GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

Grandmother sits in her easy chair,
A stately dame is she;
The firelight falls upon silver hair,
And a pleasant face to see.
Though the wrinkled brow is no longer fair
And Time's deep furrows are graven where
The dimples used to be.

Thus does grandmother look to-day—
Her portrait, gazing down,
Still smiles from its ancient frame to say
How she wore youth's brighter crown;
How the tear-dimmed eyes were with laughter gay,
And wandering sunbeams lost their way
Among the tresses brown.

Grandmother must have been lovely, when
The painter sought to trace
(A thing to glamour the hearts of men)
The charm of her girlish face.
But never a whit the dearer, then
Than now, with her threescore years and ten,
And prim old-fashioned grace.

Never a whit the dearer—No,
Nor ever half so dear!
If youth and beauty with Time must go,
He spares what we more revere;
And bids sweet virtues sweeter show,
To gladden our love and make it grow
Yet stronger year by year.

SOME GOOD DECEMBER DISHES, AND A NEW ENGLAND SALT FISH DINNER.

By Miss Juliet Corson, Director of the Cooking School Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition.—Author of "National American Cookery," "Practical American Cookery and Household Management," "Family Living on $500 A Year," Etc.

The winter weather always suggests to grown folk the pleasure of their younger days; and it is safe to say that in most instances one of the first remembrances is of the good things of the table which, far away from present times and methods, have the unfailing charm of memory. We think no fine cookery of the modern semi-French school half so appetizing and satisfactory as the genuine American old style dishes. Our space this week will be devoted to a *resume* of some of the best constituting the most satisfactory sort of cold weather fare. We shall begin with a kind of pot pie with dumplings which has gained fame for the locality where it was first made by the good old negro cooks of "befo' wah times," following this with an excellent preparation of salt pork, with suitable vegetables, and concluding our list with a salt fish dinner and its morning addenda of cod-fish hash.

PHILADELPHIA PEPPER-POT.

Wash in cold water one pound of salt pork in which the fat and lean are equal, and put it in a large pot over the fire with two pounds of the neck of veal or mutton and four quarts of cold water; add a large red pepper and a tea spoonful of salt, and boil all together gently for three hours, keeping the pot closely covered. Meanwhile, in another pot boil until tender a pound of good tripe, cut in small strips, and peel and slice four small or two large white turnips, six tomatoes, six potatoes and one onion. After the meat has boiled for three hours take it out of the broth, and in its place put the boiled tripe and vegetables and let them boil gently for half an hour. As soon as the vegetables begin to boil make dumplings by sifting together one teaspoonful each of baking powder and salt and one pint of flour. Quickly mix with the flower sufficient cold water to form a medium soft dough, and put this into the pepper-pot by the teaspoonful, wetting the spoon in the broth before forming each dumpling. Cover the pot as soon as the dumplings are all in, and let the pepper-pot boil until the half hour has elapsed. Then serve it in a tureen.

The meat employed to make the broth can be used in the form of hash or minced meat served on toast.

The pepper-pot makes a capital dish for busy days, because it combines meat and vegetables with broth and dumplings. The hearty luncheon which constitues the children's dinner will be amply served with dishes of this kind. Another good noon-day old-fashioned dinner is:

Fried Salt Pork, Western Style,
with Cream Hot Slaw, or
Boiled Cabbage with Cream Sauce,
and Sugar-beet Pudding.

FRIED SALT PORK, WESTERN STYLE.

Scrape the rind of salt pork, wash the pork in cold water, slice it about half an inch thick, put it in more cold water and let it stand over night; the next morning put it over the fire in enough cold milk to cover it, and let the milk reach the boiling point; have ready over the fire a frying-pan large enough to hold the pork and in it sufficient butter or lard to cover the bottom; after the pork has been scalded in the hot milk dip the slices in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown them on both sides in the frying pan containing the hot fat; keep the pork hot on a hot dish after it is browned; stir a tablespoonful of flour into the butter in the pan and gradually add enough of the hot milk to make a good gravy; stir it until it is smooth, see that it is palatably seasoned, let it boil for a moment and then serve it in a gravy bowl with the fried pork.

CREAM HOT SLAW.

