# FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

## Published Every Thursday.

B. W. PECK, Editor.

McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, August 23, 1900.

### Published Weekly. \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

	- Provide and the second secon
	ADVENTISING BATES.
er square	of Slines 3 times
	each subsequent Insertion

50.

	mon.	6 mon.	1 82.
One-fourth column One-bail column One Column	25.00.	820,00, 40,00, 55,00,	\$30.00 50.00 75.00
Nothing inserted for less Professional Cards one	than year R	81.	fandeline a

## KITCHEN ECONOMY.

How to Make Two Good Dishes-Suggentions For Young Housewives,

It is common for young housewives to believe that because nothing is allowed to go to waste in their kitchens the strictest economy is being observed. With this in view, and no end of using left overs in mind, expensive meats are purchased without regard to the quantity required. But porterhouse or sirioin steak or legs of spring lamb are no better for stews, meat pies, croquettes, souffles, ragouts or casseroles than are the cheaper cuts. Neck and shoulder pieces are equally delicious and cost 50 per cent less. The wise housekceper consequently buys her roasts and steaks carefully, planning as closely as possible to have little left after the meal for which she provides them, and for her entrees purchases the equally julcy, fully as nourishing, but less costly meats.

To make a ragout, boll a piece of the rump or round of beef, or of the forequarter of mutton or of veal until it is nearly done. Let it get cold and cut It into small pieces. Dust them with flour, salt and pepper; put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and when it bubbles add the meat. Cook it until it browns. Add the water in which the meat was first boiled and cook for two or three hours. Then add a can of small mushrooms and stir into the boiling mixture a tablespoonful of flour that has been rubbed smooth in a little cold water and cook again for ten minutes. Place in the center of a platter and arrange around it a border of potato. Currant jelly, a tablespoonful of curry powder or a trace of cayenne may be used to vary the seasoning.

A delicious fricassee of lamb may be made by cutting the neck and shoulder into small pieces, dredging it with flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper and sauteing it in butter until it is brown. The next step is to add to it hot water to more than cover it and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones. Remove the bones, return the meat to the stewpan, add a slice of onion, a small tomato and cook for half an hour. Remove the onion, put the meat in the center of the platter and arrange dumplings around it. Serve the sauce, of which there should be plenty, in a gravy boat separately.

### How to Make Lobster Salad,

Cut the meat of two small lobsters into small pleces. Add a little of the fat and coral. Then season with salt

# EPWORTH LEAGUE.

#### Topic For the Week Beginning Aug. 26, "Ministering to Christ." Test. Math. xxv, 31-46,

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the logst of these my brothren, ye have done it unto Me."

The dramatic features of this word picture given by Jesus are not the most important considerations for study. Many curious ideas and interesting speculations could be indulged about the final fate of the impenitent; the nature of the great judgment; the features of future heavenly existence; the visible return of Christ and such like matters. But the important idea of this selection is the present opportunity to serve Christ in helping those

around us. Heart devotion is the test of all true plety. External ceremonies and forms of ritual are of value only as they assist to awaken and express the inner heart life. Thought and feeling and soul determination are the factors which make up personal life. Bodily postures and acts are important as they display and make actual this invisible spirit existence.

The plety which expends its force in inner soul exercises of meditation, contemplation, supplication and adoration is barren of results and issues in

fanaticism or athelsm at length. This world is adapted to develop all heart powers into outward expression, so as to embody thought in deed and aspiration in active beneficence. The marvelous powers of healing and food giving displayed by Jesus in His earthly life are to be continued in the church by his people. By plans of heavenly inspiration and work of daily persistence the hungry are to be fed, the vi clous reclaimed, the diseased are to be doctored and nursed, the ignorant taught, the indolent stimulated and nerved to work, the comfortless and discouraged to be neighbored. What Jesus did for a little while by extraordinary displays of power we are to do continually by ordinary means through the ever present Holy Spirit. Christ taught in synagogue and by seashore. We are to teach in church and school, in home and mill, in store and workshop and office. He healed by the touch of a finger by divine pow-We are to heal in homes and hos-Or. pitals by all medical skill and tender care, using all curative elements in nature and all possible helps of spirit. Our task is to follow Him in plans and purposes because of our love to the Father and the Master and His children.

