#### . Treasures. son't lose courage ; spirit brave Carry with you to the grave. Don't lose time in vain distress; Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will; Patience oft times outruns skill. Don't lose gladness; every hour

Blooms for you some happy flower. Though be foiled your dearest plan! Don't lose faith in God and man -[Womankind.

# Found by an Umbrella.

### BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

I went down to the Balms at Riverville one summer. I had been very hard at work all winter, and my phycician said that a week's rest would do me good. The Balms was my uncle's place, and we were having fine, open weather that month.

It was strange, having nothing to do after being so long actually driven with work. I had Herod, my dog. with me, a great English stag-hound. Herod and I used to take long walks through the open country. We used to go strawberrying and botanizing a little. We did some hunting and a bit of fishing, I believe, during that first week. Meanwhile, I was physically recruiting very rapidly.

I don't think there is a lovelier place anywhere than Riverville. It stands upon a hill, you know, and its orchards, white with bloom in May, alope down to the river which encircles it. The river is excellent, both for boating and fishing. The hillsides are spangled with flowers, violets, harebells, anemones, everything pretty I ever heard of growing wild. The twenty houses which constitute the place are mostly those of gentlemen's country-seats. Now I think of it, there is a poor hut or two, but they are overrun with vines, and are picturesque. As I look back upon Riverville it scems more like a beautiful picture I have seen upon a canvas than an actual place.

Well, the second week of my stay had nearly passed. I began to realize it with some consternation, and to contemplate somewhat ruefully certain distasteful tasks before me. My little dull office, with its ledgers and papers, its dust and din, and musty documents, seemed like a tomb.

But not wishing to be more miserable than was necessary, I whistled to Herod, and we sallied forth into the pure sunshine. I wept forward to my favorite seat. It was a fallen tree at the edge of the little cave formed by the circling bank of the river.

As I sat here, in solitude, a boat came gliding down stream. It was rowed by a slender female figure. As I sat at my post of observation, a fair face was turned gently upon me, and I beheld a beautiful blonde with heron plumes in her hat.

In realizing the beauty of the face, I did not see that there was in it is kota !" Finally, encountering my respected

uncle in the sitting-room, I laid violent hands upon him. "Why, John-what the duse-"

"Come, come!" I entreated. "A young lady is drowning !" "Where?"

"Over here-under the pines-by the bank of the cove," I panted, disconnectedly. "Come, come!"

All amazement, he followed me. Arriving at the stable I thrust Enoch aside-most unceremoniously, for his customary leisurely manner particularly exasperated me at that moment -finished harnessing the gray into the vehicle, jumped in, motioned my uncle after me, and whipped the animal all the way down the hill.

"John, I think you are crazy," mildly remonstrated Uncle Lamuel. I made no reply, for we had reached the spot.

As I stepped out of the chaise, Herod came leaping upon me. "Where-" I commenced, looking

cliently around. My patient was gone. My uncle gazed at me inquiringly.

think I must have looked foolish. "I should like to know what you

are looking for, John?" "Looking for ?" i exclaimed, beginning to get angry. "You think I'm a fool, I suppose, but I tell you there was a girl here; she was drowning, and the dog pulled her out of the water. She was quite insensible, and I laid her here myself. Now she is gone !"

"So I see," coolly replied Uncle Lemuel. "Well, how did it happen?" "She was in a boat."

"What boat?"

"It swamped."

Uncle Lemuel whistled and y his hands in his pockets. I began to uoubt myself if there had been any reality in the scene which had so excited me. Had I not been dreaming? At that moment Herod shook the water from his thick coat all over me. "Look at the dog," I began.

"What is that he has there?" inter-

upted Uncle Lemuel. Herod had lain down with his forenaws upon some small, white object. went to examine it. It was a linen handkerchief.

"See here!" I cried, in exultation. "He is watching her handkerchief now."

Then I looked for a name, and found it "Aster Grey." Uncle Lemuel began to look convinced as I showed it to him. But he said :

"There are no Greys in Riverville that I know of."

We re-entered the chaise and drove mare slowly homeward. So ended the episode, and so ended, upon the next day, my stay at Riverville.

I returned to the city and plunged into hard work, mental activity and steady application. Before another spring my energies were ratuer drained.

I should have forgotten the episode at Riverville, perhaps, if the girl had not been so beautiful. As it was, the face sometimes haunted me. It was the kind of beauty that suited mefair, noble, and serene in character, I wanted some one to love, and I was sorry that I had lost Aster Grey.

