Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLVI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1892. NO. 30.

NATURE'S SUMMER LOVELINESS.

BY HORACE EATON WALKER.

I.

I wandered by the cooling stream. The air,
With ladies sweetness came as rare perfume
From hundred flowery nooks. With tasseled plume
The tufted grasses wave I everywhere,
And overhanging flowerets, debonair,
Swung down as they with soft light would illume
The grotto I had sought; for here no fume,
Or odor foul, but essences e'en rare,
It was a cool, pure delight. I sat
As one enamored, till the mid-way sun
Peeped slant rays in. My old discarded hat
Lay on the moss. The zephyrs had begun
To tantalize my braided hair, till I
Half slumberous lay as hoary time went by.

II.

The Summer leaf, with yellow-banded down
Were winging over me. Near the fragrant stream,
(That slumbered like some Neptune in a dream)
A happy throated songster with a crown
Of fine ascot of feathers, red and brown,
And white, and others, in a silver gleam,
Went winging past in empty joy, I deem,
As caged canary in some Highland town.
And yet I'd give my little wealth of earth,
My fine intelligence of this and that,
Had I only half their joy and artless mirth,
For even while on lavish earth I sat,
I felt as sure the old, old dis-content,
While joy and woe as wavelets came and went.

III.

And yet abundant flowers were o'er my head,
The babbling waters sang below. The bees,
The birds, the flowers were round me. E'en the trees
Had Summer beauty, and the waters shed
A wholesome freshness. Not a twig was dead,
No hint of Autumn. Half way to my knees
New tangled beauties floated with the breeze
Till Nature seemed a new bride lately wed.
And so, comparing earth with heaven, these thoughts
Came into me. If Summer Earth could be
So lovely, with her swells, and nooks, and groves,
How can that other land across the Sea,
Be lovelier? And yet they tell me so.
But, who are they to tell me ere they go?

CLAREMONT, N. H.

ON THE RANCH.

BY OLIVE WISWELL MARCH.

Ted sat on the gate post and swung his feet disconsolately. Mamma and brother Roy were sitting on the porch, enjoying the sunset; but you see Ted did not care for sunsets. He was, as he had just declared to Mamma, "sick and tired of this old Colorado ranch, with no boys nor fishing nor baseball nor—nothing!" and when, in stating the utter poverty of ranch life, he came to *baseball*, overwhelmed with memories of the "Fourth nine," of which he had been captain back in Vermont, he had come off down to the gate with a big lump in his throat, and now was sitting, with his back to the house, cross and miserable.

Over by the corral he could see a jack rabbit hopping about getting his supper; and in the distance a coyote was loping home to her little ones; but "what's the use of *them?*" thought Ted, "when a boy's only ten and his mother won't let him have the gun."

It was a lonely place, this Colorado ranch, in spite of the wonderful sunsets and the more wonderful mirages; in spite of the prairie bright with cactus and the mocking birds singing on the creeks. It seemed tiresome to the others at times, and *they* had something to comfort *them*. Brother Roy had that strange feeling of strength, and freedom from the distressing cough that had driven him from his Vermont home, and then he had his gun and pony; Mamma had the happiness of seeing the flush of health where the hectic had been on her big boy's cheeks; and she could have lived on a desert island for that; Dell had her piano and books and lots of letters, while he, Ted, had *nothing*, it seemed to him just now, save a big lump in his throat. A letter from the Pitcher of the "Fourth nine" was what made it especially hard this evening.

Four months before, when everything was strange and the little house they brought from Vermont was going up, it had all been very delightful, and he had scrawled a glowing letter to this same pitcher, calculated to rouse great envy in every heart belonging to the "Fourth;" but the tardy answer, received to-day, when deciphered by Dell, had rendered the boyless ranch existence unbearable. He took the crumbled epistle from his pocket now and, aided by the memory of Dell's translation, spelled out those last sentences which were rankling in his sore little heart:

"Yo Bad you aint here old Boy But this new feller from Broklin that is Captin now Can run a good ele faster and he Bats a 3 bager every time hes got lots of musel for a City Chap we Can meet Beet the 3d on Count of him he Could be in that But he sed hed rather Be Captin of ours wisht you was here old Boy—

Respekfully yours Joe.

p s he's got a safty and lets us fellers all ride."

Bitter indeed to the quondam "Captin" was this praise of his successor; and just as the great tears were rolling down Ted's cheeks, Mamma, who wasn't so happy about her *big* boy as not to sympathize with her homesick *little* one, came down to the gate and slipped her arm around him, saying, without noticing the tears, of course: "I challenge you to a game of checkers, little man, or fish pond or anything you want to play. I know I can pay you back for the way you beat me last night."

