

A CHEAP SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY THE "OLD UN."

Tom Blivins and Elias Sharp were both born and raised in the town of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the noble old Granite state. They came to Boston in search of fortune. Tom got a clerkship in a wholesale house on Central wharf, and plodded along the road that leads to success, living on a trifle and making a weekly deposit in the savings bank. Elias Sharp was in the employ of a grocer in North Market street. His name belied his character, for, though he thought himself the "smartest fellow in all creation," the fact is, that his paternal parent sent him to Boston, because, as he stated to his wife, "Elias was so all-fired green that he was afraid, if the grass ran short, the cattle'd eat him." He was always getting into scrapes and trusting to Blivins to pull him through, though whenever he was cornered in consequence of his own blundering, he always protested:

"I done it for the best—I done it for the best."

The young man boarded at a cheap but respectable lodging house in Hanover street.

One winter a genuine old-fashioned New England snowstorm, lasting for two days, cleared off, leaving splendid sleighing, and, of course, all the Bostonians went mad, as they always do with the first snow. It is their carnival. Nothing was talked or thought of but sleighing. Tom Blivins was unaffected by the mania, but Elias Sharp caught the infection, and it "struck innards to his gizzard," as he phrased it.

"Tom," said he, one morning to his room-mate, "I can't stand it no longer. Everybody's on the road. Get a half holiday, and jine me in a sleigh-ride." "It's too expensive," replied the ever-prudent Blivins.

"You're allers throwin' cold water onto a feller's aspirations," rejoined Elias. "I tell yer it 'tain't no such thing. I know a feller in Portland street—Nathan Parker—that'll let me have a horse and sleigh for the arternoon to go to Brighton for five dollars—that's only two and a half apiece. It's cheaper than stayin' to hum. Now's your chance. Speak quick or you'll lose it. Two and a half—a half and a half—quick, or you'll lose it—going—going—going."

"Yes—I'm going," said Blivins, seduced by the economy of the project. "Bully for you, old boy!" said Elias. "I've bespoke the team already. You get leave of old Gubbins & Chaff—Mean & Mixem say they'll let me off—and jine me at Parker's stable, Portland street—at sharp two—don't forget."

"I'll be there."

At half-past one, such was his impatience, Elias was on the spot, attired in a heavy ulster, a foxskin cap, buck mittens and a flaming necktie, convinced that his appearance was not only stunning, but killing.

"Fetch out your sleigh and your kyer," he called out, with as much dignity as Richard No. 3 said: "Saddle White Surrey for the field tomorrow!"

The sleigh and robes were passable, but when Elias looked on the "fery, untamed steed" his countenance became elongated. We shall have to take a liberty when we quote Byron:

"Bring forth the horse—the horse was brought, in truth he wasn't a noble steed."

or, at least, he was only one of the "might have beens," which Whittier tells us are very sad things in the lives of men.

"Remove that ere animal and fetch another horse," shouted Elias.

Alas! the cry was as useless as that of Richard No. 3 on Bosworth field.

"I can't fetch on no other horse, because," remarked the one-eyed hostler, logically but ungrammatically, "there ain't no other horse in the stable. What's the matter with this un? Look at his plats."

"I see 'em too darned well," answered Elias, ruefully. He didn't know much, but raised in New Hampshire, he couldn't help knowing a horse. "I can't help sein' his plats, my respectable friend, for they stick out all over him. He's a mere rack o' bones. Where I came from they used that style of animal for cow-bait."

"Oh, sir," said the hostler, "you don't know what's into him. He's a run un to look it—that I admit—but a good un to go. Only wake him up."

"Well—give me a good, big, long carver to wake him up with," said Elias, making up his mind to Hobson's choice.

"Ah, sir," said the hostler, as he was harnessing the beast, "this 'ere's the most valuable horse in our stable. Old as he is, he's fit to run for a man's life. If they had him over in England and trained him he'd be first favorite for the Derby and Oaks, carrying weight for age."

