THE RED CROSS HOUSE. in spirit, and prayed that God would bless the new institution. Miss Barton

MISS CLARA BARTON ASTONISHES THE GOOD PEOPLE OF JOHNSTOWN.

House Warming of the New Red Cross Sat-

urday Evening-A Comfortable Build-ing Containing Thirty-Six Nicely Fur-nished Rooms.

At the invitation of Miss Clara Barton, President of the National Red Cross So ciety of America, a number of residents and non-residents of Johnstown assembled at 5 P. M., on Saturday, in a large wooden building called the Red Cross House, erected on the site of the Episco palian Church, on Locust street, to partake of a five o'clock tea given as a house warming.

Before going into details, we may state the edifice has been put at the expense of the Nathat up at tional Red Cross Society of Amer-ica, as a temporary residence for families who have been deplived of home and belonging: by the flood, until such time they are able to commence housekeeping again in their own houses The building is 116 feet long, 50 feet wide, and two stories high, containing thirty-six large and commodious bed rooms, dining hall 100 feet long, kitchen, laundry and two bath rooms, one for the male and the other for the female residents. Water is laid in from the main, and every con-venience that kind thought can suggest, or money buy to make the inmates com fortable.

The idea is to shelter as many families as the building will hold The ground on which the building stands has been lent by Bishop Whitehead for a period.

As the hour of 5 o'clock approached, a number of Johnstown's leading citizens commenced to wend their way toward the building and it was nearly six before all had assembled.

The Rev. Charles A. Bragdon presented each individual personally to Miss Clara Barton, who received herguests with that gracious sweeteess so characteristic of the woman chosen as the President of the greatest charitable institution in the world, and for each and every one she had a kind word of welcome. Before setting down to the repast provided for the oc-casion, at the desire of Miss Barton, the Rev. Bragdon conducted the guests on a tour of inspection over the building. The first parts visited were the dormitories, and these handsome, well furnished rooms elicited quite a burst of admiration from the beholders; they were not prepared to see such a generous evidence of the society's goodness. Could Burns have joined that little throng of spectators, have seen what they saw, surely his first act would have been to soften the greatest thought he ever wrote, "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Here was a case where man's goodness to man caused posoms to swell with pride and gratitude. Passing on round the gallery, the party descended to the kitchen ; here everything was neat and shining, and all ready for immediate use. The laundry and bath rooms came in for their share of attention,

and as the survey was completed, a gen-eral satisfaction evinced itself on all sides. "What is this building." was question put to Miss Barton by one of

the gentlemen present. A soft look came into her kindly eyes as she replied : "It is the expression of a thought, the materialization of an idea." May God bless such ideas, would that they were more common with the whole world.

A little friendly chatting was then indulged in and the merit of the institution fully discussed. At 6:30 at a signal from Miss Barton the guests seated themselves at the tables and set to work with a good will to do justice to the excellent cheer, many being waited on personally by that lady herself. When the repast was over guests and entertainers proceeded to the end of the room and seated themselves in a group around Miss Barton, who remained standing, holding in her hand a bundle of papers. Silence being observed the first lady of the Red Cross proceeded to read the apologies for enforced absence from the following people : Bishop Whitehead, the Rev. H. R. Goodchild, of Beth-

related many thrilling episodes which hap pened during her experience on the Ohio and Mississippi, and wound up her dis-course by saying that the Red Cross of America had been established now eight years and that this was its twelfth field. Rev. Charles A. Bragdon, of the Episcopal Church, responded in a feeling and eloquent way to Miss Barton. His re-

marks were listened to with marked in-terest and approval. At the close of his speech he called upon Mr. Woodruff. Mr. L. D. Woodruff, of the DEMOCRAT, in a brief speech thanked Miss Clara Bar

ton and the National Red Cross Society of America, on behalf of the Johnstown sufferers, for the great and noble work ac-complished by them in the devastated city since the flood.

