

OBSCURE MARTYRS.
They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished age—
They died and made no sign.
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were the mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.
Oh, seek them not where sleeps the dead—
Ye shall not find their trace;
No grave stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face—
But sad and unsexed in their silent grave—
It may be the sand or deep sea wave,
Or lonely desert place,
For they needed no prayers and no mourning-bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.
They hearkled sick hearts till theirs were broken;
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,
Passionate cries uncontrolled,
And silent strife for the right—
Angels shall court them and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.
—Edwin Arnold.

An Egyptian Incident.

"I am going to put an end to this Egyptian plague," growled Colonel MacPherson. "We come here every winter, sail up the Nile river, look at the same old pyramids—no modern additions or improvements—see the same abominable old images that have worn the same grotesque aspect for fifty centuries and broil on the same uncomfortable decks and all because that boy of mine wants to become known as an Egyptologist. To the deuce with beetles and sacred cattle. I'm tired of it all."
Out of breath with exertion necessary to this long sentence, Colonel Tavish MacPherson leans back in his comfortable armchair and closes his eyes for a nap. The cause of his trouble is not very apparent, and as he sits there under the awning, with his half pay running on at the Horse Guards, with the rents of his deer forests and sheep farms in the Highlands faithfully collected and accounted for by the factor, and with his membership fees paid up to date at the Carlton and United Service clubs, one could imagine that even Egypt would appear something other than a house of bondage. The Colonel's dahabieh, with her big three-cornered sail trimmed to the breeze that ruffles the waters of the Nile and bears her onward to Assouan and the Great Cataract, is as quiet and restful as a picture of an object as one would care to see, as on this December evening, 1870, she creeps up the river, the lookout man on the bow watching that the channel is followed, and the steersman, impassive as a mummy, leaning upon the long handle of the tiller.
Forward on the deck face downward or curled up in all sorts of odd positions lie the crew, a motley collection of Arabs, Nubians and Omanis. There is nothing stirring. The mark of the desert is on all around. Even the sun, now nearly on a level with the Nubian mountains away on the horizon, looks tired and dusty. The intense quiet bothers the Colonel; so he yawns and growls once more. He is a widower with two children—the elder a lad of eighteen, who has already made something of a reputation as a student of Egyptian remains, having been enamored of the land since the evil day when the Colonel first proposed to winter on the Nile. The second is a gentle lad of ten years, well liked by everybody. He gives his vote for Egypt every winter, because Jack asks it as a favor. They are ashore now after relics, and have promised to report when the dahabieh ties up for the night at Assouan before warping her way through the cataract.
The Colonel's eyes follow a movement in the tangled group of figures on the deck. Two men rise, shouting at each other while the Colonel and the dragoman, who had just poked his head out of his room on the deck, look on lazily. Suddenly one of the disputants makes a rush at the other—the gleam of steel is seen and the crew close around the men. A quick stroke, a shout, anger changed to agony, and a Nubian lies on the deck with the dagger of Aboo, a powerful Arab, in his breast.
All this so quietly that the Colonel is still growling that there is nothing stirring to be seen in Egypt, when he reaches the group, and stooping over the wounded man, draws the dagger out. It has left an ugly wound, but not dangerous and as the wounded man is taken in charge by his comrades, the Colonel turns to the dragoman for an explanation.
With many profuse apologies the dragoman tells how the two men were sleeping side by side when the Nubian inadvertently put his foot against the Arab's face. That was all, and the dragoman smiled and bowed.
The Colonel, an old disciplinarian, looked black as night. In effective English he ordered the dragoman, after he had discovered that the matter was not reckoned important enough for Egyptian law to recognize, to anchor the dahabieh and send a boat ashore with the culprit and his baggage. To the dragoman's question as to how Aboo was to get back to Cairo the Colonel thundered that he might walk. The dragoman bowed and smiled—it was a habit he had learned from a French friend in Cairo—and translated the Colonel's remarks to Aboo, adding to them such little pleasantries as he thought of. He could walk. His shoes—those with a smile and a bow, directed to Aboo's bare feet—his shoes might wear out, but—so Aboo having obtained his dagger and an old ring—his only articles of baggage—goes ashore muttering revenge, which the dragoman interprets to the Colonel with a smile and a bow. The dahabieh sides on and in an hour is moored at