Trim the outer leaves from a head of firm, white cabbage, shake the cabbage about in a large pan of cold salted water, and then shave it very thin; put over the fire in a thick saucepan a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and stir them until they bubble; then gradually stir in half a cupful of cream and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; put the shaved cabbage into this sauce, season it with salt and white pepper and stir it over the fire until it is scalding hot; take the saucepan from the fire stir with the cabbage the yelk of a raw egg, and serve it at once.

BOILED CABBAGE WITH CREAM SAUCE.

Choose firm fresh cabbage; either cut it in quarters and cut out the inner stalk, or separate the leaves and cut away their toughest parts; have ready plenty of salted boiling water; thoroughly wash the cabbage in plenty of cold salted water, then boil it in the boiling water *only until it is tender*, which will be in from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the size and freshness of the vegetable. Remember that it needs to be cooked only until tender, but not until it grows soft and watery. While it is cooking make a sauce for it, as follows: Stir together over the fire a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they are smoothly blended, then gradually stir into them a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a saltspoonful each of white pepper and grated nutmeg, and continue to stir the sauce until it has boiled for two minutes, when it will be ready for use. It can be kept hot by placing the saucepan which contains it in another pan of hot water on the bakk part of the stove. When the cabbage is tender drain it, put it into a deep dish and pour the sauce over it. If the sauce is desired in a different form, the yoke of a raw egg may be stirred into it just before it is poured over the cabbage.

SUGAR-BEET PUDDING, CAROLINA STYLE.

Use cold-boiled sugar beets which have not been pickled; either grate them or cut them as large as grains of corn; to a pint of beets, so prepared add six eggs well beaten, a pint of milk, a level teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of butter; mix all these ingredients in an earthen dish, and then bake the pudding half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve it hot as a vegetable.

NEW ENGLAND SALT FISH DINNER.

The dun-fish is considered one of the finest of salt fish; in New England it is served with hard-boiled eggs, salt pork scraps and boiled beets. Soak the fish overnight in enough cold water to cover it; in the morning change the water, and let the fish soak until four hours before dinner; then put it into the fish kettle with enough more cold water to cover it, place the kettle on the stove where the water will get scalding hot without boiling, and let the fish scald for three hours. An hour before dinner again take up the fish, remove the skin, the fins and any bones which can be taken out without breaking the fish apart; put the fish again into the kettle with enough cold water to cover it, place it over the fire where it will gradually heat, and let it simmer for half an hour; the fish should then be dished on a clean napkin, and served with drawn butter, salt pork scraps, boiled beets and hard-boiled eggs.

DRAWN BUTTER.

Mix together over the fire until they bubble a table-spoonful each of butter and flour; then gradually stir in a pint of water; when the sauce boils season it palatably with salt and pepper, melt in it two more table-spoonfuls of butter, and serve it.

SALT PORK SCRAPS.

Cut quarter of a pound of fat salt pork in half-inch bits, put them over the fire in a frying-pan, and stir them until they are light brown; then skim them out of the drippings, season them with salt and serve them.

BOILED BEETS.

Wash the beets without trimming off the stalks or roots, or breaking the skins; put them over the fire with enough boiling water to cover them, and boil them until they seem tender when pressed between the fingers; remember, in testing beets to see if they are done, that every puncture made in the skin permits the escape of their juice and color. When the beets are done rub off their skins with a wet towel, slice the beets, season them with salt, pepper and vinegar, and serve them either hot or cold. If they are served hot they should have a little butter with them.

HARD BOILED EGGS

Put half a dozen eggs over the fire in cold water, let the water heat, and boil the eggs for ten minutes after the water begins to boil; then put them for a moment into a bowl of cold water, so that they can be handled: break the shell in in every direction by tapping the eggs upon the table, and then peel it off; cut the eggs in halves, and serve them on the dish with the fish.

NEW ENGLAND SALT-FISH HASH.

From the fish which remains after a salt fish dinner remove all the bones and skin, and chop it fine; also chop an equal quantity of the cold buttered potatoes from the dinner, and mix them with the fish, together with enough milk or cream to moisten the hash a little, and about a tablespoonful of butter to a pint bowl full of the hash; slice some fat salt pork thin, enough to cover the bottom of a medium sized fryingpan, and fry the pork crisp over a slow fire; take it up when it is brown, and then keep it hot to serve with the fish; put the hash into a fryingpan with the pork drippings, and shape it in the centre of the pan by pressing it with a knife-blade so that it is surrounded by the drippings; place the fryingpan where the hash will brown without burning, and let it remain until the bottom is nicely browned, then loosen it from the pan, turn it out without breaking, and serve it.