"Doubted," was Mr. Sharp's laconic comment.

When Blivins made his appearance, Elias had got over his disappointment, and called out cheerfully:

"All aboard! Jump in, Tom—don't keep the horse fretting. Gim' me the lines, there! Let go his head! All right—now for it."

When they were out of sight of the stable, Elias took the "carver" out of the socket and proceeded to "wake up" the old "plug."

"By jolly!" he cried, as the veteran struck a pretty good gait, "there is some fire in the old flier. He must have been a wonder—in Ginerel Washington's sirly days. We'll astonish the natives, arter all, and take the starch out of some of the cracks. I say,

Tom—isn't this gay? G'lang there—yer old three-legged crab!" And down came the whip again. "Jest look at him, Tom. It's blood that tells, after all. Go it, old boy! Go it!"

They had now left the narrower part of Washington street, and were on the "Neck," the sidewalks lined by thousands of spectators, the track covered with vehicles of all descriptions, lumbering vehicles on runners, stage sleighs, forty-pouled cutters, "jumpers" (dry-goods boxes nailed on hickory saplings, which served at once for shafts and runners), butchers' and countrymen's "punga."

Elias was in the highest spirits. He flapped his arms like wings, and crowed like a chanticleer; he shouted, he yelled, he sang. In short, he behaved like an escaped lunatic from Somerville, to the horror of his sedate companion. But there was no occasion for mortification, for everybody else was as crazy as Elias Sharp, if not quite so demonstrative.

"I'm all right, old feller," he said, in a lucid interval. "How are you? By Jove! This beats Fourth of July as fur as chain lightning beats an ox team. Look a-there, old boy. There's lots of flyers on the road. Jerusalem!" he cried, as a cutter whizzed by him like a bullet. "There goes 'Acorn'—Jim Oakes—behind Polly Ogden. Might as well try to chase greased lightning 'ez to go fur him."

"Do you know the road to Brighton?" asked Blivins.

"Reckon I do, old boss. Up the hill past Dr. Porter's meeting house—bend to the left then to the right ag'in, down the hill into the square and pull up at the old Cattle Fair hotel. He 'way, there—old Methusalem!"

They pulled up at the Cattle Fair hotel.

"Might as well bait the horse," said Elias, as he surrendered the team to a hostler. He's done nobly and, deserves it. Walk in."

They entered the huge bar room, big enough for the manoeuvres of a regiment, but now choked to repletion. Elias was immediately surrounded by a group of North Enders, whose acquaintance he had made in North Market street—mostly retired sea captains. Elias, who was of a shy disposition, took a chair in an out-of-the-way corner, and watched the buzzing multitude. After about an hour Elias rejoined him.

"Enjoying yourself, old feller?" he asked.

"Not particularly. Isn't it time to be jogging back to town?"

"Pshaw! what's the use of bein' in a hurry. 'Tain't often we have a frolic—and the fact is, I've agreed to take supper here with my friends. Every man pays his scot. This house is famous for venison suppers."

"How much will it cost?" asked Blivins, anxiously.

"Oh! about two dollars and half apiece. That ain't nothin'—and if you're short, or think you can't afford it, I'll pay for both."

"I thought this was to be a cheap excursion—to cost five dollars at the outside."

"Well, you see, I got roped in for the supper. But don't fret, old fellow; I'll pay for you."

"No, you won't. Since I'm in for it, I'll stand my hand, but mind, no further extravagance."

"Honor bright, old feller. How much money have you got about your trousers?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"I can match you. It's all right, old boy. And now come upstairs. I'll introduce you to my friends—jolly old fellows from the North End."

"I'd rather not," said Blivins, holding back.

"Pshaw! you're going to dine with 'em. They won't bite your head off."

So Blivins was dragged up into a private parlor, and introduced to Capt. Hardcastle, Capt. Bower, Capt. Brown, Capt. Jessup, Capt. Jenkins and Capt. Campers, and there was much scraping and handshaking.

