"I should have been christened Cinder-ella," she used to say; "only I certainly have no fairy god-mother, and no one will ever change the rats that frighten me so when I go down the kitchen stairs in the dark, into horses, or one of the big pumpkins I am forevor atewing for pies into a carriage; and certainly, certainly, certainly the young prince will never fall in love with me or one of my shoes."

And then Effle would, give the stout.

And then Effic would give the stone, arriceable boots, which her stepmother always bought a size too large for her, a contemptous look, which would have withered their soles had they been anything more sensitive than leather and sensitive.

thing more sensitive than leather and prunella.

Effle never said all this to any one but herself, certainly not to her stepmother, who, now that she was a widow once more-for Effic's father had not lived long after his second marriage—was completely mistress of the house. Everything had been left to her, and she had her own ideas of justice. She neither abused nor ill-used Effic, but she had a soft way of coercing her that was just as bad. Mellesa and Amanda, her two girls, were older than Effic, and of this fact the mother made good use. Effic was "just a child," and she could wear called dresses, and serviceable boots, while Melissa and Amanda much have trained dresses and dainy covering for their feet.

have trained dresses and dainty covering for their feet.

Effle was so young that she could "run errands," yet Effle, being a mere girl, needed sleep at night, and must retire early; and is the young ladies sat up later, she must rise earlier than they, and help get breakfast. A woman was kept to wash and cook and scrub, and Effle only had "nice things, that a child should learn to do," to attend to, said stepmanna; but the little hands were always busy, and the little feet tired; and, like Cinderella, when there wanothing else to do she had her sister's handsome dresses to work upon.

It was provoking, with nothing for herself but her everyday calleoes and stepmannaty, for Sunday's church going. It was only lately since it had seemed a hard, though—only since Leslie Good

seasty, for Sunday's church going. It was only lately since it had seemed shard, though—only since Lesile Good wood had come home from college, an she had seem, as plainly as young eyes do see such things, that he admired her, eyen in the brown silk and Mellesa's last year's hat, which was, in stepmanma's estimation, "quite good enough for a mere child."

Since then she had called herself Cindorella oftener than before, and when as last the Goodwoods gave an eventified and the seemen she had called herself Cindorella oftener than before, and when as last the Goodwoods gave an eventified and the seemen she had called herself Cindorella oftener than before, and when as last the Goodwoods gave an eventified as the seemen she had called herself to be seemed that the seemen she had called herself but as the seemen she had been seemen she had been seemen she had been she

shame."
"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mervin. "As if
I didn't know better what you ought to

I didn't know better what you ought to have than you."

"She might after my blue grenadine to fit herself," said Amanda.

And Effle gave a start, for the second daughter of the stepmether in Cinderella, being more good-natured than her sister, cried, "Give her one of my old dressea!" when the famous ball was in question.

question.

But though Mrs. Melvin did not ery out frankly, as did the step-mother of the fairy tale, "My dear, the king's son will be there," she thought much the same thing. She remembered Leelie Goodwood—such a good match for any one whe was happy to catch him; and she remembered also that Effic was much prettier than her Melissa.

one was was mappy to catch him; and she reasembered also that Effile was much prottier than her Melissa.

"No, my denrs; no," she said, with a smile that she could always command at will, and that gave her such a reputation as an amiable woman. "No, children. I know what is best for young persons. Effic will be a woman soon mough, and wish her childish days back again." With which words she left the room to dress herself for a shopping expedition, for lace and flowers, and ribbons and dainty shoes, were needed for her girls; even though they had handsome dresses enough already for the some dresses enough already for the

Goodwoods' party.
So Effle was not to go. She was to remain at home, and sit up for the others.
And her little face was as long as it well could be as she took her seat beside the grate fire, and put her feet upon the fender.

grate fire, and put her feet upon the fender.

"Cinderella! Cinderella!" she cried aloud, "If ever there was a Cinderella on earth, it is I. I wish."

"What do you wish, my dear?" said a voice behind her; and Effle turned her head foward the door with a little scream, and there stood a tiny little oid lady, not exactly in a red cleak, but certainly in a red shawl, which nearly covered her.

"What is it you wish so much, Effle?" sked the old woman.