## cally ordered "Hot water and blan- see Miss Grey. She came fair and gracious.

I was emboldened to claim her for mer acquaintance. She looked mystified, as was quite natural, since she never remembered to have seen me before. When I recalled the incident of her danger at Riverville she told me that when she glanced toward the shore she was too much frightened at the peril she was in to distinguish any features or appearance. She knew nothing from the moment the bost sank beneath her. When she recovare i consciousness abe was alone on the bank, with the big dog over her. When she arose to her feet the dog seemed unwilling to have her go. By leaving him her handkerchief she managed to get away. She was visiting a family with whom my uncle had little acquaintance, and left Riverville the next day.

I spent a pleasant evening, telling her of other exploits of my brave Herod. I spent other pleasant evenings with her, and asked her-only that-to let me love her.

She not only promised that, but to love me. And now she is my dear little wife, found by an umbrella.-[New York Weekly.

### Jerked Beef as a Steady Dict.

Everywhere in Brazil jarked beef is an important article of food. Immense quantities of it are exported from Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, and it is stated that not less than 30,-000 tons of it are annually brought into Brazil. Think of it-30,000 tone a year of that leathery, indigestible substance consumed by this scanty population. It furnishes the staple food for plantation laborers and for the lower classes in cities. Indeed, it may be called the Brazilians' national dish, for it is as omnipressent on every table, at least twice a day, stewed with beans and grease and garlic, as the frejoles of Mexico or the rice of China. Another great delicacy hereabout is bacalao (codfish), as highly esteemeed among the Brazilians as partridge, planked shad and terrapin in the District of Columbia. At least 100,000 of codfish are annually sent to Brazil from the United States and Nova Scotia, and the people are so fond of it that the fresh fish of their own rivers are entirely ignored for "bacalao," which is a feature of every banquet, as indispensable as roast turkey at a New England Thanksgiving. But when prepared in Portuguese fashion and served on the festive board the Yankee that caught it would never recognize his own codfish, so begreased and begarlicked is it, and turned a russy red by the a dition of strange condiments and served with yams and cabbage and goodness knows what else, in one abominable ottapodrida, which once smelled can never be forgotten.-Washington Star.

## Meerschaum is a Kind of Clay.

There is a very general impression in the minds of smokers that the meerschaum part of the pipe which about the same time and manner of they treasure so carefully and take so cabbage. String beans and Lima

# FOR THE HOUSEWIPE.

HINTS ON WASHING AND IRONING. Those who have had experience in the washing and ironing business state that the gloss and stiffness which some people admire in lines done up at the laundry may be produced by first starching them in hot starch and then in cold starch. Hot starch should be applied as hot as possible, a tablespoonful at a time, and rubbed into the bosom. After the starch is applied, rub it in vigorously; and after the right side will take no more, rub it in on the other side. If the starch is not thoroughly rubbed in before the shirt is hung up, the bosom will blister when it is ironed. When the shirt is dry, make cold starch; to make which, dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in a pint of hot water, strain it and let it cool. Then add an ounce of fine, raw starch, and finally the white of one egg. Lay the bosom of the shirt on a board and apply this starch with a sponge, frequentdoing so. Wrap the bosom up in a cloth, and in about an hour iron it. Some laundresses rub the bosom carefully with a cloth wrung out in boiling water to equalize the starch before they begin to iron. The best cover for a bosom board is soft flannel, and the best bosom board is one with clamps on the four corners to hold the bosom firmly in place. Before beginning to iron most laundresses lay a thin cloth over the bosom of the shirt and pass the iron over it once. They then remove it and use polishing iron vigorously. A good polishing iron will cost from a dollar to two dollars, and in the proper use of the polishing iron lies the secret of the gloss rather than in any special method of making starch, different laundries using different methods. A

# BLANCHING OF VEGETABLES.

teaspoonful of kerosene or a piece of

wax should be added to every quart of

boiled starch to prevent it from stick-

ing to the iron.-[Yankee Blade.

The blanching of vegetables is a process which American housekeepers do not generally understand. There are a great many vegetables which have a rank flavor, and this may be removed by blanching. To blanch is to parboil in water. A delicate vegetable like green peas or sweet corn does not need blanching, but a coarse vegetable, like cabbage or onion, is very much improved by the process. Cabbage should always be blanched. To do this, pare off the outer leaves and cut the cabbage into four equal pieces. Put them in an abundance of boiling water and let them cook about ten minutes. Then drop them into cold water, and when they are cold, complete the cooking. Spinach also is always blanched by our best cooks. All boiled greens are better for this process of blanching. Brussels sprouts and cauliflower should be blanched in





et are of silk of the deepest stripe of crepon. The cuffs are embroidered.

