

The Miners of Copper Island.

By S. J. REA.

O'Connell and I were mates off and on for years. Thus it was that we were gold-miners together at Bendigo, tried silver-mining at Broken Hill, and at a later date worked side by side in the tin mines at Mount Zeehan, in Tasmania, besides conducting several prospecting trips on our own account.

O'Connell was a man for whom I had a wholesome respect. He was a quiet, reserved, good-natured fellow, who never drank too much, and who hated nothing in this world more than a row. He was a man of immense physical strength, an expert boxer, and a magnificent swimmer. His placid demeanor hid an indomitable spirit, and I would soon have fought a steam-roller as Jim O'Connell; the one would have been as uncompromising as the other.

It was on one of our prospecting trips that Jim told me the particulars of his strange experience on Copper Island, a brief hint of which I had already obtained from a police court paragraph some time before in the Brisbane Courier.

It seems that Jim was in Sydney, out of work, when he saw one day an advertisement in the Sydney Morning Herald asking for a half-dozen miners to proceed to Copper Island—an uninhabited island lying between Brisbane and Thursday Island—and there prospect for copper. O'Connell immediately made application to the advertiser, one Captain D—, a mining expert. D— had control of the business on behalf of a well-known Sydney firm of shipowners, who held a concession for mining on the island. O'Connell being a practical miner of wide experience, was made the "boss" of the gang, and five other men having been engaged and contracts signed for six months, the little party were taken by Captain D— to the scene of their operations in a schooner chartered for the purpose.

Having duly landed the men on the island, whose sole inhabitants they were to be, D— left them, promising to return at the beginning of each month with rations, etc. For a time all went well. The men were amply provisioned, and, besides, there was some feathered game to be shot, fish to be caught, and a fair supply of eggs of various kinds. The men soon settled down to work in earnest, meeting with considerable success in their search for copper. But the month expired, and, contrary to their expectations, Captain D—'s schooner came not. There was still plenty of food on the island, however, and the men kept at their work and were not at first uneasy. But when a second month elapsed and still there was no sign of the schooner they began to get seriously alarmed.

The stores became exhausted, and soon after a far greater evil befell. Hitherto a plentiful supply of water had been obtainable, at a spot where the islanders fondly imagined a spring existed, but no rain had fallen since their landing, and the basin becoming empty, it was seen that there had been merely a surface supply, and now not a single drop was to be found on the whole island!

In this awkward difficulty O'Connell's resourcefulness soon showed itself. Everybody naturally looked to him; even had he not been their "boss" it would have been just the same. Digging for water proved barren of result, and, as there was evidently no water on the island, O'Connell determined to look elsewhere for it. About a mile to the westward lay another small island, and thither O'Connell determined to make his way. He suggested that one of his mates should accompany him, and that they should take an empty cask in tow and bring back a supply of water if any were found. Four of the men acknowledged themselves to be swimmers, but not one volunteered for the mile swim through the shark-infested sea.

As it was more than one man's work, however, to tow a laden cask, in the event of success, lots were ultimately cast, and a man called Gange set forth with O'Connell. The two reached the island without any misadventure, were fortunate to find an ample supply of water, and brought back their well-filled cask in safety. They had but one cask, and, as it held only a scanty supply for one week, it became necessary to make periodical visits to the other island. It was, of course, impossible for them to take up their residence there. Not only was one of their number a non-swimmer, but they had no means of transferring their firearms and ammunition—upon which they now largely depended for subsistence—their tent, cooking utensils, tools, etc. Every Saturday, therefore, a visit was paid to "Water Island," as it came to be known, and each time the voyage was made lots were cast for who should accompany O'Connell—for the brave "boss" always insisted upon personally conducting the expedition. There are probably as many sharks in these waters as anywhere on the face of the globe, and the first few trips were made in fear and trembling. But as time went on and no mischance occurred the men gained confidence, although the sight of the triangular island occasionally set their hearts beating uneasily. It is probable that the presence of the cask disconcerted the sharks, but certain it is that they did not venture to molest the swimmers. The miners soon settled down to a dull routine of starvation rations, the monotony of their life only broken by the weekly trip to Water Island. Would the schooner never come? A flagpole was rigged up in the hope of communi-

cating with some passing ship, but, although a sail was sometimes seen on the horizon no vessel ever came near enough to see their signals. In the meantime, a little work was done—more with a view to passing the time than out of regard for the interests of the employers who had apparently so cruelly abandoned them on this uninhabited and seldom visited Isle.

