"A big word for a little girl's tongue, Dollie. Come, let me see if it has twisted it crooked?"

My six-year-old niece gravely put forth her tongue, and I as gravely pronounced it sound and straight. "But I want to know, Uncle

Harry," she persisted. So I took her on my lap, and ex-plained, as well as I could, the myseries of the parachute; and the beautiful brown eyes grew bright with wonder at the new ideas thus presented to her inquiring mind.

My story finished, Miss Dollie sat awhile on my knee in deep thought; and then she got down and trotted off with a preoccupied, business-like

I loved a good cigar in those days -I do now for the matter of thatand sitting smoking on the portico with the sweet summer breezes dancing around me, and the woodland songsters filling the air with music, I forgot Dollie-though I had promised to keep an eye on her-until suddenly startled by a series of screams and outerles proceeding from the garden, a sure indication that she had got into some sort of trouble, as usually happened on an average twice a day, at least.

threw away my beloved cigar and rushed out to the scene of the turmoff, my sister closely following; but neither of us were prepared for the sight that met our view.

There was a tall grape-arbor in the garden, composed of several upright posts connected by long slats, nailed longitudinally, and projecting a foot or more beyond the uprights at either end. There were fifteen of these slats, a foot apart, and on the end of one of the uppermost ones hung Miss Dollie.

She was suspended somewhat in the manner of a pocketknife with the blade partly open and the point turned downward; and as she swung to and fro, filling the air with lamentations, her poor little nose received many a blow from the frauctic plunges of her knees and feet "Keep still, Dollie!" I cried out.

my voice full of laughter. And then I clambered rapidly up the arbor, and plucked the terrified child from her impromptu, elevated swing, landing her safely on the

"Dollie," said her mother, severely, "haven't I forbidden-

"It's all Uncle Harry's fault, so it is!" sobbed Dollie, in doleful accents. He said a person could jump off a high place, and come down casy, if they had a parachute, so I thought I'd try, and I got his-

'Mine!" I cried out; "I have none, you little goose!" "You has, Uncle Harry; you take it

int to keep the sun off when you go to draw pictures and to paint." "Oh," said I, "I see; you mean my artist's umbrella! That is not a para-

chute. "It's not an umbrella!" cried Doiindignantly. "It's big, and strong, and heavy, and you put it in the air must get under it; and so I did, in the first shock of surprise. climped up the arbor and jumped off,

Harry's fault-just look!" convulsions of laughter.

proken, and trailing behind in a decided peak.

Altogether it was too much for my gravity, and I lay down on the grass o laugh at my case, while my sister carried off much-offended Dollie to restore order to her dilapidated cloth- wall of fire; and an ejaculation of

It was some time before I recovered sufficiently to go to the rescue of my finpromptu parachute, which, meanwhile, was reposing quietly in beautiful spring bubbled up in the a blackberry bush

The next day was like many of its predecessors—warm and beautiful almost too beautiful, in fact, for we were getting tired of the hot sun and flank it, and stretch an impassable of my favorite steed. cloudless sky, and felt that we could heartily join in the cry of the drooping plants for clouds and rain.

We had had three weeks of oppressively hot, dry weather, but to- toward that blessed spot of refugechange of weather was at last approaching.

"Lou," said I, to my sister, as we lood on the porch together after breakfast, "it really looks as if it night rain some time, and perhaps I had better not postpone my sketch any longer. I'll go now, and while I and Dollie's parachute ready, do you and trees-yet ever dashed forward put me up some lunch, like the dear, on their irresistible course-madgood sister you are. I shall not be back before night."

And thus it happened that an hour later found me riding over the broad rairie that lay on one side of the autiful lake near which my sister

There was a little town there, the wginning of one of those wonderful estern transfermation scenes where the wilderness becomes a city

as by the stroke of a wand. The lake was a beautiful thing to k upon; its shores were bold and abrupt, in some places rocky, and more like a precipice than the banks et of water; on the blat I desired to make my sketch, nse growth of forest exided to the very verge of the lake,

"P-a-r par-a-c-h-n-t-e, Uncle Harry, stretched far away behind it, and on every side, leaving the lake, and the narrow belt of forest encircling it, like an easis in the desert.

was a long ride around to the point I had in view, but finally I arrived there, and with a sigh of satisfaction I tied Fleet to a tree, and settled myself to the pleasant task of transferring to paper, as best I might, some faint likeness of the eautiful scenery.