"I don't *want* to play any old *girl* games," sobbed Ted, breaking down entirely; "I want to play baseball and go a-fishing and have some fun. I *hate* this old ranch, and I wisht I had stayed with Grandma."

"Don't you think you would have missed Mamma as much as you do the boys?" asked Mamma, tenderly; "and then think how lonesome she would have been off out here with no one to play the girl games with her."

"What's the matter, Kid?" said brother Roy, coming up behind them. "Don't see why you mourn for *trees*, Mother, with such a flourishing little weeping willow as Ted on the premises." Ted's little shoulders heaved far less convulsively than when Mamma was talking. "Oh, *come* now, Ted, stop your wailing. Look at that jack rabbit over there and count your mercies. Lots of kids in the world worse off than you are."

At that moment they heard a faint sound off across the prairie.

"What's that?" said Mamma, as again a faint bleating sound came to their ears.

They all looked and listened. The sun had disappeared, but the clouds, both east and west, were all aflame; and off toward the west they could see a dark speck moving towards them. Again they heard the faint cry; nearer and nearer came the speck and louder grew the cry, until Roy said:

"It is another lonesome kid coming to see ours, as sure as you're alive! *This* one has got something to bleat for—hasn't even his mother and brother and sister, say nothing of his baseball nine."

"I *wouldn't*, Roy," said Mamma, gently. But Ted was not hearing; he was down from the fence, hopping about in great excitement.

"Where's it from? Do you s'pose it'll come here? Where's its mother? How do you s'pose it got lost? How can we catch it?"

The little stranger was in plain sight, and, bleating pitifully, it was trotting toward the corral, where the cows and calves were calling a welcome to it.

"One of the ranger's calves," said Roy; "some of the settlers have taken it in; it would never have strayed away from its mother of itself. I don't see why they didn't keep it after they had stolen it."

"Can't you catch it?" asked Mamma; "perhaps it's old enough to drink."

The little red fellow stood a short distance from them now, and they could see plainly how thin and weak he was.

"We can try it," said Roy; "but they can run as long as there is anything left of them. I presume he is too wild."

Cautiously they crept toward him but at the last minute impetuous Ted made a dash and flung his two arms around the "other kid's neck; and as quick as a flash he was lying in the short buffalo grass while his little guest was off across the prairie, his plaintive bleat coming back on the breeze.

Ted listened in chagrin to Roy's comments on his haste, until Mamma interrupted with: "Just think of that; the poor little baby out on the great prairie all alone this dark night, and think of his poor mother too, I am so sorry," and she put her arm tenderly around Ted's neck as they walked back to the house for the game of checkers.

The next morning they heard the greatest commotion out in the corral, the cows mooing and the calves bleating. Fearing a stampede of the "rangers" they rushed to the door and saw the cause of the uproar. A large, handsome red "ranger" was coming at full speed toward the corral, her head tossing and her frantic voice rendering the cows and calves in the inclosure wild with sympathy.

"It's that little calf's *mother*," said Mamma, her eyes full of pity. "The poor thing is just crazy with grief; how cruel! If we only *could* have kept her baby over night. What *can* we do?"

There was nothing to be done. But the distracted mother, who had tracked her baby to the corral, would not believe he was not there; and all the forenoon she made the air ring with her mournful calls. Finally, despairing, she ran off toward the creek. All the afternoon Mamma, Ted and Dell kept thinking of her and hoping she had found her baby; but at sunset again they heard the same little cry, only fainter than the night before, and soon up to the corral fence staggered the little red calf, thinner and weaker than before, but still, as Roy declared, "able to ran like a deer if we scare him."

Mamma was half frantic herself now. "What *shall* we do? We *can't* have them coming here this way and just missing each other until he starves; we *must* catch him. Do you suppose his mother is anyway near?"

The cows were uneasily answering the call of little stranger, and an idea came to Dell. "Let's all bleat as loud as we can, then the cows will; and if the mother is anywhere near she may hear."

Roy laughed; but they all went down near the corral, and on the signal from Dell, there arose from the Dean ranch the strangest uproar ever heard. Roy bellowed with all the newly acquired strength of his lungs, Ted bleated at the top of his shrill little voice, and Mamma and Dell joined earnestly. The Jerseys in the inclosure thought that at last some terrible thing, which they had been expecting ever since they left their Vermont home, was really about to happen, and lifted up their voices in fright, until Mamma and Dell were fain to abandon the effort and flee to the house; but over in the direction of the creek was heard an answering moo. "She's coming! she's heard us!" shouted Ted; and he was right. On came the red "ranger" wilder than the day before. When she came in sight of the little starving animal by the corral fence she came in great bounds, and when she was sure she had her baby, and the calf knew he found his mother, how great was the rejoicing! Over and over she licked him with her great loving tongue, and Le—well, as Roy said, it seemed he was "saved from starvation only to die of overeating." He did not die, however. When he could drink no more off they went into the darkness, the proud and happy ranger stopping now and then to caress her recovered treasure, he giving, meanwhile, loving little bleats.

