

DISPOSING OF PASTRY.

Tidbits That Capable Housewives Can Make of Left Overs.

It is not always an easy matter to dispose of all the scraps of pastry left after making patties or pies of any kind.

In olden times there was a variety of nice little cakes made of small pieces of fine pastry and garnished with jelly, jams or sweetened creams whipped to a stiff froth and flavored. The well known "wells of Cupid," as they were known in those sentimental days, were nothing more than tiny flat cakes of pastry with a raised ring of pastry laid on them, the cavity in the center being filled with jelly or jam of some bright color.

These "wells" are sometimes made of cold boiled plum pudding, garnished with a creamy hard brandy sauce, and they are then served at the holiday season and known as "wells of Noel." Almost any plain cookie dough may be rolled out and cut up into circles and rings of equal size, and have a ring laid on every circle and the cakes baked. The cavity in the center may be filled with bright red currant jelly.

Those dainty little cakes called "margold's" may be made of puff paste or any pastry or cake batter that can be rolled out. They are especially nice made of puff pastry glazed with sugar and baked a golden hue.

Cut out 20 circles of pastry with a fluted cutter about two inches in diameter. Then stamp out an equal number of rings about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Put these tiny rings in the center of the large circles and stick pieces of blanched and shredded almonds around the centerpieces. Dredge these cakes with sugar and bake them in a quick oven for about ten minutes, or until they are a nice golden brown.

Arrange little strips of red currant jelly lengthwise around the edge between the strips of almond. These represent the petals of the flower. These cakes are troublesome to make, but are nice for a child's party or other gala occasion.

"King Henry's shoestrings" are strips of pastry arranged in four loops in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross. They are decorated with bits of green grape jelly and red currant jelly to represent rubies and emeralds. Where a cooky batter is used pieces of candied cherry and green lime or the prettier candied angelica can be used.

Other cakes may be made in the form of small wreaths made of little leaves of pastry when baked. Bits of bright jelly set in various hollows of the wreath represent blossoms. These are a delight to children.—St. Louis Republic.

Is the Sun Burning Up?

Thousands of curious and ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the effect that the sun, although he has whirled his burning disk across the heavens for untold ages, continues to burn without being consumed or his bulk being lessened in the least. Some of our most learned astronomers believe, or pretend to believe, that the great orb is a ball of gas, but even a great globe of gas would be consumed to its utmost atom in the course of a few thousand years. Others say that fires are kept up by the burning of the remains of wrecked worlds which are constantly falling into its mysterious, burning depths. But even this seems far from probable, and those who take an opposite view declare that it is a monstrously absurd conclusion. In summing up his opinion on the last conclusion one of the most eminent astronomers of the day has figured that a mountain range consisting of 176 cubic miles could fall into the sun and yet not furnish fuel enough to keep up the present rate of heat for a single second, and that a mass equal to our earth would only furnish heat for 93 years. If these conclusions are correct, we may well ask, Of what wonderful, indestructible substance is our great light giver composed?—Exchange.

The Holland Tea Table.

Elegance is reached in the Holland tea table, its standard richly carved in mahogany or antique oak and inlaid with medallions in delft. The top is a movable tray in the beautiful china mounted in brass with heavily chased handles of the metal at either end. A complete tea service of delft accompanies it, making it a drawing room appointment of great beauty and expense. The well informed hostess, although delighted in its possession, will not claim for it genuineness, knowing that the lovely blue china now such a craze is but a close imitation. Only one perfect service of real old Holland delft is owned in this country, and that descended from Dutch ancestors and is so valuable as to be without fixed price.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Sway of the Sash.

How fascinating are the belts and sashes which form such important items in the fashions of the moment! Close fitting, deep folded belts made of satin or silk are worn with toilets of silk, fine mchair and grass lawn. The newest ribbon belts are finished off with a flat piping on each side of white silk or satin, but if the belt is black or dark in color the piping may be in a light, contrasting shade. Loosely draped sashes look best on youthful figures, and folded belts crossed in front are most becoming to slender shapes. Even plain dresses may be converted into smart, stylish toilets if the belt or sash and the collar and bows are chosen to correspond and in good taste.—New York Advertiser.

Only a Trifling Difference.

Stickum—What's the difference between scorcher and the antiscorchers?

Stickum—Give it up.

Stickum—Oles wheels to beat the band, while the others band to beat the wheels.—New York World.

