it is the former which led to the great gaps in the extension of coast as well as inland plants. The sunny acrees, the slate districts and the most coast tracts are asylums where the different floras have found refuge. In the intermediate parts they have been dislodged by the new-comers. But certain species, being indifferent to the variations, extended constantly, at the expense of others, and this is the reason of the Norwegian flora being so monotonous."

REV. DAVID ASANTI, a native missionary of the Basle Gold Coast Mission, Africa, recently visited the hill country of Booso, where he says the temperature is cool, rains are frequent and streams numerous. The country is thinly peopled by a population subject to goitre and extremely dirty. Children and bachelors wear no clothing. The fetich worship is less subtle than on the coast, but the poison ordeal is frequently resorted to. When a person dies a whole village sometimes submits to take an infusion of a poisonous bark. Quarrels are settled by resorting to the same dangerous arbiter. Thefts are discovered by it, babies who cry much are made to swallow the infusion to prevent their growing up wicked, and parents who loose several children in succession take it in order that the cause of their affliction may be discovered.

PROFESSOR SCRIBNER, of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, in a paper on fungi, says that while sulphate of copper and lime, applied separately, had very little if any effect in preventing mildew in vines, the combination of the two had entirely prevented it. A good formula was to dissolve one pound sulpher. A silver haired gentleman—who at once became interested in her behalf. of copper in two gallons of water. Slack two pounds of good lime in the same quantity of water and then mix the solution, when the mixture should be thoroughly applied to vines and foliage. Another method of application is to dissolved sixteen and a half pounds of sulphate in the smallest quantity of water possible; also to have it, when slacked, in the liquid form. Mix these thoroughly and dry. When dry crush the powder. The powder can be blown over foliage, fruit and vine.

DR. PIETRA SANTRA injected the body of a rabbit with a solution concontaining two milligrammes of biniodide of mercury, and that of a sheep with five milligrammes, and he asserts that, after several months, the preparation suffered to keep the carcasses in a perfect state of preservation. Of course, this method of arresting decay will hardly recommend itself to dealers in game or meat, or to their customers.

HORSESHOES made entirely of the horns of sheep have been tested of late in Lyons, France. Horses shod with them have been driven over a variety of pavements at a rapid pace without slipping. They are more expensive than the ordinary iron horseshoes, but they are more durable and more readily adapt themselves to the changing size and shape of the horse's hoofs.

FOWLS as well as chicks become quarrelsome if fed on raw meat. Again, cooking makes meat more nutritious. When raw it is rather harsh and crude compared with the more natural diet of worms and grubs, which are for the most part soft and easily digested.

An English glass manufacturer has added another to the various novelties lately brought forward in that line of material. This new class of productions embraces various ornamental shapes, and the surface presents a crumpled appearance, colored with gold, which is worked into it in the process of manufacture. The gold surface is described as not being after the manner or appearance of ordinary gilding, it being, as it were a top layer of the glass, and is brought into combination with different colored bodies. Some are worked out in green, and others in amber glass. The elevation of the crumpled shapes admits the light through, which throws up the tinge and adds to the effect.

A newly patented composition for the removal or erasure of writing inks or writing fluids from paper, cloth and all other substances which writing fluids and inks may come in contact with, without injury to the paper or other substance, consists of the following ingredients: Four quarts of water, four ounces of citric acid, twelve to sixteen ounces of strong solution of borax and three-quarters of a pound of chloride of lime. In preparing the composition two quarts of water which has been previously boiled and cooled are taken. Four ounces of citric acid are added, and after the acid has been dissolved six to eight ounces of a strong strained solution of borax are added, after which the whole may be put in a bottle or suitable receptacle.

Some laborers taking clay out of the Ancholme Valley at Brigg, Lincolnshire, England, came recently upon a very ancient wooden way at a depth of about seven feet from the surface of the earth. It consists of heavy beams of oak laid transversely and fastened to the underlying glacial drift by oak pins. It is thought that this way extends nearly across the valley, and that it was built by neolithic men. At any rate, there are six feet of clay on the top of it deposited by overflows of the Humber. Above the clay there is about a foot deep of peat, and on the stratum of peat the Romans have made roads.

Floods Washed with Champagne.

In the early days of gold-mining in Australlia, when this precious metal was first discovered, and men were simply "gold mad," three men entered the city of Sydney, N. S. W., and put up at the Royal Hotel. They had made their "pile" and were going "to knock it down." They asked to see the proprietor, and arranged with him, for a price, to have full swing of the hotel, from the cellars to the roof. The bargain being struck, they finished the day "with drinks for all"—in fact, kept open house. The first thing they did the next morning was to open all the champagne they could lay hands on, and with bucketfuls of it and mops, proceeded to wash out the bar and barroom with this precious liquid. In those days, champagne of any kind was at least $10 per bottle. In about three weeks' time those three men started back to the diggings in search of more gold, having in that short time relieved themselves of a sum a little over $30,000.