Four months thus dragged wearily away, the men maintaining themselves as best they could by shooting birds and collecting eggs and shell-fish.

One Saturday evening O'Connell and a man named Peters, having been "fossicking" about the shores of "Water Island" in quest of shell-fish, delayed their departure for the larger island till a much later hour than usual. When about half-way between the two islands they encountered the full force of the outgoing tide, and found their progress with the full water-cask, to which they were harnessed by ropes, rendered extremely difficult. After half an hour's struggle, during which very little way was gained, Peters announced his intention of cutting himself adrift. O'Connell besought his mate to hold on until the tide turned; but Peters, drawing his knife, severed the rope which attached him to the cask. Shortly afterwards he disappeared in the direction of Copper Island.

O'Connell, left to himself, struggled wildly for a time to hold his own, but the buoyant cask was towing him out to sea at an ever-increasing rate of speed, and at last he was reluctantly obliged to release himself. By this time, however, he was an alarming distance from the shore, and he saw that his only chance was in remaining afloat until the tide turned, when he might hope, by its aid, to reach the land. The night was clear and a brilliant moon was shining. Suddenly, to his horror, an ominous triangular fin broke the surface of the water not three fathoms length from where he swam. Another and yet another appeared, and the unhappy man presently discovered that he was in the midst of a school of sharks! Utterly exhausted as he was, his position was a terrible one. In describing his feelings to me, he said that he should not have believed it possible that any combination of circumstances could have reduced him to such a state of abject fear as that on which he now found himself. Already he seemed to feel the cruel teeth rendering his naked flesh, and he sauntered with utter terror. The scene was as light as day, and the sharks were plainly visible as they circled round him. He saw one monster suddenly change his direction and make straight for him. But O'Connell was like a fish in the water, and drawing the sheathe knife from his belt round his naked waist he drew his arms above his head and sank like a stone. As he rose again some seconds later he found himself directly beneath the shark, and thrust his knife up to the hilt in the monster's stomach. The wounded shark at once made off, and some other prey possibly presenting itself, the others followed its example, to O'Connell's great relief.

By this time the tide was on the turn, and after a long and exhausting swim O'Connell, shaken and weary, landed on Copper Island shortly after daylight, having been eight hours in the water. His companions had, of course, given him up for lost, as according to the account of Peters, who had gained the shore in safety, he was, when last seen, drifting rapidly out to sea. O'Connell proceeded to the tent and pulling aside the flap, looked in at the sleeping men. Peters was slumbering as sweetly as though he had not a few hours before abandoned his mate. O'Connell picked up a piece of turf and threw it lightly on the sleeper's face. Peters sat up, and seeing the "boss" standing there, dripping wet, thought he looked upon a ghost, and with a cry of terror fell back in a dead faint, his previous night's adventure having left him in a weak state.

The little colony was now in a very bad way, being without water save for a little which had been reserved in a kerosene tin. This lasted till the evening of the next day, and then, when O'Connell was seriously contemplating a return to "Water Island" with the kerosene tin, rain happily fell, and all hands were at once engaged in the important work of collecting it. The tent was pulled down and converted into a canvas cistern, and every available vessel was filled.

Two days later great excitement was occasioned in the little community, so strangely marooned on this inhospitable island, by the appearance of a schooner to the southward, evidently bearing in the direction of the island. The anxious miners gathered upon the beach and breathlessly watched the peering craft. They soon discovered that it was none other than D—'s overdue schooner. Presently a boat was lowered, and D— himself, with a crew of three men, was seen approaching the island. The miners met him with a storm of inquiries as to the delay, but D— apparently had no explanation to make—at any rate, he offered none.