Ancient Cards.

In early French cards the kings were named David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, representing the monarchs of the Jews, Greeks, Romans and French.

CANDY AND MARRIED LIFE.

Why Some Husbands Don't Supply Their Wives With Confectionery.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" said the girl in the pink dress. "I do so dote on candy."

"Especially chocolate nougat," declared the young woman in white. "It is just too sweet for anything."

"Where did you get them? Was it Charley or Bob?"

"It was Charley," replied the girl with the box in her hand. "He always has the nicest candy."

"But you like Bob best?"

"Agnes, dear, you are entirely too inquisitive."

"You mustn't get married if you like candy."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the men who buy candy before you get married never buy you any after they are married?"

"Is that so?"

"That's what the papers say."

"Pooh! I don't believe a word of it! But, then, that's just like some of the horrid men. I know one who won't do it."

"Oh, I say, girls. What luck! Here comes Maud. We'll ask her about it."

"You'd never dare."

"Wouldn't I, though?"

Maud drew near, and all the girls giggled merrily.

"Oh, Maud, you're married, aren't you?"

"Why, what a silly question! Were not you one of the bridesmaids?"

"Oh, yes, we all saw her, and she looked just perfectly killing."

"Well, I wanted to ask you a question."

"Certainly, dear. What is it?"

"Well, does Dick buy you any candy now that you are married? You know he used to buy you lots of it—whole candy stores full—before."

"No, he doesn't."

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the girl in pink. "It is just what I said."

"Well, maybe they are not all like Dick."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud. "I never did see such a girl. Why didn't you let me finish saying what I wanted to say? I was going to say something and you broke right in. I was going to say that he doesn't buy any candy because I don't want him to. What's his is mine, and I just take his money and buy it whenever I want it. It is a much better arrangement, too, for I buy the kind I like and he seldom did."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Coming Gown.

If there's one thing more certain than another about the coming gown, it is that it will be trimmed. Not just skirt alone, nor yet just bodice alone, but both will be heavily, richly and elaborately burdened with every sort of trimming. Is it that fashion, deprived of her beloved big sleeves, must have some other outlet and finds it in frills and friffery? From present indications it seems likely that plain skirts—skirts, that is to say, unembellished by ruffles or bands or tucks or even a slight drapery—will soon have disappeared from mortal view. As for bodices, well, sleeves may be close reefed. But what of the multitudinous flounces and shirrings and gatherings and drappings? Surely nothing short of "in full sail" describes them.

Embroidery is the most imperative detail of the coming gown. Have your new fall frock embroidered in however insignificant a way, and you will have given it a stamp that may not, it is true, by right belong to it, but which will mean "from Paris." And most impressive of all, it will mean that your new fall frock will cost "a sight" more than it would unembroidered. The present tendency to trimming altogether, indeed, means that. People may talk about the costliness of simplicity and the price you have to pay for exquisite plainness, but as a matter of fact that sort of thing doesn't really "come near as high" as the velvets, silks, passementerie, embroidery and other delectable devices for wheeling pence out of pockets that the present season is so industriously planning.—New York Sun.

The Latest In Furs.

Fashion in furs shows a mixture of two kinds in one garment, which is very encouraging to those who must remodel their old capes and jackets, and very pretty effects are made with many sable tails and paws in the way of trimming. Persian lamb, chinchilla, sable, sealskin and moutlen, which is light gray in color, are the most fashionable furs, but all the cheaper varieties seem to have their uses. Chinchilla is combined with seal this season, and short capes of sable are used over longer ones of seal. The fur boleros will be a useful fashion for those who have a small amount of fur to be transformed into a fashionable garment. These are very becoming to slight figures, and very stylish with wide revers. The new fur coats are rather short, not so full in the basque as they were last season and have loose fronts.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Parvonia succeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Graybill, Garman & Co.'s Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

WHICH DID SHE MEAN?

HOW MEMBERS OF A RURAL PARTY GOT TO MORALIZING.

Elitha Undertook to Show the Hired Man and Other Members of His Family How Easy It Is to Rob the Unsuspecting. The Result Wasn't Just as He Calculated.

It was a truly rural party that waited in harrowing suspense for the train which was to leave in two or three hours. They had been to a fair, and in their periods of comparative repose passed the time recounting their experiences and observations.

