

The public speaking during a Presidential campaign costs about a million dollars.

The Balloon Society of London have given Professor Baldwin their approval, stating that his parachute will be useful for war balloons.

Great Britain is becoming more of a money lending than a shop keeping nation. They are building fewer shops but are making more money bags.

The fastest train services in the world are in the United States. Next comes England, next France, next Germany. After that it is a scramble, with no choice.

The six Kentucky counties of Harlan, Knott, Bell, Leslie, Lacey and Fletcher have no church within their limits, yet the State gives each year many thousand dollars to foreign missions.

The South has gained 18,000 miles of railroad track within eight years, at a cost of \$750,000,000. The increase of the crops, iron and other products of that section has been in equal proportion.

Less than fifty years ago there was not a photographic camera in the world; today there are 15,000 photographic establishments, to say nothing of the thousands of amateur outfits, in the United States.

The Provident Bank, of Buenos Ayres, South America has a capital of \$10,000,000 and \$7,000,000 of deposits. It does more business than any American bank and more, even, than the Imperial Bank of Germany.

The average price paid the average Iowa "schoolman" by the year is \$23.45. Presuming that her board and washing costs her about \$100 per week and her clothing and incidentals \$50 more, she will then have a surplus of \$23.45 to build up a bank account, which in two years of hard work would amount to a little more than \$124.

The French police have received instructions to discover the authors of an ingenious political trick, which consists of defacing the coins of Napoleon III. and substituting the name of Bismarck, Emperor, with the date 1885. So far the substitution has been confined to ten centime pieces, and has been treated as a political joke.

The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Times says: "The lumber trust died early. After organizing it sent its agent into Minnesota to buy all the timber in that state. The people had been warned, however, and much to the disgust of the agent he could not purchase an acre of timber at any price, and upon his reporting the fact to headquarters, the trust went to pieces. Minnesota timber owners are level headed."

Mormonism is spreading. The tribe at Salt Lake may be disintegrating, but only for the benefit of other localities. Four hundred Mormon families have recently settled in Wyoming. Thousands of Mormons have settled in Idaho. There are large Mormon colonies in Arizona and Colorado. Nevada is so overrun with them that it has been declared the Mormons could soon secure control of the state if they should make a vigorous effort.

That foreign claim of a torpedo vessel that can run for hours under water is not a sound one, asserts the *Washington Enquirer*. It is simply a reproduction of a late American Experiment in the boat called the "Cyma maxer." The scheme will never be a complete success until a motor is discovered that needs no fire and makes no smoke. Compressed air was used by the "Peace-maker," but so little of that can be carried that the campaign must be very brief. Perhaps some day some one will be able to so "store" electricity as to solve the problem.

The owner of some homing pigeons at Hamm, in Holland, bet that on a fine day twelve of his bees would beat a like number of carrier pigeons in making the distance one hour between Hamm and the town of Rhynern. Twelve pigeons and twelve bees (four drones and eight working bees, all powdered with flour) were taken to Rhynern and simultaneously set free. A white dove arrived home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon; the remaining three doves and the second pigeon arrived together, and the eight working bees preceded the ten pigeons by a length.

A letter has been received at the General Land Office in Washington from Nebraska, whether a Chinaman who has been in this country twelve years, and has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, can make an original homestead entry. An answer has been prepared stating that under section 2199 of the Revised Statutes, a Chinaman can not become a citizen, and therefore the entry in question can not be made. It is stated that the Land Office that an application, as has been published, has been received from a Chinaman in Wyoming to make a timber culture entry, and that no decision favoring such application has been made.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS

The master called to his reapers: "Make scythes and sickle keen. And bring me the grain from the uplands, And the grass from the meadows green; And from off the mist-clad marshes, Where the salt waves fret and foam, Ye shall gather the rustling seligs To furnish the harvest home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master, We will bring thee the yellow grain That waves on the windy hillside, And the tender grass from the plain, But that whens springs on the marsh Is dry and harsh and thin, Unlike the sweet field grasses, So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish! For many a weary day, Through storm and drought, ye have labored For the grain and the fragrant hay. The good earth is fruitful, And breezes of summer blow Where tresses, in the sun and the dew of heaven, Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide black marshland! Hath never a poon been set, And with rapine and rage of hungry waves The shivering soil is wet. There flower the pale green sedges, And the tides that ebb and flow, And the biting breath of the sea-wind, Are the only care they know."

