

Once in a While.
 Once in a while the sun shines out
 And the arching skies are a perfect blue,
 Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt
 Faith's fairest stars are peeping through.
 Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
 Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile
 And we lay aside our cross of care,
 Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
 We feel the hand of a steadfast friend;
 Once in a while we hear a tone
 Of love with the heart's own voice to blend.
 And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
 And on life's way is a golden mile;
 Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew,
 Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
 We find a spot of the fairest green;
 Once in a while from where we stand
 The hills of Paradise are seen.
 And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
 A joy that the world cannot defile;
 We trade each a dross for the purest gold,
 Once in a while.

WHAT HAPPENED.

Aunt Patty awoke early with the bright April morning, feeling sure something was going to happen. She had heard High Top Calvin, the king of the flock, crow nine times at midnight, and Lympathy Limp, the lame white pullet, was cackling before sunrise. As the moments passed, and Aunt Patty began putting on the garments that lay so smooth and orderly on a high-backed chair, she felt surer and surer her convictions would come true. She put one stocking on wrong side out, the right shoe on the left foot, and skipped three holes in lacing her stays. She tried twice to put both arms into one sleeve of her dress, and buttoned it by leaving two holes at the top with no buttons, and two buttons at the bottom with no holes. She could no longer still her reasoning, but burst out,—

"Patty Prentice, are you a fool?"

Just as she had got the refractory buttons into place there came a prolonged knock at the porch door below.

"Oh, dear me!" she said, "what's coming now? Somebody must be dead." Her thoughts and tongue ran swiftly as she tried to untie the night-cap strings that in her hurry had got into a hard knot. "P'raps it's Deacon Hopkins' wife. Belinda Johnson said last night the doctor said she couldn't pull through; or maybe it's Martha James' husband's mother; she's awful feeble. Or what if it should be Joe Backus' boy Jim! He always throws a stone at Sancho every time he passes here"—Sancho is her cat—"They say Jim's likely to get killed any time."

Aunt Patty had conquered the strings and hung the cap on the bed-post. She started down the narrow stairs, still thinking of Sancho's persecutor, and repeating, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." She crossed the kitchen and reaching the porch moved aside from the door the woodbox with its pile of tin pans. Aunt Patty had not the protection of a man in the house. "But tin pans make as much noise as a man, any time," she said, "and perhaps are as good in protecting."

She slid back the bolt, turned the button, and asked anxiously,—

"What is it?"

"Mover wants you to come right over, Aunt Patty," a childish voice said. "She's got unexpected company. Don't stop to get any breakfast. I ain't had none, neither."

"Unexpected company," repeats Aunt Patty. "I wonder if the day will ever come when I am not at the beck and call of everybody's company and piled-up mending basket." But she reaches out, pats the child's head, and kindly says, "Well, come in, Johnnie, and you can eat some doughnuts while I'm getting ready."

Her doughnuts are known to every child in the village; they are a generous kind, or, as the children say, "not all hole." It is a bright gleam of sunshine in her lonely life that children love her, and many childish sorrows and wrongs are soothed by her ready sympathy and the contents of the never-empty tin box in the square cupboard.

Aunt Patty is soon ready, for she is not a precise old maid who must leave everything at an exact angle. She often says, "There are old maids from compulsion, and old maids from choice, and I am a sort of betwixt and between."

But many of the village people remember the lover of Aunt Patty's girlhood, and often over the tea cups has the prediction been given,—

"They'll both get tired of living alone, and make it all up. You see if they don't."

Johnnie feeds the hens while Aunt Patty puts Sancho's breakfast under the doorstep, with the always added admonition—

"Now, Sancho, if you see Jim Back-

us coming, run right under the hen-house."

She closes the gate, and stops to look at the lilac bush, and thinks of the purple plumes hidden so closely in the bright green buds.

"How kind Nature is to all life entrusted to its care!" she says; "and it never makes a mistake."

She thinks how sweetly the birds sing, and how much of life there is in the bright spring morning. She finds herself singing.—

"If it were always May, sweetheart, if it were always May."