"I can't be 'p' bein' anxious," the old gentleman said apologetically to a gate tender. "Ye see, there ain't nobody to home, as somebody up in our country is developin a terrible appetite for Leghorn chickens, which is my specialty. I don't like the idee of stayin here overnight, dodgin bunko steers, when we orter be chasin chicken thieves."

"Haven't you got a hired man on the place?"

"We brought 'im along. He was willin to pay his own way, an ez he'd got out of I hed told 'im he'd gotter stay, I thort it 'ud save trouble in the end."

"Yes siree," chimed in the hired man, who came up just at that point in the conversation, "I had to move with the percession. An I wouldn't of missed seein what I did fur nothin. I guess I got through with more sights than anybody else in the hull outfit."

"I reckon ye didn't come across any more that was new an startin than some of the rest of us," replied the old gentleman in a blasé tone of toleration. "I know of one thing that ye didn't see, fur mother says she had her eye on ye all the time. Hev ye got any money?"

"Two dollar an sixty cents," was the self satisfied response.

"Then ye didn't see what I'm talkin about. Ye run over to that store an buy 3 cents' worth of English walnuts an I'll show it to ye. I'll be over whur mother an Zeb is, 'cause it'll interest them too."

When the hired man came back from his errand, the old gentleman was saying to his wife: "I was out fur experience, an ye can't git experience without its costin a liddle somethin. I learnt a new game, an I want Zeb an the hired man ter know about it, so's ter put 'em on their guard again the wickedness of this here world. All ye need is some walnut shells an a paper wad."

The members of his household followed him to the window ledge, and, after a few preliminary passes to loosen up his muscles for feats of legerdemain, he paused to remark:

"Now, ye'll understand, of course, that this here ain't no lessen in gamblin. I jes' wanter show ye how it's done. When ye go ter town, ye'll know jes' ez much about it ez them sharpers does an be on yer guard. It's a game whur the man ez does the guessin ain't got no show whutsoever."

He manipulated the shells and the paper wad in imitation of the man he had seen at the fair, and stepping back said:

"Course, I don't want ye ter bet nothin, 'cause that 'ud be jes' like robbin yer. But it won't do no harm fur ye ter make a guess, so's ter show ye how the dag-on-ed swindle operates."

"I'll bet ye my new knife agin that buckerhorn handled one of yer'n that I kin pick out the shell ez hez the paper wad under it," remarked the hired man.

"I wouldn't let ye do it. Don't ye onderstan' that this is a skin game I'm a-showin' ye?"

"I don't keer nothin 'bout that. I've got that ther paper wad located an ye da'n't bet ther I ain't."

"I da'n't, da'n't! I don't like ter take no advantage of ye, but ye're a man growed an responsible fur yer own acts. Put up yer knife."

The stakes were laid on the window ledge, and the hired man promptly selected the right shell.

"By hokey," exclaimed the old gentleman, "ye've guessed it! It must 'a' been by a miracle."

He tried it again, and this time not only the hired man, but Zeb and the old lady, risked all their available small change. Again the amateur thimble rigger juggled the shells, and with the same result.

"Better own up an quit, father," suggested Zeb.

"I won't do nothin of the kind," was the reply.

In the course of time he issued promissory notes for a saddle blanket, a pair of boots, six pearl collar buttons, a calico dress, a pair of bearskin gloves, seven plugs of tobacco and \$4.50. But he was not discouraged. He was preparing for another shuffle of the walnut shells, when his wife exclaimed:

"Elitha, ain't it purty near train time?"

There was a simultaneous rush for the gate. Their train had been gone nearly 15 minutes.

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "it's disapp'intin ter hev ter set here tell the nex' one goes, but we've had the benefit of the exposé, anyhow. Ye kin allus dror a moral from most anything that happens. It all goes ter show that there ain't any way of bein re'ly safe in games of chance, no matter which side ye're on."

"Yes," said Zeb, "it all come ter pass 'long of hev'in ter kill time in this here place."

"Whur's the hired man?"

"He told me that, ez it would be a good while tell the train went, he reckoned he'd take some of his winnin's an paint the town a liddle bit."

The old lady passed around some red apples and remarked:

"To my way of thinkin, there's another eternal truth that this afternoon hez demonstrated."

"What is it, Mirandy?"

"A fool an his money are soon parted."

And her husband never took the trouble to inquire whether she meant him or the hired man.—Washington Star.

FOOLED THE MANAGER.