TEARS.

Fear, grief, and joy, to say nothing of pathos and anger, bring tears to the eyes. They are said to come from the heart; and this is true, for no one ever reasoned himself into weeping without a first appeal through the imagination to some emotion. Tears are the natural outlet of emotional tension. They are the result of a storm in the central nervous system, giving rise to changes in the vascular terminals of the tear-secreting glands. These changes induce profuse excretion of water, and weeping results. In a mild degree some excretion is always in process, to bath the eye and clear it of foreign matter. The controling centre is at a distance, though the secretion may be kept up by the small trace of saline substance that is present in the tears themselves. The lachrymal glands lie between the nervous centre and the mucous surface of the eyeball. Tears afford a good illustration of the way in which nervous fibres are capable of conveying to a secreting organ exciting impulses from both sides of a gland lying in their course. Afferent and efferent communications bring about a similar result. Internal nervous vibrations and external excitement or reflex action cause a flow of tears. In both instances the exciting impulse is a vibration. Niobe, "all tears," and the unfortunate pedestrian with a minute particle of steel from the rail of an elevated road in his eye, are unwilling exponents of a similar process. They weep the same kind of briny fluid, in exactly the same way, though from widely different causes. Imagination is at times sufficient to excite the nervous system into the production of tears, without external aid or reflx. Writers and readers of good fiction weep over it alike, and the actor loses himself so entire in the exigencies of dramatic art that he sheds real tears and the audience shed tears with him. Of a truth, the man who never weeps has a hard heart, and the quality of his intellect may also be questioned.

Emotion, then, affection, grief anxiety, incite to tears; not pain or discomfort. The pangs of maternity are tearless, though the influence of ether or chloroform may cause some emotional dream that results in weeping. In the earlier days of surgery patients might scream and utter such pitiful cries as to sicken the bystanders, might even faint with pain, yet there were seldom any tears. These, being pure waves of emotion and a relief to the heart, are almost powerless to mitigate pain. Perhaps one who weeps from pain does so from unconscious though selfish pity—in other words, from emotion.

For the tearful, change of scene, mental diversion and out-door life are the best remedies. The author quoted objects to alcohol as fearfully injurious. It disturbs and unbalances the nervous system, keeps up a maudlin and pitiful sentimentality, and sustains the evil. Alchol is the mother of sorrow. An opiate, however, prescribed at night, soothes and controls and really disciplines rebellious nerve centres. Sleep cures tears. And so does time, the restorer. Persons subject to many and repeated griefs forget how to weep, and the old as compared to the young are almost tearless. Tears have their value in the life of humanity, not as tears but as signs. They show that grief centres are being relieved of their sensibility, and that the nervous organization is learning how to bear up against sorrow.

EVERY man defends himself unconsciously.

THERE is one day in the week to go to church and seven to love thy neighbor as thyself.

The importation of patent medicine into Turkey has deen forbidden by the government of that country.

INVENTOR OF THE BAGGAGE CHECK.

A DEVICE THAT MADE ITS WAY RAPIDLY TO GENERAL ADOPTION.

The alleged origin of the decidedly useful baggage checks has been told by Mr. D. Merrell of Union City, Mich., as follows:

"John Palmer of my town is the inventor of the baggage checking system. I will tell you his story as he told it to me. John Palmer was born in England some eighty-two years ago, and came to the United States in 1829, and and to Union City in 1835. In those early days he was in great demand, for his violin enlivened many and many a winter night. One great annoyance he experienced was the constant trouble people had in finding their coats, hats, wraps, robes, &c., after the party broke up. Well, it was announced that there was to be a big dance at Burlington on Thanksgiving evening, about 1850, and Mr. Palmer was to have charge of the music. He knew that there would be a terrible crowd there, and there would be lots of trouble with the clothing, and he went to work to devise a plan to obviate it.