Herr Baehr, of Dresden, has been conducting a series of experiments in the Royal Theatre in that city, whose results are of the highest importance in elucidating the causes of the spontaneous explosions that sometimes occur in flouring mills. He has found that the leather belts employed for the transmission of energy in manufactories are such rapid generators of electricity that flour, malt and other finely divided forms of nutrium may be spontaneously fired and exploded thereby. Accidents of this kind, due, no doubt, to the cause exposed by Professor Baehr, have frequently taken place in large mills in this country, and, as any finely divided form of dry combustible material is liable to be thus exploded, the contingency is one against which proper provision should be made.

OAT BREAD.—Dr. Randolph tells us that the reason oatmeal cakes do not pall on the taste, which so easily wearies of oatmeal porridge, is because the porridge is swallowed soft without an effort. The oat cake, on the contrary, must be chewed, and this develops sweetness, instead of the sameness of boiled oatmeal. Oatmeal cannot well be made into a leaf like wheaten flour, but it can be prepared by mixing the oatmeal, salt and cold water into a rather stiff dough, which, after being well kneaded, should be rolled into a thin cake about the thickness of a half-dollar; then put it on a very clean griddle, no grease on the griddle, and only moderately hot; bake on one side till it just begins to brown, but do not brown it; then take the cake off the griddle and lay it on a clean board, baked side uppermost; after the cake has dried and almost cooled, lay it on a board or any other suitable implement and slowly toast the uncooked side before the fire; this makes a very crisp cake, keeping a long time if protected against moisture. Children are fond of it, and chewing is a beneficial exercise for the mouth and teeth.

The manufacture of real Russia Iron in this country is an assured fact, and a plant will shortly be started in Cleveland, Ohio, with natural gas for fuel. An American manufacturer has possessed himself of the secret process in use in Russia for making this variety of iron, after journeying to Siberia to obtain it. Some specimens of the improved imitation iron have been shown which apparently possess all the good qualities of the genuine article.

A memoir by M. E. Maumene treats on the presence of Manganese in plants and animals and on the part played by this substance in the animal system. Tea and tobacco are found to contain the largest quantities of metallic manganese, which is on the whole injurious to animals and constantly rejected by them; hence he infers it should no longer be employed medicinally.

FIRED WITHOUT CEREMONY.—"Oh, Rowena," exclaimed Voltigern Tape-measure, dropping on his knees without a struggle, "your beauty fires my heart."—

"My daughter," said old Hengist Wheatcorner, entering the room, "I will divide the contract with you; I will fire the rest of him." Which he did.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of it, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of arms.

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

I would rather be beaten in right than succed in wrong.

In hundreds of cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, has proven a potent remedy for rheumatism. Hence, if you suffer the painful aches of this disease, it is fair to assume that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you. Give it a trial.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One trial will convince you that it is the best. Ask your dealer for the Frazer Axle Grease, and take no other. Every box has our trade mark on.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in the unselfish thought.

Nothing like Dann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5.00. Druggists. Try it.

The number of democratic free traders in the House of Representatives is 143, Republicans 6.

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro.

Tennessee's peanut crop this year is worth $700,000. The average yield per acre is 42 bushels.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

Statesmanship consists rather in removing the causes than in punishing or evading the results.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CHITTENTON, New York.

HUMOROUS.

THEY MUST TREAT HIM GENTLY.—"Don't be rough on me, Judge," remarked David Williams as Stebbins brought him out.

"What do you mean?"

Why, don't call me names and say I'm the worst man in the world, and threaten to give me ten years. You can do far more with me in a gentle way."

"Very well, prisoner, let me throw out a soft hint that you were embarrassed yesterday."

"That's the way, Judge. Yes, I was embarrassed."

"And you were found asleep on the broad of your back."

"I was. It was a case of mingled exhaustion and prostration."

"For which the sentence—"

"Gently, Judge. Speak it softly."

"Is thirty days."

"That will do. I haven't a complaint to make. You treated me kindly and gently and I will go up without a protest. Good-bye, Judge, and may your business shrive and prosper until they have to enlarge the Workhouse."

ALLIGATORS.—This is the way a boy wrote about them: Alligators are found in the rivers of Florida. I never found any there, because I am a poor hand at finding things. And if I lost an alligator I wouldn't care whether I found it again or not. I would rather pay him bigger wages and let him find himself and do his own washing. The alligator's hide is very tough; so are the places where alligators hide. Boots are made of this hide, which make me think of a little story. A darkey, who had no covering for his feet except an old pair of gaiters, went to hunt an alligator, one day, so as to get his hide for to make a new pair, but the creature swallowed him, gaiters and all, which was alligator to wanted.

GUS SNOBBERLY, a New York dude, surprised Mrs. Bondclipper while she was painting a picture.

"Aw, Mrs. Bondclipper, I had no idea you were an artist," said snobberly.

"I suppose you thought I was stupider than I really am," replied Mrs. Bondclipper in a bantering mood.

"O no, I never for a moment thought you were stupider than you weally are. On the contrary, I thupposed you were not so stupid ath you weally are."