"They have drunk in of bitter waters, Their food hath been sharp and scant, And yet they have yielded a harvest Unto the master's hand, So shall ye all, O reapers, Honor them now the more, And garner in gladness, with a song of praise, The grass from the desolate shore."

—*The Divine Poet, in Harper.*

THE CAPTAIN'S PLOT.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

"God's ways are full of mystery," and no one could see the truth of the quotation more than the men who go down to sea in ships. My nineteenth birthday found me an orphan and a waif in the streets of New Orleans. I had run away from a farmer in Illinois to whom I was bound, and by hook and crook had reached the great town on the Father of Waters. I had been living a precarious life for a month when the proprietor of an oyster house gave me a job. It was part of my work to open theysters consumed in the place, and this portion was done in a little room just in rear of some private stalls or compartments. The stalls fronted the public room, of course, and were intended for parties who desired privacy while eating a stew or drinking a glass of wine. I could hear all that was said in two of them, as the partitions were only cloth; but I had been in the place two weeks before anything of interest was dropped from either. One evening while I was at work two men entered one of the stalls, devoured a stew, and drank some grog, and after lighting cigars, entered upon a conversation which at once attracted my attention.

"Well, have you got it all fixed?" asked one.

"Everything shipshape and understood," replied the other.

"S'is insured?"

"Way up."

"And no suspicions?"

"Not a one."

"We take machinery to Rio Janeiro?"

"Yes. That and other stuff."

"And bring back sugar and coffee?"

"Yes, if we return."

"Three thousand apiece."

"Well, I don't like it, but I'm in with you. She's to go down off the Guinea coast, eh?"

"Yes, down that way."

"Spring a leak and founder, and all hand take to the boats, I suppose?"

"That's the plan."

"Well, here's success to it. The Albatross is a good old craft, and I hate to see her go, but one must look out for himself."

"Aye, mate, that's Gospel truth. That's what you and me are going to do now. It'll come from the rich insurance companies, and no one will be the poorer."

"And we can trust Williams to hand over one-sixty?"

"I s'equare. He's got to be square."

I was a green country boy, but I caught on to their talk. They were sailors, and they were planning the loss of a ship to get the insurance. I rose up and found a hole in the cloth through which I could get a look at them. They talked a bit more and then went out, and within twelve hours one of the mysteries occurred. A boy who had formerly worked for the restaurant, and who had fallen sick, recovered sufficiently to displace me, and I was cast adrift again with only four bits in my purse. The next day not one as I entered a tavern on the levee in hopes to find something to do, the proprietor gave me a cordial welcome, with a dinner, and at last got around to say:

"Now, my boy, I feel like a father to you. I do indeed. You have had a hard time, and you have been full of pluck. I'm interested in seeing you do well, and have got a nice place for you. My brother, who is the best man in the world, is a sea captain, and he wants a good boy to sail with him."

"But I was never on a ship," I protested.

"I course not, but that makes no difference. You will have a nice little room to yourself, live like a prince, and as for work, all you will have to do will be to hand the Captain his spyglass when a ship comes in sight."

I did not desire to go to sea. Indeed, I had a dread of it; but in half an hour he had won me over, and that afternoon I was sent off to the ship in company with several sailors. In two hours after coming aboard she started down the river on her trip, and it was only then that I got my eyes opened. There was such a hubbub aboard that I had not paid particular attention to officers or men, but all of a sudden I discovered that the captain and mate were the very two men I had seen and overheard in the oyster booth. Then I asked the name of the ship, and learned that it was the Albatross. I was greatly troubled, or would have been if left to myself. We were hardly in tow of the tug before the first mate, whose name was McCoy, came upon me with a rope's end and a terrible curse, and exclaimed:

"Now, then, stir your stumps or I'll break every bone in your body. Did you come aboard to play young gentlemen?"

"That was the beginning. I had been shipped, not as a cabin boy, for there was no place for one, but as a ship's dog, and who must come and go at everybody's call, and who could be kicked and cubbed by everybody. According to the novelist, I should have found a stanch friend in the fore-castle, a Jack Bolt or Ben Brace, who would take me under his wing and offer to fight the whole ship in my behalf, but nothing of the kind happened. Most of the crew were Dagoes, and no one showed me the slightest pity. When we had been out four days I began to feel very anxious about the safety of the ship. The plan was, as I overheard it, to take to the boats, and it suddenly occurred to me that they would refuse to take me with them. I suppose I got this idea from the men telling me that I was no good, and that I ought to be flung overboard, and other expressions intended to upset me. You can judge how green I was by what followed. I was in McCoy's watch, and on the night of the fourth day, as he seemed to soften up a bit when giving me an order, I made bold to say:

"Mr. McCoy, when you get ready to leave the ship go down, you won't leave me to drown, will you?"