He listened to the story of their privations and the dangers they had passed through with the most insulting indifference. "You look all right, anyhow," was all the comment he offered, and immediately went on to make inquiries as to the success of their mining operations. The boat was laden with provisions, and presently he gave orders to have these landed. "Stop a minute," said O'Connell, who had hitherto spoken. "Do you think

for a moment that after the way we have been treated we are going to remain here at your mercy again?"

"You will stay here," was the brutal reply, "until your contract has expired."

"That I certainly shall not," said O'Connell, and, going back to the camp, he brought his "swag." "I am going back to Sydney, or at any rate to Brisbane, in that schooner," said he; "the other men can do as they like."

Upon this D—, who had evidently been drinking, called a huge negro, who was one of the boat's crew, and ordered him to prevent O'Connell from entering her. The black sprang ashore, and as O'Connell threw his bundle on board, laid hold of him. But the blood of the mining "boss" was now fairly up, and big as the negro was he never had a look in during the scuffle which ensued. O'Connell gave him the worst five minutes he had ever had in his life, and ultimately left him lying unconscious in the sand. Then the victorious O'Connell rushed for the boat, to which D— had already returned. The latter, drawing a revolver, fired point-blank at O'Connell's face. But his hand shook with rage and excitement, and the bullet fortunately passed through the flap of the miner's slouch hat. Before he could fire again O'Connell grasped him by the throat and battered his head against the after-part, while the boat's crew vainly endeavored to drag him off.

When D— recovered consciousness he was surly, but subdued. Finding that O'Connell was absolutely determined to board the schooner, he sulkily gave way, but he talked the other men into remaining on the island.

Upon the arrival of the schooner at Brisbane, O'Connell was given into custody on a charge of assaulting Captain D— and threatening to take his life. Legal proceedings for breach of contract were also mentioned, but the production of the bullet-perforated hat and the evidence of a friendly witness who had been one of the boat's crew put a very different complexion on the matter, and O'Connell was discharged. He got no further satisfaction.

It transpired, however, that D—'s long continued absence from the island—of which his employers were entirely ignorant, and which came so very near having disastrous results—was due to his detention in the receiving-house of a lunatic asylum during the continuance of a prolonged attack of delirium tremens!—The World Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

If all the land planted in corn in the United States this year were massed, the area would exceed the British Isles, Holland and Belgium combined, or four-fifths of the area of France or Germany.

The remarkable zebra hybrid from South Africa, lately acquired by the British Zoological Society, is a pony bred from a cross between a zebra and a pony. It resembles a small pony. Its body is brown, and the stripes are peculiar, the marks on the body being nearly vertical, while those on the limbs are horizontal to the hocks, below which the color is black.

Every head of clover consists of about 60 flower tubes, each of which contains an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must therefore thrust their tongues into about 6000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

Careful tending and nurturing on the part of the beekeeper has resulted in increasing the bee's tongue one-hundred of an inch. The natural length is about one-twentieth of an inch, but clever keepers, by having only bees with unusually long tongues, have produced a variety with the added length, which enables them to extract more honey from the flowers in a given time than their short-tongued relatives.

What is described as an "ancient draught board" has been discovered in Crete. It must by all accounts be a fine piece of work, since it is composed of natural crystal, ivory, gold and silver, but it is by no means unique. Chess, draughts, or the games from which both are derived, was known to nearly all the ancient civilizations, and Greek and Egyptian boards are by no means uncommon.

Our correspondent at Muang Buecanam, says the Siam Observer, writes that he had been to one of the eastern Lao provinces, and there he was astonished by seeing a curious plant, which is called by the natives ton kratote din ("the tree that jumps from the ground"). The plant, he says, is not very tall. It bears few leaves, but plenty of fruit. When the fruit drops from the stem the tree jumps up from the into the air about three or four feet high (about four feet). The fruit is about the size of a cherry.

