The grip left some queer wrecks. George Danner, a Western farmer, is one of them. After partial recovery he was seized with sobbing fits which quickly gave way to continuous laughter. He is slowly recovering.

Oscar Wilde nakes no secret of the fact that he draws his inspiration from any source that happens to be available. A friend was calling attention to the statement made by a critic that much of "Salome" was plagiarized. "Of course it was," cried Oscar, with great candor. "Plagiarism is the privilege of the appreciative man."

The royal palace in Madrid, which the Infanta Eulalia still regards as her home, though her mother is in exile, is one of the most magnificent edfices in Europe. It is of marble and granite, occupies an area of 220,900 square feet, and rises dazzingly white against the sky to a height of 100 foot. The scene from the palace gardens is splendid. In the edifice there are a gallery of paintings, a library, a museum, an armory, a chapel, and a theater.

The San Francisco Call soliloquises: Electricity is in a transition stage. We are on the threshold of marvelous applications of the new pewer, due to recent scientific discoveries and inventions. New departures are certain to come, but he would be a bold speculator who could define the precise direction or limit. Niagara and many other natural forces are at the command of the engineer of to-day, and the gigantic energies of modern steamships show what is possible in mechanics. What a century it is in wonders!

It is reported from Paris that $10,000,000 has been raised to continue the digging on the Panama Canal. The estimated cost of the work to be done is from $60,000,000 to $75,000,000. Some futile attempts may still be made to galvanize the dead project into life, but, as shown in a recent letter to the New York Mail and Express, from Bishop Newman, nature is fast undoing what has already been accomplished, and the dribbling of $10,000,000 into the hole will not stop the tide of failure which promises to engulf the work engineered by the great but dishonored De Lesseps.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer points out in reference to Cleveland's rapid growth that its population in 1890 was 261,353, as compared with 160,146 ten years before, an increase of 101,107, or sixty-three per cent. pointing to an annual average increase of 10,000. At that rate, it is estimated, Cleveland's present pooulation is not less than 292,000, but is pointed out that inasmuch as the bulk of the increase during the decade was in the latter half thereof, and as it is a matter of common observation that the increase has been at a faster rate than from 1885 to 1890, therefore Cleveland's present population must run over 300,000.

The New York Herald thinks that the whole country will applaud the demand made at the organization of the Sculpture Society for the emancipation of sculptural art from trousers and frock coats. There is little room for the play of poetic feeling in the modern male costume. Still, while we have trousers and coats in our art they should be well done. To some extent a sculptor can indicate the grace of the anatomy even through trousers. It is evident that most of our artists handle the conventional costume of today in a spirit of disdain, confining their really serious work on portrait statuary to the head. Make war on trousers in sculpture, but in the meantime remember that there are trousers and trousers.

Ex-Secretary of the Interior Noble, who has been taking a trip through Oklahoma, speaks with enthusiasm of its progress. He has found it (and Mr. Noble is a good deal of a farmer himself) one of the most prosperous parts of the country. In wheat-growing it promises to rival the famed Red River Valley, and it makes an excellent showing in every class of produce. The farmers, most of whom came from the Northwestern States, are a hard-working, thrifty, law-abiding set of people. "The main towns in the Territory," says Mr. Noble, "are highly prosperous and look twenty years old to the stranger, instead of four. They are well laid out and the streets are being rapidly filled with substantial buildings. There is little or no speculation among the settlers. There are no combinations, but every man goes about his business in the old-fashioned way. I know of no man who has grown suddenly rich since the opening of the Territory, but at the same time nobody who has put his money into it has had reason to regret his action."

"WHERE HELEN SITS."*

Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,
No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom;
No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes,
Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul
Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments shed.
The lovely light of holy innocence
Shines like a halo round her bended head,
Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep,
No children's laughter comes, no song of bird.
The great world storms along its noisy way,
But in this place no sound is ever heard.

Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody
Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung;
And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each,
Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,
Where Helen sits.

—Laura E. Richards, in the Century.

* Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind.

BARBARA'S ESCAPE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

REALLY and actually engaged! It is a strange sort of feeling, and yet it isn't unpleasant.