"What?" he gasped, as he staggered back like one shot.

In ten minutes he had it all out of me, and he stood before me pale-faced and trembling. When he had made sure that I had not said anything to any of the crew, he took me aft and locked me up in a stateroom designed for the supercargo. Next morning I was taken to the cabin and questioned by the Captain and mate and returned to my prison. They were not harsh with me, but on the contrary, promised that I should go in the Captain's own boat, and that I need not work any more. I was made cabin boy, and was warned, that if I dropped one single word to any person I should be flung to the sharks at once. They could trust me. Simple Simon that I was, I cared only to save myself when the hour came. I could not realize that the scuttling of a ship was anything more than a sharp trick. For all I knew, it was practised every day in the sea.

One day when we had been out about two weeks, as near as I can remember, I was sent to help the second mate look for something wanted from the lazarette. His name was Elderson, and he was the only one aboard who had a friendly look. He had spoken to me kindly two or three times, and I felt that he was a friend. We were scarcely alone when he took from his pocket a box of sulphur matches, a fishing line and several hooks, and a large pocket knife. He handed them to me and said:

"Ben, take these and stow them away in your pocket, and on your life say nothing to any one! Be sure to keep them about you."

He turned from me as if he did not want to be questioned, and I pocketed the articles without a word. I was in a state of wonder, however, and nothing was made plain until the next day. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the ship was hoisted to about a mile from a small island, a boat ordered lowered, and then all hands were called aft. When they had assembled the Captain said:

"Men, I discovered two days ago that this boy was a leper. He has got it bad, and is to be pitied. My duty in the case is plain. He must be marooned."

"Aye, aye, sir!" chorused the crew.

"I shall fit him out and set him ashore here," he continued, "and you are my witnesses that it is a step necessary for the safety of all."

There was a ready assent, and before I fully understood what was going on I was in the boat with McCoy and being pulled toward the island by two sailors. Even when I knew that I was to be left I did not raise an objection. I supposed the island to be inhabited, perhaps there was a city there, and I was not sorry for the change. We ran in so close that I could wade ashore, and the mate handed me several bundles which the men supposed contained food, clothing and conveniences. As soon as I had everything out of the boat the three gave me a curt good-by, and I sat down on the sand and watched them return. The boat was hoisted up, the Albatross made sail, and I was marooned upon an uninhabited island. This fact was not fully realized until toward night, and I was so simple that it was several hours before I had figured it out why I had been set ashore. I was in possession of the plot to scuttle the ship, and I must be got rid of. The captain had called me a leper to justify his action with the crew, and it was planned that I should not live long ashore. When I came to undo the bundles I found them to be composed of empty bottles, oakum and bits of canvas. There was not a particle of food—not an article of clothing—nothing but rubbish. It was then I realized the kindness of the second mate. He must have overheard them plotting to maroon me, and he went as far as it was safe for him to go.

When, at about noon, I rose up and understood my position, I felt that the first thing to do was to explore my island. I am writing of the year 1852. At that time many of the islands in the Caribbean Sea had not been charted or named. I was, as I afterward ascertained, on a key or isle to the north of Trinidad, and up to twelve years ago it was down on the charts as "Little Covo."

It was about three miles long by one and a half wide, and fairly wooded. There were various birds, troops of monkeys, and numerous snakes, but no wild animals to put one in fear. I had been landed in the little bay on the western side of the island. I found a spring of water a quarter of a mile inland, with plenty of wild fruit all around me, and on the first night of my stay I slept on the open beach. It was three days before I fully realized my position and saw that I must depend entirely upon myself. When I walked clear around the island and across it, and I decided that my best location was near where I had come ashore. Had I gone to the east end of the island and raised a signal, as there was a channel between that and the next island north much used, but this I had no means of knowing. When I found myself the sole inhabitant, I made up my mind that escape was impossible, and that I was to live out my years right there. The Captain had called me a leper, I had never heard the name before. He had sent me ashore because I en-

dangered the safety of the crew. While I suspected that this was a subterfuge, I was not quite satisfied about it. If I was something to be shunned and afraid of, why should I desire to escape? If taken off I had no home to go to, no friends to welcome me. I was lonesome and somewhat afraid here, but was nevertheless, enjoying the novelty of the situation.