### Our Bishop In China.

Dr. David H. Moore was elected bishop on the seventeenth ballot by a vote of 534 cast by the general con-



BISHOP D. H. MOORE. and pepper, and pour over enough ference at Chicago in May. His resi-

# ON THE CAST OF A.DIE.

L'essesses and a second second second It was on the Mississippi in 1858. The "colonei" had lost his inst dollar at poker. "Bring the girl and boy here that I

bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentlemen, and I'll make a raise. The man went away and shortly re-

turned, accompanied by the "girl and boy," Said "girl" proved to be a bright mulatto of five and thirty or thereabout, and the "boy" was her son. The boy was not far from 10 years of ago, with a face lighter in color than was

his mother's, his features really hand-"Look here, gentlemon," spoke the planter, rising; "here's as likely a pair, for a girl and her brat, as you can scare up. I paid \$500 for 'em. Who'll give \$600?"

"Why not put 'em up separate?" asked

one. "'Twon't do to sell 'em separate. The girl has sworn that she will kill herself if her boy is sold away from her, and her old master says she'll be sure to keep her

word. But don't ye see the woman is worth more'n I ask for the pair. Now, what d'ye say? Who'll take 'em at \$600?" The owner waited a few seconds with-

out receiving an answer and then said: 'I must have the money, so here goes for a raille. Twenty dollars a throw and 30 chances for the pair."

The chances, all but two, were quickly taken by those at the table.

"Two more chances, gentlemen." A man whispered apart to the judge

and then made his way to the table and threw down two gold engles. "What name?"

"Give it to the woman." "Eh? The gal herself?"

'Yes; give her a chance." "All right. One chance for Ninettel" Before the planter could call again Judge Underwood had placed \$20 upon

the table, saying as he did so: "This is for the boy." "Good!" cried the owner of the proper-"Good!" ty. "Here's a chance for Tommy, and that takes the lot. Where's the clerk?"

"Hore? "Have ye got blanks for this sort of

business? "Yes." "Then won't ye fill up a bill of sale of these two-Ninette and Tommy-and leave a place to put in the name of the

winner? Now for the dice, gentlemen." The dice were brought on, and the shaking commenced. Of the first ten throws 36 was the biggest cast. eleventh throw turned up 42. Then the scores fell again till the twenty-first throw, when one of the gamesters threw

out 49. The crowd were now all excitement. Forty-nine was a hard point to beat. The lowest number that could be thrown was 9, and the highest, nine sixes, was 54, making what is called an aver-age throw about 31½. Of 100 throws the majority will fail below 32.

Again the dice rattled in the box as the next gamester took his turn, but his throw was a low one. The twenty-eighth throw belonged to the clerk of the boat, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw 49, tying the gamester.

"Come, Ninette; it's your turn." The woman started and quivered and pressed her hand over her heart. Only the groaning and puffing of the engine broke the stillness of the place.

"Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?" she said in a low, musical voice, earnest and imploring and of purest accent. "Let your boy throw for you," returned

the man, "His luck should be better Tommy came forward and took the

box. His mother's hands were clasped, and her lips moved. What a world weal or woe hung upon the fickle chance! He held in his hand the scaled book in which was written the fate of his mother and himself, and it was to be opened upon the hazard of a die!

## ALPHEUS CHUBBUCK'S HEN CART. By Susan Brown Robbins.

# 

Alpheus Chubbuck was rather theoretic than practical. His wife was very dif-She took great pride in her little ferent. village home and its trim yard. She cared for the flower garden, but it was the duty of Alpheus to hoe the vegetables and mow the lawn. He did this under protest and had to be asked many times before the work would be satisfactorily done. In a year from the time of his marriage he had the distinction of being known as the laziest man in town.

It is said that satan finds some mis chief still for idle hands to do. Whoever furnished it, mischief was certainly done by Alpheus Chubbuck-not by his hands be exact, but by his lively imagination

and his active tongue. By gentle ridicule, sly insinuation and the repeating of things people said he soon had the whole town unsettled. Old family fends were revived, new ones started, while half the people would not speak to the other half.