"Oh, I was wishing I could go to the Goodwoods' party," said Effle, bursting into a little laugh. "Do come in, Mrs. Percy. I really thought you were my farly pedmother at first. Did you come down the chimney?" asked Mrs. Percy. "I fidn't scare you, did I? I found Dinah at the kitchen door, and ran in that way. But what a shame it was for the Goodwoods not to ask you to their parly. I know Mrs. Mervin and the other gitls are there. I saw them go in."

"Oh, they asked me, "said Effle, "They sent me such a nice little note. And I wanted to go, but my reprocher said I mustn't. She always thinks me too young for any amusement. The only old

young for any amusement. I'm only old

enough to work."
"That's a shame," said Mrs. Fercy,
"But why didn't you say you would go.
If it was your own mother, that would
be different; but we've all noticed how
you are kept down, and we're all provoked about it. Why shoudn't you have
a little fun? You're just the right age
for it."

"I am despiy gratefui to you, Mr. Arnoid. You have been my kind friend and teacher for five long summers, and I can sever thank you as I wish. But you must have seen that Rubert Strong loves me, and I have promised to be his wife."
"A coom, notic man, worthy of the deepest devotion! I owe him overything; almost my life!"
"But you, with your talent, cannot live on in farm drudgery all your life! as mrich. I can take you shroud, You will see Italy, study under great artists; far surpass the little! I have taught you. And you do not love Robert Strong! You love me. Be true to your own heart!
"I have never said! I loved you," was the reply, in a calm voice. "And I am true to my own heart when I keep faith with Robert Strong."

In vein he pleaded. White as death, cold in the hot August air, Lizzle was firm in her refusal of all he offered to tempt her. Robert Strong loved her. With passionate gratitude filling her heart, Lizzle had caught eagerly at the hope of repaying him, by a wife's devotion, for all he had done for her. When Charles Arnold, a summer boarder on the next. farm, discovered and developed a decided taste for painting the gir possessed, when he opened to her the world of poetry, att and literature, lent her books, talked with her, the new life seemed only a return to something she had known before and half forgotten. There was no doubt that Lizzle had been the child of parents of culture and refinement. Her speech, her movements, all betrayed it; and she impressed the young artist at once, as a lady. As she leit childhood behind her, his interest deepened into love, but not until he spoke and asked her to be his wife, did Lizzle know that her heart had been a traitor to ber promise, and that she loved Charles Arnold as she had nover loved Charles

chilchood behind her, his interest deepened into love, but not until he spoke and asked her to be his wife, did Lizzie know that her heart had been a traitor to ber promise, and that she loved Charles Arnold as she had never loved Robert. Not for one second did she waver; and her lover left her, convinced at last that his hope had deceived him, while Lizzie turned to her home, exhausted by the constraint she had put upon herself; her heart torn by the separation, but con stant to her betrothed, never doubting her ability to make him happy. Shaknew, and she exulted in the knowledge, that she was the sunlight of the farm house. Mrs. Strong was old, and in frail heatth, depending greatly upon her adopted child, who gave her back in fullest measures the loving care bestowed upon her own foriorn childhood; and to Robert she was the very center of hope, love, happiness—everything that made life of value.

And never had his love metauch quick recognition, never had Lizzle been so tender, so careful of his comfort and pleasure, as in the week that followed Charles Arnold's departure from the neighbor's farm. It was a dear, a precious recollection to the grateful girl, for there came a day—ah's so son afterwhen Robert Strong was brought to his own door dying of injuries received by a fall in his barn. The trap of the loft had given way and thrown him violently to the floor beneath.

A few hours of suffering and then he eadd, fainly:

"Mother!—who will care for mother?"

"I will," Lizzle said, quietly, though it was only an iron will that held back he sobs. "You will trust her to me. Robert?"

only a look answered her. Speech was

obert?"
Only a look answered her. Speech was gone; but Lizzle will earry that loo warm in her heart until the grave open for her. She knew that Robert did trus-her, and over the still, white face, tha was all her weeping eyes saw an hou-later, she vowed to be faithful to her trust.

later, she vowed to be faithful to her trust.

She soon found it was no slight burden she had assumed. Mrs. Strong broke down, utterly prostrated by this last sorrow, in a life that had been one of parting from all she loved—husband and children—until this last prop and comfort of her old age was taken. The farewas given up, neither woman having the knowledge or strength to take Robert alace. A thry cottage was purchased and the money still left from the sale of the farm gave the old lady an incombately sufficient for necessary food.