"There's *one* kid that knows how to appreciate his mother "said Roy, reflectively, "even if it is on an old Colorado ranch;" but Ted and Mamma were halfway to the house talking of a game of "Reverse" and ignored him entirely.

That night when Mamma had blown out the light in her room she heard a voice from the little bed in the corner say: "Mamm!" "Yes dear," said she, going and sitting down on the edge of Ted's cot. "Ain't you awful glad that little fellow's got his mother?" "Yes inded," said Mamma, and then waited. Pretty soon it came; two arms went round her neck, and some one said, with convulsive hugs between every word: "I'd rather have you than fifty ball nines, or fishing, or to ride on that safety or—or—anything. I do preciate you more'n that calf does his mother, *don't* I?" And Mamma knew just what to do and say.—*Independent.*

Compressed air is to be used for running the street cars in Leavenworth, Kan.

A refrigerator has just been made in New York which will freeze five hundred tons of ice in twenty-four hours. The machine weighs 175 tons and was built for St. Louis.

THE first catechism published in this country, says "The Learner and Teacher," was by John Cotton, the second minister in Boston. It was entitled, "Spiritual Milk for American Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments, for Their Souls' Nourishment." This catechism was used for a hundred years, and was always printed in the New England Primer. Its gifted author, who had been vicar of a Church in Boston, for twenty years, was distinguished as a scholar in Emanuel college in Cambridge. Cotton Mather says of him that "he was a walking library, a universal scholar, an indefatigable student, the Cato of his age for gravity, but having a glory with it which Cato had not."

WAITING FOR LEISURE.

It is what we are all, or nearly all, inclined to do, and at the first outlook the inclination seems not only natural, which it undoubtedly is, but sensible, which it is not. In a book published a good many years ago, there is a passage about the keeping of diaries, and it particularly warns people against the notion that clean pages, unblurred, and regularly written up daily, are essential to a diary. On the contrary, the author's advice is to go on with the same book, taking up the even's at the point when the diarist is disposed to chronicle them, and not to get a clean, new volume, expecting to keep it blotless, and to make it an unfailing history of the life.

Now, this counsel about diary keeping has a certain relation to the waiting—or rather, *not* waiting—for leisure which is the subject of this paper; for the same necessity of having everything "cut and dried," the way plain and smooth, and the surroundings propitious, and the same impossibility of either beginning or continuing any work unless cirsumstances are thus propitious, enter into the disposition of the mind in both cases, and lead to identical results.

To quote the old book again, the writer says: "If you start fresh with a new diary each time that you have failed to keep up the original one, you will never have a real diary at all." In other words, there will be a series of volumes, all begun and none gone on with, whereas one book, blotted maybe, and with erasures and hiatuses, alternating with pages fully written, will grow in time to a long record, interesting certainly, and very probably useful to the writer. It is precisely the same with reference to work, only that, instead of the inclination being to destroy the rough draft or the carefully indited MS., the tendency is to leave it in the desk and wait for a "quiet time" to take it up again. "All things come to him who waits" says the French proverb; but whether that be true or not as regards other matters, it certainly is not true as regards work of any sort. The woman who puts off a general tidying up of cupboards and drawers till she has a "clear day" to do it in, will find most likely weeks become months, and still the chaos only getting worse as time goes on.

It is simply no use, in these days of pressure—when even pleasure is overpowering, to say nothing of business—to think of resting on the oars of ease while the boat drifts over the sea of leisure. Nothing particular to do! Can such a condition be ever imagined now, when railroad pace, mentally and physically, is the rule of life? No; the lesson we all must learn is that whatever we desire to do has to be done *vi et armes*, the armour being that of determination and promptitude. How often has a visit of kindness to an invalid been put off day after day until a sudden change for the worse put that visit off forever. And that is only one instance out of hundreds which will occur readily to everybody's mind. So with the postponement of mental work till it can be done "right off the reel." Each morning we fancy that the next day will do—never the present one, because of the multitudinous interruptions which will keep coming to distract onthoughts and tempers. And in truth it is very hard sometimes, just when we have warmed to our work, to have to pay the tax gatherer, or the collector of subscriptions to the hospital or to be called off by one or other of the thousand trifles, which irritate like gad-flies, and are equally persistent. Still, so it is, and fighting against circumstances which are factors in our daily life is only waste of time. The only thing is to be as methodical in our arrangements as possible, and to make up our minds to do a little, at least, of the work we have in view every day. A few stitches in the embroidery or the plain sewing, a few lines added to the MS., or a clear wash laid on the water-color sketch, it does not seem much—"hardly worth the trouble of getting it all out," is rather the feeling one has—but, nevertheless, it is so much to the good, and not only to the good as regards the work itself, but also as regards the strengthening of a habit of regular working, which is invaluable. And, as we never know what we can do till we try, it is well worth while trying this plan rather than continuing in the unsatisfactory and unfruitful state which is understood by the words "waiting for leisure."