Since the opening of the shooting season the rabbits in the environs of Paris have developed a wonderful intelligence. Sportsmen shooting on the outskirts of the city have been nonplussed at the scarcity of the bunnies, as a short time ago they promised to be very plentiful. It has been brought to light, according to the New York Herald, that the Cemetery of Saint Ouen, on the northwest side of Paris, swarms with rabbits, which are devouring every blade of grass and shrubs. The grave diggers are likely to enjoy cheap meals for a long time to come.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

O dollie, dollie, you can't go out doors in this hard wind and snow, But in the house must play; Now I as teacher will take part, And you as scholar must be smart, And good your lesson say.

No, no, I cannot have you cry, I'll put you in the chair so high Where doggie can not reach; Now you must say your A. B. C. And not look blankly so at me, Or else I cannot teach.

What you have fallen down, O my! And put the pencil in your eye, O dear, what shall I do? No more school I see today, For how can you with one eye play, And that one swollen, too.

Now to the doctor's you must go Although the ground is white with snow, And have an eye put in; Be careless 'twas of you to fall, And bring great trouble to us all, O naughty you have been.

Zulu Dolls.

The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure. She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, and very few dishes to wash.

She does not attend school and, therefore, has no lessons to learn. Sometimes she is sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch where they have come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring or digs sweet potatoes for dinner.

These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time. And how do you think she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land? Let me tell you. She plays with dolls just as you do—not waxen ones, with real curls and eyes that open and close, but clay and cob dolls, which she makes with her own little black fingers. She mixes the clay and moulds it into small figures, baking them in the sun. Then she takes a cob, and runs a stick through the upper part for arms. She thus finds herself the owner of two styles of dolls. It is not the fashion for either the little mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the great heat. So there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.

Her Love for Cass.

Denver has a cat hospital. It developed from the love of a little school girl for cats and the care which she gave to sick and injured members of the cat family. She took them in, and learned by practice and study how to heal their wounds. She bandaged broken legs, and dressed torn places with antiseptic washes. She dosed poisoned cats with iodo and fed sick cats with the spoon. After a while it got noised about among the Denver cats generally, and subsequently when any old fighter had been making a night of it on the alley fence and turned up in the morning worse for wear, or when some helpless kitten had been tossed out of a third story window to see it land on its feet, over many times, they would make straight for this girl's front door and wait on the stoop till she came to take them in.

Finally the girl's father said if the house was going to be turned into a permanent cat hospital he might as well build an annex. So he built a little hospital out in the back yard, and there the girl, now a young woman of 20, takes temperatures and counts pulses, applies liniment and bandages wounds.—New York Tribune.

Love Among the Roses.

Below is a new way of playing an old game. Furnish to each player paper and a pencil. Dictate the flower romance, calling "blank" whenever you come to the words here enclosed in parenthesis. Each guest writes the dictation and signs it. Then allow a reasonable time—say 10 minutes—to fill in the blank spaces with the name of a flower.

A general exchange of papers is made, and the hostess calls for the reading of the papers. Each paper is numbered in the order it is read. The players note the relative excellence, and vote by numbers for the one considered best. The number receiving the most votes wins, and the name of the writer is then announced.

The Romance.

At the waning of the moon in May Bridal Rose was married to Sweet William. The courtship had been a long one, and, like the course of many a true love, had not run smooth, for William had plenty of rivals. When the war came he resolved to enlist. Bridal Rose was at the station to see the company off, and as she said good-bye she whispered with a tear in her eye ("Forget-me-not"). This gave him courage to hope, and he was a brave soldier. He was hit but once all through the war, and that was by a (Snowball). During a walk one afternoon soon after William returned from the war he and Bridal Rose chance to find a pretty vine-covered bower, with (Maidenhair) ferns growing all about. It was a romantic spot, and he (Aster). She named the day. When the engagement was announced there were not a few (Bleeding hearts) among William's rivals.