Capt. Hardcastle counted noses.

"There's eight of us," he said, "Just make up two tables. We'll have a game of whist."

"I beg pardon, captain," said Blivins, timidly, "but I am no card player—scarcely know one card from another."

"D'ye mean to say, young gentleman," said the captain, fiercely, "that you're going to make a marplot of yourself—to sheer off like a land lubber when your mates are going into action? Shiver my topicals, if I thought so—and he looked very red and apoplectic, and the other sea captains began to mutter and growl in a very ominous manner.

"Well, gentlemen," said Blivins, "if, after my avowal of ignorance, any one of you is willing to accept me as a partner, I'll join you."

"I'll take you," said Capt. Bower, "but, mind you keep your eye peeled, youngster. I shall watch your game like a shark watching for a funeral at sea."

After which ominous warning the party sat down to cards. Blivins thought they were playing for fun, but he was deceived; a little of the circulating medium was involved, "just to make the game interesting," as Capt. Bower remarked.

When supper was announced, poor Blivins found he was out five dollars. Moreover he had been "playing for money," a thing abhorrent to his principles. He sat down with very little appetite, and had a wretched time generally.

After supper he took Elias aside.

"Lias," said he, "did you lose or win?"

"Lost, old fellow, lost."

"How much?"

"No matter. But, by Jove! I'll be even with 'em. If there's any game I do understand, it's whist. I'll show 'em I do, by hooky!"

"You don't mean to say you're going to risk more money?"

"Certain sure, old fellow. Come along."

"Then you may count me out," said Blivins, firmly.

"Come, Lias—come, Mr. What's Your Name—your friend, there? All hands on deck! Tumble up; tumble up!" roared Capt. Hardcastle.

"He won't come," said Capt. Bower, glaring savagely at Blivins. "I can't abide a lubber that leads trumps after my kicking his shins under the table. I'd rather have an out-and-out dummy."

"All right, then," roared the captain. "All hands on deck except the skulker."

Blivins was left alone in the now deserted bar-room, watching the hands of the clock drag themselves slowly over the dial plate. At ten Elias came down looking very much flurried.

"My luck's sure to turn, old fellow. Lend me ten dollars."

Mechanically Blivins drew out the required sum, placed it in his friend's hand, and Elias darted upstairs again.

At eleven he reappeared with another requisition for the same amount.

"Not a cent," said Blivins, resolutely.

"Come, old friend," remonstrated Elias.

"Nary red," said Blivins. "Now I've ordered the horse and sleigh."

"Is that your last word?"

"Final."

"I never thought you'd go back on me—a towny," said Elias.

Blivins made no rejoinder. His face was set like a marble monument. The sleigh bells were heard at the door.

Elias skulked upstairs. He might have continued to play with I. O. U.'s, but reason stepped in and saved him from further folly.

He took leave of the "jolly dogs" upstairs, who were now engaged in singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," stepped into the sleigh, handed a "tip" to the hostler, took up the lines, and drove for a couple of miles in silence.

Then he said, rather sheepishly:

"I done it for the best, old feller—I done it for the best."

His attention was next directed to the actions of the horse; that unfortunate animal evidently preferred walking to trotting, though he was now heading homeward, and the utmost the "carver" could accomplish was to rouse him into an intermittent scuffle. When they were within one mile of Boston statehouse, the horse stumbled and fell. All efforts to rouse him were in vain.

"By Jove!" cried Elias, after an examination of the prostrate creature; "the critter's as dead as a doornail."

"Dead!" cried Blivins, jumping out of the sleigh.

"He's lost his chance for the Derby and Oaks," said Elias. "He's had his last sleigh-ride, and, by Jerusalem! I reckon I've had mine. What's to be done, now?"

"Foot it to Hanover street," answered Blivins.