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Many of our young people who read the daily papers cannot fail to have noticed frequent references to the "triple alliance" in the European cablegrams, and may possibly have been troubled to know what it meant.

This country is so exceptionally fortunate, alike in its geographical position and national policy, that we have no necessity nor desire to form alliances with any other power, and they are unknown here except in a limited trade sense.

But in Europe, where the nations are separated by slight barriers and where their interests are continually clashing, to form effective alliances is the chief duty of the leading diplomats.

That they are not lasting is a matter of little apparent consequence; a new one is immediately formed upon the ruins of the old, and former enemies become friends, at least for the time being.

Within the past hundred years England has been in alliance with all the Continental powers at different times.

In the early part of the century she was in league with Russia against France under Napoleon, and during the Crimean War she was leagued with France against Russia, and numerous parallel cases might be presented.

The triple alliance which Italy now finds it difficult to maintain dates from 1883. For centuries Italy was a part of the Roman Empire, although her great cities were republics and practically independent.

When Napoleon conquered the country he divided Italy between France and Austria, and when he was defeated at Waterloo the unfortunate land was parceled out among the native rulers and Austria.

A struggle for national unity then began under Garibaldi and other leaders with little prospect of success until 1859, and, when Austria and Prussia went to war in 1866, the chief obstacles in the way of unification were Austria's possession of Venetia and the occupation of Rome by French troops.

By a secret treaty, Italy pledged her support to Prussia against Austria, and, when Prussia became United Germany, she insisted upon Austria's withdrawal from Italy.

There then only remained the French troops in Rome, and there they stayed until the war between Prussia and France in 1870 necessitated their departure, and the unification of Italy was completed.

After the defeat of France, the German diplomats determined to cripple her political power as long as possible, and to that end worked incessantly to reconcile Austria and Italy, and in the end succeeded in forming with these two nations the triple alliance of which we hear so much and which has caused the late Italian crisis.

Italy has a natural affinity for France, but dare not make a treaty with her for fear of Germany and Austria, and yet she is afraid to openly offend the French.

Meanwhile the people are protesting against the burden of the army and navy, which it is necessary to maintain as part of the treaty of alliance.

The only way to reduce either is to withdraw from the alliance and risk being "partitioned" again in case of a general European war, which is not at all unlikely.

The situation is very perplexing, and will require the utmost skill of Italian statesmen to bring to a fortunate conclusion.

We are not interested, but, as lookers on, we cannot help but pity the poor people who are the tools of kings and prime ministers, and have to eventually bear all the burdens.

THE IDEAL KITCHEN CABINET.

CLIFTON W. WADY.

I have recently met with a unique piece of furniture, the possession of which would be heartily appreciated by every housewife in the land. It is the invention of Mr. H. C. Forbes, of Boston, who has the only complete sample in existence. I have been permitted to photograph this in two views, cuts from which are presented, showing the cabinet both closed and open "for business." "The Forbe's Ideal Kitchen Cabinet," is not for sale, and is not patented and its inventor, by this publication, waives all rights therein; hence the readers of these lines is at liberty to build, or have built, an article after this model. The one referred to above was constructed by a carpenter, and though more crudely put together than mill work, it is nevertheless just as serviceable as if more expensive and elaborate. In dimensions the cabinet is seven feet in height; four feet wide and two feet deep. Clear pine, stained or finished in natural wood, answers well. If built of hard wood and highly finished, the appearance will be improved, of course, and without increasing the cost very materially.

The keeper of the country house, in general, will acknowledge the lamentable need of more pantry room and accommodation, and will hail with delight the possibilities afforded by the interior arrangement of this article. As flour, in such cases, is mostly purchased by the barrel, space has been

FIG. 1. CABINET OPEN.

reserved to receive a whole barrel at the right of the case of drawers, and a dust-tight cover renders the same accessible. A moulding board is shown projecting over the top drawer in fig. 1, where it is pushed in out of the way until wanted, when it is removed and one end inserted beneath the clest place within for the purpose. A thumb-screw might be fastened beneath to be used in keeping the board firmly in place. The four drawers with metal pulls offer storage room for quite an amount of tablelinen, towels, spare cloths, etc. It is suggested that the top drawer be left for the bread knife, egg beater, meat chopper and similar articles, and it will be found none too large for those thousand and one little things which else are left about to be in the way when not wanted, and entirely out of the way when most needed.