Assouan. The wandering relic hunters return and all aboard retire, for is not the cataract to be traversed at sundown to-morrow!
Before sunrise Colonel MacPherson was awakened by the shout of the young gentleman's body servant, who cried excitedly: "Wake, master! We can't find Master Bob. Here is a bit of paper that lay on his bed."
While the Colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at the scrap of Arabic the man produced, a commotion occurred outside and the dragoman rushed in with Aboo's dagger in his hand. It had been taken from the breast of the Nubian stabbed to the heart during the night. The boat that had been towed astern of the dahabieh after Aboo's trip ashore was gone. There was no doubt, explained the dragoman, with his customary smile, that the Arab had lain ashore until the lights went out, swam aboard, knifed his enemy, and left again in the boat. At this the Colonel, still holding the paper in his hand, turned pale and tremblingly gives in to Jack who knows Arabic. Dragoman and crew crowd around while he slowly reads: "Aboo might have killed the English dog to-night, but to steal the pride of his tent was a better revenge."
They searched for the fugitive with shrinking hearts after a time, but never a trace of the boy, dead or a living did they find. Almost mad with grief, but not until the hot weather threatened his life, Colonel MacPherson returned to Cairo and laid the terrible affair personally before the Khedive. But it was all in vain. Year after year he haunted the Nile, protesting backbeeth to an unlimited extent for the restoration of his boy, but the Arabs shook their heads—Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.
"Forward by the right, march!"
Clear and loud comes the command and the ugly, ill-conditioned steeds of the camel corps moved forward with ungainly step. The wells of Aboo Kiea are within sight and Sir Herbert Stewart, who marched nine days ago with 1500 picked men across the desert to reach the Nile and thence to press on to Khartoum, feels that his mission will be successful and that Gordon will be speedily relieved.
So does Captain Jack MacPherson, of the Egyptian army, attached for the present to the camelry, as he sails along on one of the ships of the desert.
This is an unseaworthy ship, and as it tosses more than usual he ejaculates, "Ugh, you brute, if there is an Arab at the wells I will trade camels." With this he looks forward to the rocky defile by which the route lies, and sees fluttering above a ledge an Arab banner. For an instant he looks at it through his field glass, and then rides in haste back along the ranks. A word in Sir Herbert's ear. The troops are halted and a zarba is in process of formation when with beating of war drums and discordant yells that remain unanswered—for the throats of the men are too parched and thirty to hurrah—a great body of Arabs starts from the underwood around the entrance to the defile, and headed by many standard bearers, rush in upon the British square.
Of the fight for life in that square and the determination with which the Arabs fought to break the ranks there is no need to tell. How Barnaby went down, fighting gloriously, and many another brave man beside him, history records. With the utmost coolness (for he has been through many such scenes) Captain MacPherson, after the first rush, picks up the rifle of a dead soldier, unclasps his cartridge belt and plugs away steadily at the nightshirt brigade, as the soldiers have nicknamed the Arabs from their long white robes.
But see! what change is this in his face as the foe forms in a compact mass for another rush? And listen to the request he makes to the men around him: "Don't shoot within a dozen yards each side of that banner," he says in such a tone of voice that the soldiers look up in surprise and see a white, set face.
"Let them come right up before you fire," he adds, "and wait till I give you the word. You'll agree to that, won't you, Roberts? It's a matter of life and death." This is to the officer in command of the company.
"Matter of death to us all, I think, if you don't speak in time," growled Roberts, frowning at the advancing dervishes; "but have your way."
MacPherson makes no answer; the pallor of his face increases; now it is ashy gray as the Arabs rush in on the square. Of all the oncoming hundreds he sees only two men—one the standard-bearer, and beside him a young fellow, wonderfully light of skin for an Arab, and with a cap on his head instead of the usual tangled headdress of greased hair worn by the dervishes.
Kneeling as the Arabs come within fifty yards of the square he takes deliberate aim. A flash, and at the same instant the standard-bearer falls prone to the earth. The fair-faced Arab seizes the banner and rushes to the front. Another shot and he, too, falls. In a voice that rings above the din of the battle MacPherson gives the order to fire, and the Arabs, met by a volley at such a range, stagger, and through the smoke are seen to fall back a few paces. Instantly MacPherson rushes out from the square, and before his comrades or the enemy have time to interfere he is again in the midst of his comrades, trembling and pale, but bearing in his arms the young Arab, who still grasps the banner he plucked from the dead leader's hand.
The Arabs, mightily thinned in that last brush, fall away. The fight is over and the men, crowded round MacPherson, who is bathing the wounded Arab's thigh where the bullet entered, ask what it means.
Roberts, who is under the impression that the banner was the prize coveted by MacPherson, and that his care for the Arab is an afterthought, remarks that the game was hardly worth the candle. But MacPherson, looking up for a mo-