I built me a rude shelter, wandered over the island, fished, set snares and captured parrots and monkeys, and after the first week was quite content. I had been on the island three weeks before the second mystery occurred. A peninsula or neck on the western end of the island was composed of sand, and bare of tree or bush. It was about 300 feet long. There had been a heavy blow from the south, with a big sea rolling in, and after this had lasted two days there was an unusually low tide. I caught sight of a timber heaved up on the spit, and went out to inspect it, and while surveying the banks which the tide had uncovered I caught sight of some queer little boxes half buried in the sand. I dug one out, to find it so heavy that I could hardly drag it away. They were of wood, hoop'd with iron, and ten or twelve inches long by eight or ten inches high. I had little curiosity as to the contents, and the idea that they contained treasure never crossed my mind. I got out four before the tide turned, and there were several more in sight. After I had them all together above high water, I began to wonder whether they contained nails or bullets, and set about breaking one open. When rows upon rows of silver coins greeted my eyes I came near losing what little sense I had. Two others contained silver, the fourth one gold. It was English money, every piece of it, and as I had never seen any before I was at a loss to estimate the value.

Before the discovery of that money I wanted nothing but a pair of shoes, and the sight of a nail would not have affected me. Now I was wild to get at the other boxes, and my eyes were constantly searching the sea for sight of relief. I dragged the boxes to my house, and most of each day for the next week was spent on the neck in hopes of getting at more treasure. The water continued high, however, and I got nothing more. On the eighth day after I got the treasure, and about thirty days after my landing, the third mystery was revealed. At about 9 o'clock in the morning, while the tide was setting in strong, I observed a ship's boat drifting in from the south-east. It was not ten minutes after I saw her before she was cast on the beach, and she rolled over two bodies were flung out. To my amazement and horror I recognized them as the bodies of the Captain and mate of the Albatross, though it was more by the clothing than by their features. It was plain at a glance that they had died of exposure and want. There was neither food nor drink in the boat, and the bodies were little better than skeletons. It was the Captain's gig, and it seemed that these two got away alone. They must have drifted here and there for days, for there was neither sail nor oar.

I was scooping out a grave for the bodies when a turtle sloop rounded the island and was in the cove before I saw her. She had a crew of three men and a boy, and they had come for a stay of a week or two, being the season when the turtles came ashore to lay their eggs. They were not from the mainland, but from a larger island to the north, and were native West Indians. The Captain spoke English fairly well, and I gave him a full explanation, even to the finding of the treasure. They could have knocked me on the head and safely taken all, but they did not do it. The Captain looked over my money, and said I had about \$25,000, and it was agreed that, in repayment for a passage to Porto Rico I was to surrender all rights to the ship's boat. In four days those poor turtle catches, none of whom had ever had \$50 at once, took \$20,000 out of the sands. There were more boxes left, or it was so believed, but they required other outfit to secure them. I was not only landed in Porto Rico, as agreed, but told how to take care of my money, most of which was exchanged for paper, and my passage on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans was secured.

I did not go near the owners of the Albatross. She had been reported lost, with all on board, and to this day not one of the crew has been heard of. I could have gone to the authorities with my story, but who would have believed it? Those who had plotted against me had been overcome, and I had sprung from poverty to wealth at a bound. And so I repeat: "God's ways are full of mystery." —*New York Sun.*

The Change in Watch Crystals.

There have been some curious changes of late years, says a Paris correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, in the fashions for staple commodities, and especially is this true in the matter of watches. The watch is either looked upon as a trinket or an article of serious use. In the first instance it is set in a round ball, encrusted with small diamonds, sometimes intermixed with rubies or with sapphires, or it forms the top of a smelling bottle, or is set in a bracelet or the handle of a parasol. But the serious watch of every day wear has become a very practical article indeed. "In old days," said to me a famous Swiss jeweler of the Rue de la Paix, the other day, "the business of replacing watch crystals was an important item, amounting, on an average, to \$50 per week. Now, instead of the delicate watch-bubble glass formerly used, the watch crystal is made thick and strong so as to stand any amount of rough usage short of an actual blow. The introduction of these massive crystals has brought about a change in the make of watches. Not half so many hunting-cased watches are sold as formerly, as they are so much less convenient than the open-faced ones, and the thick crystal does away with the only real objection to the latter."

Soldiers and Cards.