During Miss Clara Barton's speech, the Mayor and Chief of Police, who were present, had to slip quietly out to attend o their important duties, but not before they had deputad one present to apolo-gize for their unceremonious departure as soon as an opportunity presented itself. The time had arrived, and Mr. Joseph R. Wilson, at the conclusion of Editor Woodruff's remarks, arose, and in a few words expressed to Miss Barton the re-grets of His Honor, Mr. Irwin Horreli, the Mayor of Johnstown, and of Mr. J. T. Harris, Chief of the Police for having to leave at a stage when their interest was so pleasantly engaged in listening to the eloquent utterances of their hostess. Mr. Wilson took the opportunity to say a few complimentary words on the skillful generalship displayed by Miss Barton in handling her forces and paid a high tribute to the quality of the material with which she has had to work with by adding, that more had been accomplished by her little army of fifty than five hundred ordinary individual could have done in the same time and under the same circumstances. Mr. Wilson also called the attention of those present to the Philadelphia Branch of the Red Cross Society located in Johostown under the Command of R. S. Wharton, M. D. and advised all those who had not yet vis-ited the military looking hospital to do so without delay as it was one of the sights of Johnstown. After complimenting Dr. Wharton on the high reputation he had gained amongst the flood sufferers since his residence here, Mr. Wilson sat down. As a matter of course after such direct allusion to himself Doctor Wharton rose to reply. In a modest speech, he stated that he had treated on an average thirty

cases a day at the hospital and that he still found plenty to do in Johnstown, Miss Lizzie Tittle then made the best little speech of the evening. This concluded the meeting.

STAFF OF THE RED CROSS HOUSE

President, Miss Clara Barton; Field Agent and Secretary, J. B. Hubbell, M. D.; Assistants, Dr. Sarah J. Elliott, Philadelphia ; Dr. Mary E. Gage, New York ; M.. John Morlan, of Indiania ; Dr. Clara J. Allexander, Philadelphia ; Mrs. M. Hines, Miss Lucy Chase, Miss Sarah E Chase, Miss Nettie L. White, Miss Fannie E. Ingersoll, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Gardner, of Indiania.

TAKE A SMILE.

New Orleans Picayune : It's swarm nough for any man when a hive of bees lights on his head.

Munsey's Weekly : However fond man may be of cocktails, they are certainly not unmixed blessings. Chicago Inter-Ocean : " All things come

to him who waits" appears to be the motto of a majority of waiters.

Boston Post: In spite of their proverpial slowness, telegraph messengers go about with a great deal of despatch.

Detroit Jaurnal: The greatest pitch er's curve was the arc of Noah. He pitched without and within at the same time.

Kearney (Neb.) Enterprise: Of course it is to be expected that a physician with no practice would be out of patience. Martha's Vineyard Herald : The bathng-dress is a leveller of all distinctions. a single scanty garment there is no use

of putting on airs. Des Moines Register : Macbeth was evi-

TIP TOP.

ANOTHER NEW TOWN-600 ACRES ON YODER HILL THE SITE.

Details of the Project Which Was First Announced in the "Democrat" Wednesday Morning-Other Local Matters of Interest.

With a view of furnishing cheap and convenient building sites for homes for their employes and others, the Cambria Iron Co. have recently secured, through Mr. James McMillen, the Mulvehill tract of land on Yoder Hill, as stated in the DEM-OCRAT on Wednesday morning, which in connection with other lands, previously owned, will give them some five or six hunred acres of very desirable ground for this purpose.

This it is proposed to have promptly laid out to the best advantage by Mr. Charles R. Miller, one of the most noted landscape engineers in the country, whose work of laying out Grand View Cemetery has been so satisfactory to the citizens of Johnstown. Mr. Miller also laid out the now celebrated town Brynmawr. A general and complete plan of the whole tract will be made, and upon a section of it streets and alleys will be promptly graded, and paved or macadamized, and other sections opened as required. Water and illuminating gas mains will be laid and connected with the general systems of this city. The natural gas main already runs through the property. An efficient sewerage system vill also be introduced.