She stops suddenly, remembering the weight of nearly fifty years. But she cannot close her eyes to the swelling buds and sweet awakening that shows at every step along the roadside. They cross the narrow bridge, and Johnnie, growing impatient, runs ahead and calls,—

"Let us hurry, now, Aunt Patty, for mover is waitin'."

She follows Johnnie into the house, through the long entry, and stops just at the parlor door to leave her bonnet and shawl. She hears the child's voice,—

"I didn't tell! I didn't tell! Now, Uncle John, div me the eandy."

Mrs. Hastings meets her at the door and says in a glad voice,—

"Uncle John has come back, Aunt Patty, and we want you here for a nice long day."

She hears another voice speak her name, she feels a warm hand clasp hers, and like one in a dream she enters the room. She hears the questions and replies, but all sound far away—only Johnnie's happy voice seems real.

"You ain't got to do nuffin' today, Aunt Patty—not sew, mend, nor nuffin'." Mover said so—didn't she, Uncle John?"

"Unless she will mend a broken life," he slowly answers.

"I dess she can," says Johnnie, "for my wooking hoss dot his tail bowked off, and she stuck it on jist as good as ever."

Aunt Patty takes the mending basket, thankful for once to busy herself with its contents.

So the quiet spring day goes on. Neighbors drop in to see the wanderer. Talk of travels, Western life, and many changing scenes she hears, but her own heart is treading the path that thirty years have made. Many pictures were dim and almost forgotten; but today the fires of memory are all lighted, and every image is shown in truthful outline. The hasty words, the parting, the waiting and uncertainty, and then the lonely years.

The sunbeams had just failed to enter the west window as Aunt Patty folded the last garment and put the needles and thimble into the workbag. She spoke of Sancho and the hens needing their supper, and hurriedly put on her bonnet and shawl.

A tall form waits at the door, and together they walk down the path, across the bridge and along the country road. They talk but little. Each heart is asking and answering its own questions. They enter the yard; she closes the gate, and turning to the road, they stand and gaze at the picture. There is the green meadow below with the winding river, the blue hills beyond, all softened with the lights of the spring sunset. She sees it all tonight with a girl's clear eyes of years ago. He speaks her name; she turns to see him standing with head bowed and hands clasped.

"Patty," he says, "will you repeat the words you said here at the gate thirty years ago: 'You are all to blame, John Hastings. I will never marry you, and leave the never out?'"

Her face shows a startled look that changes to a tender smile, and softly she answers:

"I will leave the never out."

And that's what happened.

A Skull Like Iron.

The man with the thickest skull in the world lives in New York. He made four ineffectual attempts to kill himself by shooting bullets into his head recently.

Then he gave it up in despair, as the bullets failed to penetrate his skull, although the pistol was held close to his head. With three big bullets imbedded in the scalp this man with the thickest skull in the world walked from Canal street to Bellevue Hospital, a distance of fully three miles, and there placed himself under the care of the surgeons.

He is John Smith, and he lives at No. 116 Forsyth street. When Smith was examined at Bellevue it was found that three bullets from a 32-calibre revolver were lodged in his head.

One wound was directly in the centre of his forehead, where apparently he had held the pistol in the hope of killing himself instantly. The bullet had merely fastened itself against his thick skull.

Two other wounds were on the top of the head. The bullets here had plunged downward, but Smith's skull was so strong that they failed even to cause concussion of the brain, and they flattened out and remained in the scalp.

The fourth wound was in the right cheek, and the bullet had lodged in the face after failing to penetrate to the brain. Smith denied that he had tried to commit suicide, but the revolver, with four empty chambers, was found in his room.

The doctors say that if he had placed the muzzle of the revolver at his temple, he probably would have succeeded in killing himself, as the skull at that point is thinner than elsewhere, and is easily broken. Yet there has never been a patient in Bellevue whose skull resisted four large bullets from a 32-calibre pistol held at close range. The patient, who had a robust constitution, began to recover rapidly as soon as the four flattened bullets were taken out of his head.—New York Journal.

The Colors of the Eyes.