Then there came back to her the reward for the deed of charity that ten years before had taken the almshouse waif into her home and keart. Withou any wonderful talent, Lizzie had a taste for art, and Charles Arnold had given he valuable instructions.

any wonderful talent, Lizzie had a taste for art, and Charles Arnold had given he. Valuable instructions,
After many failures in attempts to sell her pictures she succeeded in obtaining steady work for a large fancy good-house, who sold the hand-painted ornamental work, then first coming into fashion. Easter banners, pincushions bottle-covers, plush tidles, satin and velvet in a hundred forms did Lizzie ornament with flowers, birds, butterflies, and pretty devices of all kinds. The price would have scarcely supported her in the city, but in her modest home it was an addition to the small income that gave Mrs. Strong every comfort, and enabled both to live well in their quiet, unpretentions way.

A year after Robert Strong did Charles Arnold once more tried to win Lizzie for his wife, and once more failed. It was a hard struggle between love and gratitude; but one sentence the lover used made it easier. He said:

"There is an almshouse provided for destitute old women."

And Lizzie answered:

"And for orphaned children. Never will I send to its cold charity the tender, loving old woman who rescued me."

And a few months afterward, Charles Arnold maarled. But Lizzie's labor of

loving old woman who rescued me."
And a few months afterward, Charles
Arnold maaried. But Lizzie's labor of
love lasted many years. Mrs. Strong
lived to be a very old woman, losing in
the last years of her life all her knowledge of what surrounded her, a paralyzed, imbecile weight. But a weight
upon hands that never faltered—a heart
that never turned away.

upon hands that never faltered—a heart that never turned away.

When she died, Lizzle inheritedthe cottage and what income she left, by a will made soon after Robert's death. There she lives, doing what good she can, a useful "old maid," as she terms herself, though but little past 30. Love may come into her life again, but she is happy without it, regretting nothing of what he has sacrificed to duty and gratinde,—N. Y, Ledger.

anecdote of Beethoven.

Beethoven, although it must be conceded that he had every right to be vain, never took the trouble to hide his feelings, and when his ire was aroused—and that is with men of genius more easily done than to allay it—he expressed himself very clearly, indeed. Thus you may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are now forming a sort of Beethoven museum like the Mozarteum at Saizburg, a sketch of a chateau in Nether Austria, where, a few years before his death Beethoven used to compose.

It, belonged to Beethoven's brother, a chemist, who had made some money and was ris her fond or displaying his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left a card upon which he had engraved his name: "Jean von Beethoven, landed proprietor." This innecent vanity soem rance Beethoven that he returned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be at home and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, brain proprietor."

THE FAITHISTS COLONY.

SHALEMITER OF NEW MERICO AND THEIR RELIGIOUS DOUTRINES.

These People Have No Hope of Adult Converts, But They Take All the Children They Can Get-The Members of this Queer Set Drink No Liquor, Use No Tobacco and Est No Mest.

No Tobacco and East No Meat.

Dr. H. Newborough, the agent of the Shalemite colony in New Mexico, is the author of Oahspe, the Bible of the Church of Tac, which the Shalemites constitute. His mission is to secure infant children to bring to Shalem. The Shalemites have come to the conclusion that there is little hope of securing adult converte to their faith and have, therefore, set about procuring children. These children they propose to raise in the faith and perpetuate their customs and religion.

"The children at the Shalem colony."

about procuring children. These children they propose to raise in the faith and perpetuate their customs and religion.

"The children at the Shalem colony," said the doctor to a "San Francisco & miner" reporter, "are healthy as any children in the world. As they get no meat, they blood is clear and their skins are free from blemish. You don't see any pimply, blotched faces among the Shalemite bables. No, indeed; humors of the skin are unknown.

"You see, our object and our hope is that these bables will grow up strong, clean-blooded men and women, and in their progeny the bad instincts and disorders that are the natural result of all these centuries of flesh eating will be bred out and their children will be God'a chosen. For none can know God save they approach Him. The source of all sellish passions and contention is flesh eating. As our Bible says:

"Flesh diet had made man foul from the soles of his feet to the grown of his head. Nearly all the people had some aliments—as weak lungs, back, throat, chest; or riseumatism, catarrh, kidney weakness, prolapsut, decayed tech or deaf cara. Yea, the people smelled so of flesh and blood food that they could only be compared to a den of wolves or flesh-acting animals. To hide the smell they snoked tobacco or annointed themselves with various perfumes. Carniver ous dist had reduced man to be a little more then a carniverous animal and a fighter in the struggle for life. The people were of four kinds—First, turbuient and quarrelsome; second, silently selfish; third, hypocritical, smoothtongued, and, fourth, paupers and dependents. The dependents comprised the wast majority of the people.