I was an artist, not only by nature but by profession, and I had come from my far-away home not only to visit my sister and her husband, but to carry back with me materials for an ambitious landscape painting that was to appear on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts.

In a fit of laziness, induced by the oppressive heat, I had put off my work until now, and found myself nearing the end of my visit without having taken one step toward the chief object of my journey.

Now, therefore, finding myself at last on the spot I had selected for my grand sketch, I fell to work in all eagerness, absorbed utterly, as was my wont, so that I soon became oblivious of everything, save my task,

I forgot poor, patient Fleet, waiting for his dinner; I forgot my own lunch; I forgot that the hours were creeping on-until at last I returned to earth sufficiently to rail at the heavy fog, which had latterly been settling down over the lake, obscuring my view.

Next I became alive to the fact that Fleet, my favorite horse and my pet, saddle. was snorting loudly and pawing the ground in a way that plainly indicated something amiss with him.

"Well, it is time to start for home," thought I, as I rose and stretched my cramped limbs. "The fog is shutting ribs should have the chance of adding out the view. Phew! some one is to his pain. burning brushwood hereabouts; my nose sniffs it, my eyes water at it."

lake, and good heavens! fog, brushwood-neither of these harmless things was it that had gradually causing my eyes and nose to sting flash. and smart. No wonder that poor Fleet snorted and pawed the ground, wild with impatience and fear.

The forest was on fire-on fire in the most alarming sense of the word! It was not a slow, languishing fire, creeping along the ground at a mod-could not turn wrong side out. crate rate, but a fierce, roaring army

nost limits ere i diamounted. Then I looked about me once more, n a last dying effort of hope; it was so hard to resign myself to meet so horrible a death. Behind me, to the right, to the left, that terrible wall of fire; in front, the lake, calm, beautiful, clear as a mirror, glittering in the sunlight; two hundred feet below me; and then, looking downward, close at my feet, I saw that I stood on a projecting point of the cliff, over-

ort, so that I had not that overpow-

ring horror of death that otherwise

must have oppressed me.

There was one little spot as yst untouched by the flames, though they were womentarily closing in upon it;

and thither I fied, riding to its utter-

hanging a tangled mass of under-brush, at least one hundred feet be-The fire would be checked on this rocky shelf-I saw that at a glance; but, alas, there was plenty of fuel to feed it up to the very outermost edge, and its mad career would be stopped too late to save me; for there was no spot of refuge to which I could fiee

until its fury should have passed. Already I felt its scorching breath on my cheeks as I stood waiting, with my hand resting on my poor, trembling horse; and suddenly, as he whinnied piteously, the thought came to me that he, at least, need not suffer so painful a death as stared his master in the face.

I always carried a pistol, and now I drew it out, and nerving my shaking hand, drew it to his beautiful, quivering ear, but lowered it again as, for the first time, I noticed that my clumsy artist's umbrella still swung from its accustomed place from a ring in the saddle. It had so happened that the spot in which I had been sketching, when hemmed in by my flery foe, was so cool and shady that the umbrella was not needed: so I did not remove it from the

When I drew the trigger, Fleet would fall, it might be, upon it; he might not live a moment or two, yet even for that short time I did not choose that the strong, heavy steel

I detached it from the saddle; and even as I did so the sudden memory I turned my eyes away from the of little Dolly's experiment that morning-ah, how far away it seemed!-forced a smile to my dry lips, and then followed a thought, darkened the atmosphere, and was swift and startling as a lightning

A parachute, Dollie called it; and why not use it is such now, in my dire extremity? It was very strong and stout, and I had some twine in my pocket, with which to secure the ends of the ribs to the handle, so that it

With the resistance it would offer of fiery demons, leaping and dancing. to my descent, I felt sure that it was

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another, we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the di-vine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. I know this belief is hard; it has slipped away from me again and again; but I have felt that if I let it go forever, I should have no light through the darkness of this life.—George Ellot.

and rushing onward with almost quite possible to land in the midst of lightning speed.