"Well, after studying on it for a long time he had solved the mystery. He got out eight cards and marked them in pairs—11, 2 2, 33, 4 4—and one of the greatest blessings to the business world was born. Now for the first test. He had four children: he took their shoes and stockings, tied each up by themselves, put tags 1, 2, 3, 4, on each lot and put them away. When the children got up they inquired for their shoes. He gave each one the check that corresponded with the check on the shoes, and told them to go into the other room and pick out their own by comparing the numbers. Each child got its own. Now for a trial on a larger scale. He prepared a lot of checks in the same way for the guests at the party. About the first to arrive were the four railroad men from Marshall. Three took their checks; one would not have the thing and threw it on the floor. When they called for their clothes they had forgotten all about the checks and demanded their clothes. Mr. Palmer asked them for their checks. After hunting some time the three produced their checks and at once received their goods. They had to identify the good for the fourth man.

"Shortly after that there was another party at Burlington, and among the first to arrive were six railroad men from Marshall, including the first four. They said they wanted their things checked the same as before. They watched the plan the whole evening and went away convinced that they had found a grand idea. Inside of three months it was adopted by the railroads of the United States."

PERSONAL.

MISS JULIA BRACKEN, a Galena girl, has been awarded a commission by the Illinois woman's exposition board to execute a figure repre-senting "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," to be placed over the entrance to the Illinois building at the World's fair. Miss Bracken is the daughter of a railroad employe who until quite recently had been a resident of Galena, the greater part of his life.

MISS ALICE GOODALL, who edits the *Simla Guardian*, is the only woman in India who holds such a position.

LORD TENNYSON was the eighth Poet Laureate buried in Westminister Abbey. The other seven are Chaucer, Skelton, Spenser, Johnson, Davenant Dryden, and Rowe.

MISS ELIZABETH DERRING HANSCOM is among the first women to enter Yale's open door. She is going to study for the Ph. D. degree.

THE "Son of Esau," which is attracting attention in the literary world just now, is the work of a young girl, Minnie Gilmore, only daughter of the late Patrick S. Gilmore. She is young almost to childishness, exceedingly beautiful and gentle in manner, and personally unsophisticated and inexperienced in the worldly wisdom which manifests itself in her book.

MR. SAMUEL W. FAIRCHILD, of New York City, has been appointed one of the commissioners to represent the State of New York at the World's Columbian Exposition Mr. Fairchild is well known as the President of the New York College of Pharmacy.

RALPH EMERSON'S widow is now in her ninetieth year. She lives with her unmarried daughter, Miss Ellen, in the old homestead at Concord.

THE wife of Pere Hyacinthe is an artist of considerable merit, and will contribute her medallions to the World's Fair. She advocates opening the Fair on Sundays, and recommends that the building of liberal arts be used as a sacred concert hall on Sundays.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD, who now lives and does most of his work in the South of France, is about to publish a new novel called "Heather and Snow."

QUEEN MARGUERITE, of Italy, claims to have the sandals worn by the Emperor Nero.

MISS PULLMAN receives a salary of one thousand dollars a year from her father for naming Pullman cars.

CAMILLE, Prince de Rohan, who died recently, was probably the only survivor of the court of Louis XVIII. He was over ninety years old at the time of his death, and was of that line who made it their boast, "*Roi ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis.*" He was one of the richest men in Europe, and his entire fortune passed to his nephew.

A FINE bust of Louise M. Alcott, by Ricketson, has been presented to the Old Concord public library by the story-writer's sister, Mrs Anna B. Pratt.

SCIENTIFIC WAIFS.

No bird can fly backward without turning. The dragon fly, however, can do this and outstrip the swallow in speed.

WORK is begun on what will be the longest tunnel in the world. It will extend under the Simplon Pass, and reduce the distance across, which is now 38 miles, to 12½; and the time now eight or nine hours, to 45 minutes.

THE magnifying lens, is believed to have been known to the ancients, but in modern times was brought into use by Roger Bacon in 1262.

ONE of the largest meteorites in existence was found some years ago at Bacubirito, Mexico. Its length is 11.65 feet, height 5.25 feet, width 4.25 feet weight 25 tons.