"All of these traits have to be cradicated before we can approach Jehovah, the father of God."

"Yes; but did not you yourself write this Bible?" asked the scribe.

For answer he produced the book. It is almost as large as a Webster's dictionary. He opened it at the first page and pointed to the top of the page. It read:

"Book of Jehovah's Kingdom on Earti.

tionary. Ho opened it at the first page and pointed to the top of the page. It read:

"Book of Jehovah's Kingdom on Earth. Which Containeth Within It the Book of Shalem. All of Which Is Ante-script.

"Wherein God revealeth his plans for the redemption of the world from sin and all manner of unrighteousness and disbellief; and showeth man how to take part in the redemption to change all the peoples of the earth into pence and harmony, for their own good, that they may glorify the Almighty in his wonderful creations."

"What does it matter what instrument is chosen to record the word of the Almighty? asked the doctor. "The Shalemite colony," he continued, "is near Las Cruces, on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa railroad, and a couple of hours ride from El Paso."

"We have a settlement there on a large-tract of land belonging to Mr. Howland, who is an enthusiastic member of our sect. He is quite a wealthy man, or would be if the property he accumulated belonged to himself alone, the property of the Faithists belongs to the community. There are not many of us at the colony, and that is partly the reason why I am now actively engaged in procuring children to bring up in the faith. Three verses in Cabspe give you the key to the logic of our creed:

"76. Ye have beholden how farmers go about gathering up calves and colts and the young of all sorts; and they take them to a good place and feed them; and when they are grown up, they are the choice in market.

"77. Now, behold, there are thousande of fatherless and destitute children in Ux, which, left to themselves, either die

of fatherless and destitute children in Uz, which, left to themselves, either die or grow up to be thieves, robbers and murderers.

murderers. "78. These are cheaper than calves and young colts. And they may be raised to be of more profit to themselves and the state as ten times as many cattle.

and the state as ten times as many entitle.

"So we take charge of the chil dren.

"At Shalem there are all the modern appliances of sigming, though we have hardly farmed successfully. There is a steam laundry and a community kitchen. All of the Shalemites live in one big building, and all have a common interest in the products of the colony. Cattle and fowl are kept only for the milk or eggs they furnish, or to work, and they are not sold to any one who will slaughter them for food. Marriage is sacred among us and no man can have more than one wife. In addition to abstaining from flesh food we drink no liquor and smoke no tobacco. The breakfast, purely of vegetable food, of course, is served at 6 o'clock in the morning. The other meal of the day is served at noon, and they eat no more until the next morning. The children, of course, get food oftener. As for myself, one meal a day is all I take. We seek to make no adult converts, but if they choose to join us we take them, and if they leave us we pay their passage from Shalem to whatever part of the union they choose to go. "If they rob us we do not prosecute."

cver part of the union they choose to go.

"If they rob us we do not prosecute them. In everything we follow the Bible. Our clothes are loose, as it provides; our costumes are white and not dissimilar in cut from those worn by your Chinese. We make no distinction in the color of the babies we take, and there are colored as well as white children at Shalem. Sometimes the boys run away after the flesh pots, but I think the majority will grow up as they should."

The Bible is a conglomeration of almost overy other known Testament. The names of other characters from the New and Old Testament, the Koran, the Veda and the rost appear in slightly changed form, as Jehovah, Mriste Budha, Hosea, Confucus, Brahma and others.

to a gardener all day, the gardener can snly repay him by working in the dector's garden one day.

"Now, it is doubtful if there are two-score of people at Shalem, but they are inopeful and apparently contented.

Dr. Tanner, who fasted forty days, and who now threatens that he will have almost burled for forty days, was at one time a prominent member of the Shalem.

INISH SUPERSTITIONS.