You will find an elegant dinner or reception dress pictured in the illustration. It is ly stirring the starch while a green satin trimmed with Chantilly lacea very charming combination for a women no longer young



A charming gown for an evening fete is It may be made up in either silk pictured. or satin. The Watteau effect should be in watered satin and the skirt ruching may be in feathers or silk headed with gallon. which also encircles the bodice. The sash closes at the back under a resette, and the lace forms epaulets and short sleaves. The skirt is gored and must be glove fitting at the hips. If the shoulders be narrow the lace epaulets should be set on very full to gain width.





The craze of the summer in the fashion tine will undoubtedly be quaint, old-fash ioned effects, to be attained by the use of the poke bonnet, mittons, crossed kerchiefs, sandal shoes and fairy god-mother style generally. These quaint conceits of Queen Fashion are charmingly appropriate generally. for some young people. I need not the girl with the long pointed nose that she must keep clear of a poke bonnet. The effects might be altogether too natural. One sees nothing but round waists or else the basques are dress coat style only at the back, and those who pretend to stand behind Queen Fashion's throne say that waista are gradually creeping upward and will be under the arms before many months. Who can say, possibly in the near future the modish miss will be tolling in graceful attitudes of cultured indolence upon the soft upholstered divan clad in comulae empire ostume, Josephine style hair perked upon the top of her head, short waist, puffed sleeves, and long sheath skirt moulding the form with the elinging effect of soft silks. Certainly if the long cuff goes up much higher it will give the arm very much the look of being thrust into an empire sleeve.

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#### HATS AND BONNETS.

Our Sisters Across the Seas Wearing Some Pretty Designs - Paris Contributes Beauties.

Contributes Boauties. This is par excellence the year of pretty uats and bonnets; so the ladies say, and they are the best judges. The shapes are all quite new, and are the smartest and daintiest seen for many seasons. The pretty little bonnet shown in skytch marked No. 1 is quite a novelty that has just been bronght or tin London. It is pretty not marked with

rtain to me igh favor. although ng to al

No. 1. Broidery. Perched high in front is a hutterfly of wired lace in black and it can also be had in black without

No. 2. is a tempting novelty been brought out by one of the most styl-ish and original of Parisian milliners Parisian milliners The shape is new an The shape is new and likely to be generally becoming. It is made of white chip and white fancy straw, trimmed all along one side with clustering tips of white outrich feathers arranged very prettily. The trim-ming is completed by prettily. The trim-ming is completed by a band and bow of black velvet, secured with a smail paste buckle. The same milliner

No. 3,

reproduced.



brings out anoth tainty a repro really the

No. 2.

sharp anxiety and appeal. But the next moment I was electrified by a shrill scream. The young woman had risen to her feet, and threw up her hands, as the wherry swamped beneath her. But I saw her in the water and tore off my cont.

But there was no nee | of my assistance; Herod had already leaped into the river. His great head went sailing through the circling water to the opot where the terrified girl struggled. It was not thirty seconds before her arms were around the dog's neck.

"Lightly! hold him lightly!" shouted, "or you'll drag him down!"

At the same time Herod shook himself loose from one of her clinging hands. She must have been more epent than I thought, for the other hand unclasped also, and the golden head wont under the waves.

"Save her! save her!" I shouted frantically.

The dog dived and brought her up again. He came swimming toward me.

He held her firmly by a sleeve of ber dress. I observed that her face fosted out of the water. I enthusiastically encouraged him. I saw, before he reached the bank, that his burden was quite senseless.

I relieved him at the water's edge. The noble brute lay down, panting. I I carried the unconscious girl up the bank, and laid her on the grass.

I watched her for a moment. Not an eyelld quivered ; her breast did not stir with the breath of life. Spreading my coat over her and saying to Herod, "Watch !" I ran across the fields in shirt sloeves for assistance.

Arriving at the Balms, I shouled to the hired man leaning on the gate-

"Harnons a horse into the chaise !" Then rushing to the kitchen, I franti-

One spring evening, after a harassing day's work, I left my office and hailed a horse-car to take my up town. It was raining heavily.

After I had entered the car I found that I had left my umbrella behind me. My rooms were beyond the extreme route of the car, and some ten minutes' walk from the stopping place-long enough to drench me to he skin, as it was coming down then. Accordingly I made up my mind for a ducking, and we proceeded.

Gradually, as we approached the end of our way, the car was almost empty. When nobody was left but myself and a small boy at the other end of the car I espied an umbrella lying on the seat beside me.

"Is this your umbrella, boy ?" said I. "No, sir," said he.