"And the horse? Leave him here—the most valuable animal in Nat Parker's stable? No, siree! That ain't to be thought of. They'll want to stuff him and set him up in a nonatomical museum. Help me to boost him into the sleigh, and we'll tote him into town. Don't think I'm loony or romantic," said the wretched youth, grasping his friend's arm. "I simply go in for justice—and—re—morse!"

He covered his face with his hands and wept.

Then the two friends went to work, and by the aid of some loose rails managed to get the inanimate animal into the sleigh. After that they seized the shafts and tugged away at their self-imposed task. The ascent of Beacon Hill was a trial, but they accomplished it. Down Park street they went at a run; it was easy sledding along Tremont street, down Hanover street, and so on to the stable. The one-eyed hostler received the remains.

"Here's a rum go!" said he, gloomily, if not sadly. "Mr. Parker's been dreadful uneasy since he heard how you druv that 'ere horse over the Neck. He's got a peck of evidence ag'in ye."

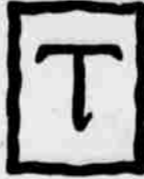
"I done it for the best—I done it for the best," muttered Elias, hoarsely. "Take keer of the remains—I'll make it all right in the morning."

That dreadful night! that horrible morning! For with the morning came Nemesis in the shape of Mr. Nathan Parker. His bill read:

"Elias Sharp, Esc., to Nathan Parker, Dr.:
To hire of horse and sleigh. . . \$ 5.00
To value of horse killed by
overdriving 150.00
Total \$155.00
Immediate settlement or legal
vengeance were the terms offered."

..This.. Constitutes the Secret of Japanese Success

By Hosmer Whitfield



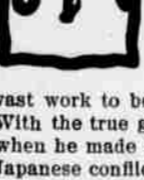
HE whole secret of the Japanese success may be said to lie in the fact that problem of the present war was studied in detail, instruments acquired fitted for the end in view, and lastly, in the war-readiness of the fleet. As soon as the government of Japan had decided to throw down the gage, the fleet, held on the slenderest leash, was ready to spring forward and deal that first crushing blow which altered the whole aspect of the campaign afloat. The events of the past three months have emphasized the fact that a fleet is not maintained in order to show the flag on foreign coasts, to provide local defence to distant coast towns, or to cruise ship by ship in a silly isolation, but must be concentrated to meet the strategic needs of any probable war.

By the masterly strokes which Admiral Togo dealt at Russian naval power, and by the subsequent blocking of the Port Arthur channel, he freed the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechili to the transports carrying the Japanese armies. He did more, even than this. By "sealing up" Port Arthur he robbed Russia of a base which the much-talked-of reinforcements from the Baltic Russia to gain with the assistance of the squadron within, disabled though it were, and he gave a singularly vivid illustration of the truth that the mere possession of ships with crews inadequate in numbers and unskilled in warlike duties is not equivalent to naval strength. Behind the fleet, even if well manned, and under a leader of courage, great strategical and tactical ability, and personal magnetism, must be a well-thought-out organization, and dockyards well equipped with ample supplies of labor for repairs. Japan has supplied the world with object lessons in warfare and in the influence of the command of the sea, but, above all else, she has illustrated the effect of intelligent, careful organization, and the meaning of being ready for war. She has humbled a power against which even Napoleon could not prevail.

Her manner of treating the war correspondents was a revelation to other nations. With a gentle firmness she promptly denied us the same free privileges that were granted during the Spanish-American and the Boer war. Old-time journalists who meet one another only when some great battle is in progress say that they never before saw such polite severity or such rigid censorship. It was a complete surprise. The Japanese claim that they cannot afford to let the rest of the world gain even a remote idea of their plans, that it is a war in which they are fighting against heavy odds, and that they must fight it as their generals see fit. Several newspapers have facetiously remarked that the war will be fought over again in the magazines. I simply want to say that my observations have enhanced the belief that there are a myriad interesting and important matters connected with this war which the world knows little or nothing about and will know little or nothing about until after peace has been declared.—Success.