"There were but few soldiers in the war," says a veteran, "who were not card players, and they nearly all liked to card a deck, but they had a dread of being killed with a deck on their person. Whenever we heard the cannons begin to boom and the guns of the picket-line began to clatter, we knew that the battle was coming, and you would see men by the hundred's drawing their cards from their pockets and throwing them along the road." —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

An alligator hide is worth \$1.25. Three widows remarry to one widower. Napoleon even in his zenith used to wear darned stockings. The Persians, after dinner, wash their hands in scented water. More twins are born in May and July than in any other months. A knot is a division of a ship's log line corresponding to a nautical mile. A Chicago woman recently registered in a hotel register: "Mrs. Blank, nee Blank." If a bit of string be tied around a rooster's leg he won't crow for approaching day. Theodore Lamb, of Virginia City, Neb., has a sunflower plant that stands sixteen feet high. If a thief should get into a Government vault among the gold he could only carry away \$35,000 in kind. The first census of the United States was taken in 1790. The population at that time was 3,910,428. Bird's nests of the edible sort bring their weight in silver for the tables of rich Chinese mandarins. There is an alligator in a pond in South Carolina, which is known to be at least ninety years old. The Russians rinse out their mouths after eating with a glass of water frothed with the finger bowl. The sun is 93,000,000 miles and minus 1,300,000 miles from the earth, and the moon is about 240,000 miles distant. The Bessemer process of converting iron into steel was invented in 1855, and made practicable the year following. Out of a population of about 50,000,000 the census of 1880 reported 40,160,000 being of the age of 100 years and over. At least five hundred New Yorkers take their meals regularly in Chinese restaurants, in orthodox Chinese fashion with chopsticks. A Massachusetts man offers to prove by statistics that seven-tenths of the marriage engagements that are broken are broken by women. The owner of a Vermont dairy bribed a man to declare that buttermilk had cured him of consumption, and sales increased to 200 gallons per day for four months. The first man to use a toboggan in this country, Arthur J. Torkins, of Auburn, N. Y., has just made a great improvement on the ordinary chute. He has changed the angle so as to increase the speed. French economy is very evident in the marketing of fowls. Not only half birds can be purchased, but legs, wings and breasts are offered separately. The carcass is used for soup, and even blood is sold. Some big peaches have grown in Oregon this season. The record was beaten by an East-Portland fruit grower, who raised a free-stone peach that measured eleven and three-quarters inches in circumference.

The "Champion Frog eater" of Baale, France, recently wagged five francs and a quart of brandy that he could swallow three dozen live frogs at one sitting. He won, but was immediately seized with horrible internal pains, and nearly died before he could swallow chemicals enough to get the frogs out of him. When they were ejected fifteen of them were dead, but the rest were still alive.

A Horse's Keen Sense of Smell.

A horse, says the *New York Sun*, will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will waver, quiver, and query over the faintest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coverings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whiffney that her colt is really her own until she has certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish its outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their pilot to it. The horse in browsing or while gathering herbage with his lips is guided in his choice of proper food entirely by his nostrils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sight of which six real horses experienced the most violent emotions. A man judiciously observed that the most perfect art could not imitate nature sufficiently well to produce so strong an illusion. Like Piny and Pansafus, he subsequently asserts that "in casting the statue a magician had thrown Hymeneus upon it," which by the odor of the plant deceived the horses, and therein we have the secret of the miracle. The scent alone of a buffalo robe will cause many horses to evince lively terror, and the floating scent of a railroad train will frighten some long after the locomotive is out of sight and hearing.

Curious Collection of Pens.

A man in Denver, Col., named Lyon, got an idea some years ago that it would be a fine thing to collect all the old shaped pens he could find. So he started in, and to day he has a lot comprising over 700 different varieties. About twelve different metals are represented in the collection. Then there are a number of wooden pens and lots of odd quills. The collection embraces specimens from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and other European countries, besides America and Canada. There are pens pointed fine enough to make lines of microscopic delicacy, and others intended for men who use the first personal pronoun a great deal in their correspondence. Some are in shape like shovels, others resemble a section of stovepipe and others are delicate and diminutive. —*Safety Valve.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Beef for Roasting and Baking. When roasts are cut large enough to more than six persons there is a portion at the ends of the ribs which always proves a source of anxiety to the careful housekeeper. It is less tender and more unevenly mixed with fat than the larger round muscle at the chine end, and is unfavorably regarded by consumers; the truest economy is to cut it off before cooking, to trim away all the superfluous fat, to fry out for drippings, and then corn, spice, or pickle the meat before cooking it, or stew it in a thick sauce until it is tender, or boil it—removing the bones—and press it to a loaf; or make it into a pot-roast of pork. —*Housekeeper.*