Barbara Esmond stood in the middle of the room, one slender hand poised by its forefinger on the table, the other holding back the jetty tresses from her pure, low brow. She was very beautiful, in a dark, glittering style of beauty, and in that elegant room she might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket. Black-eyed and haired, with a creamy skin, fine-grained as velvet, and straight, delicately chiseled features, hers was an uncommon beauty, yet strangely fascinating.

Eighteen years old, and engaged to be married! It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful.

"I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little tremulous sort of shudder. "The word implies a great deal. And Harry Milbrook is to be my husband!"

Barbara was like a newly-caged bird, restless, fluttering against the invisible bars of her prisoned existence; captured with her own toils, yet half disposed to break away into the solitude and independence once more.

Mr. Henry Milbrook, however, was troubled with no such vague ideas. He had won the heart of Miss Esmond, the heiress, and what was of rather more consequence to him, he had won the right to share her wealth.

"I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never could endure to work like common cart-horses. Therefore it follows that I must have money, and, possessing none of my own, I must marry the article. And although I object to red hair and a crooked spine, I am quite willing to accept the incumbrance of a beautiful girl along with said cash!"

That was the decidedly practical and unromantic manner in which Mr. Milbrook contemplated his approaching felicity. He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft poetic whisperings for Barbara's ear alone, and she, like any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, believed in him.

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart; it would have seemed almost like desecration; but her lover was by no means so delicate.

"So you're to be married, Hal!" said Mr. Joseph Piercy, at the club.

"Yes, I'm going to be married; to a cool hundred thousand, too," answered Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands.

"Who is it?"

"Oh, the lady, you mean?"

"Yes, I mean the lady."

"It's old Esmond's daughter."

"What, the star-eyed Barbara?"

"Exactly so."

"I congratulate you, old fellow."

"Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently pulling his mustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that travels on his good looks alone."

"I wish she had a sister for me," observed Mr. Percy.

"I don't. I can't afford to go halves in the cash."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club room at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out.

"I promised she should have my picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the establishment of that poor devil of an artist in Grove street. I guess I'll go round there."

It was hard for so exquisitely gotten up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be compelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that toward which he now bent his footsteps, but economy was just at present something of an object with this modern Apollo of ours.

Signor Fernelli, the artist, was at home, a dark, courteous little Italian, with a wife and seven small children, and very glad he was to receive Mr. Milbrook's order.

"On ivory, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's dreadfully expensive," thought Harry, with a grimace; "but engaged girls must have their own way, of course."

As he sat waiting for Signor Fernelli to bring out some specimens of his art, to select the most appropriate size and style, he saw through the open door a dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, clear profile of a face that he well knew, Barbara Esmond's face.

"Hello!" ejaculated our hero. "Fernelli, who the duse is that young lady, and how came she here?"

"That young lady, signor, with the brown dress and the long throat, and the head like the goddess Diana?"

"Yes."

"It is the music mistress of Pauline Delatour upstairs; she comes twice of a week, and sings, my word, like a nightingale."

"Who is Pauline Delatour?"

"A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses; but one day she will come out on the stage—she will sing at the opera."

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented.

"Which size did you say sir?"

"I—I don't think I'll make a selection to-day. I will call to-morrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down stairs, greatly to the surprise of Signor Fernelli.

"The duse!" he ejaculated to himself as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling at every other step over the babies who swarmed on the sidewalk, "A music-mistress! Giving lessons in such a hole as that. Upon my word I've come preciously near being taken in and done for! So it's all show and empty pretense that wealth of hers, and she was going to entrap a husband on the strength of it. My stars! it's enough to make the hair stand right straight up on a fellow's head. What a lucky thing it was I saw through the stratagem before I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat, and wiped the chill beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No, you don't, Miss Barbara Esmond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile wreathing his lips. "I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness."

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially opened door, and entered a small room in the story above. A pale young girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat at her sewing by the window. She brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually."

"Not at all kind. I am a genius worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you."

"How shall I ever pay you, Miss Esmond?"

"By cultivating the talent heaven has bestowed upon you. Nay, nay, Pauline, I am but following out a pet whim."

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of heaven's angels could hardly be more generous!"

"Hush, hush, Pauline! Begin your lesson. I never thought, when first I heard you singing at your work and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through the exercise book in less than six months. When you sing at the opera I shall be the first to throw bouquets at your feet."

Pauline looked with a shy brightness at her benefactress. Would that time ever come?