One day-it was April 1-Mrs. Alpheus heard a strange sound in the yard. She went to the window and saw a clattering, rickety, dingy hen cart drawn by a raw boned sorrel horse. On the sent of the cart sat her husband and another mana shabby, slouching, disreputable looking man. Both jumped to the ground when the cart came to a stop in the middle of the side yard and with apparent haste unharnessed the horse.

Then Alpheus took out his pocketbook and gave the man some money. The man swung himself on the horse's back and, with his legs daugling against her thin sides, ambled out of the yard and down the street. "Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Al-

pheus, and she went out to make inqui-"I'm going into the hen business," said

Alpheus. "And, just think, Loizy, I bought that cart for \$3." "And got cheated, too," she said sharp-

"But then it's your own money," she added. Yes, and I've got \$1 left to fix it up

with. "A dollar!" she said contemptuously "How far will that go? It won't set the

tires, to say nothing of painting it and fixing the broken doors." "Oh, well," said Alpheus easily, "I shall have some more money next month, and Pil do all I can ou it myself.'

For more than two months Alpheus was missed from his old haunts, and the relations of the villagers became less strained. One pair of lovers after another became reconciled and a number of the family fends were as if they had never been.

All this time Alpheus was at work on his hen cart, and people began to drop in to look nt it.

"I've got it just about in condition to paint," he would say proudly. "It's takin me a good while to get it ready, but I helieve that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and my wife will tell you that it was a pretty hard looking old trap when I got it. You see, it's fixed up pretty nice now. Of course, it won't show how much I've done to it till after it is painted. 1 had the tires set and that broken shaft mended two new spokes and a part of a rim in that hind wheel. I've scraped and sandpapered it and put new snaps on all the doors. Why, they were fastened with clothespins when I got it! And I've fixed a little railing around the top so I can carry things there if I want to, and I've got hinges on the seat, and, you see, there is a box under it where I can carry my dinner, and I've put up that frame for an awning so I won't get sunstruck." 'When are you going to start in business?

"Oh, I don't know: time enough for that when I get my cart finished.

In due time the cart was painted. But now, instead of going into the hen business, Alpheus began again to loaf about the grocery store and to resume his old habits. When he went home at noon, he would look proudly at his hen cart, and he always smoked his after dlune and read his evening paper in the shade of its striped awning. Arthur Wade was walking home from his ladylove's house one evening in July, He was one of the lovers who had been estranged by Alpheus the previous Tonight he was gloomy spring. rose. Alice had shown a marked coldness that evening, and he remembered how their former trouble began in just that



"Now, Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington ns her lusband put three handbags in the seat loside her in the sleeper and handed over six baggage checks, "I want you to be sure and write to me every day and tell me everything you thin how much you miss me and all about the way the servants get along-don't omit any of the details, thinking that I shall not be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me

Put plenty of local color in your letters." "Oh, 1'll keep you posted," he replied. "You go ahead and have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along some way. Of course, it'll be loady and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for me to sit on the front porch alone when it gins to get dark, thinking of you in the gay crowd having a good time and never giving a thought to"

'Arthur Barrington," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way I just shan't go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me I wouldn't have thought of accepting Aunt Laurn's invi-Please don't fret me, love, will tation. you? Remember that, wherever I may and no matter how gay my surround ings. I shall be thinking of you, and, lowering her voice to a whisper, "my soul will still be communing with your soul.

They threw klases at each other as the train moved away. Then Barrington went to his office and began writing let-They were to his wife. He wrote tors. 14 of them-enough to last for two In general outline the letters weeks. were about the same. He started each by filling a sheet with endearing words and declarations that he was very lonewithout his darling. Then followed the local color she wanted in the form of comments on occurrences of the day in and around their home. The letters were not dated, but he scaled and addressed thom and arranged them in a bunch, so that the stenographer could take off the top one day after day and drop it into the mall hox.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him. Of course, telegrams had to be opened, and when Miss Wildreth, the stenographer, read the message she turned pale.

"Why don't you answer my questions about the housemaid's ankle and your iver? Am awfully worried."