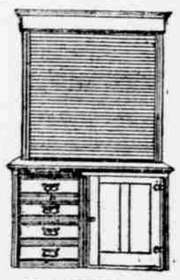

FIG. 2. CABINET CLOSED.

Any number of shelves may be put in, depending, of course, on the height of the space required between. They should be movable, however, and this end may be accomplished by fastening two "scalloped" uprights at either end to support a fitting cross-piece. A double row of small boxes or drawers is provided for spices properly labeled, and larger ones for tea and coffee. The shelves offer rest for many jars, cracker boxes, tinware, etc. It may be well to add that where the flour is not put in by the barrel, it is designed that a dividing shelf be placed in the right hand cupboard, upon which a bag of flour may rest; the balance of space below being utilized for large cake box, iron kettle or something of the kind. The neat appearance of the cabinet when closed is illustrated in Fig. 2.—*American Agriculturist.*

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years now lies in the British Museum, as bright and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hands.

Much of civilized history could be written in lace. More than almost any other luxury it has been the burden of statecraft, the concerns of kings. The Moors brought it into Spain along with other arts. It is Colbert's glory to have planted it securely in France, whence the Huguenots took it to England, Belgium and Flanders.

HUSBANDS AND HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY BETTY BARTON.

You see it was this way. When I married Adolphus, I thought everything was going to be just lovely, and there couldn't possibly be any trouble in keeping house for us two. Hadn't he said, over and over again, that *anything* would suit, and he should not care what he had for dinner, if only he could see his dear Betty's face smiling at him across the table," and all that sort of nonsense. Don't take any stock in it, girls. Love and dyspepsia can't occupy the same house; and if you cannot give a man a cheerful home and a good bill of fare, why, live an old maid, and let him keep on dining at the club. It will be much better for both of you.

But here I am, moralizing away, instead of telling you my experience, which will probably have more effect on you than a dozen lectures. Well, we had the dearest little house, a regular "love-in-a-cottage" and the brightest spot in it was the sunny little kitchen. How that new-painted floor did shine! and the tin-pans on the shelves reflected the sunbeams like so many new silver dollars. I arranged everything just to suit me, and what vows I made that a place for everything, and everything in its place," should *always* be the rule of that domain. I could not look forward in imagination to those days of apostacy when the egg-beater should repose in the knife-box, tin basins hobnob with the best china, and pewter spoons be mingled with their silver cousins in promiscuous confusion. A merciful Providence spared me a vision of my future degeneracy, and I cherished the fond delusion that I would always be a model housekeeper.

For a few weeks all went as merry as a marriage bell. To be sure, the kitchen fire went out several times for want of wood, and I had a terrible time with my fine new iron kettles until some good old aunty told me to boil hay in them. I have since learned something better than that, which is, not to have any iron kettles at all. Save your strength by using the light granite ware, or something of a similar nature, and above all, never use an iron tea-kettle; they are the champion woman-killers. Then my iron sink persisted in rusting, until I learned not to wash it with soap, but instead, to use greasy dishwater, and once a week give it a good rubbing with kerosene. A little lye poured down the pipe occasionally kept that clean and sweet and if there was the faintest suspicion of an odor, I gave it a dose of copperas.

I wasted a great deal of blacking on my stove during the first year of my house-keeping. Every day that ugly black Moloch must be polished, at the expense of aching back, dingy fingers and scorched face and what was it after all this labor, but a big hideous mass of iron. Now that stove gets a washing in the dishwater every day, and semi-occasionally the doors and hearth get a bit of a rub. Don't be shocked, my friend the model housekeeper. You may keep on polishing if you will, but life is too short for me to spend in that way, and I think too much of my hands. A mop for dish-washing, and another for the stove, is a wonderful saving for those overworked members.

But the cooking was the worst. Adolphus bore up bravely for a while, and swallowed all kinds of messes without a wry face. The swill-bucket in those days was a feast of fat things for my neighbor's pigs, garnished as it was with loaves of bread, pans of biscuit, leathery cake, and burnt gems. Finally my patient husband rebelled, and announced that he should take his meals down town if there was not a reform in the domestic regime. Of course I called him a brute, and shed floods of tears; but after he had gone to the office, I decided that he was right, as I am very apt to do. Putting my pride in my pocket, I ran across the garden to one of my neighbors, a kind, motherly soul, and laid my difficulties before her. How they disappeared before her sensible suggestions! I will not encroach upon Cousin Ceres' provinces by attempting to give many of them; but I do want to tell you how to avoid that frequent disaster of your cake sticking to the pan. Do not bother with greased paper, but just grease the pan well, then dredge it thick with flour, and turning it bottom upward, give it a smart rap. All the superfluous flour will fall off, and just enough will be left. I found, too, that I must not tramp about the kitchen or rattle the stove covers when my cake was baking, for the least jar might cause it to fall. For the pies that would run out in the oven, I learned to bind them with a strip of wet cloth, pressing it down securely. A little study of the drafts of my stove enabled me to have less burnt food, and the simple expedient of placing a dipper of cold water in an overheated oven saved many disasters.