The Single superstition of which every one has heard, and which is almost universal in Treland, is of the banshee. Bean-side is the Irish name for this wonderful creature, and it literally means "the woman of the fairy mansions." Her office is to amounce a coming death. For several nights she appears, sometimes as a radiant maiden, sometimes as a derepit old woman, with long, flowing hair, and waits her planstive lamentations for the approaching death. If the demise is to coave by natural aliment the "keening of the banshee is simply measured and pathed; but if accident or unteward calamity are to be associated with it, then her lamentations are loud and elamorous. But she is easily disturbed and vexed, and if ever frightened away, will never return during the same generation. This would be a calamity; for while the Irish banshee, says Ergas L. Wakeman, in the Chicago "Inter-Cocca," favors no particular class, casty, or religion, sho only somes to families of long and respectable line. She occase as friendly spirit to these, not as as brimical one, and to be known as a family deserving and possessing her pashetic guardianship, is regarded as an honor of a very tender and sacred character.

Many truly believe the banshee to be the spirit of some former member of the family. In Monstey there is a powerful queen of the banshee. Her name is Clichana or Cleona, and her powerful spells are well known to the peasantry of the south.

The Coacha-Bower, or "death coach," seems to stand in something the same selation to the peasantry as the banshee. This is a black heares with white plumes of human hair, and it is always drawn by the skeletons of departed friends. It passes the house by night; in some instances thrice encircles it, and the creaking of the wheels may be plainly heard, This is a certain token of inspending death, and where a family has not the hardlhood among its feighnes, to claim superior possession of a banshee, the "death coach" while plumes of human hair, and it is always drawn by the skeletons of depa

at wakes are highly prized for scalds and

Coffee as a Curative.

It is now more than thirty years since Dr. Landarrabilcoa called attention in the medical journals to the great value of green or unroasted coffee in hepatic and nephritic diseases.

After having continued to use the remedy for upward of a third of a century in many hundreds of cases, he again appeals to the profession, through the "Monitour de Therapeutique," to give it a trial in those cases of lives and kidney troubles which have resisted all other treatment.

troubles which have resisted all other treatment.

His habit is to place 25 grammes, or about 3 drachms, of the green berries he prefers a mixture of 2 parts Mocha with 1 part each of Martinique and Isle de Bourbon coffee) in a tumpler of cold water, and let frem infuse over night.

The infusion, after straining or filtering, is to be taken on an empty stomach the first thing after getting up in the morning.

morning.

He cites many cases of renal and hepatic colic diabetes, migraine, etc., which, although rebellious to all other treatments for years, soon yielded to the green coffee infusion.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

A Successful Editor.

One of the first of women editors was Cornelia Wells Walter (Richards), who took charge of the Boston "Transcript" immediately after the death of her brother, founder and first editor of the paper, in 1843.

Miss Walter was the avowed and responsible editor, taising the position at request of the propeters and publishers of the paper. They gained both in circalation and reputation, especially for the truthfulness of its notices, under her management, which continued until net marriage.

Mrs. Richards—or Miss Walter, as she was then—performed successfully the

was then—performed successfully the work of the reporter, the "sub-editor" and the critic, as well as that of the chief. and the critic, as well as that of the chief. She was a thorough "all-round news-paper worker," and yet she never left her home to go to the public office of the paper. Since her retirement from the editor's chair Mrs. Richards has done much literary work.—Exchange.

Tragedy in Italy.

Tragedy is Italy.

A tragedy of an extraordinary nature recently occurred in the province of Naples. The Seventh regiment of Bersaglisri was on the march from Bonevento to Arienzo, and had arrived at Tufara, where a halt was made. There a soldier named Borelli left his comrades, and, concealing himself behind some trees, opened fire upon the troops. A copporal, a soldier and two peasants who were standing near fell to the ground wounded, and then Major Varino ran toward Borelli to disarm him.

As the officer rushed forward Borelli fired again, and the major fell dead on the spot. Capt. Prestinari, who advanced with Major Varino to assist him in seizing the assassin, was also wounded, but he was able to draw his revolver, and firing at Borelli, killed him.

Veda and the rest appear in slightly changed form, as Jehovah, Mriste Budha, Hosea, Confueus, Brahma and others.

The Bible, as stated, is ante-script. The revenue of the presented of the matter of the presented as coming from Uz, a thin disguise for the U.S. The Shalemites have adopted from the Panic language—whatever that may be—such words as essigned, the matter of their principles is that a day's work is worth but a day's work—neither more nor less. Thus, if a doctor attend

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PER PICTURE OF ENGLARIFS BERT nur.en.

How He and His Family Looked to Newspaper Correspondent at Buffal-Bill's Show in Parts—Iffs Son Reco-as "Prince of Collar and Cuffe"—Its Wife Well Preserved.