That was what Elizabeth Barrington had telegraphed. After studying the matter for awhile Miss Wildreth decided that it was necessary for her to act. was clever enough to hold a position that not more than one man out of 50 could have filled, and she had the habit keeping her eyes and ears open. Still sho said to herself:

"The housemaid's ankle? I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but-and why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it?

Well, if I ever get married"-But instead of finishing what she had started to say she wrote the following dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. Don't worry." It was about 10 o'clock the next day when another telegram for Arthur Harrington was received. It read: "Yesterday's letter contradicts tele-

gram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better today? Shall I come home?" 'The stenographer's reply was as fol-

lows: ALLER TY: "Am true as steel. Don't think of ant he coming home." a spherid follow you are! I am ready. Let us hurry. Can you get me over the reace rail?" she asked. "Yes; I put a stepladder there."

Miss Wildreth had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram, which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immedintely.

The stenographer seplied: "Nover mind reference to steel. Am all right."

Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for



化复数通道电路 网络小板 医白色白色 化二乙基 化合金

One morning, while

through the north of Englished one of the two banking

quite little town of Fe

pose of cashing a suppl

was awaiting my turn dressed Irish girl entere

I made way for her

went straight up to the

offhand Interrogati a

demanded: "Well?"

the note before the te

without uttering a word. The clerk raised his bend and

The girl seemed rather abashed

he knew perfectly well what

but, after a moment's besitati

"Plaze an can ye give me ; for that?"

"What's your name?" isp clock in the same rough as closely scrutinized the note, to

time a great many well execute

"Bridget," replied the girl. "Who do you come from I

"Bother!" exclaimed the elerk

I saw the clerk had a strong

but obliging, so I steppe

have the note changed

that, as it was evidently go

as well accede to her me The girl looked at me grate

claimed in her broad Irish

"Sure, an that's what

"Sure, the note

there, take your con

Bridget seemed binerly

and, looking at the

When the other ci

she again arrested the

"An did ye sny ye

"Hand it to m

Bridget passed the ne

clerk and asked in a

of yer own notes i

"Yes, cortainly."

ly received five by

waited and watel

the clerk entered the

in his book and depes

tables were turni:

wicked light was b

ns vinegar, as if he

1 caught her c

Up looked the unlucky

more can you want?" "An did yo say ye changed

notes?" asked Bridget in a firm

two or three gentlemen who ha

"There," she said viciously, q

The clerk was fairly van

own paper, so with slow finger

gry heart he counted out 12 v

Bridget let him count-it of

"Sure, I didn't ask ye for s want goold." Bridget was equal to him. T

looked daggers-silver was not

tender"-people were waiting

naughty word, which was dea

he handed her a couple of a

in her purse.

around.

sovereigns. Bridget very colly i

One or two people were

Bridget remained. She waited Very deliberately pulling out two

the notes, she thumped them

fore the unfortunate man, fo

from the smilling visages of the

Bridget pocketod the mone

counter before him and sgale o

Miss Gabblemore-Isn't it ;

of all the people one meets -

that there are so few good list

really entertaining? Mr. Slighleigh-Yes, it is

Harper's Bazar.

The Entertaining (net

Polygamy and Barbariam

for the third time and

phasis, she again quoted his

language about the "confi-as she thumped the last on

change .- New York News.

change, all in silver-threep

fourpeany pieces, I think, pi

in all.

did not days refuse to ca

"Of course," replied

opening his eyes us if I

prehend that after a

looked on and smiled.

lass might be "too man

the local bunk

Well, we do

exclaimed that I supr

feits were floating about.

her arms and a Bank of for 15 carefully folded in [

Friumphant

Figure Corata's daughter Betty was the neurowasigod bello of Bungtown, Exadainy hadd, the only son of Philetus Postd, editor of the Bungtown Banner, went wild after her, and his father rath-er encouraged him. He was sure he had made a computer, especially when George Decsing logoight him a note written by Butty's fulr hund.

It was in these words: Sty Deer Friend Exception Podd-I ballove that

love my. Come tonight at 11 o'clock. The is clustered, and there is no one to fear but ther, and I am sure that you are smart one heep out of his way. Do not fall, and I RIFH OYCE.