ment, says, pointing to the wounded Arab: "My brother."
Instantly the men, most of whom have heard the story of the Colonel's bereavement, crowd around the stretcher. Sure enough, the resemblance cannot be disputed.
"See," says MacPherson, becoming less constrained as the intense strain of the last few minutes is relaxed. "I can trace on the back of his right hand the outlines of an anchor. I remember when he put it on he was a very small cub. His hand looked as if it was poisoned, and he came to me and got me to scrape most of the ink out again. That's why the mark is so faint. Roberts, send a man out there to bring in the big fellow I shot. That was Aboo, and I think you will find a bullet in his head."
The last words are spoken faintly and MacPherson falls back in the arms of a soldier. Where he stood there is a pool of blood, and on examination it is found that he, too, has been wounded in the thigh.
They were an odd-looking pair, the brothers, as they walked together in the garden of the army hospital at Cairo. It was fortunate that Jack knew Arabic, for his long-lost brother had to learn English over again, having heard never a word of his mother tongue from the night when Aboo, after gagging him, tumbled him into the boat lying astern of the dahabieh until his brother's bullet brought him back to civilization. Of his wanderings he could tell little except that his captor and he had been wayfarers for years in the Soudan and along the desert highways until the insurrection broke out, when he was pressed into the Mahdi's service, Aboo being a volunteer. After awhile, he told his brother, he became rather fond of fighting.
"Imph!" said the colonel, as his elder son translated these remarks, "there is some of the MacPherson in him yet," then. He nodded paternally toward Bob, and then, turning to Jack, said tenderly, "God bless you, my boy, for bringing back my Benjamin, even with a bullet!"—Toronto Globe.
An Island That Smokes.
The revenue cutter Corwin has arrived at Fort Townsend, Washington, after four months of cruising in the northern seas. The Corwin was instructed to visit the unfrequented parts of Bering Sea, and ascertain whether the seals were changing their haunts. The investigation was extended over a wide range. Bristol Bay and the north shore of the Aleutian Islands were included in the cruise, and the almost unknown island of Nunikaki was circumnavigated.
Captain Hooper declares, as the result of his observation, his belief that the seals are not changing their haunts, and he thinks they will continue to frequent the old rookeries.
The mysterious little island of Bogoslov, which has excited so much wonder in scientific circles, was also visited. It lies about sixty miles west of Ililiulik, and since its discovery in 1795 volcanic eruptions have changed its appearance to such an extent that it is hardly recognizable. When first found, Bogoslov was a single, needle-like peak or islet about 311 feet high. In 1884, after an earthquake had been felt at Ililiulik, and a shower of fine ashes had covered that settlement, an extension of the island with another rocky peak, even narrower and sharper than the other, appeared. A strip of sand spit and rock connected these two peaks.
In the winter of 1889-90 more disturbances were felt at Ililiulik, and when Bogoslov was visited during the next summer most of the stretch of sand had disappeared, leaving only a very slender strip, and the soundings were radically changed. This summer the Corwin found the connecting chain of sand and rock entirely gone. "Sail Rock," as one of the minor peaks was called, had disappeared, too, while another peak spouted forth fire and lava that cast a crimson hue over the waters for many miles in all directions. In a short time a passageway for ships was found between the peaks by the Corwin. Soundings of the passageway vary from twenty fathoms to no bottom. Off the shore, where once there was good anchorage, the lead failed to find bottom.
The rocks continue to steam and sputter. The peaks, which seem more like geysers than volcanoes, have no real crater, nor, with the exception of the one mentioned, do they discharge lava. The exhalation is like steam, white in color and very dense, possessing a disagreeable odor. It shoots out as if under heavy pressure from many openings in the rocks, and these steam jets unite in a great cloud rising to an immense height in calm weather. It was distinctly seen by the officers of the Corwin, and appeared like a white cloud at a distance of thirty miles. The top of the island is seldom visited, for it is always enveloped in a cloud of steam. The island is wearing away rapidly under the continued influence of the internal heat. Great masses of rock break from the top and sides and fall into the sea. The island was covered with seals, sea lions and sea fowls, and the temperature of the water around it is much higher than at any other point.—New York Times.
Guarded by a Gray Goose.
In a country town in Northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small handcart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.—New York Journal.
An upstart is a man who has been more successful than the man who tells you about him.—Eunice Gazette.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