A Farls correspondent of the Washington 'Star' says: 'I had the nest box
and the nearest place in it to the Prince
of Wales and family at Buffalo Bill's
show, upon the walls of Parls. 'I know
a man who would pay 3,0001 for it,' said
Mr. Heron C. Crawford, as he gave it to
ms; but prefer to give it to you for nothing.'

Lamenting that I could not charge the
man with name arknown half as much
more for my company and take him into
the box, I reported at the show with my
daughter, and was put in the corner
chair, next to the prince's box, who had
no box on the further side of him, there
being the gangway and general exit.
The prince's box was draped with Britisi flags, and, like all the boxes, was
merely a low, enclosed area in front of
the audience.
Here was the great-grandson of that
George III who objected to American
independence sitting with all his family
among the Americans in Parls—unguarded, open, obiging; the chivalry of
all good feeling men was awakened for
him and the pains he took to see a show
he had often seen before in expression of
his feeling for an American calamity.
The leading personagos of the show, is
such as Gody, Buck Taylor and John
Burie, were spoken to by the prince in
a democratic way. All the Americans
rose when he entered and stood till he
was seated. It was not snobbery but
civilization that made them do so, anme conformity with those was seated. It was not snobbery but
civilization that made them do so, anme or the simple conformity of politeness.
The l'rince of Wales had with him his
son and natural successor, Prince Albert
victor: three daughters and his wife
Alexandra. Two ladies, names unknown,
came with those.

Wales sat by his son, who will probably
also be king of England, for Wales is
above medium height, stoutish, thick
dirated, bearded dark brown, with
abundant halr except on the Grove,
where he is nearly baid. He has a large
snoutlike nose, a rather sybarite face,
with large cheeks and lips, the upper lip
especially coarse. I thought, though, he
he had it cove

served, still tail, fairly fleshy for a tail woman, with a clear, resy skin, good teeth, and red, healthy guns. She seemed more English than her husband, and wore a whitish-gray jacket, a polka dotted dress of black or dark, and had a large, long foot, lneased in a sort of gaiter hair cloth. Her children were shorter than she; all wore white jackets and had long, bowed Jewish noses. The son, who goes by the name of, Prince Coliars and Cuffs, wore those articles rather conspicuously and had a nose that was both high bowed and homely—a nose really round from the bridge to the noatrils; his skin was pales and clear, and he locked like his mother.

Queer Kentucky Cemeteries.

Queer Kentucky Cemeterles.

A correspondent of the Washington "Capital" says:

"The queerest thing I've seen anywhere is a Letcher county graveyard. As we drove along the road one day it carried us around to the top of a hill and there we ran up against what I at first thought was an acre lot full of chicken coops. There were twenty-five or thirty of them of various sizes scattered about, each with a polnted roof and either straight or lattice-worked at the side and ends. Each one was from four to six feet long and three wide and all unpainted. "I climbed the fence to make an inspection and the first coop settled the case; it was a cemetery and not a honnery. Some were quite new and some were in a bad state of repair, evidently over the graves of the husbands and wives of various Letcher county widows and widowers, "out on second," as it were. Some of the graves had tombstones of plain sandstone, without inscriptions, and some were only unadorned mounds beneath these odd-looking little coops.

"Further along I frequently saw near farm houses one or more of these pecular grave coverings and they were always painted white, with occasionally a bit of blue at the corners, and often with the name of the deceased painted on the strip, just behind the eaves.

"I was told those coops were buift to protect the grass, but why an ordinary tenee would not answer every purpose I cannot understand."

Millions Never Claimed.

According to an English newspaper the 380 banks in the United Kingdom report £200,000,000 as the sum of the deposits liable to call. It is estimated that at least a lifth of this amount will never be claimed by the owners or their epresentatives. Many persons there, as in this country, deposit money without intimation of the fact to others, and then disappear from the seene. The English banks carn a large revenue from notes burned, lost at sea or otherwise destroyed.

HOME AND HOUSEWIFE

POINTERS ABOUT COOKING PROBUG BLES FOR THE TABLE.

The Water tired to an Important Comsideration and it should be nost ov Made so How to Tell When Vegetables are Fresh and in Their flest Condition



form a most agree-able and useful part of our daily food, all will grant and they should be made the object of greater study than

inclured.