As the sun rose on the wedding day, he shone in all his (Morning Glory). The bridesmaid was (Lily of the Valley), and (Mandrake) was the best man. Little (Black-eyed Susan) was the flower girl. The bride wore a gown of delicate (Pink). Precisely at (Four o'clock) the bridal procession started for the altar. (Phlox) of friends were present. The (Hare-bells) chimed out the wedding march, her (Poppy) guided the bride away. (Jack-in-the-Pulpit)

said the words, and then Willie kissed the bride on her (Twoply). As the party left the church (Ladies-slipper) were thrown after the couple. The wedding luncheon was a simple affair, the coffee being appropriately slipped out of dainty (Buttercup). The bride said she was happy, though she did not (Marigold), and added that she was willing to be ruled by love, but not by a (Goldfinch). At the dance which followed the most distinguished guest was (Mareschal Niel), wearing (Larkspur). The (Johnny Jumpers) danced apologetically and quite shocked several (Old-fashioned Roses) who sat in rows along the wall. The papers next day said the bride was an (American Beauty), and declared that Sweet William was a (Daisy).—New York Mail and Express.

Two St. Louis Children.

She had taken her little girl out to a friend's to tea. Later the hostess gave the child a paper bag, with the following explanation:

"That is a bag of cakes that I made especially for you; but you must not look until you eat 'em."

Unable to resist the temptation, the child took a tiny piece, without being detected. When she was ready to go home she boldly opened the bag, and fixing her assistance with her eyes, exclaimed as she drew forth a cake and threw it on the floor:

"I hate sponge cake."

Her mother was nonplussed for a moment and attempted to smooth matters.

"The child is tired and irritable," she said.

"No, I'm not," replied the tot, stamping with her foot, and throwing another cake away. "I just hate sponge cake."

There is a boy up town, 10 or 11 years old, who is extravagantly fond of his pet cat. The animal lives in the basement, and the boy makes daily visits there unless some accident prevents him from doing so. Recently he underwent an operation for the relief of enlarged tonsils, and as a result he was compelled to remain in bed for several days. On the second day of his confinement to his room other members of the family caught a glimpse of the cat making her way up stairs with something in her mouth. She made her way to her master's room, and jumping upon the bed, gently laid a tiny kitten beside the pillow. After noting the astonishment with which the boy regarded the advent of this unexpected visitor, the mother cat made her way to the basement again and returned with a second kitten. This was all the family pussy had and she purring with satisfaction at the delighted expression of the sick boy.

The boy, who was so fond of his cat was also passionately attached to the maid who had taken care of him all through his earlier years. He frequently vowed that he would marry her when he grew up, and brought her to visit for him. One day he was suddenly taken with the toothache, and a visit to the dentist became necessary. It was decided to extract the tooth and laughing gas was administered. "Mamma, mamma, the boy thickly as he was lapsing into unconsciousness, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, anything you want," replied the indulgent mother.

"Then raise Annie's salary \$5 a month."

After the tooth had been taken out the boy could remember only one thing that had happened, and that was that mamma had promised to raise Annie's pay. As the mother had always brought up her children in the way of truth she was obliged to accede to the request, and Annie was made that much richer.—St. Louis Star.

Fahrenheit Thermometer.

Sir Samuel Wilks, writing to Knowledge, gives the history of the origin of Fahrenheit's thermometer, which is generally used in this country. It was really invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and the starting point of his scale was the heat of the human body. Newton's paper is to be found in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1701. He describes his instrument as a glass tube, filled with limesed oil, and to it he attached a scale to measure the degree of heat of the liquid into which he plunged it. His lowest point was that of freezing, as his highest point was that of boiling water. He chose for the starting point on his scale the heat of the human body, and this he called by the round number 12, the duodecimal system being then in use—that is, he divided the space between the freezing point and the temperature of the body into 12 parts. He further stated that the boiling point would be about 30, as it was nearly three times that of the human body.

A few years afterward when Fahrenheit was working at the subject of heat, he took Newton's instrument for his experiments, but, finding the scale not minute enough, and so made it 24 degrees instead of 12. He also did more, for, finding he could obtain lower temperatures than freezing, and notably that of ice and salt mixed together, he took this for his starting point. It was from this point he began to count 24 degrees up to body heat. This made, by his measurements, eight the freezing point. Boiling point he made 53. It then became zero; freezing water; body heat 24, and boiling eight 53. This was really the same as Newton's, only the scale started lower and the numbers were doubled. Later on, finding that he could measure increments of heat more minutely, Fahrenheit divided each degree into four parts. It will now be seen that if the numbers just mentioned are multiplied by four we have the thermometer which is now in use.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE PERNICIOUS CARP.