I shall never forget the feeling of low-with no more serious hurt than utter horror and despair that overa pipe and stick it in the ground. I whelmed me, as the imminent danger broken limb; and surely these were got it, and first I got on the fence of my position was thus suddenly reand jumped down, and I bumped so vealed to me. I actually believe the burned to death. hard it most took the breff out of me. hairs on my head rose up and stood Then I 'membered Uncle Harry said on end; certainly they felt as if they

But that was over in a moment, and-I didn't go at all. Just look at and, collecting my scattered senses, my skirt, mamma-it's all Uncle I took in the whole situation at one rapid glance.

Mamma did look, so did the muchabused uncle, and both fell into fresh bank, totally impassable on account petted steed. of the dense undergrowth, even if it It was the fashion in those days had not been so steep; the glistening and fell lifeless at my feet, I seized for the little feminines, as well as the waters of the lake far below; to the the umbrella-Dollie's parachutebig ones, to wear stiff, rattan hoop- right, to the left, behind me, one un- and leaped off the rock. skirts. Dollie had been very proud broken semi-circle of flame-flerce, of hers—the first of its kind to her— crackling, roaring—leaping over the I almost lost my breath, but in and now, alas, having served as a dry, parched underbrush, with a hook to suspend its owner in mid- speed that even my fleet-footed air, it presented a woe-begone ap- Arabian could not hope to equal. ing, jerking motion, that made my pearance - rattans twisted and And if he could, what would it matter, since the fierce flames imprisoned

me on three sides, and a precipice on the fourth? With a sinking heart I strained my eyes to discover some loophole of escape, some break in the advancing thanksgiving burst from my parched lips, as, far away on the left, I saw and remembered that just there middle of the forest, making a pool preserve my life, could I reach it before the army of flery demons should

barrier between me and this, my one hope of safety. In one second I was on my horse back, and fleeing at a breakneck pace | felt at my prolonged absence, and a was considerably cooler; there an oasis, verily, in that desert of fire. was a brisk breeze, and a few floating, It was fully half a mile distant, and fleery clouds gave some hope that a though my fleet-footed animal, seemingly imbued with a full knowledge of all that depended on his speed, flew over the ground as even he had never done before, I soon saw that the race was a desperate one, well-nigh hope-

> the fiames, as they leaped and danced, dened my poor horse with fear, and drowned my voice as I strove to

soothe him. On and on he rushed, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, foam flying from his mouth and lecking his sides with great white patches; seldom has a horse spurned the earth as did my poor, frightened fleet, during that awful race with is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

But it was all in vain! Before he could reach that on little rift in the great, red wall, it was closed up; and then the unbroken

line of fire seemed to dash onward with even greater speed than before. There was only one thing left for me to do-to gain a few moments' respite, in which to make my peace, as best I might, with my God; and I thanked Him then that His hand antily-wooded, flat prairie that and always been my guise and sup- he demanded - Success.

the brushwood-a hundred feer bebruises and scratches, or perhaps a light evils in comparison to being

With eager fingers, I knotted the twine to the steel ribs, and secured the former to the base of the handle. The flames were almost upon me by this time; so, with one long-drawn breath, I raised my pistol once more, and with one quick, nervous jerk,

Then, as he gave one wild shrick

At the outset I fell so rapidly that second I could feel that my descent was checked, and then began a swayhead spin.

Doubtless there was not more than one or two moments' interval between my leap from the ledge and my landing a midst the branches of a small but it seemed as many hours.

When I clambered down to the ground, scarcely believing yet in my wonderful escape, I found myself with sound limbs. My hands and a little, dark spot in the line of flame, face were scratched and bleeding, my a clothes torn to rags; but what cared

The flery flends were leaping in small and shallow, yet all-sufficient to disappointed anger far above me, and now I could listen to their roar without a tremor, save of grief at the loss Keeping along the shore of the

lake, I reached my sister's house just as serious alarm was beginning to be party about to set forth in search of

"Dollie," said I, that night, as took up the dear little niece I had so nearly parted from forever-"Dollie you were right, after all, 'Uncle Harry's big umbrella is a parachute, and if you had not told him so he would never have known it, and so he would have been devoured by the The hungry outery and roar of hungry fiames. We will make a beautiful glass case, and put the parachute saddle Fleet, and get my portfolio and waltzed among the dry brush away in it, and label it Dollie's Parachute.' "-Saturday Night.