Necessities of the Boudoir. Every lady's room should be furnished with a clothes brush, a wisp broom, hand brush, a sponge, a bottle of ammonia, a vial each of alcohol and benzine, also some cleaning fluid or eraser soap, to aid her in keeping her wardrobe in order. Another very necessary thing in the care of clothing is mending and repairing every article as it may need it. The time spent in so doing is well bestowed, for besides the pleasure it gives to always appear in whole, respectable garments, the clothes will last twice as long. Every rip and rent in dress skirts or underclothes should receive attention as soon as it occurs. The adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," is well to remember. Gloves should be mended as soon as a rip appears in the fingers, and, if thin, worn in the hand, may be neatly darning or mended with a piece of an old glove of the same color. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Purification of Yeast.

The *Breeder's Guardian* says that a method of purifying yeast has been suggested, and that it has already been adopted by some of the Continental manufacturers. The yeast is added to a dilute solution of sugar, and the resulting mixture is subjected to the action of a centrifugal separator. By this means the living cells are effectually detached from the dead cells and the bacteria, the pure yeast leaving the machine in concentrated condition, while the cells and the bacteria remain in liquid. It is said that the process is perfect, that nothing but healthy yeast is to be found in the separated particles, that the purified article possesses a glass which is one-quarter filled, it will overflow in the course of an hour. —*Scientific American.*

Laundering Table Linens.

Table cloths and napkins should be carefully looked over before being put in the washbasin, and if any fruit or vegetable stains are found, they can be removed by stretching the stained cloth over a tub or basin and pouring boiling water through it. The stains will quickly disappear. Make sure that your tablecloth is well washed and thoroughly rinsed, is nicer without either starch or bleach. When preparing for ironing, it should be made quite damp. A hot iron will bring out the pattern nicely, and will leave the linen sufficiently stiff. In tablecloths, but two folds are admissible at present, because through the center creases, the other through the center crease, the cloths are doubled loosely, or, if rolled so as to allow them to be placed in drawers, and not produce additional creases. Piled-up napkins are quickly soiled, and very nicely ironed, in the following manner: After they have been thoroughly dampened, pile up, say half a dozen, gather up one side of the napkins in the hand, and strike the folds on the opposite side against the edge of the ironing table. A few strokes separate it beautifully. Serve all this thus. Then place the napkins on the ironing table perfectly straight, do not pass the iron over the fringe. —*vic Larmer.*

Recipes.

VERMICELLI SUPPER.—Boil a teaspoonful vermicelli in consommé enough to cover it, but not over two minutes, then add a quart of consommé.

RICE PUDDING.—One cup of rice, one half-teaspoon of salt, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one quart of milk, bake in a moderate oven two hours.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two cups buttermilk, one coffee cup sugar, three tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonful sugar, four eggs, beat separately, favor to taste; bake until the custard set.

POTATOES WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Cold boiled potatoes into dice, place them in a baking pan, cover with cream sauce, sprinkle the top lightly with bread crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes until brown.

BREAD PANCAKES.—Take the crustless bread; mix thoroughly with sweet milk to make a thick batter, two or three eggs, well beaten, a small cup of flour, with a teaspoonful baking powder and a little salt. Bake on a hot and well-greased griddle.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Feel and cut the apples dry in sun nearly all day; drop in boiling weak alum water, stay in two minutes, not longer. Every pound of fruit use one of preserves. Proceed as you do with fig or peach preserves. Flavor with ginger.

OLD FASHIONED VIRGINIA CORN BREAD.—Half a dozen ears green split the grains and cut from the husk. Beat up an egg and add to the milk, then add one-half pint of milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, one spoonful salt; a pinch of pepper, mix into a baking dish and bake half an hour.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut up a chicken into small pieces and cook the skin in cold water and salt. Then take the skin out, and wash away the fat, and add more. Season to taste. Let the stalks of celery be boiled, if desired, and rice added if it is used.

The weather in the Alps has been bad this season that the hotels look in vain with dismal faces for usual stream of foreign guests. A continuous rain has been a calamity to the region.

Will Martin, a young boy, son of a man named Martin, who was chastised by a teacher, set fire to the Mount Pleasant school house, near Nicholasville, and destroyed it. The boy is about years old.