Excelsior was in cestasles. He proceeded to her home. After passing through a grove he reached the fence which he It was a high picket fence to trons. and not easy to elimb, but Excelsior went over it like a bird. On the inside he saw a short stepladder and had forethought enough to place it against the fence to assist his indulove in her flight. Then he began his progress toward the

said the clerk, evidently thinkin When he was half way across the ply was an evasion. "Come from?" stammered th "Who should I come from but a awa, he was startled by the deep volced arking of Squire Coram's buildog, but recovered his courage when he Bridget?" ared Betty's assurance that old Towser vas chained. "What do you want? Who as Who are you?" "Bridget," again was the mach

The only fear was that the dog would alarm the house, and that fear was soon realized. The voice of Squire Coram was heard speaking to the dog, and it was upparent that he was about to issue the house with the intention of searching the grounds

Excelsior was equal to the emergency, He ran to the garden feace, jumped over it and hid in the currant bushes. But he vas oppressed by a terrible fear.

"Suppose the squire should turn the goin to meet me hushan'

But the squire did nothing of the kind. He looked about the lawn a little, mut-I cannot get the note chan shop in the town at all. The ering that old Towser had been bark "Oh," said the group ug at some cat or stray dog, addressed words of reproof to the animal and it, is it? returned into the house.

for any one but our The night was very dark, and he did Make room for that goal! not try to find the precise spot at which he had previously climbed the fence. The can't ye give me the pleaded the girl. result was that when he leaped over he found himself standing in something soft "Note's good, but we notes, I tell you-exe There," added the elecand sticky that slushed up about his legs very unpleasantly.

He felt and discovered, to his infinite thought, most enr disgust, that he was standing in a pot he pushed the girl's land of I soft soap which had been made dur ing the day and left out to cool, "Never mind," he thought. make way for so

"If she loves me, as I am sure she does, she won't care about the soap."

of that unconscious im Again he worked his way toward the "Och, sure, an what house. To his great delight, the dog was I got change for a w quiet on the point of fo

There was a light burning in Betty's her what assistance I window, and toward it, as the guiding star of his hope, Excelsior directed his steps. But just as he came beneath the paused for a moment then she suddenly ret thought had suggested its vindow the light was extinguished. While he wondered at this a side door

opened, and Betty herself appeared be-fore him. She was evidently prepared to

as complete.

his shoes.

ope, and the young man's happiness

"My heave Excelsior!" she exclaimed, My noble Poddi How shall I ever hank you for this? But what is the

matter with your shoes? They sound

o queer." "The fact is," stammered the young

Have you endured that for me? What

They reached the fence speedily and

thous difficulty. Excelsior went over

first; then Betty elimbed the stepladder and jumped off, and he received her in

his artos. Blessed privilege! Glorious possession! He even forgot the sonp in

He was beginning what he intended to

Let us make haste, then."

"that I got into a pot of soft soap

mayonnaise dressing to moisten well. Put in the middle of a platter, garnish with lettuce leaves, pour over the remainder of the dressing, and put slices of boiled egg and olives over the top.

#### How to Write on Iron.

Take one tablespoonful of blue vitriol and put in a small bottle, putting in about one-third more water. Allow it to stand about an hour, then take and coat over any smooth surface of either iron or steel with lard, tallow, soap or beeswax, spreading evenly, Take a sharp pointed stick and write your name where you have coated over with the above. Then apply the blue vitriol by dipping the pointed stick in the bottle and applying to the letters marked out. Let it stand until the letters turn red, then wash off. It will be seen that, as soon as the water touches it, it will turn black. It burns the name right into a knife, so that years of wear cannot take it out.

#### How to Make Fruit Custard.

A good way of varying the simple custard is to put in each cupful before the custard is poured in a tablespoonful of either strawberry or raspberry jam. Dried or crystallized fruits are as good an addition as is the jam. Chocolate custards are made by adding to the custard mixture enough melted chocolate to give a rich color.