The lesson was longer than usual that day. Pauline and Miss Esmond were both deeply interested, and it was nearly twilight before Barbara emerged from the house, closely veiled, and walked swiftly through the darkening streets.

"There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she sat down to rest a minute or two in the reception-room of her own mansion before she laid off her things.

"A note? Let me see it. When did it come?"

"About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it."

"Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore, and take these wraps upstairs."

A soft rose tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry Milbrook's handwriting. She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its contents; but, as she read, the soft crimson flush died away into pallor.

It was very, very brief, but cruel as a blow.

"MISS ESMOND," it read, commencing shortly and sternly, instead of the "Dearest Barbara" she had expected, "allow me to claim back the troth I have plighted to you. I had supposed when I engaged myself to you that I was about to ally myself to a lady, not to a music mistress in Grove street. It will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never, under any circumstances, forgive the deceit that has been practiced on me. Therefore, I shall take it for granted that all relations are ended between yourself and

"Yours very respectfully,

"H. MILBROOK."

Barbara dropped the insulting letter with a sparkle in her black eyes, a curve to her lip, which were wondrously eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet she ground it down into the deep purple pile with her contemptuous foot.

"The puppy," she muttered between her set teeth; "the miserable poltroon! How could I ever have fancied for a single second that I loved him? Reply to this letter? Of course I shall not reply to it."

And Miss Esmond walked up stairs carrying her head high in the air, far, far beyond the reach of Harry Milbrook's petty spite.

That young man was seated at his breakfast table next morning when Rufus Kenward lounged in.

"Halo, Milbrook! I've just heard a little item about your lady love, Miss Esmond, that is, to my mind, better than all her bonds and mortgages. What do you think? She's giving singing lessons to my wife's little seamstress, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a glorious voice and can't afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toilsome a benefit as that."

Harry Milbrook had sat down his chocolate cup, and was staring with glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat shortly.

"N—nothing!"

"Dyspepsia, eh?"

"No. I tell you I'm well enough." Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations.

"Why didn't I wait? What the mischief was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street toward Barbara's residence.

The boy might not have delivered the note—Barbara might not have read it—there were a thousand "might nots," and he resolved to try his luck, even in a forlorn hope.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked of the old housekeeper, who came to the door.

"Miss Esmond wished me to say specially that she was never at home to Mr. Milrbook any more." was the cold reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting. He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it. And thus Barbara escaped the snares laid for her.—New York Weekly.

A Thrilling Adventure.

Ezra Thomas, a prospector of Shasta County (where he is known as the "Mountain Boy"), had an exciting adventure on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Taylor's Flat. While leisurely walking along the trail with his pick on his shoulder his attention was suddenly called to the fact that something was running along behind him. On turning around he saw a deer coming on the dead run and within a few feet of him. He stepped aside, and, as the deer reached him, he struck it on the head with his pick, the point of which was embedded deep in the deer's forehead. The deer dropped dead. No sooner had he dispatched the deer than his attention was again directed to the trail over which the deer had come, when, to his utter astonishment and alarm, he saw a huge California lion bounding along after the deer. The "Mountain Boy" had barely time to step aside to give the animal the right of way and get his pick in readiness for an attack when the lion came leaping to where he was. He made a lick at the animal's head with the pick, but as the lion was going at such velocity he missed his mark and struck one of the lion's hind legs, breaking it. The lion with a savage growl and snapping its teeth in rage bounded away on three legs and disappeared. The dead deer was brought to the residence of J. D. Hayward, where it served to satisfy the cravings of the inner man.—Weaverville (Cal.) Journal.

Dried Flies From Mexico.

"No matter what it may be, if an article brings a fair price I deal in it," said a commission merchant to a writer in the Waverly Magazine. "My last venture consists of dried flies, just common flies which come from Mexico. People buy them for their singing birds. I sell them retail to the dealers. Flies are plentiful in the tropical valleys and the time of the Mexican Indian is not particularly valuable. When he can no longer sleep in his hut on account of the swarms of flies attracted by the filth which accumulates about his front door, he sometimes is stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet, and sweeter if there is any money in it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the floor of his hut, with some dry twigs under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its fragrant and far-reaching odor. They gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to the twigs on the floor and closes the apertures from the outside. The twigs emit an aromatic smoke which kills the flies and they fall to the floor in thousands. Then the native's wife dries them while he goes to sleep again."