..How.. The Evils of War May Be Lessened

By
Walter
Wellman



F in our generation the powers cannot be induced to disarm, if war cannot be made virtually impossible by sweeping agreements to arbitrate, the danger of conflict may be greatly minimized by these agreements to settle all minor disputes amicably. With the machinery for such settlement at hand, it will be employed; there will be a world-opinion which demands it; and the tendency will naturally be ever to make broader and broader the scope of the compacts, rising from the minor to the major. This is progress. And there is a vast work to be done in mitigating the evils of war, if war there must be. With the true genius of a world-statesman, Mr. Hay took a long step forward when he made his memorable move toward delimiting the area of the Russo-Japanese conflict and toward preservation of the integrity of China.

It is in dealing with the collateral issues of war, rather than with the dream of universal peace and disarmament, that the Hague conference, when it reassembles, promises to be of the highest service to mankind. There is the important question of the rights and immunity of property in transit in neutral ships. Mr. Roosevelt renewed to the congress last winter a suggestion which had already been made by President McKinley. That the executive be authorized to correspond with the governments of the leading maritime powers with a view to incorporating into the permanent law of civilized nations the principle of exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerents. Congress authorized such negotiations, and the state department now awaits a favorable moment,—which cannot be regarded as at hand till the struggle between Russia and Japan will be brought to close—for presenting the matter to the attention of the powers. During the summer, seizures at sea by Russian cruisers brought this prolific cause of vexatious and hazardous international disputes more acutely before the world, and it is obvious that if the next Hague conference achieves nothing else than settlement in the international law of what is regarded as contraband of war, it will have justified its reassembly. The first Hague conference earnestly recommended such an agreement.

Other questions raised at that conference, or in the experience of mankind, and now pressing for adjustment, may be briefly summarized: A convention concerning the laws and customs of war on land; adaptation to naval warfare of the principles of the Geneva convention; the prohibition of throwing projectiles from balloons, of the diffusion of asphyxiating gases, and of the use of bullets which expand easily in the human body; the use of submarine and land mines, such as have worked such dreadful havoc in the present conflict; the inviolability of all private property on land; the regulation of bombardments of ports and towns by naval forces; the rights and duties of neutrals; the neutralization of certain territories and waters; the protection of weak states and native races; the condition of the Armenians and other subjects of the Turkish Empire, and the situation in the valley of the Congo.—From "The United States and the World's Peace Movement,"—American Monthly Review of Reviews.

..The.. Virtue of Cheerfulness

By Fannie Hawkins



THINK an avoided many cares and trials might be overcome, and even greeted altogether, by the cultivation of a cheerful spirit. If one is environed with cares and unpleasantness, 'tis wise to meet them as cheerfully as you can. The more cheerful, the better. There is nothing like cheerfulness to scatter the mists that constantly arise in this life; 'tis like the genial sun which disperses the clouds and fogs. There is nothing like it to brace one's self with and strengthen one to meet the trials and vicissitudes of life. Have you not observed how much easier one glides along life's pathway, who moves cheerfully? They seem to avoid many cares and actually win success where others fail. So, cheerfulness and a mild-tempered spirit will prove a blessing that will live in other hearts as well as their own. If there is a duty to perform, do it cheerfully. The real cheerful person has more sunshine in his heart, and will dispel more gloom, than a thousand that are desecrated in this respect. They are a light to others; a light loses none of its brilliancy by lighting and aiding others, but continues to shine and grow brighter and better. I saw a person one time who was very sick; so sick he was not expected to get well; it seemed he would surely die very soon. When I reached over to him to raise his head to a more upright position my hand trembled through excitement. He observed it, and asked, "Why do you tremble?" Though he was almost in a dying condition, he seemed cheerful and contented. These are traits that are more desirable than gold, for gold does not always bring true happiness. Happiness must be cultivated and spring from within. "Give me," says Carlyle, "the person who sings at his work; he will do more and with more ease than one who never hums a tune." The plowboy is cheerful as he whistles his songs and then sings them while he follows his plow. The woodman's blows seem to have a clearer ring and are more frequent when a cheerful person is behind the ax. The girl who is sweeping or cleaning the house may do it so much easier if she goes about it cheerfully, a disposition that all should strive to cultivate, and let it become a part of our actual being. God bless the cheerful person, man, woman or child. We like to meet them, grasp their kindly hand, listen to their cheerful words, note the pleasant address, pleasant smile. We feel we have been benefited by meeting such a person, and a shining example is set before us that is worthy our imitation and admiration.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A correspondent of the Scientific American notes that an ordinary electric light bulb can be made to glow with a bluish light similar to an X-ray tube if it is rubbed briskly with the hand in a dark room.