At some convenient point, probably at the foot of Vine or Walnut street, it is proposed to erect a substantial single span bridge, at a high level above the river, connecting at the west end with an inclined railway, that will deliver passen gers and goods quickly at the top of the hill, thus placing the site in point of time very close to the works, and to the centry of the city

The conveyances will contain stringent provision prohibiting the sale of liquors, as it is proposed to make this a place of nomes. Provision will be made for locations of religious and educational build ings. A site will also be reserved for a large hotel. To purchasers of lots who erect dwellings, extremely liberal terms will be made for the use of the Plane.

The company proposes to furnish to lot olders an improved site with all the city advantages ready for use, in close prox imity to the works and business centres in a healthful location, at such a moder ate price and on such favorable terms of payment as will put a home within the each of any of their employes.

Work on this improvement will be ommenced as soon as the plans can be properly matured, and thereafter pushed e earliest possible completion. The general plan also contemplates the erec tion of houses of various values and sizes which will be offered for sale with the lot

LOST TRUNKS.

List of Valuable Articles Contained in Them.

Mrs. S. P. Edson, of Lowell, Mass, has written a letter to General Hastings asking that gentleman to make inquiry for a number of articles that had been in two trunks that were lost on Day Express here the day of the flood. Captain Hamilton to-day called at the rooms of the Committee on Valuables, but could find none of the things that were in the trunks A complete list of the articles in the trunks is published below and anyone finding anything of this description will confer a favor by leaving the articles at "Camp Hamilton," above the Railroad station One d.amond pendant; one cameo pin

gold setting, rather large stone cameo, dark ground, with cut head in white, tw little short chains and some small gold pointed drops at lower part of pin ; one gold clover leaf pin, with long gold stem; one roman gold bracelet, discs joined by little gold rings; one scarf pin, horseshoe set with pearls, with a small chain and gold pin attached; one bracelet set with brilliants all around ; one bracelet set with turquoise all around; one box of rings, one gold band with bunch of for-get

"NOW I LAY ME."

The Wichits (Kan.) "Eagle" says the following sem was left at the office by an unknown man the came to sak for work.] Near the camp free filokering light, In my blanket bed I lie, ng through the shades of night At the twinking stars on high. O'er me spirits in the air Silent vigils seem to keep. As I breathen or childhood's prayee, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will In the boughs of yonder tree. Easy sings the whip-poor-will In the boughs of yonder tree, Laughingly the dancing rill Swells the midnight melody. Formen may be lurking near In the canyon dark and deep— Low I breathe in Jesus' ear: "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"Mid those stars one face I see-One the Saviour turned away-Mother, who in infancy Taught my baby lips to pray. Her sweet spirit hovers near, In this lonely mountain brake-Take me to her, Saviour, dear, "If I should die before I wake,"

Fainter grows the flickering light, As each ember slowly dies; Plaintively the birds of night Fill the air with saddening cries, Over me they seem to cry: "You may never more awake." Low I lisp: "if I should die, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

UNCLE JOAB'S MISTAKE REALLY think it will be a match and I'm very glad of it," said Uncle Joab, rubbing the palms of his hands together "A nice, straight "A nice, straight cherry - checked girl with eyes as black as jet; a girl that has a fair notion of a batch of bread, and can make soft scap with anybody. I couldn't wish Frank a better wife." 23

"Some folks has all the luck," said Farmer Crabbe, whose son was married to a pretty slat-tern, who read novels all day and had no more idea of housekeeping than the kit-tens that frisked on her hearth. "It ain't luck," said Uncle Joab; "it's faculty-that's what it is." And his wrinkled visage beamed with satisfaction as he stood there under the great, feathery elm that shadowed the farmyard gate, thinking what a model wife Lydia Wats would make his only son.

on. It had been the pride of John Fenn's fe to make his farm the model farm of ne neighborhood; and when his son ame of age, he formally deeded it over

to lum. "It's for Frank's sake Twe been mak-ing it what it is," said he. "Let him go on with it now." "But father—" Joab Fenn laid his hand softly on Frank's shoulder. "My boy," said he, in a voice that fal-tered a little, "what object in life have i beyond your happiness? Bring home a nice, stirring little wife; carry on the farm as I have begun it and I shall be happy."