### How to Make Chicken Jelly,

To make chicken jelly clean and disjoint a chicken, cut it into small pieces, break the bones and place it in a saucepan. Add one pint of cold water for every pound of chlcken. Heat slowly and simmer until the meat falls from the bones. Strain, let it stand until cold, remove the fat and senson it with salt, pepper and a small plece of lemon peel. Parsley, celery and bay leaves may be used for flavoring if they are desired. Turn into a mold and stand in a cold place to harden. This can be used for broth or soup by thinning slightly with boiling water.

#### How to Keep Cool.

A thoroughly wet blanket wrung out just enough to keep it from dripping and pinned over a door or window where the air strikes it will lower the temperature of a room several degrees. If you can manage to wet your awnings without drenching passersby, it tends to cool the atmosphere of your

#### How to Make Croutons.

Croutons and sippets to serve with broth are dainty and appetizing. To make croutons for the sick butter t alice of bread, cut it into dice and brown in the oven, drying them first. Sippets are evenly cut oblongs, toasted.

The home industry of some women is expended in chasing moth flies.

dence was fixed by order of the general conference at Shanghai. This will enable him during the next four years to supervise our work in the orient as no previous bishop has been able to do. Japan, Korea, north, central, west and

south China will all be under his charge. Bishop Moore brings to his high office rare qualifications, which will insure him the co-operation and confidence of his brethren.

He was born in Ohio in 1838. He graduated from Ohio university and entered the pastorate in Ohio conference. He saw service in the civil war as private and officer. He has been pastor, president of Cincinnati College For Women and chancellor of Denver university. In 1884 he was elected editor of The Western Christian Advocate, published at Cincinnati, from which position he was elected to the episcopacy.

#### The Complete Man.

The aim of the gospel of Jesus Christ is to present every man before God perfect. At least that is the way Paul puts it, and certainly that is the aim disclosed in all the teachings of Jesus. Perfection signifies completeness. It is the rounding out of all parts of the nature, not the distorted overdevelopment of any one power or set of faculties. The social, intellectual, aesthetic and ethical sides of human nature must all have harmonious fullness. The perfect man shall eventually be found in the perfect society. All shall have the same complete nature unstanted and unstinted in powers and operations. and enjoyment. Jesus redeems the physical life and makes these bodies to regarded with higher valuation when we view them as temples for holiness of heart and audience chambers of Delty. All appetencies of body, mind and sensibility then become impulses to the free spirit to capture and control all possible energies of the world and life and build up the full orbed and strong personality in the

Christ. The lost clew to existence is regained, the lost grip on things is restored, the lost zest to exertion comes back. and living becomes joyous, vigorous, with purposeful aim worthy of those of royal lineage.

likeness of the great model, Jesus

Sult has been brought against the Register of Wills of Berks county by the father of a young man aged 19, to recover \$1,000 for having issued a marriage license to him against the father's protest. This as the first suit of the kind ever brought in this State and comes under the Act of 1895.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's new novel has been bought by the Ladies' Home Journal, in which periodical it is about to be published serially. It is called "Tho Successors serially. to Mary the First," and is one of the most humorous and yet real pieces of fiction, touching the servant-girl question ever written

He shook the box and turned the dice upon the table. Three aces! A moment he gazed upon the three single spots, and then, dropping the box, he aank back, pale and frightened.

"Shake again, Tommy," said the planter.

"It's no use, master. I can't get 49." "But you've got your own chance, my boy

"Aye," cried the judge. "That was your mother's chance. Now throw for yourself-throw for the chance I gave you. Brace up and take heart, and may heaven help you!"

That was not an assembly of religiously inclined persons by any means, but the fervent petition of the judge met with a warm and impulsive response of "Amen" from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. His lips were tightly shut, and the old quivering of the limbs was hushed. The only sound in that saloon, above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the ivory cubes. Presently the first throw was made.

"Five, five, six, are 16!" announced the planter, setting down the figures. The dice were gathered up and thrown

again. "Six, six and a five. Good! That's 17.

The boy was pale as death as he took the box for the last throw, and his mother leaned against a stanchion for support At length—and the book was opened! "Three sixes-18! And that's 51! My boy, you're a trump! Now, Mr. Clerk, fill up the bill of sale, and I'll sign it be-

fore these witnesses." The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. The last time I heard from Judge Underwood he was allye and well, though long retired from active life. Ninette was his housekeeper and Tommy his most trustful and trusted

## Side Lights on History.

henchman .- Exchange.