As a rule, the land stretching toward the South form peninsulas or narrows off into points. That extending toward the North spreads itself out bodily, as may be observed by looking at South and North America, Africa and Asia, India and Greenland. India, South America and Australia have their southern parts tipped with islands, as Ceylon, Terra del Fuego and Tasmania.

THE little rafts of eggs that gnats set afloat on the water are kept from sinking and from being upset from the fact that the tiny eggs have their points all upward, and they are glued together so closely, that while there is open space all around the point of each egg, yet the width of these spaces is slight that water cannot readily pass through. You may again and again upset such an egg raft, but it will right itself every time, and the upper surface will remain dry.

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Its and His Wife.

Wife—I need a little more money.
Husband—It is only two days since——
Wife—Now, see here! I want you to understand that I wouldn't ask for money if I didn't need it, and I don't intend to be reminded that it's only two days since you gave me some. I am not a child, nor a menial, nor a slave, to be treated like an irresponsible being, and I just want you to know that I won't stand it either, so there now! I've got just as much right to your money as you have, so there now, you——
Husband—My dear, I was merely going to remark that it is only two days since I drew my salary, and you could have all you wanted.—New York Weekly.

Theories vs. Conditions.

Little Jack—Grown folks don't know everything.
Mother—What's the matter now?
"Didn't you say cigarettes stopped boys from growin', an' injured their nervous systems, an' gave 'em heart disease, an' dyspepsia, an' kidney trouble, an' flabby muscles, an' weak back, an' everything?"
"Yes, I did, and it's so, too."
"Well Jimmy McMuggs has been smokin' cigarettes an' cigar stumps an' ole pipes, and chewin' besides, ever since he was a baby, an' to-day I remembered wot you said about tobacco makin' boys weak, an' so I cussed him—an' he licked me."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Woman's Fool Fashions.

"Here, Mary," he said, as he handed his wife the money to pay for her bonnet, "I am glad to be able to furnish the means for you to dress yourself, but all the same I think you are an idiot to wear such fool fashins on your head."
Mary smiled as she took the money
"By the way," he added, as he prepared to go out, "the Knights Templars are to have a parade to-morrow. I wish you would see that the feather in my cocked hat is all right."—Philadelphia Press.

Just the Same.

Miss Smilax—Good morning, Mrs. McGinty, and how are all your family?
Mrs. McGinty—An' shoor, mum, they be all a-doin' well but me little Jamie; an' he has the rheumatiz that bad he can hardiv crawl, at all.
Miss Smilax—Poor little fellow. does he stay in bed?
Mrs. McGinty—Och, bless ye, mum. he kapes right on wid his worruk.
Miss Smilax—And how can that be possible? What does he do?
Mrs. McGinty—He's a messenger bye.—Boston Courier.

Praised the Wrong Girl.

Cholly—And you made no pwogwess with Miss Flyte at all?
Chappie—No; she tweated me vewy coolly.
"Good gracious! Didn't you talk to her, pwaise her looks and so forth?"
"I didn't hyve couwage to pwaise her looks, doncherknow. I haven't been long enough acquainted with her. But I told her that I thought her sister was vewy pretty. Then she said good night and walked off and left me."—Exchange.

He Got the Right Girl.

Briggs—That was a narrow escape Bildergate had, wasn't it? You know, he was just about to marry a girl when he found that she spent $1,500 a year on her dresses.
Griggs—Yes, but he's married all the same.
Briggs—True, but he didn't marry that girl.
Griggs—He didn't? Whom did he marry, then?
Briggs—Her dress maker. — Cloak Review.

Dunkel's Will.

Dunkel (to lawer who is making out his will)—I vont to leaf each clerk ten dousand dollars dot haf peen in my employ twenty years.
Lawyer—Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkle.
Dunkle—Ah, dot's it. None of tem haf peen mit me ofer von year und it makes a good free advertisements for my poys ven I'm dead, ain'd it?—Judge.

A Wise Woman.

Mr. Snaggle (snappishly)—Don't be correcting that boy always, Sarah. Let nature take its course, won't you?
Mrs. Snaggle (laying aside the shingle)—I'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Snaggle. I don't intend that any woman shall have such a husband as I've got if I can prevent it.—Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Man.

Mr. Wickwire—I suppose if I were to die you would marry again.
Mrs. Wickwire—Marry again? No, indeed!
"Humph!"
"If that isn't just like a man! If I had said, 'Yes, indeed,' you would have been just as dissatisfied."—Indianapolis Journal.