Into the realm of sentiment the notable and matter-of-fact statistician intrudes himself, intent on dealing, through percentages, with matters which one might think would be exempt from such prosaic consideration.

The latest subject of statistical inquiry, says the Philadelphia Times, is light and dark eyes, and as the result of sundry responses to questions propounded in various countries and duly authenticated it has been discovered (and not merely discovered, but also proved) that, taking the average of Europe and America, 44.6 is the percentage of men having light eyes, including blue and gray. The proportion of girls and women having blue or gray eyes is by the same computation 34.2 per cent. In other words, blue eyes are decidedly rarer among women than among men, and it is for this reason perhaps that blue eyes, especially in combination with blonde hair, are esteemed so highly as a feature of feminine beauty.

Men have light eyes oftener than women, but in the intermediate range of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly, though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black. The percentage of these among men is 43.1 and among women 45.1. The percentage of dark, or more properly black eyes, is larger among women, being 20.7 per cent. of the whole number, while among men it is 12.3. Perhaps it is the relative rarity of dark eyes among men which establishes the rule that dark-eyed men are esteemed by women to be more fortunate in the color of their eyes than blue-eyed men.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the North who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, come down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said:

"See here, kid! Do I eat?"

"Sorry, I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a fifty-dollar dinner."

"Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of popinjays?" He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane (Wash.) Review.

Sharing a Log With a Bear.

Incidental to the recent great storm many stories will undoubtedly get into circulation that will exhibit heroism, romance, and ludicrous incidents dovetailed with the accounts of loss of property and the wrecking of fortunes. John Baker came down Miller River on a big fir tree. Mr. Baker seated himself at the butt of the tree, and after going down about half a mile he had company. A huge black bear, swimming for his life in the seething water climbed on the tree and stationed himself about thirty feet from the man. In addition to his already precarious situation, that bear nearly frightened Mr. Baker to death. But Mr. Bear was about as badly scared as the other fellow, and when the current finally drifted the tree to dry land, the bear took to his heels with as much alacrity as Baker.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

WONDERFUL FIRE.

A Paste Which When Ignited Nothing Can Extinguish.

Useful Properties, but Dangerous in Criminal Hands.

There is a fire that never dies, and it is here, and in this world, too, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. This strange fire is of the consistency of paste, and is harmless while in a quiet state. The friction caused by rubbing it against a hard surface will, however, set it aglow, and nothing will extinguish the flames, which will burn with a blue light and an intense heat until the compound is completely destroyed by combustion. Water has no effect upon it; it can be made into balls and thrown anywhere, and it will burn with a slow but fierce combustion which makes it unlike any known fire.

Dynamite and gunpowder requires a spark to ignite them, and powder produces an explosion, not a regular fire. To ignite this compound there is just the slightest friction of rubbing it against some ordinary substance. There is no explosion or rapid spreading of flames, but a strange, pasty substance composed of living fire, which cannot be stamped out or killed in any known way.

John Floyd, the discoverer, has been for several years delving in all sorts of chemicals, as his numerous inventions required constant study. One day he wished to make a certain substance with which to experiment, and for that purpose placed in liquid some waste substance which he thought would, when dissolved, produce the wished-for compound. But he found the material he wanted before the liquid was dissolved, so he left the jar containing the solution on the shelf for several weeks, thinking no more about it.

Finally he thought of using the jar and, when lifting it down from the shelf, some of the liquid spilt on the floor. Mr. Floyd thought nothing about the matter till he noticed a sensation of heat about his foot, and on looking down found that the soft paste which had fallen out of the bottle had become a mass of soft, flickering flames emitting an intense heat. He put his foot on the spot, stamping it out, as he thought, and turned to his work.

When he turned around again he saw that instead of going out the fire paste was steadily burning, that his rubbing it had only smeared it over the floor, and it was eating into the wood every moment. He then threw several buckets of water on the stuff, but the water had no effect other than to be converted into puffs of steam, and the fire burned steadily on, cutting its way through the soft pine flooring. As the experiments were being conducted in the back of a drug store, which was filled with dangerous chemicals, he knew that something must be done to put a stop to its ravages or the whole place would be blown to atoms.