> Too Good For This World. Albert was a solemn-eyed, spir-

tual-looking child. "Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee. "Nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said the nurse, "this "I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day, and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was re peated and the nurse, with a sob in her voice, said: "Yes, Lambie; this is God's day."

Then where is the funny paper?"



A Quiet Home.

"I always make it a rule to shut myself away in my own room for one your every afternoon," writes a 'Mother of Ten." "If I didn't, I really don't know how I should get on sometimes. I look on that quiet hour in the afternoon as an excellent investment, for I come down after it rested, and consequently less worried, which is good for everybody in the house-husband, children and maids. If by any chance I miss it, I find that everything goes wrong during the rest of the day, and I'm dreadfully irritable and snappish."-Home Chat.

Health, the Secret.

The secret of beauty may be expressed in very few words-health, ase, grace of movement and a proper mental attitude. The Circle says of the latter that beauty is permanently possible only when the mind is right. It may be possible for a cross, worrying and inconsiderate young woman to be beautiful, but-she will not, cannot possibly, keep her beauty more than a few years. Gradually the fig ure will stiffen, the face become tensed and wrinkled and the voice ungentle and unpleasing. On the other hand, a number of plain women have become beautiful through habitual calmness, hopefulness and loving kindness.

Simplified Marriage.

We marry for love, and frequently stay married a long time without it. writes Vilhjalmer Stefansson, Harper's Magazine, while with the Eskimo the "marriage of convenience," as it is in the beginning, is never long endured unless love develons. Whenever either husband or wife prefers separation, divorce takes There is a peculiar economic factor which accounts for this freedom. An Eskimo wife can leave a husband without a single thought of 'How shall I support myself and my child?" for as long as there are food and clothing in the community they will be cared for. Nor does the womare congenial enough to remain mar-

her own name on the outside, as well as that of the addressee .- New York Telegram.

Slavery of Dress, The redoubtable Professor Thomas, of Chicago University, proceeds with his dissection of lovely woman in the American Magazine, his particular topic this time being female apparel The subject is not a new one. For ages it has afforded abundant opportunity to philosophers and moralists for heaping abuse upon the heads of womenkind. But Professor Thomas has something new to say about it. From his point of view, the moralists were all on the wrong tack. The object of their abuse is a mere helpless victim, "only a pawn in the industri-

al game played by man." "Her individual possessor uses her," says Professor Thomas, "as a symbol of his wealth, and the captains of industry make her the oc casion of a market for the costly and changeable objects which fashionable habits force her to accept. New fashions are not always beautiful; they are even often ugly, and women know it, but they embrace changes as frequent and as radical as the ingenuity of the mode makers can devise Women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and trades people want them to want. The people who supply them also control them."

The reason for the extreme differentiation in the dress of the sexes is not due to the nature of either, according to Professor Thomas. is naturally inclined to personal display, he says, but he has come to have more effective means of getting results, and so he has given up ornament. Money is now his "main charm." Woman, on the contrary, has to depend on her charm for everything. She is "not naturally spec-tacular," but "when man had acquired a specialized skill which gave him a mastery of the world and her person as well" she "began to special ize the display which he was aban doning. Restricted in movement an suffer in social standing. As a with no specialized skill, with not matter of fact, however, if a couple even life to educate her in the broad sense in which men encounter it, and

Nut Wafers .- Butter the inside of a granite saucepan, then put into it a cupful of light brown sugar, a cupful of granulated sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of sweet cream. Cook until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, add a cupful of chopped nut meats of any kind, flavor with vanilla and stir until a creamy consistency and commencing to harden. Reheat over hot water until melted, stirring constantly, then drop in small pats on buttered

ried a year, divorce becomes improb- | limited in her interests by the proable, and is much rarer in middle life than it is with us.

Recipe

Cut-out

Homes of Their Own.

The home is the kernel of life. There is no danger that daughters will despise marriage and a home. They will take to it only too readily when the magic hour strikes, but parents may well deliberate before hey wantonly strengthen a girl's innate tendency to seek a home of her own. For there is a sweet dignity quest for a husband and home.

With sons it is different. Many men need to have the home princihave their nomadic instincts carefully repressed and taught to cen-

tre around the sacred idea of home. Then, when once the notion of home and its paramount importance is fixed in his mind, a young man is perfectly free to go forth and find a maiden to share it .- Woman's Life,

Women in Prominent Posts.