"You are the best father in the world !"

happy." "You are the best father in the world !" eried Frank, fervently. Farmer Crabbe trudged home with a setting of Black Spanish eggs ing in a hand basket, and Joab Fenn strolled leisurely along the lane, his hands be-hind his back, his eyes bent meditatively on the fresh grass, when suddenly the sound of voices behind the vine-draped stone wall at the left reached his ear-Frank's voice, and that of Myra Miller, the pretty little distant cousin who did the housework, aud kept the family stockings darned. "Don't, Frank !" said Myra, "There-you've spilt all my blackberries !" "On, bother the blackberries !" inter-jected Frank Fenn; "I can easily get some more. Here, Myra, let me carry the basket!"

the basket!" "But—your father wouldn't like it!" "Give it to me! I will have it! Why shouldn't he like it, Puss?" "Because — you know, Frank — Lydia!"

"Because — you know, Frank — Lydia!" "Oh, nonsense!" said Frank, cava-lierly. "As if Lydia Watts were half as pretty as you. That's right—don't shrink away so. Aren't we cousins?" And the cheery young volces died away among the berry bushes. Uncle Joab stood quite motionless, his hands still clasped behmd his back, his eyes still rooted on the grass, but daitered altogether. "It won't do," muttered Uncle Joab to him self. "It will never do in the world. This little blue-eyed mite of a thing is going to spoil all my plans. At this rate I must send her to Cousin Peregrine Birtwhistle's." And the very next day Myra Miller was ruthlessly given notice to quit. "Have I done anything wrong, Uncle Joab?" questioned Myra, looking wist-fully up into her relative's face. "No, my dear, no," said Joab, twist-ing himself about rather guiltly. "But old Mrs. Birtwhistle has the rheumatism badly, and perhaps you can be made

most of her advantages. And Frank, in his desponding mood, succumbed to fate, and "supposed it might as well be Lydia Watts as any one cise." "Talk about circumstances," said Us-cie Joab. "Any man can mould circum-stances to suit himself, if only he has a little tact." HOW TO MAKE COOL HOMES.

HOW TO MAKE COOL HOMES. Since Statements of the second se

"Talk about circumstances," said Un-cle Joab. "Any man can mould circum-stances to suit himself, if only he has a little tact." And Uncle Joab rubbed his hands more gleetally than ever. "Bad as the days rolled by Uncle Joab began to doubt the efficacy of his charm. "I really think, Father Fenn," said the bride, with a toss of the head encircled by black, shinning braids. "that you're making an unnecessary fuss over that toothache of yours." "An-unnecessary fuss i" repeated Un-cle Joab, in dismay. "An-unnecessary fuss i" repeated Un-cle Joab, in dismay. "Old folks hadn't ought to be so fret-ful and exacting," went on Lydia. "It isn't Christian ; and I, for one, won't bear it. If you can't sit quiet and peaceable by the fire, I think you had better stay in your own room." And Mrs. Lydia Bounced into the kitchen to turn the batch of cake in the oven before it should burn. Joab Fenn rose slowly and went up to his room. If he had been a familiar stu-dent of Shakespeare, he might have quoted to himseff the old passage, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." But he was not a literary man, and kept his thoughts and traables in his own bosom. "Frank doesn't feel so," he told him-self. "Frank has a little compassion on his old father yet." But that very evening, when he came groping down into the kitchen to get some mustard for his aching face, he heard Lydia conferring with her husband in the adjoining sitting-room. "It's no use talking," said Mrs. Fenn, Jr., in an excited sort of way, "and I shant stand it any longer, that's positive. There's a very good vacency in the Home for Old Men, and it's the only place he's it for." this wonders with it and see if all amily are not cooler for it. Study entilation of your rooms. An aw your a very sunny window or door idd greatly to your comfort. A p-hair, and a hammock or a swing, extra with a fow yings will make ether with a few vines, will make a harming place of your unused piazza.or