After many fruitless attempts to put it out he procured a hatchet, and it was only by cutting out the entire square of wood on which the paste rested that he succeeded in stopping the fire, which burned for at least an hour.

Afraid of the uses to which this discovery might be put, Mr. Floyd has never made the secret of the ingredients public; but he says that the cost of making it is so small that it can easily be used instead of the cheapest waste materials. And for this reason he will not let the formula become known, for incendiaries would take advantage of it and no place would be safe from burning. Those who use oil or dynamite or powder can be easily traced, as some preparation is necessary, but with this liquid fire a criminal who knew its composition could burn his way noiselessly through any door or set any home on fire by throwing against it a harmless ball of the composition.

The cost of making this liquid fire is so small that it can be easily used instead of coal in heating a furnace. But the most valuable properties are those which it possesses which are absolutely foreign to those of fire as known to us. All forms of heat except that of electricity, must be generated in some kind of a furnace and be constantly supplied with fuel, but this fire is both flame and fuel itself. About a cupful can be set on fire and it will burn with a steady glow for an hour.

This wonderful fire can be utilized in the kitchen, and stoves can be dispensed with altogether as entirely useless. In order to fry anything it is only necessary to hang the pan from a wire and smear over the bottom with a spoonful of the liquid. In an in-

stant there will be a hot fire which will burn for over an hour. So that the cook of the future can take her fire out into the country; it can be used in cooking in camping; there will be no coal bills, but the work of heating furnaces, of burning fires in grates, or running motors can be done by a harmless little spoonful of paste, which can be taken around in the vest pocket. Of its practical uses there is no end, for the subject is yet in its infancy, the inventor, thinking but of the harm that might come, having stopped his experiments. He, however, says he intends to resume them and find out more about this explosionless, unquenchable paste, which is fire pure and simple.

For Reaching the Pole.

An entirely new scheme looking to aerial navigation and flight has been suggested by A. N. Nitch of Boston, says the Chicago Tribune. It is such a decided departure from all the propositions advanced heretofore for utilizing the atmosphere for purposes of transit as to command serious attention from scientists and others to whom it has been presented.

It is the idea of Mr. Nitch that the subtle magnetic attraction that holds the needle of the mariner's compass with unswerving fidelity to the north can be used in a magnified form for man's convenience, profit and pleasure.

Accepting the theory advanced that vast deposits of magnetic ore exist in the immediate vicinity of the north pole, and from there come the magnetic currents distributed over the globe, and that it is the attraction of this thus far unbounded field that draws with magic power the needle of the compass, there is nothing, as Mr. Nitch looks at it, to prevent its being made of real service.

"I believe," said he, "that magnets could be suspended in the air of sufficient force to counteract the resistance to air, overcome the adverse currents and move more or less rapidly toward the north." Mr. Nitch says that it might not prove possible, but it was open to argument and experiment, and there was no telling what might come of it. As to the methods of return, should such a flight as pictured ever be taken, that was spoken of as a problem that would be solved quickly.

Deaf Mutes Dancing.

"One of the most interesting features of the education of deaf mutes is their dancing," said P. G. Gillette of Chicago, one of the leading deaf mute instructors of the country, at the Arlington. "It was discovered by accident that deaf mutes enjoyed music, and now dancing is a common pastime with them, they keeping time better as a rule than those who are in possession of all their faculties. One who is not a deaf mute is inexpressibly lonely at one of their parties. He can understand nothing, while they converse with their hands and have a good time. When the music strikes up they dance. It would be supposed that it was essential to hear the rhythm in order to dance, but such is not the case. They feel it, which is just as effectual. When they employ an orchestra, they stipulate for the largest bass drum and viol, for the reason that the louder the music the greater the vibrations. Almost all deaf mutes are passionately fond of dancing, and there are few poor dancers among them.—Washington Star.

Tit for Tat.