As I said before, Adolphus bore up patiently under these varied trials, and I really began to think that I had a model husband. But never be too sure of a man until you try him through house-cleaning. That is the time that tries men's souls, and women's *soles*, too, but the sterner sex are apt to think themselves the most abused.

It was a fine April day when I resolved to commence the ceremony. Laboring under the delusion that "the hotter the war, the sooner the peace," I began operations by taking up every carpet in the house, and turning all the rooms into a state of chaos. When Adolphus came home to dinner, the only repast which greeted him, hungry and tired, was a bite of bread and cold meat on a dusty corner of the dining table, with the piano stool for a seat, and the cheering prospects of the backs of all the parlor pictures piled up in close proximity. With a look of despair he exclaimed, "Betty, "what on earth have you been doing. Do you call *this* a dinner?" with a contemptuous wave of his hand toward the table.

"It's all the dinner you'll get today," I replied, a little piqued at his tone! "I have had no time to cook anything."

"What's the use of making such an infernal mess?" inquired my patient husband with emphasis. "You women do love to tear up things. Can't you make me a cup of coffee, at least?"

"No," was my equally emphatic answer; the kitchen fire is all out, for the man is coming to move the stove If you—" but with a remark that sounded very much like two dashes and an exclamation point, Adolphus seized his hat, and was half way down town before I could recover my breath.

Life was too short to waste in regrets, so I ate some of the despised lunch myself, watered with a few indignant tears, and betook myself to work. Oh, the trials of that afternoon! How I got the carpets out on the line, and the man who promised to beat them not appearing, they bleached all the afternoon in the hot sunshine, and finally a sudden April shower turned their dusty coating into a muddy slime! How the man did not come to move that day—no, nor the next, and we lived on scanty rations cooked over the kerosene lamp. How the minister's wife called, and the president of the Shakspeare Club, and I, in my smutty apron and collarless gown, had to entertain them on the front stairs, as the only habitable spot in the house. And the next morning, behold, a pouring rain-storm, which lasted a week. The carpets lay in the shed, the chairs waved their legs in the air, the pictures smiled at the wall, the bric-a-brac gathered dust, we both caught cold from the bare floors and fireless house, and our friends and relations had a mania for dropping in to dinner. Adolphus fretted, and scolded, and swore (Revised Version) and finally settled into a state of ostentatious resignation which was maddening. But I could not blame him so much after all—could you?

Now, in conclusion, let me give you a little list of *dont's* from my own experience, *apropos* of our subject.

1. Don't imagine you must marry an angel. Think how lonesome he would be with you. Try just a plain man, and 2. Don't expect a man to behave like an angel. He isn't built that way; and 3. Don't believe a man when he tells you that you are an angel, nine chances out of ten he doesn't think so; and if he does, he will soon get over it.

Don't try to do everything "the way mother did." If he liked his mother's housekeeping so well, he should have stayed at home with her a while longer.

Don't expect to keep your husband's love, unless you give him good dinners. Men's hearts and stomachs are very apt to compare notes.

Don't forget that a man has some rights in his own house, and try to give him a place for the sole of his foot, even in house-cleaning time.

It will be easy to do this by not laying out too much house-cleaning in a lump. Take one part one day and get through with it before starting in on more clutter. Think over and lay out your work systematically and you will be surprised to find how much cleaning you can accomplish without turning the house all upside down.

And lastly, remember that

"We can live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining."

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

In response to the thousands of invitations to distinguished persons to attend the Exposition dedicatory ceremonies next October, the acceptance thus far has been almost unanimous. Among those who will be present are the President and his entire Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court, nearly every foreign minister at Washington, the governors of the different states, members of Congress and special representatives of foreign nations.

In order to show the fine quality of silk produced in the state, and the skill attained there in the silk industry, the women of the Southern California Silk Association will make an artistic banner especially for exhibition at the World's Fair. The banner will be home-made in every respect, and also hand-made, even to manufacturing the fabric. It will show designs of California flowers, fruit and scenery, and in artistic design and finish, it is believed, will attract much attention. Many expect that the silk industry is destined to become one of the leading ones of Southern California.

Among the interesting exhibits at the Chicago Exposition will be the original manuscript of "Robert Elsmere," which Mrs. Humphry Ward has been invited by the lady managers to place on exhibition in the Woman's Building. An effort is also being made to secure from the heirs of Helen Jackson the manuscript of "Ramona," to be shown in connection with the exhibit of the Ramona Indian school of New Mexico.