Museum Amenities.

Armless Wonder—Will yer come out ridin' next Sunday wid me?
Circassian Beauty (scornfully)—Naw; wot's der good—even if yer can drive wid yer feet.

Telling Him the Worst.

His Uncle's Heir—Doctor, tell me the worst.
Doctor (feelingly)—Your uncle will get well.—Puck.

He Could Not Get Away.

A weary old man dropped with a sigh into a seat in the street car. At the other end three or four young men were talking and laughing.
"They have just returned from their vacation," said the tired man to his next neighbor.
"They seem to have enjoyed it."
"Yes, they seem to. They work in the same store that I do."
"Ah?"
"Yes. They all have been away now—everybody in the store—clerks, bookkeepers and heads of departments, even the cash-boys and the wrapping men and the porters. Everybody has had his vacation—but me."
"All but you?"
"Yes."
"Well, I should think your employer would let you off, too."
The old man shook his head.
"What's the reason he won't?"
"Well," replied the weary man with another sigh, "you see, I'm the proprietor myself."—Harper's Bazaar

The floating population of the Thames numbers 300,000 souls.

Definitions of Vanity.

On July 30 we offered a prize of two guineas for the best definition of "vanity." The winning definition is:
"The rose-colored spectacles through which we view ourselves."
The following are some of the definitions sent in:
The thin end of nothing sharpened to a point.
The reflection of nothing seen in the glass of self-conceit.
The tendency which most men have to keep their best goods in the front shop window.
A bird that has a gorgeous wing,
Yet has no beauteous song to sing.
Fools' food.
Emptiness priding itself on its contents.
An attempt to recommend ourselves by a behavior contrary to our real character.
The minimum of egg and the maximum of cackle.
The egotism of little souls.
A hollow drum upon which any passer-by may play.
A merciful provision of nature whereby fools are satisfied with their folly.
An inflated belief in the vastness of our supreme nothingness.
A mirror in which we always see the faults of others, but never see our own.
A sensitive plant which cannot live without the sunshine of public applause.
The peacock's tail of humanity.
A grain of sand convinced that it is a mountain.
The outward fullness of inward emptiness.
Everybody's private opinion.
The gilded robes in which ignorance wraps itself.
A mean, petty conceit of any superiority, showing want of true greatness.
A house of which the roof is emptiness, the walls shadows, the windows ignorance, the doors conceit, and of foundation there is none.
An undue sense of self-appreciation.
Man's meanest attempt to cheat nature.
The incurable "I" affection which unfortunately blinds us all.
Pride demoralized.
The attribute that makes a farthing dip fancy itself an electric light.
A small "i" with a big dot.
Concentrated essence of self-opinion.
The glory of mean ambition.
A permanent eagerness to bask in one's own splendor and to dazzle others by it.
The difference between a fool's estimate of his own value and the estimate of the world at large.—London Tidbits.

An Eventful Game of Chance.

Lord Holland relates in his memoirs how once the military career of Napoleon I. and therewith to a certain extent the fate of Europe depended upon a game of hazard. When Napoleon was appointed for the first time as an independent Commanding General of the Italian army the Directory then at the head of France was not willing, or perhaps not able, to provide enough money for him to defray the expenses of himself and his adjutants to the seat of war and to make a proper show as Commanding General of so considerable an army at its headquarters. Napoleon borrowed money from his friends, and after exhausting all his credit had succeeded in collecting 20,000 francs He gave the whole amount to Junot, a young officer who was known as a frequent visitor of the gaming table, and told him either to lose the whole sum at the game or to win enough to return him the amount doubled, as it would depend upon his success whether he could accept the appointment as Commanding General of the Italian army, and also appoint him Junot, as his adjutant, as he had in view. Junot went, as ordered. Napoleon waited almost the whole night for his return. Finally at 4 o'clock in the morning Junot entered and gave Napoleon 65,000 francs with the remark that he had gambled away nearly the whole sum of 20,000 francs until he had at last succeeded in winning several high stakes in succession. Then Napoleon accepted the appointment, which was destined to confer the highest glory upon him. Junot became one of his marshals.

A Postmistress General.