even of your porch. Enlist the other members of the Enlist the other members of the household in your plans for family com-fort and coolness. You will be sur-prised at the happiness they will feel as-from time to time, they contribute their share, perhaps a quaint or rare a, a Japanese screen or some pleee of bried-brac for "Home." During the warm days, try to have at each meal, one very tempting, cool casa. Fruit is best for breakfast. Rice pas-dings, also those of taploca, or gelatine, which have been set until very cold are delicious. Decorated with flowers, and green leaves, the table is far more at-

which have been set until very cold are delicious. Decorated with flowers, and green leaves, the table is far more at-ractive than if left unadorned, race some flowers in each room if possible. It will rest you to look at them. Seen a clean towel (if you have no 1 but dides) spread over the bengt cover, of the rooking chair, invites one to race a seat, by its very suggestion of com-fort and coolness. Make the best of what you have, and use everything to the best advanage.

use everything to the best of wink you nave, in use everything to the best advantage you can make it; and ere you are a sus-summer with its warm days with tan-passed -Ruth H. Nettleship, in Go-considering binn and the "Home for Old Men."
"O, Peregrine, look here! An old man, asleep by the roadside. Or, is he asleep? Come, Peregrine, quick! It's the secondary of the secondary of

.ousekeeping.

To Keep Green Bears. The present system of canning has-made it almost unnecessary for the housekeeper to study methods, since it is cheaper to buy, above all, if it can be done in quantities at wholesale rate. ', than to spend time in preparation. If is in remote districts where buying , hardly practicable, string beans may be treated in two ways. They can be cooked thoroughly but without any sea-soning and canned in glass or in this way ing careful to the utmost in admitting no air, as vegetables are more difficult of seep well than fruits. The second method is to put a layer of beans in a deep stone pot and then a layer of salt, adding day by day till the jar is full Cover closely, and when to be used, soak over night like dried beans, in order to remove the salt. The Swordfish.

The Swordfish. The Swordfish. Swordfish meat is firm and its flavor superior to that of the halibut, and it is entirely fresh and above reproach. It is a mystery that New York should so fail to appreciate a good thing. The coming of the swordfish is always an interesting fact, with no little mystery about it, ica. They are not here and then they are here. Nobody knows where they come from and no one ever saw a young one on the American coast. They are raised in the Mediterranean Sea, and the old folks, leaving the little ones behind, spend their summers along our shore, and chiefly about Block Island every year without fail, and the movements and chiefly about Block Island every year without fail, and the strange and clever ways of fishes. Bits of Philosophy. and we are so happy. Aren't we, Pere-grine, dear?" Joab Fenn looked sadly into her bright eyes. If she had married his boy, how different things would have been. If he could only have been content to be Fate alone, how much wisdom he would have shown! But he had managed al-fairs to suit himself, and this was th way he was suited. Lydia Fenn tossed her head again when she heard where her father-in-law had taken refuge. "I am satisfied, if it suits him," said she. "All I know is that I shouldn't have tolerated him around the place much more."

Bits of Philosophy.

Manners are stronger than laws. There is but one way to tell the truth. Bad manners are a species of bad mor-

als. A brave heart redeems an awkward carriage. Be at ease yourself and your guests will be at ease. It never troubles the wolf how many

weekly sum to secure peace at home. Joab Fenn did not stop to find mustard box. He crept slowly bac his own room and sat down on the -of the ord, A "Home for Old Men! sort of a living tomb in which he wa

fit for." "Perhaps you are right, my dear, said Frank, ruefully. For, a big si footer though he was, he stood in mor a fear of his slim, blackeyed wife. "I da-me there it make he way comforta.

say they'll make him very comforta there, and I wouldn't mind paying a ge

To Keep Green Beans

The Swordfish.

lehem, John A. Neff, Philadelphia, the telegraph operators of the Western Union Johnstown, Dr. N. Matthews, John-Fulton, Manager of the Cambria Iron Works, Captain Kuhn, Dr. G. W. Wagoner and lastly a telegram signed the "Little Six of Waterford." " Now perhaps some of you would like to know who ' the little six of Waterford 'are," exclaimed Miss Baaton, " and it will give me plesure to tell you.