"Socrates," exclaimed Xantippe, cross

eyed with wrath, threatening of aspect, and shrill as to voice, "you say you have been to the lodge, you were delayed by a street car accident and you had no idea was so late! Those three stories don't hang together. You clumsy wretch! You have built a structure of lics, and it falls to the ground at a touch, like a house of cards. Look at it, and see if you don't

feel small?" "I do, Nantippe," said flocrates hum "I see it's a hopeless rain. Three bly

stories-and abasement!" Who can blame the illustrious shrew

that she turned the hose on him at once? -Chicago Tribune.

How to Make Fale de Venn. Lard two pounds of calf's liver; with one-fourth pound of bacon cut into long, narrow strips, place it in a stew pan and let it brown on both sides in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add three-quarters of a glass of stock, the fuice of one crange, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one scant tenspoonful of salt, four shakes of popper, one onion

sliced and one carrot cut in four. Cover the kettle or pan and cook slow ly for one hour, basting every 15 minutes. Place it on a wrirm dish with the stave poured agound .. . .

#115 "He's up to his old tricks again." Arthur muttered as he came opposite the Chubbuck cottage. He frowned darkly at it and at the hen cart that showed plainly in the moonlight.

He walked on to the next corner. where he stopped suddenly. He turned about and retraced his steps, and for a long time he stood looking at the pink

and green hen cart. "I'll do it," he said at length. "Yes, I'll do it the very first cloudy night." And with that he walked briskly away. It was several mornings later that, when Alpheus, as was his habit, went to the dining room window to look out at his hen cart, he gave a start of surprise and exclaimed, "What in thunder!" and exclaimed, Then he snatched up his hat and ran out into the yard.

There stood a rickety, dilapidated hen cart. Alphens looked at it blankly; then his eye caught sight of an envelope tacked to the side. On it was written the one word "Boot." With trembling fingers he tore it open and drew forth a \$5 bill. When he went in to breakfast, his eyes were sparkling.

'It's worse than the other one," he This worke that the other one, he said enthusiastically, "and the wheels are dished like pie plates. The color of the other one did not just suit me," he said after a pause. "I think I'll paint this one yellow and purple, and it won't take me so long as it did before, either."

Just before the last coat of purple paint was dry Arthur Wade and Alica were safely married.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### Ten Drinkers.

Tea drinking is a constant occupation for a Tibetan. In every tent and in every house the teakettle is always on the fire. The laws of hospitality bind all to present ten to their guests, and every Tiligtan carries with him a wooden howl of Himalayan maple by way of teacup.

#### Strategy.

"Yes, I encourage my typewriter to thew gum." "Why do you do that?"

"It tires her Jaws so much that she ean't talk."-Cleveland Plain Dealer,

\* A Prodigy,

"My boy Jimmie, aged 9, is a corker in psychology-and it's only his

second term at it, too." "Indeed?"

"Yes; the other day he said he was proposed yet?" certain that the higher moral influence had nothing to do with my being a good citizen."

"Then how did he account for it." "He said I was afraid of the po-Hee.

postman on the following day, and when he handed her Arthur's letter she opened it with trembling fingers. Eager-

she .: seanned the first page and was about half through the local color when she jumped up and ran to her nunt, crying

"Merciful goodness, what can this mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote that the housemaid was 'still laid up with her lame ankle,' which I have tried in vain to get him to tell me about, and that he was not feeling well and the doc tor had told him his liver was out of or-Yet here in today's letter he der. tella me that the housemaid has just fallen out of a cherry tree, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Wolsh rab bit night before last and ate so much of it that his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the housemaid climb a cherry tree when she had a lame ankle, and what ever possessed Arthur to eat a Wesh rabbit when the doctor had just warned him about his liver?"

Her aunt was trying to figure it out, when Elizabeth Barrington happened to think of the telegrams she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time they were sent," she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Arthur's liver trouble has gone to his head. My poor darling has lost his ren-He writes a thing and then deni it by telegraph. By starting tonight I can be with him tomorrow forences, Oh. how shall I pass the weary hours?"