I am willing to wager that there are not 200 persons in this country who ever heard of a Postmistress General. She did not serve in this country or in the present century, but the fact that a women ever served in that capacity is, indeed, remarkable, said Postmaster Harlow, of St. Louis, to a Globe-Democrat reporter. Denmark was the home of this remarkable woman, whose name was Countess Gyldenlore or Dorothea Krag, as she was called during her term of office, which extended from the year 1703 to 1711. The present postal system in that country, which is considered one of the best in the world, was inaugurated by her. Of course, with the crude methods of that age she could not accomplish a great deal, but she certainly worked wonders, for which the Danes should honor her name.

There has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. Our wash-woman says it is a pleasure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

OVERHEARD AT A HOTEL.

Teddy Vanchump—That young fellow to whom you took off your hat just now is engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg. Are you acquainted with him?
Bill Uppercrust—I don't know him at all.
"Then how did you come to bow to him?
"Because we are in the same line of business, so to speak. I, too, am engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg."

49 813

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N. Y.

Mr. Herman Hicks

"Three years ago, as a result of CATARRH, I entirely lost my hearing and was

Deaf for More Than a Year

To my surprise and great joy when I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more, and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

Ice.

Impure ice is as dangerous as impure water. Ice for domestic use should never be gathered from a source where the water before freezing was unfit for drinking purposes. The idea entertained by some that water in freezing eliminates its impurities, is a dangerous theory, because it is false. Epidemics have been traced to the use of polluted ice. Analysis and microscopic investigations have shown ice to contain large quantities of organic matter as well as bacteria, which became active when the ice was melted. The germs of typhoid fever, and probably of other diseases, may be imprisoned in ice, and after liberation, by melting, become active in the production of disease.

Be as guarded in the selection of ice as in the choice of a supply of water. Gather ice only from clean streams and ponds. Purchase from no dealer who does not follow this rule.—Bulletin R. I. Board Health.

THE number of volcanic vents still existing was fixed by Humboldt at 407, of which 225 have been active within the last century; it has since, however, been estimated that the Indian Archipelago alone contains more than 900. The most active volcanoes known are those on the Island of Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, at Sangar, in Peru, and Mount Etna. For more than 2000 years the Stromboli Mountain has discharged lava constantly; the one in Peru has been throwing out masses of cinders, attended by terrific explosions, for 150 years, and Etna has a record of 81 eruptions since the sixth century, B. C.

A Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A CRUEL PARENT.

"Pop," said the professional humorist's little son, "what regiment did the minute men of Lexington belong to?"
"To the Sixty-second, of course. Ask me something easy, my boy."

A Mammoth Competition.

$6000 in prizes for the best seven stories was what *The Youth's Companion* offered; $6000 for the best serials and $1500 for the best Folk-lore tales. No less than 2663 stories competed for these prizes. The successful stories are just announced to appear in *The Companion* during 1893.

By sending $1.75 at once you will obtain the paper FREE to Jan. and for a full year, to Jan. '94. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

A DIFFERENCE.

Optician—You have a pretty bad case of toxic amblyopia.
Patient—Will I have to take glasses?
Optician—Rather, you'll have to stop taking glasses.

Nantahala.—$500 per share. Every 2 shares secures a town lot. Fortunes in the South. Send 6c. for prospectus. A. J. McBride, Atlanta, Ga.

The French and Italian silver coins of two francs and below are 835 fine, but their twenty franc and ten franc pieces are 900 fine.

"That our valled complexion," said a prominent New Yorker, alluding to a lady acquaintance, "was the result of using Garfield Tea." Send for free sample to 319 West 48th Street, New York City.

It is believed by Chinaman that cat's meat is a remedy for lung diseases. It is served in the most of the Canton restaurants cooked in various ways.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

There are said to be more bee-hives in the United States, where there are 2,800,000, than in any other country in the world.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

Eighteen hundred and ninety one saw the first increase in the export of Chinese tea that has occurred in ten years.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Among the Hebrews the tapestry was used in the building of the tabernacle and in the decoration of the temple.

Have You Asthma? Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

To whiten the nails cut a lemon in two and rub in well at night. Wash off in warm water the next morning.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

So many walls need pretty coverings that the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th st., Phila., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 40 and 12 cents.