FOR HOUSE WEAR.
For house wear a very handsome dress is made of the princess shape—and it may be mentioned en passant that all dresses are being made on this pattern—crossed and draped, of iron gray swanskin silk. The corsage closed in bias over a double ruche, which is stopped by a bow on the skirt. The right side of the corsage is draped at the shoulder with three pleats, which are held together with a bow. A ruffled collar. The skirt is ornamented with two rows of embroidery, separated with small ruches, a double ruche ornamenting the bottom. The sleeves in bias, rather high shouldered and gathered, being narrow at the bottom and trimmed at the wrist with two rows of embroidery and ruches.—New York Herald.
THE SCOOP BONNET.
The scoop bonnet is a favorite because it is generally becoming and is shaped that while being a bonnet it has the youthful appearance of a round hat. The distinctive feature of the scoop bonnet is that it has no brim at all, and that it lies perfectly flat upon the front of the head, just over the forehead. This gives a very nice chance for a becoming face trimming. Women with small, regular features find the scoop bonnet very becoming if trimmed with a standing bow, which is placed on the front of the bonnet in the most upright, aggressive manner possible. Around the edge of the bonnet there must be a heavy ruching of some kind of velvet, and at the back another upright bow. This makes a very pretty hat, and one which will probably be fashionable all winter.—New York World.

A WOMAN AS TRAIN DESPATCHER.
It is said that the office of train despatcher on the New London Northern Railroad is held by Miss Lizzie E. D. Thayer. As this is a single-track road, her position is one of great responsibility, since she controls the movements of all trains from one end of the line to the other. Miss Thayer was for some time assistant to the former train despatcher, and upon his resignation, pending the appointment of his successor, she proved herself so thoroughly capable of doing the work of the place that the position was conferred upon her. She is at her office from seven in the morning until six at night, superintending the 181 miles of track under her care. She has a man assistant, but the responsibility is all hers. During her two years of service there has been no accident for which she is to blame.—New York Witness.

THE SILK SKIRT.
What seems an extravagance to many women is the silk skirt, which a good dress-maker always insists a wool gown should be made over. Yet even to the economist there are several points in its favor. One silk lining often serves during the reign of two gowns, the foot ruffe, perhaps, being replaced. It is lighter than cambric and has besides a certain buoyancy, which adds to its want of weight. Its slippery surface prevents the wool clinging and does away with the disagreeable swathed sensation which wool gowns on cambric linings are sure to evolve. One may even economize a little in the amount of overmaterial when the silk skirt is used. It is beginning to be understood that there is a rationale at the bottom of many so-called extravagancies; no woman for instance, nowadays who respects herself wears the atrocious known as a sham skirt—and the silk underskirt is a conspicuous example of such well conditioned luxury.—Chicago News.

LOVELY OLD SILK GOWNS.
Speaking of economy reminds me of the lovely old silk gowns that everybody's mother or grandmother is pretty sure to possess. How often have I gazed upon those quaint old remnants of past glories and thought what a delicious look this would make if only the widths were straight. Now is your time, clever girls! Gored skirts are with us again, so repair to the old-fashioned cambric chest that nearly every well regulated household possesses, and with a little headwork, a neat hand and a few accessories you can turn yourself out a dinner gown or an afternoon dress that will please yourself and everyone who is fortunate enough to see it on you. I speak, not blandly, but from experience, for I have just finished making over a simply lovely old lilac silk poplin. I am very proud of it, for "with my own hands I have done this thing," and I don't believe "Mme. Adeline" or madame anybody else could have made a more successful thing of it.—St. Louis Republic.

INFLAMMABLE GOODS.
"My business here is to sell things," remarked a middle-aged salesman to his friend, as he made a memorandum of a cash sale in his book; "and, of course, I expect to sell whatever goods people ask for, if I have them in stock. But I do wish they wouldn't come here and buy Canton flannel for curtains and draperies. There is nothing that I sell that makes me so uncomfortable as this. I have had some frightful experiences with these goods, which I suppose have made me unusually nervous about them. There is nothing in the whole range of dry-goods so inflammable as the fine grades of Canton flannel. I have had the house set on fire repeatedly because some one lighted a lamp in the vicinity of a Canton flannel drape. I used to be very fond of this sort of goods, but there is nothing that would induce me to put a yard of it in my house. If you want to understand the occasion of my fears, just take a bit of the stuff and hold it near the flame of a lamp. The blaze will travel over it faster than a prairie fire. I have sometimes thought

that I would positively refuse to sell the goods, but people want them; and I suppose no one would thank me for advice on the subject."—New York Ledger.

EARNINGS OF LITERARY WOMAN.

Women are more favored in literary work at present than are men. For example, Mrs. Burnett has a larger income from royalties than is received by any man. Mrs. Humphrey Ward will make a small fortune out of her "David." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands the highest prices for all the magazines. Mrs. Margaret Deland sets her own figures. Sarah Orne Jewett receives as much for a short story as does the most successful male author. Anna Katharine Green sustains a comfortable home solely from the proceeds of her pen. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sells everything she writes. Amelia Rives writes little, but what she does write and sell brings her the best prices. Maria Parloa lives on the income of her pen. Mary J. Holmes receives a larger yearly check from her publishers than does many a bank president. Amelia E. Barr is kept busy supplying stories and articles at flattering figures. "The Duchess" makes several thousands of dollars each year with her pen, while "Mrs. Alexander" does the same. "Octave Thanet" has more than she can do at the most remunerative rates of payment, and one might go through an almost endless list of women, such as Julia Magruder, Elizabeth B. Custer, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss McClelland, Mollie Elliott Seawell, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Olney Kirk, Grace King and a score or two of others.—Chicago Post.

FASHION NOTES.

A feather ruching is used for the neck.
A few embroidered dress patterns are shown.
A rare jewel on a slender chain pleases fastidious tastes.
Flannelettes will be much used for drapery this winter.
Bivell handles of buckthorn are made for ladies' umbrellas.
Brown will be the standard color in dress goods for winter.
Ornate vases of Berlin ware are among the new importations.
Oxford ties of black ounce calf are suitable for all house gowns.
Rough fancy clothes are fashionable for long cloaks and mantles.
Safety matches lie concealed in a miniature little wood basket of silver.
Sleeves are still made high on the shoulders, and are made very full about the top.
Beads and metal fringe from four and a half to eighteen inches in depth are used as trimmings.
The elongated basque bodice or coat is now modified to meet the requirements of short women.
All kinds of odd silk and velvet sleeves are allowable with wool gowns, the most common, however, being the leg-of-mutton.
Here is one of the axioms on which the art of good dressing is founded: Fashion must be followed, but at a becoming and discreet distance.
Very handsome dresses for the season are made of black drap d'ete or Bedford cord, garnished with bands of real black ostrich feathers, often with an additional decoration of rich black silk passementerie above the feather band on the skirt, on the panel showing at the left side of the gown, and on the bodice and sleeves.
A new variety of hat is called the Brighton; that with a cleft crown being so styled. In place of the fancy open-work straw of which the model was first made, the Brighton is now produced in a soft hairy felt, like pressed camel's hair. The most popular are of fawn color, with a nondescript pattern, shaggy to brown, and the hat is trimmed with a simple brown silk cord or brown velvet.
Blue English serge costumes, with coat and dark blue felt hat to match, will be fashionable during the entire season. Tweeds in brown and blue mixtures are also popular. Golden brown, crossed with red forms another pretty combination. These tweeds are of various qualities, but a special sort is that woven by the fishermen in the Orkney Islands during the winter when they are unable to carry on their ordinary vocation.
The perfection of American silks and tapes now brings within the reach of the moderate purse the new satin damask hangings in colonial or Louis XV. patterns. They are lined with silk and draped now in irregular festoons, falling to the floor only on one side of the opening. Some of the portieres, called Derby, are reversible and require no lining, expressing the colonial patterns on both sides alike. They are looped or draped with heavy cords.
A simple bodice that you want to freshen up for house wear will look quite elaborate if it is turned in a little at the neck to permit a full ruff of chiffon to fall over it and to extend down each side of the closing so that the buttons and buttonholes are entirely hidden and a soft, fluffy effect is produced. The prettiest chiffon is that which has a fine scallop for its edge and a fleur de lis crescent, or tiny dot embroidered just above it.
Exhibited among new cloakings are cloths as soft and flexible as velvet, which show a shaggy nap both outside and inside. Some of the fancy cloths have a rough reverse side like camel's hair. These require no lining. Some of the patterns have blocks and stripes or canvas-checked and netted meshes. Among the lining stuffs are those of wool satens, with a smooth satin facing. These keep their color perfectly, and outwear all other linings of silk or satin.
It is estimated that there are now 16,750,000 sheep in the colony of New Zealand, as against 16,116,000 a year ago.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

NEVER IRON SILK.
If you clean silk never iron it while wet or very damp. A better way than ironing on the wrong side is to have the silk dry and then lay a thin damp cloth over it and iron on that. Often a dress which has been worn one season may be renovated by sponging and pressing carefully and adding a vest, collar and cuffs of some new material. When a dress is past wearing there will always be enough that is good to make a school dress for the little girl, and with the addition of a little bright plaid or braid not only a serviceable but quite pretty little dress can be made.