The progress of woman is shown in reports of individual success in various parts of the country. Mrs. A. B. Enright has been appointed county supervisor of schools in East Concord, Vt., taking the position in competition with several men. In addition to the exacting duties of her school work, Mrs. Enright shoulders all the responsibilities that fall to her lot as the wife of the pastor of one of the largest Methodist parishes in Vermont. Another successful woman is Mrs. Alice B. Clarke, of Garfield County, California, who has been indorsed on a non-partisan basis by the normal institute for the office of State superintendent of publie instruction. It is believed that Mrs. Clarke will be named without serious opposition. She is serving her second term as superintendent of schools for Garfield County and her good work in this post led to her indorsement for the higher office .-New York Press.

She Sees the Reason.

Notices and warnings on placards do not begin to make the Impression upon the public that one individual experience will. Every woman knows that in all postoffices are cards begging persons to put their names and of contrasting color, stitched togethaddresses on all valuable letters, that | er at the side hem. In different lights they may be returned in case they it takes variegated hues. cannot be delivered. One woman, at least, has seen and disregarded them for years, but in the future she will do differently. Last month she had occasion to send away \$10 and put one bill of that denomination in an envelope, which she neither registered nor wrote on the back for re turn. The letter was never delivered. and the woman was obliged to send another bill, this time registered. One day this week her first letter came back to her after six weeks of

She found that she had used one of her husband's business envelopes, on which was stamped his name and adiress, and because she had misdirected it in the first place it had come back to the name printed at the top. Thus she is in \$10, and when she sends money again by mail there is no doubt that the letter will have staron.

prietary tastes of man, her occupation is to charm." And in this oc cupation she has become so absorbed as even to forget its original purpose She "almost loses sight of man-af ter marriage, at least-in her interest in outstripping other women. Men would prefer her more simply dressed but this is her game-indeed, it is almost her business." And here is retribution, for "man pays the bills.

Underlying the charm of woman's dress Professor Thomas finds two of maidenhood and womanhood main principles, namely, its emphasis which is sacrificed in an inordinate of her ser and the helplesaness to which it reduces her. For instinctive reasons which we do not control and do not completely understand ple fostered and built up. They must "signs of sex." he says, "have a very be made not only good hearted, but powerful emotional effect." Hence the emphasis of woman's "most strik ing anatomical peculiarity, a waist which measures small in comparison with the bust and hips." The helplessness involved in lacing, high heels undivided skirts and other impediments of women has a charm in the eyes of man because it appeals to his protective and masterful instincts. 'It is his opportunity since the disappearance of large game and in the piping times of peace."



Roses for hats are immense in size New coats are very elaborately braided.

Modish grays range from deepest smoke to palest pearl. The Psyche knot is the favorite

coiffure of the moment. The fringed scarf is as fashionable for the hat as for the gown. Pompadour ribbons are much in

demand for evening sashes. One of the new ideas in evening wraps is the long ulster of pale cloth -a cozy garment if not a graceful

one. An evening gown of gold bullion cloth is shot here and there with dashes of pink. Tulle softens the arms and neck.

The "two-faced" veil for motoring is a real autumn novelty. It is made of two large motor veils of chiffon

Gray, black and blue broadcloth wraps are lined throughout with gray or black satin, and many of the new models are made by the high Direc toire belt to display a corset effect, securing cleverly the slight hipless lines so much in vogue.

Wedding gowns are changed so that instead of the heavy velvet train hanging from the shoulders the veil will fulfill its old mission and be veil and train in one. Thus, when the vell is discarded the gown is one that may be worn for dinners and dances. Watle the Directorie style holds al-

most unrivalled sway, the sheath gown is absolutely taboo, and even the skirts with false clashes, under-laid with contrasting material, are frowned upon, though they promised to be a favorite model earlier is the EDITOR'S EYES OPENED.

Surprised to Discover a Student

His Educational Departments. A knock at the door.