I reached forth my hand, took it, and umped out at the corner of my street. I cannot say that I had a spasm of conscience in so doing. I had had too many umbrellas of my own appropriated, and it was evident that the article had been forgotten by its owner. who would never have seen it again if I had not appropriated it. But I noticed, as I walked along, that it was a remarkably neat little affair, with an ornate handle.

And when I got home I found a plate upon the handle, and the plate was marked "Aster G.ey, 79 8street."

Of course, I considered it my plain duty to return that umbrelis promptly to its owner. The next evening I rang at 79 8- street. I asked to

much pride and satisfaction in "coloring" is compressed sea foam. Such, however, is not the case. The German word meerschaum means in English foam of the ses, but its formation has nothing to do with the sea. It is a kind of clay, comes out of mines like coal, and is found only in Turkey. The artist who carves meerschaum is required to pass through as severe a school of apprenticeship, lasting from three to 10 years, as though his work were in marble. Meerschaum carved and in the rough resembles the ordinary plaster cast. The outlines being complete, it is scraped with a knife, filed, soaked in a preparation, and then polished with a linen cloth. The color of meerschaum has nothing to do with the quality, and ranges

from pure white to a light yellow or a bluish white. The practice sometimes indulged in by smokers of soaking a meerschaum in hot water, milk, or steaming it, is altogether wrong. It spoils the meerschaum and ruins the color.-[Chicago Herald.

The Sweet Pea Was Once Spurned. It is marvellous that so valuable a flower for cuting as the sweet pea should have been left for so many years unnoticed by florists. It is one of the oldest in cultivation, and yet has been improved only quite recently. Nothing now is more popular with florists than this delightful flower, and some are taking them in hand to improve them, as they have the pansy, dahlia, carnation and other flowers. They are not only improving them, but giving them distinctive names, just as in the class of flowers,

There are among them shades of pink, mauve, lilac, yellow, orange, scarlet, purple, and oven a white-far much purer and delicate than the white of the old form .- [Picayune.

beans should be cooked in boiling water salted, for at least half an hour, cooled in cold water and then cooked till done. Turnips should be parboiled five or ten minutes, according to their age, but they should not be cooled in cold water, as this would give them a bitter taste. Drain them while they are hot and finish the cooking. Onions are very much better to be cut off at either end, put in boiling water, cooked for fifteen minutes, then cooled and peeled, and cooked again for twenty-five or thirty minutes longer, till they are done.

There is a difference of opinion as to cooking potatoes. They are never cooled after they are cooked the first time, but they are very often improved, when they are old, by cooking them in two waters. At this season old potatoes have a better flavor if they are washed thoroughly "in their jackets," a rim of peeling taken off, and dropped in cold water, and cooked for 45 minutes. Young potatoes should be cooked in boiling water. Delicate vegetables would lose all their flavor if subjected to the process of blanching. The mistake our cooks are apt to make is to apply one general formula of salted boiling water alike to all vegetables, whether delicate or coarse, cooking them all in one way till they are tender. There is no universal rule that will apply to all cooking .- [Boston Cultivator.

He Knew Him.

Prisoner to judge\_I think you ought to know me pretty well by this time, your honor. Judge-Yes I do; I have you down fine, ten dollars fine .-- [Lippincott.

During the past five years the rail. road mileage of the United States w increased by 30,774 miles.

AN EVENING COSTUME

The Russian blouse in colors that will rival the gorgeous peony and outshine the dazzling poppy, will be a great favorite with the young folks at summer resorts, and it will behoove them to keep clear of country barnyards; least they excite the ire of the pompous turkey cock. In the illustration I give you an excellent view of the girl in a blouse, and to look at her it would take very little imagination to conclude that she had come over the fence rather than away around through the gate. This blouse is of surah, and has no seam at the back. The velvet ribbons stimulate a Swiss belt. The lower piece extends around the back, the ends crossing. The lace collareste has a velvet ribbon border which ends in a a bow at the back; the deep cuffs should be covered with lace.



#### THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

Caught & Pretty Snake Ed A. Babcock, of North Stonington. Conn., while crossing his rocky farm met au odd and brilllant looking snake of a species that was believed to be extinct in Connecticut. and after a lively chase captured it. It is a little fellow, not half grown, and is black, except that a broad golden hand encircles its neck. It belongs to the gold-banded racer spaces, which grow to be ten or fif-teen feet long and are swift and fe-





It is an exceedingly be coming hat of fin-black straw with is shown in No. 5.

brim tur ned up slightly all the way round, and ornament-ed with two lines of jet embroidery. The trimming consists of No. 5. No. 5. No. 5. No. 6. No

An exquisite green gown is of crene de chine in

FEAR guides more to their duty than gratitude. For one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehensions of punishment.

How many it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everyt in its vicinity to freshes into an