RESTORING A CARPET.

An ingenious woman has upon her floor a carpet rescued from dirt and destruction to a condition "almost as good as new." The work of restoring was not done by a professional cleaner, but under direction at home. The carpet was tacked to a frame that raised it a good distance from the ground, and each breadth was scrubbed with a brush, using tepid water and good white soap. Next it was rinsed and dried as well as possible by rubbing with clean cloths. The rest of the drying was left to the wind and sun. The carpet should be shaken and grease spots removed with gasoline or benzine before scrubbing.—New York Post.

WASHING LACE CURTAINS.

At the time of fall house cleaning the washing of lace curtains is an important matter. After shaking the dust out of them thoroughly, soak them over night in cold water; if very much soiled, let them soak twenty-four hours, changing the water once or twice, and putting them through the wringer from one water into another. Do not rub them on a washboard, but rub gently with the hands, pressing and squeezing mostly. Scald them, rinse and hang on the line to dry. Do this in the morning, and after they are dry look them over carefully and mend any places that need it. The next morning starch them in well-boiled starch, but do not make them too stiff, they will not hang in graceful folds. If you do not want them white, add strong coffee to the starch until the required shade is obtained. The best way to dry them after they are starched is to have frames, the side pieces as long as the curtains and the end pieces as long as the widest curtain, with holes and pins for shortening them to other widths. Sew white cotton around the bars of the frames and pin the curtains to them, both ends and sides. On a bright day they will dry very quickly. They may be hung over a sheet on the line until partly dry, and then pinned to a sheet that has been previously pinned to the carpet; but the frame is much more convenient, and any man can make one in a short time. A kitchen chair set at each corner will hold the frame up if you have nothing better. Curtains washed and dried in this way will look very nearly, if not quite as good as new.—Farm and Fireside.

RECIPES.

White Potato Pudding—One and a half pounds of potatoes finely mashed, a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, six eggs, and four blades of mace powdered. Bake, without pastry, in a rather shallow dish, or with pastry in pie plates.
Fried Chickens—Wash your chickens, cut them in pieces, season them with pepper and salt. Have in a pan some hot butter and lard mixed; fry them slowly till of a bright brown on both sides; take them up, put a little water in a pan, add some butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy, and more pepper and salt if required. Young spring chickens are only suitable for frying.
Beefsteak—Put two large tablespoonfuls of butter together with three slices of lemon into your chafing-dish. Add one pound of beefsteak, cut one inch thick. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Over this pour a gill of good stock (made by melting canned extract of beef in hot water), then a gill of port wine, simmer for another ten minutes, when the juice of a lemon is to be squeezed over the steak; it is then ready to serve.
Potato Soup—Boil six large pared potatoes in sufficient water. Meantime put a quart of milk in a double kettle to boil, with one stalk of celery and an onion. When the potatoes are cooked turn off the water and mash fine and light, then add the boiling milk and a tablespoonful of butter and salt to taste. Rub through a strainer and add a cup of whipped cream. A good substitute for cream is a batter of cornstarch and milk.
Stewed Celery—Six heads celery, one-half pint white stock, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter and flour, one blade of mace, pepper and salt. Wash the celery, strip off the outer leaves and cut it into lengths of two inches; put these into a stewpan with the stock broth and stew till tender for about twenty-five minutes; then add the cream, mace, pepper and salt and a little butter and flour; simmer for five minutes; pour into a dish and serve.
Apples a la Creme—Choose the best cooking apples; pare and cut into pieces, the form of a ball, a sufficient quantity to weigh a pound and a half; stew over them a pound of granulated sugar and the peel of a lemon shredded finely, and cover them up close in a bowl. Next day put the apples, piece by piece, into a small preserving pan, with the sugar, etc., and two large spoonfuls of the juice of a lemon. Simmer very gently, and, as the pieces of apple become clear, take them out. When cold, build a wall with them on a small oval dish, and place the lemon-peel on the top; pour the syrup into the middle. Serve cream to eat with it. The peel of an orange cut thin may take the place of lemon, if preferred.
Near Soda Springs, Col., is a mountain of almost pure sulphur.

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