A POOR MEMORY.—During the trial of a murder case in San Antonio, Texas, the prosecution placed on the stand Bob Sniverly, the barkeeper who was an eye-witness of the fray.

As soon as Bob was sworn, the prosecuting attorney turned to the witness, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"That gets me!" exclaimed the surprised witness. "Why, Colonel, it ain't more'n an hour ago that you said to me, 'Bob, gimme another drink of that high-priced brandy,' and now you ask me what my name is. That do get me."

A SAD OVERSIGHT.—Detective Dobaner—"You say your bank has been entered during the night?"

Banker—"Yes, the burglars got into the bank, but they failed to open the safe where there was half a million dollars in bonds and securities."

"So the burglars didn't get any of the bonds or money?"

"Not a cent."

"What a pity. If they had gone off with the contents of the safe, we could have had a clew."

A MEAN MAN.—Tramp—"Please give me a few cents."

Gent—"No."

"Well, can't you let me have an old pair of pants?"

"No."

"Or a coat."

"No, I tell you clear out. I've nothing for you."

"How about your authograph? Can't you let me have that?"

EXCITED FISHERMAN, to a summer hotel man—There isn't a bit of fishing around here. Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?

Hotel man—I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you will read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was, "fishing unapproachable."

The Lion and the Lamb.

Moxie and the rumsellers are friends at last. It was thought it would injure their trade. Now they are making most money on it and do no harm, while the old drinker prefers it. Thank God that it bids highest on the liquor dealer's pocket.

The American people have grown to be the most nervous and intellectual in the world. It is quite lucky that the Moxie Nerve Food has come along to sustain both. It bids fair to be the mainstay of the over-worked and over-stimulated, as well as to be able to rectify the effects of dissipation. Druggists sell it.

DE BAGGS—Have you seen Bagley lately?

De Kaggs—No. Has he gone to the country?

"Oh, dear, no! He is confined to his house and is feeling very miserable."

"I don't wonder. I heard him say some time ago that he was going to live according to some health rules."

HER LAST HOPE.—They had just been listening to "The Lost Chord" at a musicale.

"There's only one piece I like better,' she said.

"What is that—the 'Wedding March?'" he asked coyly.

"No," she said, hastily, "Gottschalk's 'Last Hope.'"

CLARENCE—No, I nevah indulge in leah. It goes right to my head, you know.

Clara—Then you certainly ought to drink it.

Clarence—Drink it when it goes right to my head?

Clara—Yes, it ought to be a pleasing novelty to have something there.

BOGGLE'S mother-in-law is very large. Boggle likes her extremely well. The other day he said to a friend:

"My mother in-law is a treasure. She can cook, she can take care of the babies and, if necessary, she can wash."

"She ought to wash," said the friend.

"Why so?"

"'Cause she's a yard wide."

AT a social gathering in Austin, Texas, Judge Pennybunker made the horrifying discovery that there were thirteen at the table.

"That's all right. There are really fifteen," said Hostetter McGinnis

"How so?" asked Judge Pennybunker.

"Why, that reporter at the other end of the table always eats for three."

THE pie-eating match between Birdie McLaughlin and Lyddy Donahue, two of our most charming young ladies, was a very exciting and enjoyable affair, and ended in Birdie eating ten full sized pies in fifty minutes, while Lyddy could go but nine and a half. Birdie carried off the prize—a nickel-plated revolver.

PARBOIL OLD POTATOES, putting them on in their skins in salted boiling water for ten minutes, and then finish them by baking in a hot oven for ten minutes more, or until they show mealy when one is broken apart.

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (?) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, RELIEVES HAY FEVER, PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

ELY'S Cream Balm Gives Relief at once and Cures COLD in HEAD CATARRH Hay Fever. Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

EASY TO USE.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Lecture on "ROUGH ON RATS!"

This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it throughout your future useful (?) careers. We older heads object to its spoils "Rough'ness."

DON'T FOOL away time and money in futile efforts with insect powder, borax or what not, used at random all over the house to get rid of Roaches, Water-bugs, Bedbugs. For 2 or 3 nights sprinkle "Rough on Rats" (dry powder), about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the sink, drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house, they must drink during the night.

ROACHES

Clears out Rats, Mice, Bed-bugs, Flies, Bees.

"ROUGH ON RATS," is sold all around world, in every clime, is the most extensively advertised and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe.

DESTROYS POTATO BUGS

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., dry or in a tablespoonful to a pail of water, well shaken, in a log of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or a hisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c. and 25c. and $1 Boxes. Agr. size.

"ROUGH ON RATS" —CLEARS OUT— BED BUGS, FLIES.

Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, crows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers. 15c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Dear Sir: I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Fort Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he would give Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

Respectfully,

FRANK MCKEEBY.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE BEST IN THE WORLD! Guaranteed perfectly accurate and absolutely safe. Made in all sizes for large or small game. BALLARD Gallery, Hunting and Target Rifles. Send for illustrated Catalogue. Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34 pills, 14 Pills.

Plso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PALMS' Business College, Phila., Pa. Situations furnished. Life Scholarship, $40. Write.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON PAYS THE FREIGHT. Top Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass