

Sir Henry Thompson holds that no man who eats to excess is ever of any consequence in intellect.

English railroads cost about \$227,000 a mile, ours about \$64,700, or a little more than one-fourth as much.

Ice cream at fashionable dinner parties has been ruled out by some caterers, who declare the course is "too boardinghousey."

Bridges made of iron beams imbedded in concrete are said to be cheaper than either iron or stone. Such a bridge near Uim has a span of 150 feet.

Shavings are coming into demand for bed and mattress filling, and the Wisconsin planing mills have struck a banana in packing them like hay and sending them all over the country.

Harold Frederick a famous European correspondent says that "golf" is pronounced as it is spelled by the best people of England and that cads and cockneys only say "goff." This is a great shock to New York society where "goff" has been the accepted thing.

Treated birch becomes mahogany of rare beauty, and "soaked" maple goes into all "ebony" wood "weighted" that nothing short of borings will prove the deception. Maple mahogany is soaked through to a depth of four inches, and will polish even better than the genuine wood.

The average American, it is claimed, eats twice the amount of mutton he did ten years ago. "The greater attention paid to supplying the markets with well-fed animals of the best mutton breed, the more popular such food will become," explains the New York Observer.

At some of the Canadian postoffices the sign is displayed, "United States stamps sold here." This has no sanction from the authorities, but the clerks are allowed to buy and sell for their own profit and the unquestioned convenience of Canadians who want to send small sums by mail, or to inclose stamps for answers. They charge a profit of about ten per cent on stamps in bulk.

According to the government railway statistics it is just a bit safer to travel by water than rail, though the difference is not great. In 1894 700,000,000 were carried by steamboats and of this number 255 were lost. Railroads carried 593,560,612 passengers and of the number 299 met death by accident. It is a very low percentage—one person in 1,985,153. The tin de siecle traveler will take chances on accident on this percentage for the sake of traveling at the rate of seventy miles an hour rather than court death by ennu on a steamboat.

Chile is said to be losing its reputation as one of the most healthful spots on the globe, and to be in a fair way to become one of the most unhealthful. The morality according to official statistics, is now fifty-six in 1,000, an enormous figure, which is not even attained in the city of Calcutta, reputed one of the plague spots of the globe, where the proportion is only fifty in 1,000. In Santiago the mortality has attained an unheard-of degree. For two years past the deaths there have amounted to ten per cent. of the population. A large proportion of this great increase is due to the spread of diphtheria. Chile would seem, therefore, to be a good field for the serum therapists.

A curious illustration of the spread of civilization and the English language was furnished recently by the appearance before the London Common Council of Prince Adenayira of Jehu Bomo in West Africa. The prince was much struck with the proceedings of the council, and when called upon to address its members he did not need an interpreter. He spoke good English and his short address was a better speech than three-quarters of the members of Parliament could have made. His native state is under a British protectorate, and the prince was given a free junketing trip to England in order to impress him with the power of the government. Fancy an imaginative writer of the last century bringing a West African black to London and making him speak good English. It would have been regarded as a greater stretch of probability than Macaulay's New Zealand.

Not Magicians.
"We'll have to discharge that agent," said the President of the insurance company. "He's a nice fellow, but he isn't suited to this business."
"What has he done?" asked the cashier. "Issued accident policies to a football team."—Washington Star.

When I Meet My Youth Again.
Some time—I know not how nor when—
This weary road I journey on
Will lead thro' lands that I have known,
And I shall meet my youth again—
Thro' some old wood my childhood knew
The road, at length, will bring to view
A cottage in a lowly glen,
Where I shall meet my youth again.
And yet the lad of whom I dream
May know me not, far I shall be
To him a deepning mystery
Of things that are and things that seem;
From these old scars of time and toll
His heart, albeit, may recall,
As children's often do from men,
When I shall meet my youth again.
But he shall know me at the last,
And creep into my arms, and weep,
As I shall hush his lids to sleep
With stories of the changes past;
And ere the morning breaks upon
Our train, our souls shall be as one.
And time shall breathe a soft "amen,"
When I shall meet my youth again.
—Indianapolis Journal.

TAKING HIM DOWN.
"Now Miss—er—er—Miss"—
"Fosdick." "Thanks, very much! Now, Miss Fosdick, in commencing your work as a stenographer for the firm of Poplin & Son, it is necessary for me to instruct you as to your duties. I have charge of the house's correspondence—entire charge. My name, Miss Fosdick, is Hipple."
"Yes, Mr. Hipple," the girl meekly replied.
"In the first place," Mr. Hipple went on, leaning back in his chair so as to expand his chest to its utmost capacity, and twisting the ends of his moustache with both hands as he spoke, "in the first place, I always insist on my stenographer's taking me down verbatim et literatim. I suppose you know what that means. It's Latin," he added condescendingly.
"Yes, sir."
"Well, Miss Fosdick, I have had the house's correspondence in my hands for several years, and both Mr. Poplin have come to rely implicitly upon me. Indeed, I do not really see how this department could move along without me."

The girl's gray eyes looked at the indispensable clerk with an amused twinkle.
"I think I can say, Miss Fosdick," the young man proceeded, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, "and I think I can say it without the slightest egotism or desire to boast, that I have made the letters of Poplin & Son famous throughout the business world as models of English composition and ornate diction."
The clerk watched the countenance of his new assistant closely, to note the impression of his words.
Miss Fosdick nodded understandingly and smiled. It was a sweet smile, for she could not smile any other sort had she tried.

"Those are the reasons why I always insist on absolute accuracy on the part of my stenographer. I do not permit even the alteration of a single word, or any change whatever. I trust you apprehend me clearly."
"Quite so, Mr. Hipple."
"Then we will begin."
Miss Fosdick's first day's work was perfectly satisfactory to the hypercritical correspondence clerk. He found himself taken down with unvarying accuracy.
Everything went on with apparent smoothness for about a month. The members of the firm noted with approval the modest demeanor of their new typewriter, and the other male clerks in the establishment envied Hipple his pleasant duties.

One day the elder Mr. Poplin sent for Miss Fosdick to come into his private office.
"Sit down, please," he said, when she arrived. "I have here a letter from my friend, Mr. Shaw, of Shaw & King, who says that a communication from this firm contains much irrelevant matter."
Poplin looked over his glasses at Miss Fosdick, and found her blushing, with her eyes cast down. He asked, not unkindly:
"Did you write a letter to that firm lately?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then you know its character?"
"Yes, sir."
"What have you to say about it?"
"I wrote it down just as Mr. Hipple dictated it, sir."
"So I supposed, after reading it; but is it not rather unusual to insert in letters extraneous remarks made during dictation?"
"He has always insisted on being taken down verbatim et literatim, sir," the pretty typewriter went on, with some confusion; "and really, sir, Mr. Hipple has annoyed me so much with his attentions, and has refused to desist, that I felt I must do something to crush him. I'm sorry I took the method I did—I oughtn't to—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

Miss Fosdick put her dainty can-brie handkerchief to her eyes, and her speech dissolved in tears.
"There! there! my dear girl, don't cry," said Mr. Poplin, soothingly.
He took her hand to assist in the comforting operation, and placed her head on his fatherly shoulder. He was not too old to make mental note of how long her lashes lay on her rosy cheeks, and how dewdrop tears oozed through them.
"What am I doing?" Mabel exclaimed, as she bethought herself of the picture she and Mr. Poplin would present if any one should come into the office, and she promptly raised her head.
"You did just right," said Mr. Poplin, referring to her treatment of Mr. Hipple. "The presumptuous rascal! Never mind little girl—er—Miss Fosdick. I'll settle with Mr. Hipple myself. In the meantime, you may take a couple of days off. Go home right away, and I'll see that he annoys you no more."

After the fair typewriter had put on her wraps and gone home, Mr. Hipple was called into the private office, and Mr. Poplin asked him:
"Are you in the habit of reading and signing the firm's letters after the typewriter has taken them from your dictation and transcribed them, Mr. Hipple?"
"Well, sir, I used to, but I found Miss Fosdick so scrupulously exact that lately I have permitted her to sign and mail letters dictated to her, without my reading. She takes me down word for word, sir; so I feel that it isn't necessary for me to read them over."

"The reason why I asked you the question is this: I received a note from Mr. Shaw this morning—of Shaw & King, you know—in which he asks an explanation of a letter he had just received from this house. Perhaps you can give the needed explanation after I have read you the letter. This is it:
"Gentlemen—Your favor of Monday was received in due course. Got that down, sweetness? In reply, we would say—I'd like a sweet kiss from those ruby lips—say that the goods you mention—you, charming creature, why are you so cold to me?—mention, were shipped yesterday morning. Your bird-like voice thrills me through and through! Why do you never smile on your adorer? Hoping that they have arrived in good condition—Give me one kiss, Mabel darling, won't you?—and that they gave perfect satisfaction—Got that down, little beauty?—we beg to remain, yours very truly—One kiss now, I insist. What are you struggling for?—your obedient servants,
"POPLIN & SON."

Hipple turned alternately red and white while his employer read this letter in icy tones and said nothing when it was concluded. The occasion did not seem to be one for the display of ornate English composition.
After a painful pause, the senior member of the firm went on:
"Mr. Hipple, I think I'll attend to the correspondence of this firm hereafter myself, and what loveliness it is necessary to do to the typewriter I will also look after. The cashier will give you your salary to date. Good morning, sir."
"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Poplin to his son, the junior member, half an hour later, when he had laid the whole matter before him. "The idea that a womanly and modest girl like Miss Fosdick should be so grossly mistreated in my establishment exasperates me. She's pretty and sweet and altogether admirable."
"I rather admire Hipple's taste," replied the son.
"Oh, you do?" exclaimed the father. "Then I suppose I have done wrong in discharging the scamp, even when he knew his attentions were distasteful to the girl?"
"No, father, you did quite right. Of course it would not do for that sort of thing to continue."
"Of course it wouldn't. It would be persecution of as sweet a girl as I know."
"Why, you are not in love with her yourself, are you, father?"
"If a widower of fifteen years' standing? The idea! Can't an elderly man defend a helpless young woman without such an imputation as that?"
"Oh, certainly."
Then the conversation dropped.

Old Mr. Poplin was in love with Miss Fosdick, nevertheless, and he resolved to ask her to be his son's step-mother on the first opportunity. He thought, moreover, that he would make that opportunity when she should report for duty.
Miss Fosdick returned to the store at the appointed time, and proceeded straight to the private office. The elder Mr. Poplin was alone.

"Good morning Mr. Poplin," said Miss Fosdick, with her sweetest smile.
"Oh, it's you, is it?" Mr. Poplin replied, raising his eyes above his newspaper; "sit down, Miss Fosdick, please. Before you take the lid off your typewriter, I have something—er—to say to you rather—er—important. I have been thinking of you almost constantly since you went away two days ago, and I wanted to—er—ask you—"
"One moment, please, Mr. Poplin," Miss Fosdick interrupted him to say, "you must pardon me, but I have not come back to work."
"Eh? What's that?"
"No, sir. Fact is, I—that is—your son, sir—has done me the honor to—propose, and—"
"The sly young rascal!" ejaculated Poplin, not giving her a chance to finish. "Well, I suppose I'll have to be a father to you, and I will say I am proud of my new daughter."

Then he thought:
"I wonder if she really suspected what I was going to say?"—The Housekeeper.

The Analysis of Tea.
Attempts have been made to determine which of the constituents of tea are responsible for the physiological effects, both bad and good, attributed to its use, but as yet they are far from complete. The general conclusions come to, however, may be summed up as follows:
Tannin is, of course, well known to be a strong astringent, and though used medicinally, can hardly be taken in any quantity habitually by most people.
If a few finely-powdered tea leaves are placed on a watchglass, covered with a paper cap, and the glass placed on a hot plate, a white vapor slowly rises and condenses in the cap in the form of colorless needle crystals. These crystals are the nitrogenous substance theine, the active principle of tea.
The oil, which is supposed to give tea its flavor, is of a lemon yellow color, and has a strong smell like that of the tea plant.
It is undoubtedly the oil which has the effect on the nerves, and gave such alarming results as those instanced by the writers of a hundred years ago, but which in smaller quantities helps to make tea so refreshing. According to some authorities theine has somewhat the same effect, but it seems to have other qualities as well, and to be more truly nutritious. Therefore, what we want in the tea we drink is as much theine as we can get, a little oil for the sake of the flavor, and as little tannin as possible.
Now, the theine is dissolved out of the leaves much more quickly than the tannin, and thus we see the reason for the rapidly-increasing custom of using a perforated holder in the teapot in which to put the leaves, and removing this after a few minutes, or, better still, of pouring the infusion of the leaves into another pot. Either way the boiling water should not stand on the leaves for more than five minutes.—Good Words.

Judges of Terrapin.
"I doubt if there are a hundred first-class judges of terrapin in the United States," remarked a well-known dealer in game and fish last Saturday, as he called attention to a fresh lot of the aristocratic crustaceans. "I know this because the clubs, restaurants and hotels use vast quantities of Texas, Florida and other common terrapin and serve them as bona-fide diamond backs. The finest diamond-backs range in price from \$40 to \$100 a dozen, and one terrapin, when properly cooked, will make about three plates, so that the cost of a dish of stewed terrapin must necessarily range from \$1 to \$3.50, and whatever is charged above these figures represents the profit. Many a man who smacks his lips over the terrapin he gets in a restaurant doesn't know the difference between that and a mud turtle, which latter, I dare say, he often gets. Terrapin is one of the articles in our business which is an all-the-year-round luxury, and has no seasons."—Philadelphia Record.

Facial Index of Disease.
The upper third of the face is altered in expression, say physiognomists and doctors, in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the chest, and the lower third in diseases of the organs contained in the abdominal cavity.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Special Bent.
"But what can you do young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?"
Applicant (dubiously)—No, no, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bow-legged.—Tid Bits.

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.
EGG SAUCE.
For a pint of this make white sauce as before directed, using more butter and flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, or if wished extremely rich, a gill of cream. Boil three eggs until they are quite hard, cut the whites into neat, small strips, and press the yolks through a sieve, taking care that none of it adheres to the under side of the sieve; the white of egg is boiled for two minutes in the sauce, while the grated yolks only need warming, that is, merely stirring into the sauce. Should the egg sauce be wished white do not use yolks of eggs.—New York Advertiser.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.
This recipe requires one pint of cold boiled potato cubes, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one level tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of finely minced onion, one half teaspoonful of minced parsley. Season the potatoes with salt and pepper. Put the butter and onion in the frying pan and cook slowly until the onion begins to turn a delicate straw color. Now add the potatoes, and cook over a hot fire for five minutes, stirring with a fork. Add the parsley and cook for one minute longer. Serve very hot.—New York World.

CROWNED LAMB.
For this buy the ribs of the lamb, crack at each joint on the meat side and cut through to the skin, being very careful not to cut or break the skin and the fat immediately underneath. Now twist this around, skin side in, forming a crown, allowing the bones of the chops, which have been frenched, to stand up in the form of a crown, sew it with twine, stand in a baking pan, dust it with pepper; put one-half cupful of water in the pan, add a teaspoonful of salt and bake in a quick oven for one hour, basting three or four times. Dish on a large round dish or platter. Have ready some nicely seasoned green peas, pour them into the crown and around the base and serve.—New York Observer.

BROWN BREAD PLUM PUDDING.
Soften in cold water and squeeze dry about a pint of scraps of bread which have been dried in the oven, put them in a mixing bowl with a loaf of Boston brown bread or home made Indian corn bread cut in thin slices; pour over these a pint of milk and a cupful of molasses, and soften them while the other ingredients are being prepared as follows: Remove the strings from a pound of suet and chop it fine; peel and chop six apples, or use a pint of canned apples, or apple sauce made from evaporated apples, clean and flour a pound of seedless raisins or currants; if a little citron, candied lemon or orange peel can be used the flavor will be good, otherwise grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of one lemon; beat two or three eggs to a foam and add them, and finally stir in a pound of flour sifted with two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; thoroughly mix all these ingredients put them into an earthen pudding dish and bake the pudding slowly or at least two hours.—New York News.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Iron all lace and embroidery on the wrong side.
Calicoes that are apt to look too "shiny" should be ironed on the wrong side.
Iron rust may be removed from white fabric with salt and lemon juice.
Pans and kettles will last much longer if they are placed before the fire a few minutes to get thoroughly dry inside.
Do not have the irons very hot for ironing calicoes and figured chintzes, a hot iron will fade and turn the colors more than washing.
To tighten caneset chairs turn up the chair bottom and wash the cane-work thoroughly with soap water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the sun and it will be as firm as when new, provided the cane has not been broken.
Five or six quarts of biscuit flour can be prepared at a time by taking one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, or three of baking powder to every quart of flour, sifting it thoroughly three times and put away for use.
Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not feel smoothly.

The Reward.
Bind us a crown for our brows, O years
But not of flowers alone,
Bind it of weeds and grass and thorns,
The things that we most have known.
Give us no passive joy, O years,
Where our days pass sweetly by,
Give us the joy of fiercely living,
And let us as fiercely die.
Give us no unearned glory, O years,
No swift fading crown of a day,
But bind from the dead leaves of our lives
The victor's wreath of bay.
—The Pathfinder.

HUMOROUS.
An unprofitable job—Laboring under a delusion.
Change is not always reform, any more than noise is music.
A great waste of effort—The child that cries for an hour and never gets it.
Kind Lady—How came you to lose one eye? Tramp—Lookin' for work.
China leads the world. That is, when any part of the world is chasing her.
Old Crusty says that the phrase, "Trouble never comes singly," was copyrighted by a married man.
Visitor—"That painting is by an old master, I see." Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically)—"Y-e-s; but the frame is new."
Though fine be sunset's golden glow,
And star beams as they fall,
From honeymoons doth radiance flow
More beautiful than them all.

Higbee—There is a man who wastes his eloquence on the desert air.
Robbins—Who is he? Higbee—An after-dinner speaker.
The donkey is generally regarded as the most stupid of animals, which is odd in view of the fact that he has the most brayin' power.
"Do you have to treat your maid as if she were a member of the family?"
"Merely no! We have to be very kind and polite to her."
At the Butcher's—"Why did you put up that large mirror near the door?" "To prevent the servant girls from watching the scales."
"Are any of the colors discernible to the touch?" asked the school teacher. "I have often felt blue," replied the boy at the head of the class.

What is the destiny of youth,
Whom now we find at college,
If boys got all the foot ball, and
The girls got all the knowledge?
Professor—Ah, mees. You climb the mountain. It was a great foot. Miss—You mean feat. Professor—Ah! zen you climb it more zan once?
"It is queer, isn't it, that Mr. Blinks spends all his evenings at the club? She—No; I always said he'd do everything he could for his wife's happiness.
Visitor—I hear your last servant left you without giving notice." Housekeeper—"Yes, she poured paraffin on the fire and was blown out of the window."
Blanche—Do you think, Mr. Waters that hanging is a very painful death? Waters—Well, ladies, it is generally allowed that there is nothing so painful as suspense.
"To kiss you I have not the cheek," He whispered in her ear.
She smiled, and blushed, and looked quite wise.
And answered, "I have dear."
Funnyman (to small boy)—Can you tell me why the centerpiece of a wagon wheel is like a street disturbance? Small boy—No, sir. Funnyman—Why, it's a hub, bub.

"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept." They are now partners.
"I don't see why people come here for their health," growled Barker. "It strikes me as being very unhealthy." "It is now," said the landlord. "So many people have come here for health and got it that our supply is exhausted."
The Spanish Main.
Buccaneering romances teem with references to the Spanish Main, yet how many people nowadays know what or where the Spanish Main was? Main is a contraction for mainland, and was applied to the part of the north coast of South America washed by the Caribbean Sea. The name is a relic of the time when that part of the continent belonged to Spain, and was used in opposition to the West India Islands, which also then belonged to that country.—New York Advertiser.

A Good Manager.
"Knapp is one man that knows exactly how to manage his wife."
"What's his scheme?"
"Let's her have her own way, always."—Inter-Ocean.