A British sailor being a witness in a murder case, was called to the stand, and, was asked by the counsel for the Crown whether he was for plaintiff or defendant.

"Plaintiff or defendant?" said the sailor, scratching his head. "Why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I came to speak for me friend," pointing to the prisoner.

"You're a pretty fellow for a witness," said the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means."

Later in the trial the counsel asked the sailor what part of the ship he was in at the time of the murder.

"Abaft the binnacle, me lord," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle?" replied the barrister. "What part of the ship is that?"

"Ain't you a pretty feller for a counsellor," said the sailor, grinning at the counsel, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is!"

The court laughed.—Harper's Round Table.

Polite Neighbors.

"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkaskie to her husband when he came home at night.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder, and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait while they'd send and buy one."—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BROWN CELERY SOUP.

Four heads of celery, four Spanish onions, six potatoes, four ounces of butter, two quarts of brown stock, pepper and salt to taste. Slice the celery, onions and potatoes, and fry about a quarter of the quantity in the butter until a rich brown; now place these with the remaining vegetables in a stewpan, add the stock and seasoning, and simmer for about one hour and a half, or until the celery is quite done; rub all through a sieve and put back into the stewpan, boil up, and serve with a little finely chopped, scalded parsley sprinkled on the top.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.

Put cold cooked chicken or turkey off the bones in as large pieces as possible. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip them in fritter batter and fry in hot fat until a golden brown. Place the pieces when fried on a brown paper until all are done. Put them on a folded napkin and serve with a mayonnaise or tartare sauce.

To make the fritter batter take two eggs, one tablespoonful of oil, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of cold water and one saltspoonful of salt.

Stir the salt with the egg yolks and add slowly the oil. When well mixed stir in slowly the flour and then the water a little at a time. Beat it well and set it aside for two hours or longer. When ready to use stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. The batter should be very thick and of the consistency to coat completely the articles it is intended to cover. If it is not soft enough add the white of another egg.

PUMPKIN PIE RECIPE.

It is difficult to get old-fashioned field pumpkins. Dealers offer a "perfected" variety of pumpkin, which is an inferior squash. It is entirely different from the genuine golden fruit of the vine, which makes New England corn fields picturesque with color long after the sheaves of corn have been gathered.

If you are fortunate enough to obtain a genuine pumpkin, cut it in pieces without peeling. Scrape off the inner shreds that hold the seeds. Boil the pieces of pumpkin with a pint of water in a thick porcelain-lined kettle, for five or six hours, or until it has become sweet as well as tender, and there is very little liquid around it. Strain it through a puree sieve of the same sized mesh as a flour sieve. To four cups of this strained pumpkin add four cups of milk, one even teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one large one of mace, five eggs well beaten, and a large coffee cup of sugar. Grate in a half a nutmeg. Beat the custard well and taste it to see if it is sweet enough. Put this mixture into deep pie plates, lined with pastry, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. It should then be solid in the center and have a rich, golden-brown color.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Good housekeepers said their bread jars at least twice a week. It keeps the mold away.

To improve the flavor of coffee, sprinkle with a few grains of salt before adding the water.

Tar may be removed from any kind of cloth if you saturate the spot with turpentine and rub it well.

Cold boiled water tastes flat, because it has been deprived of air. To restore air, pour the water quickly from one jug to another.

Camphor gum should be placed in the drawer where are kept dress waists that are trimmed with steel; it prevents the steel from tarnishing.

Rounds of felt placed between the different pieces of a dinner set keep them from becoming scratched more effectively than do pieces of tissue paper.

White paint may be quickly cleaned by washing it with water softened with spirits of ammonia. Be careful not to use too much ammonia, or the paint will be injured.

It is said that if parsley is eaten with onions or a salad containing onions the odor of the onion will not affect the breath. The sprigs of parsley should be eaten as you would celery.

Iron-rust stains on marble can be removed by rubbing with lemon juice. Stains from any other cause can be taken off by mixing one ounce of finely powdered chalk, one of pumice stone, and two ounces of common soda. Wash the marble after using the above mixture with soap and water, and the stains will disappear.