The Imported Fish is Doing an Untold Amount of Evil.

The German carp, against which the hand of every fisherman is raised because of his displacing better fish, is accused of one more and still worse crime by Alderman O. B. Sheppard, dominion inspector of fisheries for Ontario, to wit: that of driving out our best water fowl by eating their food.

Mr. Sheppard, upon his return from an inspection trip, stated that the problem of getting rid of or keeping under the carp is now facing the fishery authorities on both sides of the line. From all he could learn the carp was in Germany a fine-grained and delicate fish, but its transplanting to America, with its new variety of food, had caused it to slide down the scale until it is about the least desirable of our food fishes. Its chief fault is its driving away other fish and gradually exterminating them by eating their eggs.

Latterly, however, it had been noticed that the carp were destroying the beds of wild rice, which forms the chief food of wild ducks, geese and other aquatic birds.

Upon the trip from which he was just returning Alderman Sheppard had noticed that in Cook's bay, Lake Simcoe, where there were formerly hundreds of acres of wild rice, there was not to be seen a spear of that plant today. The same was true of the Holland river, where there were at one time 1500 acres of rice, now the carp have eaten it literally root, branch and seed. These places were once the very best duck grounds in the province, and now the ducks avoid them.

The carp were not introduced originally into Lake Simcoe, but were confined in the mill dam at Newmarket. The dam broke and the carp got into Lake Simcoe through the Holland river. How to get them out or destroy them passed any man's knowledge, as they were the most tenacious of life under hard conditions, and defied the best laid traps. So far as he knew there was no carp in any of the Muskoka lakes.

As to the chances for black bass in the lakes where carp abound, he thought they were better than those of any other fish. The carp was not a fish eater like the pike, his mouth not being so placed that he could enjoy this diversion. He was of the sucker variety and destroyed other fish tribes by eating their eggs. The black bass was well armed to fight the carp. Only eight days elapsed between the laying of bass eggs and the hatching out of the young fry, and during this critical period and while the fry were too small to get out of the way of the carp, the parent bass remained on guard and rushed bull-like at everything that threatened their progeny.

The bass, Mr. Sheppard said, was the only fish which protected its young in this way, and it was this peculiarity which made them such an easy prey to the angler during the spawning season. At everything that looked unusual or dangerous the bass rushed pell mell, and consequently was impaled on the first hook which came within reach. On this account the bass were particularly protected by close season during the spawning season.

The carp needed no protection; jocularly remarked Mr. Sheppard, it had got into international waters and become an international question for fishery experts, and lucky would be them who could devise some means of getting rid of the carp family without destroying the other varieties.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

An Editor in Difficulties.

All pressmen are acquainted with the difficulties of newspaper production, but the Mafeking Mail appears to have had an exceptionally bad time. It apologizes for the paucity of news on account of the general breakdown of its staff. "We are sorry," it says, but we could not help it. One of the staff had rheumatism and partial paralysis of the shoulder, another has had a few days' colic, and yet another could not come to work because his child was dangerously ill. One left without notice and paid £2 for an interview with the resident magistrate in consequence, and another seized the opportunity to break into teetotalism, while more terrible still, one of our best went and got married." Such a chapter of accidents could hardly have been surpassed during the siege.

The Tongue of Rumor.

The tongue of rumor is like a sharp instrument in the hand of the stealthy assassin. It inflicts a wound against which the victim has no defense, for it is aimed by a hand concealed. Many innocents have been suffered, peaceful homes have been rent asunder, countless hearts broken and friendships destroyed by it. Shakespeare likens the author of the rumor to a thief, and this is not so strong a delineation of such a character. "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who robs me of my good name takes that which never enriches him, but leaves me poor indeed."

Too Impetuous.

Tess—Why do you dislike him so? Jess—Oh, he says such hateful things. He told me last evening that beauty was only skin deep, and—

Tess—And you immediately proceeded to show him how thin-skinned you were.—Philadelphia Press.

His Art.