The magazine editor stopped shov-ing rejection slips into the self-aded stamped envelopes, took the stogie from his mouth, spit into the waste-basket, and yelled, "Come in!" The door opened with determina-

tion, and an individual walked in who looked as if he were a prosperous business man. At this sight the editor arose, politely placed a chair for his distinguished-looking visitor, and assumed the genial air which he used with advertisers in his magazine.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I have called," began the prosperous-looking gentleman, "I have called to see you in regard to a small matter which I believe will result to our mutual advantage. I am not encroaching upon your time?" "Certainly not!" responded the

editor. "You have a nice little magazine, and from the advertising pages-"Yes, our circulation, in round

numbers, is 294,587,634,657," interrupted the editor. "As I was saying, from the advertising pages to the front cover, it is as good a literary article as is on the

news-stands to-day." "Thank you, sir," said the editor, in an axle-grease voice.

"From the appearance of your periodical, I should judge that you are very liberal in your attitude toward your subscribers and your contributors." "Yes, sir," said the editor. But

there was a slight hitch in his voice. "Now here I have a very clever little thing called 'The Beauties of Spring." He took a roll of manuscript from an inside pocket. The magazine editor was so badly

shocked that he knocked off the pot of paste and upset the waste-bas-"You're not a poet?" he gasped, incredulously.

"Yes," answered the prosperouslooking individual simply "But your clothes!" shricked the editor. "They are in style, they fit; your collar and shirt are the latest design; your tie is not one of those

flowing Lord Byron bows!" "I know it," replied the poet quietly. "You see, I've been reading your department called, "The Correctly Dressed Man.' It was there that I

The editor was mystified. "But

the quality! You are dressed in the very best-that takes money!" know," said the poet. "I've made money; I've been reading your

page on 'Safe Investments.' " "But your air of confidence, your poise, your way of introducing yourself and your business! You don't ct like a poet." 'Time was when I was bashful,

and I used to sneak into an editorial office as if I had stolen something," responded the poet quietly; "but your column on the 'Development of the Personality helped me." Well, don't that beat Ed Bock!"

said the astonished ealter, reaching for his check-book, and taking his fountain-pen off his ear. "Here, I'll take your stuff. I never had any icea any one ever read those departments."-Donald A. Kahn, in Judge

PASSING OF PRAIRIE CHICKENS. Wise Bird That Knows Too Much To

Make Nest in Harvest Fields. If a jury of students of nature from the Kansas prairies is ever gathered together and the question put to them: "What is causing the disap-pearance of the prairie chicken?" they would not all answer, "Hunt

Very probably there would be a hung fury, and the unexpected verdict of that part of the jury refusing to lay the blame on the gunners would be: "The passing of wild prairie hay." A prairie chicken is a pretty wise bird. She will not lay eggs in tame hay. Somehow she knows that a mean looking machine with big cutting blades will soon come along and sweep the field of its mantle of green glory and expose her nest to the elements, robbers and other devastators She shuns the tame grass but seeks the prairie hav. If a prairie hen, say men who claim to know, cannot find wild hay fields in which to build her nest she will go "dry."

But the pheasant is not so wise This bird is being "planted" in Kansas by the State game warden. It is an imported bird and does not yet know the "Kansas language," Strange to say, it is alfalfa that proves the pheasant's chief enemy. She will build her nest in the alfalfa fields and then later shrick like blazes because the mower has swept her nice shady home away. The frequent cutting of alfalfa does not even give the pheasant mother a chance to fix up one good "setting" and get them good and warm .- Kansas City Journal

Quick of Comprehension.

A celebrated Scottish lawver had to address the Caledonian equivalent of our Supreme Court. His "pleadoccupied an entire day. seven hours of almost continuous ora tory he went home to supper and was asked to conduct family worship. As he was exhausted his devotions were brief.

"I am ashamed of ye," said the old mother. "To think ye could talk for seven hoors up at the court and dismiss your Maker in seven minutes." "Ay, verra true," was the reply but ye maun mind that the Lord

isnz sae dull in the uptak as the idge-bodies."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

We wonder that some of our en terprising firms with the great reources at their command do not produce cheap artistic pottery, for 1: would possibly create its own market after a time. One cardinal faith among most shopkeepers appears to be that art with a big A must be paid extra for. Until we get rid of this foliah belief we shall not make much ogress in popularizing art. British



To Preserve Mucliage. The mucliage or household glue bottle is apt to get hard and often wasted at the last, because it clings to the mouth and sides of the bottle. When the cork is first removed, cut a piece of old cotton or linen, a little larger than the top, circular in shape, the same as for a jelly tumbler. Smear this with lard on both sides, place it on the bottle and press in your cork. You will have no trouble and can use your contents to the last drop. Always replace the cloth after using .-

Cheap Shade For Your Plazza.