In a certain kind of Wyoming coal it is found that gold is present in quantities large enough to pay for extracting it from the ashes. The same curious occurrence of the yellow metal has also been noted in a South African coal vein.

Count Zeppelin, the German aeronaut, has nearly completed another airship, with the aid of a fund of over \$25,000 raised by popular subscription, and also with the help of the government. This craft will be large enough to carry 10 persons.

A writer in Paris Cosmos, says that at the present time hypnotic influence must be considered almost the only method of reforming drunkards. In Russia this treatment is meeting with startling success; but the Russians are a tractable race and the system produces fewer cures in France.

An English concern is constructing a yacht which is to be propelled by the jet system. That is, water is pumped in forward and ejected with force at the stern, the reaction tending to drive the boat ahead. This method of propulsion has been experimented with at different times without much success; but improvements in mechanical details are said to show a high degree of efficiency for it.

The discovery of a means of metamorphosing radishes into potatoes has been made in so solemn a place as the academy of Sciences, Paris. M. Mollard takes a very young radish, "Pasteurizes" it in a certain way, and it grows up into a fine potato. More scientifically, the young radish is cultivated in a glass retort, after a process invented by Pasteur, in a concentrated solution of glucose. Starch then develops plentifully in the cells of the radish, which swells out, loses its pepperness, and acquires practically the consistency, flavor and especially the nutritive properties of the potato.

LONDON'S GREAT FOG.

Sir Oliver Lodge's Successful Attack Upon It.

There was one man in Birmingham who was profoundly grateful for yesterday's (Dec. 23) fog. It was Sir Oliver Lodge, to whom the visitation presented a fresh opportunity to renew the steady war, which he commenced 20 years ago, against the fog fiend.

Standing in a secluded courtyard of Birmingham university, his deerstalker cap and long brown overcoat beaded with moisture, Sir Oliver was to be seen absorbed in the contemplation of mysterious strands of barbed wire, which vanished a few feet above in impenetrable vapors.

From his research laboratory came the vicious crackle of a powerful electric discharge, and great jagged sparks vibrated between the spacial terminals of the apparatus with which his assistants were preparing to launch the tentative thunderbolts of science against the British climate.

Men pulled the terminals apart, and as the discharge was transferred to the outside wires there proceeded from the hundreds of invisible bars overhead a fizzling noise, like the sound of raindrops on a hot plate.

Then a wonderful thing happened. Through the opaque fog bank the outline of the tall university buildings were gradually developed, with the slow certainty of a photographic plate. The fog became a cloud and the cloud a mist, depositing itself in dank drops about the walls, writhing and spiraling as though racked by the violence of the discharge.

Away up at the eaves, 50 feet high, there were visible the elaborate insulators in which the barbed wires terminated.

Then the current was shut off, the noise ceased, and the acrid white fog crept back and enveloped the courtyard once more.

When it was suggested that a score of installations similar to this would afford practical relief to the fog-bound city, Sir Oliver said: "All that I can do is to erect this model apparatus for the benefit of engineers who are interested in such a project."—London Mail.