Green vegetables, with some exceptions, should be cooked in plenty of saited vater, putting sterm in at its first boil. The quantity of sait to be used is a large table-poen to one gailon of water. All vegetables are done as soon as tender, and should be immediately taken up and drained in a colander.

Onlors should be soaked in saited warmwater previous to cooking to partly remove any strong odor they may possess. Peas, string beans and green corn should not be prepared for cooking to fit about ready to be used.

Turnips, carrois and onlors should not be split, but sheed in rings across, as they cook thus sconer.

A very small bit of red pepper put is the water in which either meat or vegetables are boiled will, to some extent, deodorize the steam and save the disagreeable odor arising from cabbage, soons, etc.

Potatoes should be pecied as thirly as possing, as the better part lies nearest be skirt.

STUPPED AND BAKED TOMATOUS,—From the blossom end of a dozen tomatoes—smooth, ripe and solid—cut a thin slice, and with a small spoon secop out the pulp without breaking the rind surjoutning it. Chop a small head of eablage and a good-suzed colon finely, and mix with them fine bread crumbs and the pulp. Season with pepper and said and ad a cup of sweet cream. When all is well mixed, fill the tomato shells and place the tomatoes in a buttered baking-dish, cut ends up and put in the pans just enough water to keep them from burning. Drop a small tump of butter in each tomato and bake until well done. Serve in the same dish.

in each tomato and bake until well done. Serve in the same dish.

Creamed Onions,—Skin them and soak in cold water an hour or more. Then put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water well salted and boil until tender. Then cut the onions in small pieces and season with pepper and salt. Serve with a cream sauce as follows: Boil half a pint of milk, take one table spoonful butter and half tablespoonful of flour. Rub mixture into a cream and attr into the boiling milk; stir until smooth and pour ever the onions.

Lettuce Salad.—Take bettuce, washed well and chopped conse, and make a dressing as nonows: "Mix one sait-spoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of pepper in a cap. Add one table-spoonful of oil. When thoroughly mixed add one tablespoonful of vinegar and two more tablespoonful of vinegar and two more tablespoonful of cil. Pour over lettice and varive.

Corpus Jestey.—Take two tablespoons.

COFFEE JELLY .- Take two tablespoor rais of goldtine and pour over it one plat of good coffee. When dissolved strain and set away in the ice chest to good and thicken. Ferve with awestened cream flavored with vanilla.

MINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

CLEANING POTS, KETTLES AND TINS,—
Boil a double handful of hay or grass in a new fron pot before attempting to cook with it; scrub out with soap and sand; then fill it with cold water and let it boil inalf an hour. After this you may use it without fear. As soon as you empty a pot or frying pan of that which has been cooked in it, fill it with hot or cold water (hot is best) and set it back upon the first os scald thoroughly.

New tin cans should stand near the fire with boiling water in them, in which has been dissolved a spoonful of soda, for an hour; afterward be secured inside with soft soap; afterward rinsed with hot water. Keep them clean by rubbing with sifted wood ashes or whitening.

Copper atensils should be cleaned

Copper utensils should be cleaned with brickdust and flamel.

Never set a vessel in the pot closet without cleaning and wiping it thoroughly. If grease be left in it, it will grow rancid. If set aside wet, it is apt to rust.

Knives,—Clean with a soft flannel and Bath brick. If rusty, use wood ashes, rubbed on with a newly cut bit of Irish potato. This will remove spots when nothing else will. Keep your best set wrapped in soft white paper, then in linen, in a drawer out of dump and dust. Nover dit the lyory handles of knives in Never dip the ivory handles of knives in hot water.

SILVER.—Wash, after each meal, all that is soiled, in very hot soft water, with hard soap. Wipe flard and quickly on a clean towel; then polish with dry flamel. If discolored with egg, mustard, spinach, or beans, or by any other means, rub out the stain with a stiff toothbrush and silver soap.

After rubbing with a stiff lather made with this, wash off with hot water, wipe and pollsh while hot. There is no need for the weekly silver cleaning to be an event or a bugbear, if a little care and watchfulness be observed after each meal. Silver should never be allowed to become dingy. If Bridget or Chloe will not attend properly to this matter, take it in hand yourself. Have your own soap cups—two of them—one with common soap the other with a cake of silver soap in the botforn. Have for one a mop, for the other a stiff brush—a tooth brush is best. Use your softest towels for silver.

Resides being clean and easy of application, the silver soap will not wear away the metal as will whiting or chalk or plate powder, however finely pulver is seed.