The French government has consented that plaster casts be made for the World's Fair of the numerous art treasures in the Trocadero, Paris. The exposition authorities will bear the expense, which will be something above $25,000. The collection will be a very fine one, and will occupy a conspicuous place in the Fine Arts building. After the fair the collection will be placed in the projected Chicago museum, where it is believed, it will prove of great benefit to American artists and of much interest to visitors.

A monster panorama, 445 feet long and fifty-one feet high, representing the Bernese Alps, with the Jungfrau in the background, has been painted for exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. A private exhibition of the work was recently given to the press in Berlin.

An historical collection of railroad tickets is to be one of the curious exhibits at the Columbian Exposition.

The Pope has consented to allow the first map which ever included America, and which is in the Vatican collection, to be exhibited at the Columbian Exposition. It was made at some time between 1494 and 1529.

GLEANINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A MARBLE tablet has recently been placed on the house in which Coleridge lived while a student at Gottingen, in the Summer of 1799. This is said to be the first compliment of the kind that has been paid to an English author in Germany.

THE University of Paris was founded by King Philip II. about 1200.

MINIATURE painting is said to be almost a lost art in this country. For many years the only artist in Philadelphia, who devoted himself exclusively to this branch of his profession was J. Henry Brown, who died about a year ago.

THE largest telephone switchboard in the world is that in the Exchange at Berlin, Germany, where 7,000 wires are connected with the main office.

THE first common schools established by legislation in America, were in Massachusetts. 1645; but the first town school was opened at Hartford, Ct., prior to 1642.

Two car-loads of onyx are now being shipped weekly from Phœnix, Arizona, where the supply is practically inexhaustible.

ALL true lovers of Alpine plants will rejoice to hear that the Diet of the Tyrol has passed a bill imposing a heavy fine for the sale of any sample of edelweiss which has been pulled up by the roots.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

GATHERED BY OUR PATENTED REAPER.

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, and Editors—Some of Them Very Dry and Others Somewhat Juicy—They Will Aid Digestion if Perused After Meals—Do Not Read Them Upon an Empty Stomach.

In No Hurry.

Mrs. O'F. (wife of brakeman on the S. F. Ry.)—Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the mouth?

Magistrate—Certainly; that is assault and battery.

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge."

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"Well, you see, when he slapped me I hit him on the head with a rollin' pin and he's now in the hospital and the doctors say he won't be able to get out for a month yet."—General Manager.

Trials of High Life.

First guest—Awful bore, isn't it?

Second Guest—Dull as a funeral. I knew it would be.

First Guest—You know it? Then why did you come?

Second Guest—Had to. My wife heard that the formula for writing regrets had changed and she couldn't find out what the new style was, so she sent an acceptance.—Puck.

The Difference.

Mr. Dadkins (impatiently)—It's cry, cry, cry; all day and all night. Colic? Not much! No human being, no matter how young, would make such a fuss over a little attack of colic. It's sheer temper, I tell you!

Mr. Dadkins (in the agony of cramps)—It must have—ouch!—been—ouch!—been those confounded cucumbers. Never mind sending for the doctor; go for the minister! —Truth.

Only a Brief Stay.

He was one of those dry old visitors and as he settled his portly frame into a Murray rotunda rocker after his after-dinner smoke a dashing, fashionably dressed young man rushed up, held out his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, I declare, judge, when did you get in?"

"Oh, t'other day. When did you come?" returned the judge.

"Last night over the Burlington."

"How long are you going so stay?"

"As long as my money holds out," chuckled the young man.

"Sorry you're going to leave so soon," observed the judge without cracking a smile.—Texas Siftings.

Reminded.

Ethel Knox—Do you know you remind me of that piano lamp, Mr. Stalate?

Stalate—Because I shine in the drawing-room?

Ethel Knox—No. No matter how you are 'turned down' you don't go out.—New York Herald.

Father to the Man.

Georgie Gazzam (aged 5)—Let me tel. you the latest smart thing my father said.

Benny Bloombumper (aged 4½)—Thanks, no; I'm tired. I have a smart father myself.—Jury.

Their Vegetables.

Gazzam—I suppose that the favorite vegetable of a duck is a mandrake.

Maddox—And that of the hen is chickenweed, of course.

Gazzam—It might be egg-plant.—Detroit Free Press.

The Proper Thing.

Tom—What would you do if, while calling on a girl, she should exclaim: "Light out!"

Jack—Put it out, of course.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Late Repentance.

Spiritual Adviser—You say you have a dreadful load on your conscience—my poor friend, I trust you have not committed crime.

Sick Man—Not exactly; but for years I have been writing the "Hints on Home Decoration" for the household departments of the Sunday papers.—Puck.