In 1884, I was in command of a steam boat on the Ohio, chartered by the National Red Cross of America, to reliev the sufferers by what was then known as the third flood on the Ohio. Money came pouring in in response to our appeal from all parts of America.

One morning I received a check for \$52.65 through the editor of the Erie Ga-zette with a letter signed "The Little Six." The letter stated that the money enclosed was the result of an entertainment got up by six little children, who had read in the papers of the terrible sufferings of little children by the flood on the Ohio.

Miss Barton further stated that in every great calamity she receives exactly the same sum from "The Little Six," and that when she came to Johnstown, they were the' first to send their subscription of \$52.65 to help the sufferers, and that on this account she had sent them an invitation to be present at the house-warming of the new Red Cross House. The telegram read that they were sorry they could not be present in body, but would be so from all blame.

dently a politician with a "barrel," for he acknowledges that he "bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Lowell Courier : When an employe severs his connection " with the concern that hires him, it is often as much as even he escapes having his resignation tendered to him.

State News in Brief,

Blairsville will have a new glass factory

hich will employ 300 men. Annie Forry has died at York from the injuries received in a runaway accident a week ago.

Stewartstown Presbyterians have unani nously called Rev. L. Smith, of York, and it is believed the pastor will accept. The York Gazette's hunting dog, Jack," has joined Burke's equine and canine show, and will be taught stage tricks.

Robert Patterson, of New Alexandria, Westmoreland county, was instantly killed by being thrown under a mowing machine.

Putnam is now Charties, the little town of 3,000 having had its name changed on a petition of seventy-hve persons. The postoffice has been abandoned, the Postmistress having applied for liquor license.

John Daly, of Pittsburgh, injured in a fight in May, died on a hospital operating table, while under the influence of an anaesthetic on Thursday. The coroner's jury exhonorated McNally his assailant

nots in turquoise, one gold band with three emeralds with diamonds between

them, one gold hoop with two small diamond's, one moonstone; link chain braclet with cadet buttons each button with a monogram attached silver bangles of various designs ; one box containing small lace pins; one trunk marked B. B. M. S. A. and one marked B. E., underclothing and handkerchiefs in each trunk, marked Edson. The

trunks were upon the Day Express, which left Chicago at 3:15 on Thursday, May 30th.

Safes Still Missing Amongst the Debris. Although the majority of the safes lost in the flood have been recovered by Far. rell & Co., there are still many missing and much inconvenience is being experi enced by those who have been less fortunate in finding theirs.

Foremost among those who are still prosecuting their search in the cellars and hed of the river we find the names of John McDermott, J. J. Strayer, George W. Mc-Garry, N. Chilcoat, T. W. Kirlin, J. M. Shumaker, W.Stonebraker, Annie Fenn W. Owens, E. A. James, Dr. W. B. Low, man, J. P. McConaughy, E. C. Lawrenc & Co.

The Flies Were There.

"That's what I call a good spread," said Dolley, surveying his luncheon. "Yes," assented McCorkle, " still yo cant, say there are no flies on it.'

old Mrs. Birtwhistle has the rheumatism badly, and perhaps you can be made useful there. Frank will soon be mar-ried, you know, and—" Myra's lip quivered; the tears sparkled into her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Joab, are they really en-

"Oh, Uncle Joab, are they really en-gaged?" "Well, no, not quite. But the next thing to it," said Uncle Joab. "It's an understood thing between 'am." Now this was trenching on the abso-lute truth of the question, but Uncle Joab had an idea that it would not do to mince matters just at present. The girl's sweet, flower-like face fell instantaneously. "I-U will go to Cousin Peregrine's."

instantáneously. "I—I will go to Cousin Peregrine's," she said, in a low volce. "I'm only sorry I hadn't known before !" And Uncle Joab felt particularly guilty as he kissed her good-bye. All this business was diplomatically transacted in Frank Fenn's absence, and when he came home from town with a

when he came home from town with a pretty little churn which he had some-where picked up for Myra, the girl was

where picked up for Myra, the girl was gone. "Where's Myra?" demanded the young farmer, looking around in bewilderment. "Gone to stay a spell at Cousin Pere-grine Birtwhistle's," said Ugcle Joab, gilbly. "They needed her there and so she's gone." "And left no word for me?" "No," said Uncle Joab. But he knew that the monosyllable cut Frank to the heart.

heart.