How J. W. Kelly, "The Rolling Mill Man," Made the Hit of His Life.

A theatrical manager tells this story regarding the late J. W. Kelly:

In his earlier days Kelly was appearing at a variety hall in San Francisco. The proprietor and manager of the place was a German, who had a great admiration for the "rolling mill man."

While Kelly was appearing at the theater the German arranged to put on the stage a series of tableaux depicting the heroism of the members of the San Francisco fire department. Kelly was to stand at one side of the stage and recite some original verses describing each picture or tableau as it was shown on the stage. The German was wildly anxious that this tribute to the firemen should make a hit on the opening night.

"Oh, Chon," he said, "do your best, and you will make to hit of your life!"

On the day of the opening Kelly remained at home, so as to be in the best possible trim for the show. Soon after 8 o'clock he started for the theater.

Just before going into the hall it occurred to him that he could have some fun with the German; so he turned up his coat collar, mussed his hair and went reeling into the variety hall.

There was a sound of crashing glass-ware. The German had dropped a tray full of beer glasses.

"Oh, Chon," he moaned, waving his hands in the air, "you haf wooined all te taploze! Vat is te good of haffin' Irishman ter work for you?"

"Thash all right," mumbled Kelly, staggering up to him.

"Go avy," shouted the manager. "You hef kevered to show."

With that the manager rushed for the stage and arranged that a sonnette should announce the tableaux. Then he went out in front and waited, all in a tremble, to see if she could get through with it. In the meantime Kelly went around on the stage, and just as the sonnette walked on the stage Kelly followed her and said, "I'll take care of this."

The German saw him come on the stage, and with a cry of mortal terror ran for the front door. He knew that Kelly would spoil everything. He stood in the street, mopping his brow and moaning in agony, when he began to hear loud applause inside the theater. He could hardly believe his senses.

Every few seconds there would be a roar of laughter and handclapping. He timidly went back into the hall, and there was Kelly, sober as a judge and "straight as a string," making the hit of his life. After that all the German could do was to sit down at a table to weep and order beer for everybody around.

In telling the story Kelly used to say merely to finish the story, "I saw him after that when I really did have a tidy number aboard, but he only laughed and said, 'No, Chon, you can't fool me.'"—Chicago Record.

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

Incident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire Engine House.

A reporter who had sought at a fire engine house information on a point concerning which the driver could best inform him stood talking with the driver by the stall of one of the horses. The horse was secured by a tie strap commonly used in the department. One end of the tie strap is made fast by a staple driven into the side of the stall, while the other end is passed through the throat latch of the horse's bridle and held on a pin that rises in a little recess in the side of the stall. By means of a simple mechanical contrivance the pin is pulled down at the first stroke of the gong when an alarm is sounded, the tie strap is released, and the horse is set free. As the driver and the reporter talked, the horse, in a friendly sort of way, bent his head down toward the driver.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded, and the horse was transformed, and likewise the driver. The horse's head went up, and he was alert in every fiber. At the first stroke the pin had dropped, and the horse was free. With a single bound he cleared the stall and made for his place by the engine, with the driver beside him. The other two horses of the team—this was a three horse team—were clattering forward at the same moment. At the front of the house men were sliding down poles like lightning.

There were a few sharp, quick, snapping sounds, as the men already there snapped the collars together around the horses' necks, and over it all the booming of the gong.

In all the newer firehouses of the city the stalls of the horses are placed as nearly as possible abreast of the engine, so that the horses shall have the shortest possible distance to go. In some of the older houses, in which there is less room, the stalls are at the rear. That is where they were in this house.

Surprised a little, the reporter had lost a second or two in getting to the front. When he got there, he saw the driver in his seat holding the lines over the team ready to drive out and waiting only for the last stroke of the gong.

All fire teams are hooked up on every alarm. On first alarm they go out only to fires within their own district. This alarm was for a fire outside the district. Unhooked, the horses trotted back to their stalls. Descending from his seat, the driver took up the interrupted conversation just as if nothing had happened.—New York Sun.

Embroidered Suspenders.

"There's no dandy business about it," he said. "It's just plain, hard sense. Since the new woman has made herself so distressingly apparent I have had to have my initials put on nearly everything I wear, so that there would be no excuse for my wife thinking it's hers."—Chicago Post.

Her Trial.

"I am not going to give him up without a trial," said the woman as she instituted proceedings for a divorce.—Richmond Dispatch.

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