THE corner stone of the White House in Washington, D. C., was laid in 1792. The building was first occupied by President Adams in 1800. The White House was burned by the British in 1814, and its restoration was completed in 1818.

Platinum has been discovered in the Southern Hills, twenty-five miles southwest of Rapid City, South Dakota.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Siberia signifies "thirsty."

—A ton of gold is worth $600,000.

—The Japanese are fond of bathing.

—Few criminals of any kind live to be old men.

—Plants grow faster between 4 and 6 A. M. that any other time during the day.

—A Philadelphia Chinaman glories in a pigtail five feet eleven inches in length.

—So minute are the pores of the skin that a grain of fine sand will cover 300 of them.

—Live fish have been sent in safety in the mails from India to the British Museum.

A "Poor Richard Almanac" of 1758 sold for $35 at an auction in Philadelphia recently.

—The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks well for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

—The Ohio River, which is very nearly 1000 miles long, has a mean descent of only 5½ inches to the mile.

—Cawker City, Kan., has adopted an ordinance requiring every owner of chickens to keep them on his premises.

—Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife he cannot get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

—Leon Joseph, a son of the late Chief Joseph, of the Cherokees, is employed in the Government building at Kansas City, Mo.

—A merchant of Yazoo City, Miss., has a young turtle with two distinct heads and necks. It is covered by one shell and has only one set of legs.

—The peasantry of the Tyrol and of parts of Germany and Switzerland generally carry a case in their pockets containing a knife, fork and spoon.

—One of the largest of Boston's retail dry-goods stores now has a gymnasium on the top floor for the use of the saleswoman and other female employes.

—San Francisco has an earthquake-proof hotel. It is constructed of iron, and in the form of two hollow square, one within the other, arranged so as to brace each other.

—The arrivals in this country from Sweden, Norway and Denmark are next in importance to those of Great Britain and Germany, and exceed one-fourth those from Ireland.

—In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked, and is desirous to make amends.

—The original manuscript of the, "Book of Mormon," is now in one of the banks at Richmond, Ray County Mo., in custody of J. D. Whitner, a straight and non-polygamous Mormon.

—A curious superstition prevails in Norway. When people are in quest of a drowned body, they row to and fro with a rooster in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

—It is said that spectacles, or at least, magnifying lenses were known long before the time of Christ, and it is known that Nero watched the games in the arena through a convex emerald. Layard unearthed a lense of rock crystal from Nineveh.

George J. Defoy and Mrs. Mary Ellen Simpson, of Tacoma, Washington, had just ten minutes in which to be married and catch the Victoria boat. Justice Sharp was so obliging that he married them in the back while it was rattling toward the wharf.

—Mrs. Sanders and five daughters, of Henderson County, Tennessee, have feet which are marvels for size. Mrs. Sanders wears number fifteen shoes and the youngest daughter number twelve. The average sized foot of this wonderful six is number fourteen.

—Professor Lors, the Greek rifle shot, is attracting much attention by the feat of shooting a glass ball from his own head. The trick is performed by shooting at the trigger of a rifle held in a frame, with the muzzle sighted at a glass ball dangling by a string directly over the marksman's head.

—A costly wardrobe is owned by one of the Chinese Ministers, whose magnificent and varied toilettes have driven the society belles wild with envy. The celestial dignitary never appears at public entertainments twice in the same costume, and his silk and satin garments are valued at $150,000.

The origin of the Round Tower, at Newport, R. I., is unknown. There is no authentic evidence of its construction by the Norsemen, who discovered Vineland about 1000 A. D., though claims to that effect have been made. It is most probable it was built by the Indians. Exactly when and why no one can tell.

—Many readers will be much surprised to learn that at the battle of Leipsic the Russians brought into the field numbers of Baskir Tartars who were armed only with bows and arrows. So we read in General Marbot's memoirs, written by himself and lately published. The General was himself wounded by an arrow in the battle.

—Cuban barbers lather their patrons with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used.

—The Roumanian has, in every walk in life, a fierce and savage pride which causes him to abhor the idea of medicine and surgery, and to consider the loss of a limb as terrible as that of life itself. He has become accustomed to the idea that only beggars are so disfigured, and believes that no necessity should constrain him to such a loss.

THE Golden Rose, the highest Papal honor conferred upon women, goes this year to the Queen of Portugal. This coveted mark of favor is not an insignia or decoration to be worn as part of the toilet, but is, instead, a shrub with leaves, branches, and buds of solid gold set in a jar of silver gilt, and stands three feet high.

The British Consul at Mozambique mentions that there exists on the east coast, south of the Zambesi River, a reef of pearl oysters. The greatest portion of the reef is within enclosed waters, and, as it has never been regularly worked, the pearls which could be found there must be of considerable dimensions.