They were married, of course. Pretty Lydia Watts was exactly the girl to com-prehend the situation, and made the

much more." Frank came to see his father, how-ever, at the old Birtwhistle farm house, where Myra, a blooming young matron, held out her hand to weisome him, with-out a vestige of the constraint that was so visible in his face and manner. "Father," said he, "I'm sorry you and Lydia don't get on together."

"It's the old story, my boy," said Uncle Joab. "The young birds crowd the old ones out of the nest. But I never could have stayed there to be sent to the 'Home for Old Men.""

"Dear Uncle Joab," said Myra, burst

ing into tears, 'you were good to m once, and all that I have is yours, an welcome! And, oh, Uncle Joab, I sha

be proud to have you come and live with me. And I'm married to Peregrine now

we,

and we are so happy. Aren't

ing into

Frank colored scarlet under the con-temptuous lightning of Myra's eyes, and

"There he goes," said Joab Fenn, with a sigh; "and I have lost my boy for-

But it was all his own fault, and he knew it.-N. Y. Ledger.

But it was all his own fault, and he knew it.—N. Y. Ledger. Women as Gardeners. The Woman's Division of the German Academic association recently decided to promote the education of women in the art of gardening, "partly in order to enable the future housewife to care for her own garden, but chiely to opan new sources of income to the unmarried." A committee of the association for the promotion of horticulture at once con-cerned itself with the matter, and an-nounced that it would be considered at a general meeting on May 23. Mean-while, however, the subject was broached at an open horticultural con-ference in Berlin on the 8th of May, where 600 gardeners were present. An hour and a half was spent in duscussing the advisability of educating women as gardeners, thirty speakers making them-selves heard for or against the idea. A vote was then taken, and the follow-ing resolution submitted to the ladles' committee of the Academic association: "The conference feels itself compelled te onnose the projects of the Academic association:

ing resolution submitted to the ladies' committee of the Academic association: "The conference feels itself compelled to oppose the projects of the Academic as-sociation in the interest of German gar-dening, as well as in those of womankind itself, because gardening demands nuch greater physical powers than usually are found in women, and because the indus-try is already at this moment suffering from overcrowding."

the

e sheep be. An habitually sad face seldom gets into

much credit. Melancholy looks on a beautiful face and sees a grinning skull.

Pickled Onions

Pickled Onions. Peel very small onions with a sharp knife, put in a jar and leave in salt water five days, changing brine every other day; keep them covered well; pour off the brine and pour on scalding hot brin-and leave until cold. Drain through a colander and put in wide mouthed bot tles. Fill the bottles full with good cider vinegar, adding ginger root and spices if you wish. Put in cork and seal.

Salad Sauce.

Salad Sauce. The yolks of two or three hard boiled eggs, a small tablesponful of grated Parmesan cheese, a small spoonful of made mustard, a spoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a little ketchup. Mix these well together, and add two dessert-spoonfuls of Lucca oil and one of elder vinegar. Do not pour this mixture over the salad, but under, to be mixed up with the salad as wanted.

Salad of French Beans

Salad of French Beans. Take any quantity of cold boiled French beans; see that they are well drained from water; pour a sufficient quantity of vinegar over them to cover; let the beans remain in the vinegar for full twenty minutes: drain the surplus vin gar off, add a pinch of salt and pepper. and a little of good salad oil, if liked.

Slow work is sure work. Perhaps never wins a victory. There are fifty ways to tell a lie. Hard workers are usually honest. Next to faith in God is faith in labor. Ever look forward, and—"Remember Lot's wife."