. . . . Miss Wildreth broke down and made a full confession when Mrs. Barrington rushed, wild eyed and pule, into her hus-Then the two young band's office en sat together in the private room and

wept, "If I hadn't accidentally knocked over the pile of letters he left to be mailed. the stenographer sobbed, "they would not have been mixed up; there have been no reference to the spraining of the housemaid's ankle before it happened and his liver would not have troubled him natil after he ate the rabbit

How shall I ever be able to explain it to him? "You needn't try," Mrs. Barrington answered. "I'll explain to him when he

comes out of the woods. Dear old fel-low! I'm so giad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't be having a good time at all if be did."-Chicago Times-Hernid.

Large ocean going vessels can go up the St. Lawrence river as far as Mont-real, over L000 miles from the Atlantic DCCR11.

that he could not find words to express make in expressing affection.

be a very pretty them?" demanded Bridget his love and devotion, when Betty interly, adding in a cutting m "I think they're good." rupted him.

"There is no time to speak of that she snit. "I am safe and will be own words as the threw for from here when father awakes. But there is no time to lose." the precious documents "there! Take your confor

"Where shall we go, Betty?" "I will show you. It's all arranged, ome with me."

She led him through the grove to the road, where a horse and buggy were standing. At the horse's head was a man whom Excelsior presently recognized, to his great surprise, as George Deer-

least five minutes-and he all Why,"George, what on earth are you pile over to her. Then, very cal bdug here?" he usked. Bridget:

'I knew what was going on," replied Descring, "and brought a buggy to help the young hely off. I always stand by my friends. Have the kindness to assist Betty into that vehicle, my dear Missi Fold, and soon everything will be love-

Excelsion did as he was requested to do and was about to follow the young lady

into the buggy when Deering halted him "Wait a moment, my dear fellow," said the latter, "We must consult the sufety of Miss Betty. No one but myoilf can manage this horse, and it is not essury that I should get in first."

was the worm that had been to and now she "turned," and the mercy in Bridget's heart. "There, surr!" she said, en: triumph. "Take yer confound in give me change." Excelsion stood aside while the other got in and seated himself by the side of Betty. Deering then whipped up the horse, went ahead a short distance, stop-ped and looked back,

an give me change?" The clerk placed before her D "Parewell, my dear Excelsior!" he id, "You are the best Podd that ever said. gold pieces stamped with th Victoria, the queen, but his pale with anger, and he arent grew on a bean stalk." In a few moments the buggy had whirl-

ed out of sight.

"I swow to gracious!" exclaimed Ex-relator. "I've a great mind to go and tell the squire.

But he didn't; he went home, cleaned the soap off his clothes and held his tongue,-Now York News,

#### Wedding Storles.

### Several of Bishop How's stories relate

to weddings. Mr. Ibbetson of St. Mi-chael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple, when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind ex claimed, "Suck your finger, you fool!" Again it is related that the rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occa sion could not get the woman to say in the marriage service, and h 'ohey!

reported the word with a strong stress on each syliable, saying. "You must any O-loy," Whereupon the man interfered and said, "Never mind. Go on, parson, [1] unk' her 'O' by and by."-Good Thi ma Words.

### Tobacco. \*

the use of tobacco is a potent cause of "Do you mean to tell me," asked disease of the eye. Total blindness

his love for me and I suggested that cohol as the great causes of color he make signs, it never occurred to blindness, and this accounts for the to the public. They are known him what signs would be proper to fact that it is much more common in Garden of Eden, Fair Grout men than in women,-Health Culture. | Pearly Gates.

ALC: N

Few people realize that Wind iour Hot Springs, S. D., is the and most beautiful cave in the States. No one knows how really is. Over 100 miles of pa and 3,000 chambers have been ed. And that is only the buy There are fourteen different " only three of which have been

"Polygnmy is a mark for its "Of course, it betrays such an sence of enlightened diverse left -Detroit Journal.

South Dakota's Wind Ca

Numerous observations prove that

the other summer girl, "that he basn't from degeneration of the optic nerve has been traced to this cause. Recent "N-no; but when he said last night observations point to tobacco and al-

Her Wasted Hint. "Some men are so stupid," said the summer girl.