Boston Post.

Take two widths of floor matting, either old or new, about eight feet long and sew it together; this will make about six feet wide. Overcast the two ends-and nail each end to a narrow strip of wood. Paint it a pretty shade of olive green on both sides, and hang it from the top of the porch by an end strip, using large screw eyes and ordinary rope or very strong twine for pulleys. The strip of wood on the end makes it roll nicely. The two pieces of matting need not match; after painting they look alike. This is much cheaper than Japanese porch shades for a country house and looks fine on any home.-Boston Post.

Apron Pocket.

A torn apron and frequent accidents due to an outside apron pocket led me to insert a deep pocket of white cotton on the right hand side under my apron.

It is deep enough to contain handkerchiefs for the younger children, a dally account order and "work to be done" book. Outside of the use of the pocket this book alone is a treasure, my accounts are kept straight, my needs for the table never wanting. and the best of all my husband knows just what is needed most to be done about the honse, as it is our own. There is also room for thimble and dull pair of scissors; a button or sewed on immediately saves hook many stitches .- Boston Post

Different Ways of Coloring Icings. White icing is white of egg beaten stiff and mixed with powdered sugar; add a tablespoon of lemon juice; it will be purer white. For yellow icing take a few drops of diluted saffron and add to the white frosting. 'Chocolate is the best for black. Cinnamon frosting is made by adding a teaspoon of cinnamon to white of one egg; this is very pretty frosting. Pink is colored by a few drops of berry or current juice. Green frosting is made by adding spinach curd to the white frosting. To curdle spinach, bruise a few leaves thoroughly, then squeeze the juice into a saucepan and boil till it curdles, then add a few drops of water, strain through a napkin, and with that which remains in the napkin color the frosting. Blue is colored with violets; take a handful of violets, soak them over night in a little water, then stir thoroughly and strain .- Boston Post.

To Temper and Retemper Flatirons, The average housekeeper is often much annoyed by the tendency her flatirons have to cool too rapidly, This is a thing most easily avoided. The new flatinon should first of all have the temper set. Allow it to heat for several hours on a moderately hot stove without removing, let it cool gradually till it is perfectly cold before using it. After this it should only be allowed to heat when wanted for use. The habit of leaving the flatirons on the fire at all times case you should need them will in time ruin any iron. Allowing the metal to thoroughly soak in the fire will draw the temper of the best steel forged. To retemper an iron which will no longer hold heat, heat it as hot as you can, so long as it isn't glowing, and then drop it in a tub of moderately warm water. When cold it should be treated as a new iron, that is, to reheat it slowly and then let it gradually cool .- Boston Post.



Lemonade.-In making lemonads heat the lemons before squeezing and you will get almost double the quantity of juice. Sour Milk Ple .- Add to a cup sour

milk one-half cup sugar, a cup of chopped raisins and a teaspoon cinnamon. Stir on stove until hot, then add a teaspoonful cornstarch dissolved in a little water. Bake in two Oyster Nugget .- One quart of ove-

ters, six common crackers rolled fine, one-quarter pound of butter, two cups of milk, three eggs; beat the eggs, put all together in your stew pan; stir it about fifteen or twenty minutes over a good fire; be careful and not burn. Serve hot.

Quince Marmalade .- Wipe quince, remove blossom ends, cut in quarters, remove seeds, then cut in small places. Out into a preserving kettle, and add enough water to nearly cover er. Cook slowly until soft. through a hair sieve and add threefourths its measure of heated sugar. Cook slowly twenty minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning.

Ripe Tomato Pickle.-Three pints tomatoes, peeled and chopped; one cup chopped celery; four tablespoons chopped red pepper; four tables; chopped onion; four tablespoons salt; six tablespoons sugar; six tablespoons mustard seed; one half temp clove; one-half teaspoon clanamon; one teaspoop grated nutmeg; two cr ps vinegar. Mix ingredients in or der given. Put in a stone jar and cover. This uncooked mixture must stand a week before using, but may es kept a sear.