Scientific Problem.

It occurred while William Jennings Bryan was on a stumping tour of the Middle West during the last campaign. Mr. Bryan had just closed a peroration with the phrase, "What, I ask again, is our country coming to? Echo answers what?"

It was not a large audience and the gentleman evidently of other political sympathies rose in his seat.

"Pardon me," he said, "but what was the echo answered?"

"The echo answers 'What?'" replied Mr. Bryan, good naturedly.

"Well, all I have to say," said the mild-mannered gentleman, "is that there is something radically wrong with the acoustics of this building."

A Land of Mystery.

The great American desert once so called, the wild solitudes of the western mountain ranges, and the snow wastes of the Yukon, have yielded up their inmost secrets; but the Everglades, in the southernmost interior of our southern state, are today almost as little known of white men as when the early navigators first charted the contour of the Cape of the End of April.—Century.



Strange Use of Denim.

Denim is a popular material for floor coverings. It comes either plain or figured, the latter being in the form of plaids and squares. The plaid designs are very smart, especially in the greens, blues, and reds.

The Bedroom Couch.

If possible every bedroom should contain a couch, if it be only of wicker, and one is almost indispensable in the room of a guest who frequently longs for a short nap, but refrains from taking it lest a beautifully-made or elaborately-decorated bed be disturbed. The couch, so that it may be easily moved when necessary, might be supplied with casters and set at the foot of the bed if the room be small and there is no other convenient place.

In Buying Bed Linen.

"Linen," as regards beds, is a comprehensive term covering cotton as well. Although the average American clings to cotton, particularly in cold weather, they are many who claim that from a hygienic standpoint linen is a necessity for beds. In summer, indeed, there is nothing so delightfully cool. Sheets for double beds should be three yards long before hemming. This allows for a three-inch hem at the top, an inch and a half at the bottom and leaves the sheet two and three-quarters long even after shrinkage. Three inches is a good width for pillow case hems.

Household Emergencies.

A forehanded housekeeper learns to make provisions for emergencies. She carries into other lines of housekeeping the principle of the old woman who when she lay dying beckoned her daughter to her and as the mourner bent above her for a parting message whispered her last breath, "Always keep hot water in the kettle." (I wonder what she would have done if she had known a gas stove!) The housekeeper with foresight is not taken by surprise when emergencies present themselves. Perhaps she is like a clever woman I have heard of who keeps an "emergency cupboard," she lives at some distance from shops, and she has a cupboard stored with dainties that are never to be used except in an emergency. Sardines are here and potted chicken and biscuits of various sorts and a jar or two of jelly and jam and good preserves and a small pot of cheese and other things that will help to make out a meal in case of unexpected guests. As soon as one of the articles has been used it is immediately replaced, and the closet is never invaded except for a real emergency.—Harper's Bazar.

Meat and Fish Garnishes.

Parsley and celery tops are used for meat, poultry and fish, and for chops, cutlets, steaks and salads. Parsley is also used for roasts, and parsley or curled lettuce for escalloped oysters.

Lemon is almost a universal garnish. The same can be said of parsley.

Slices of lemon are cut very thin for sardines, raw oysters, boiled fowl, turkey, fish, roast veal, steaks, salads. Sheep sorrel may be used in place of lemon, and is exceedingly pretty.

Water cresses may be used for mock duck.

Garden fennel for salmon or mackerel.

Capers for salads.

Currant jelly for game, cold tongue, etc.

Gherkins or large pickles, cut crosswise, for cold corned beef sliced.

Cold, hard-boiled eggs, sliced, for cold boiled ham, cut in thin slices.

Link sausages for roast turkey, put around the edge of the platter.

Boiled carrot sliced, for cold meat, boiled beef and salt fish.

Potato croquettes or Saratoga potatoes may be used with a roast or sirloin of beef.