FRUGALITY.

The Lady in the Restaurant—"How much is the charge for roast beef with potatoes?"
Waiter—"Twenty-five-cents."
The Lady—"And for bread and butter and pickles?"
Waiter—"They're thrown in."
The Lady—"Well, let me have some bread and butter and pickles."

A walking stick for the patriotic consists of a hollow handle, which deftly hides a flag until needed.

HUMOROUS.

Customer—Have you any fresh maple syrup?
New Grocery Clerk—No'm; but I can mix some up right away for you.

First day out on the steamer—A.—Where is D. this morning?
B.—In his stateroom.
A.—How is he?
B.—Barely holding his own.

Chawles—I have made my plans to spend all next summer at the big fair
Ethel—Won't that be nice! Shall you go as a visitor, or —as an exhibit?

Teacher—Does heat always expand and cold always contract?
Tommy Taddles—Cold expands sometimes.
Indeed? What does cold expand?
Coal bills.

"Where ye goin', Johnny?"
"Don't bother me. I'm a relief expedition, I am."
"Are ye playin' North Pole?"
"Naw. I'm goin' to the drug store for paregoric."

Bertie—Well, I have wealy changed my mind once more.
Algie—Bertie, deah boy, I hope you didn't get one of those strong ones that you won't know how to use.

Overheard in a drawing-room: Why, surely Mrs. Blank had gray hair last year, and now it is black!
Oh, yes; but you forget she has lost her husband since then!

There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.

A lady said to a gentleman who was suffering from influenza: "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?"
"Five pocket handkerchiefs a day, madam."

Professor—Wait, wait. You are playing that part too loud. Don't bang so.
Maiden—Oh don't worry about that, professor, the piano is a hired one.

She—How angrily those little waves dash against the boat! They seem to be clamoring for something.
He—They are; but they wont get it if I can hold on to it.

Cawker—What is this pair of spectacles worth?
Jeweler—Three dollars.
Cawker—Can't you knock off half, because I'm blind in one eye.

She—I don't believe you love me as much as you did before we were married.
He—Just as much as I ever did; perhaps not as much as I said I did.

Rivers—The cholera bacillus, it seems, is shaped like a comma.
Banks—Then why don't the authorities knock its tail off and bring it to a full stop.

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only.
"Who is he?"
The young widows, "what is his position?"
And the old widows, "Where is he?"

Minister—I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on this earth for his misdeeds.
Neighbor—Oh, yes, I do now, but I didn't until I heard you preach.

That's What Brought the Factories.

Cheap fuel and low freights are the necessities of manufacturing. Two fuel oil pipe-lines, four railroads, one a complete belt line, give Grand Rapids these advantages and brought her four factories as soon as the town was laid out by Jay A. Dwiggins & Co.—Chicago News.

"Why do you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor.
"Ah, sir, was the reply, "she would have done as much for me, and more too, with pleasure."

Mr. W. D. Wentz of Geneva, N. Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Full particulars sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

Said a lawyer to his young clerk: "Why wasn't you at the office earlier this morning?"
Beg pardon, sir, but I'm a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

COULDN'T TELL A LIE.

"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish-dealer.
Throw them?" queried the dealer.
"Yes; and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON

She—It was right here that I accepted you, John. Had you forgotten?
He—My dear, there are some things I can neither forget nor forgive.

IS YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills 25 cents a box.

NOVEL CONSOLATION.

Policeman—"Mr. Smartie, I have some bad news for you. Your store was burglarized last night and the thieves carried off everything."
Smartie—"Is that so? But ain't I lucky! It was only yesterday that I marked down my goods twenty-five per cent."

Sin will behave itself a year to get to have its own way an hour.

The boomerang, Australian, is a club three feet long, bent almost at right angles. It is thrown so as to strike on the rebound, and is the most remarkable weapon of any country.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Polishes which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the cheapest, goes far so the 10c. or glass package with every purchase.

CURES RISING ∴ BREAST ∴

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. MRS. M. M. ELDRIDGE, Montgomery, Ala.

I can tell all expectant mothers if they will use a few bottles of Mother's Friend they will go through the ordeal without any pain and suffering. MRS. MAY BOARMAN, Argusville, N. D.

Used Mother