"Oh, Mr. Growlde," gushed Miss Nupson, "how did you ever learn to paint such beautiful pictures?"

"I asked a man once," replied the artist, "and he told me how."—Indianapolis News.



The Drip Board.

A slate drip board is much more easily kept clean than a wooden one, yet is much more apt to nick the dishes. A piece of corrugated rubber, such as is used for doors, may be bought for a trifling sum and will obviate this difficulty.

Cleaning Sponges.

Sponges will not bear boiling, and this fact has prejudiced many careful people against their use. They may, however, be made almost antiseptically clean by being placed in boiling water to which has been added a little strong ammonia. Cover the vessel and set aside for 15 or 20 minutes. Squeeze the sponge vigorously, and rinse in cold water.

The Living Room.

In striking contrast to the stiff, inert, parlor of other days, where everything which was choicest was reserved for "company," is the little reception room of today. Dainty and charming it is, to be sure, but, nevertheless, it is a place chosen for the guest, because it is the corner least necessary to the family use. In the new houses, a space 12 feet by 12 feet at the left of the staircase is usually set apart for the cellar and fitted with conventional furnishings and decorations.

In the living room, the individuality of the family is apparent, and it is there that every one loves to stay. In it are gathered piano, books, pictures and household treasures. More space is being given to this room than ever in new and remodelled houses, where it is being made as large as possible. There is a growing tendency to lose sight of the term "parlor," and to use interchangeably the terms "drawing room" and "living room."—New York Sun.

A Few Marketing Rules.

There are a few rules to remember in buying beef, mutton or poultry which the inexperienced housekeeper does well to bear in mind. To test beef, press it down with the thumb. If it rises quickly the meat is good.

Beef should be fine grained, of a bright red color, with streaks of clean, white looking fat. The meat will be tough unless there is plenty of fat.

Mutton should be dark colored, with the fat a clear white.

Veal should be fat.

Soup meat should have as little fat as possible, and come from the round; and also meat intended for beef tea.

In buying fish, the gills should be red.

Poultry should have smooth legs and short spurs, with the feet bending easily and the eyes bright. If the fowl has trouble to turn blue it is not good.

Grouse and quail both have white flesh; the plucked grouse, however, has dark flesh. Birds with white meat take about 10 minutes longer to cook than those with dark meat.



Tomato Chutney—Scald, peel and cut fine one dozen large ripe tomatoes, add to them six white onions cut fine, one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins chopped and seeded, salted to taste; add half a teaspoon of white pepper, a little cayenne; boil slowly one and one-half hours, and bottle.

Green Pepper Salad—Cover the green peppers with boiling water and let stand until you can rub off the skins the same as with tomatoes. Then remove the stem end and take out the seeds and coarse veins. Cut into thin strips and mix with a small quantity of fried bacon minced fine, and dress with a sharp French dressing flavored with a few drops of onion juice.

Indian Meal Pudding—Scald half a cupful of Indian meal with two cupfuls of boiling milk; put in a double boiler; add two more cups of milk and cook one hour; then add two table-spoonfuls of finely shredded suet or one table-spoonful of butter, half a cup of molasses, half a teaspoon of cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of salt and one quart of cold milk; turn into a deep, well greased pudding dish and bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Crabapple Marmalade—Wash the apples well, cut out blossom end and remove stems and all defective parts. Put the fruit in a preserving kettle, allowing three quarts of water to eight quarts of fruit. Cook slowly until soft enough to mash to a pulp. Press through a sieve to remove core, seeds and skins. Return to kettle and allow a pint of granulated sugar to a pint of the pulp. Cook until it will just spread, when a teaspoonful is placed on a saucer.

Peach Mold—Soak a level table-spoonful of gelatine in a little cold water and when soft dissolve it over hot water, add the juice of half a lemon and stir it into the pulp and juice of a dozen fine, ripe peaches. Turn into a basin and set in ice water to cool. As it begins to stiffen add a pint of whipped cream, folding it in carefully so as to keep the mixture as light and frothy as possible. Pour into a plain mold, cover closely, binding the overlapping seam with a piece of buttered muslin and pack in ice and salt.