The First Posts.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected posthouses throughout the Kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish posthouses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on posthorses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631, that "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, the King now commands his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days."—Chambers's Journal.

ONLY ONE "WILD TRIBE."

THE SEMINOLES OF FLORIDA ENJOY A PROUD DISTINCTION.

They Have Never Been "Rounded Up" in a Reservation—Brave Occupants of the Everglades.

BY "wild" Indians, says Kirk Monroe in the New York Advertiser, I mean those who have never been subjected to the taming processes of a reservation, and of the quarter of a million aborigines still to be found in the United States the Seminoles, of Florida, alone can lay claim to that distinction. Although to those unacquainted with the situation it may appear strange that the only Indians still roaming at will over a large part of their original territory, and leading to-day, in unrestrained liberty, the life of their fathers, should be found in that portion of the Union first settled by white men, the apparent anamoly is easy of explanation. Florida is the largest, and at the same time the most sparsely settled State east of the Mississippi. The 10,000 square miles of its territory, of which some four hundred Seminoles are almost the only occupants, comprise the vast swamps of the Everglades and the Big Cypress. These are unsurveyed, almost unexplored, and are well nigh inaccessible save in canoes by those familiar with their intricacies. Most of these watery lands come under the head of "swamp and overflowed," and as such belong to the State of Florida. Until recently they have been considered so valueless that no white man has coveted them. This is, of course, the prime reason why the Seminoles have been allowed to retain unmolested possession of them for so long. Then, too, these Indians are the immediate descendants of Osceola and those other desperate fighters who, in defense of their homes waged against the United States the longest, bloodiest and most costly of its many Indian wars.

The Florida Seminole has proved himself worthy of respect and consideration by his bravery as a fighter, his absolute independence, his freedom from many of the vices common to Indians, his industry and his willingness to adopt civilization if allowed to do so gradually and through imitation. Physically he is one of the finest existing specimens of the North American red man—tall, straight and clean-limbed. Following the dictates of an immutable custom, rather than those of comfort, the Seminole wears on his head an immense turban formed of gay 'kerchiefs covering a light frame of rattan. With the exception of a braided scalp lock, which is hidden beneath this turban, all hair is closely cut from his head and none appears on his face. The remainder of his dress consists of a gay red and yellow, beautifully-sewed calico shirt and a breech cloth. Save on occasions, when they are covered with buckskin leggings and moccasins, his legs and feet are bare. He is always armed with the most improved pattern of a rifle, but despises a shotgun and regards a revolver as a toy. He fashions commodious and most excellent canoes from single huge cypress logs, and sails or poles them with dexterity, but neither paddles nor rows. He does not steal nor lie, but, like all his race, he drinks whisky whenever he can obtain it.

His principal occupation is hunting, but in intervals of this he builds his huts of poles and palmetto thatch, overhauls his weapons, nets, traps or canoe, cares for his live stock, principally cattle and hogs, clears land for a field, assists at starch (coontie) making, and does not wholly disdain to work in the fields, or to amuse his children; for these he exhibits a decided fondness, and he is always as indulgent to them as he is kind to his women. He sleeps beneath a canopy of cheese cloth, which protects him from gnat and other insects, is well fed, is rarely ill, and appears thoroughly contented with his lot, though oppressed with an ever-present anxiety concerning the encroachments of his white neighbors.

The Seminole dead are buried, together with weapons, cooking utensils and such other things as they may need in the Seminole hunting grounds to which they have journeyed; and above their graves are built solid tombs of logs.

The women of this interesting tribe are of medium height, plump, cheerful in disposition, and often good looking. Their jet black hair is banged across the forehead, and twisted into a Psyche-knot behind. Their good-natured faces always suggest a suppressed mirth, and when they are at home the forest encampments ring with their laughter. They dress in a long sleeved, calico jacket, and a full skirt so long that it conceals their bare feet. About their necks they wear heavy collars of blue, green and white glass beads and across their bodies are strung many silver coins, thus indicating the wealth of their husbands. These women are very industrious, rarely spend an idle moment and are consequently happy. They are good cooks and skilled in the use of the needle. Some of them have even attained to the luxury of sewing machines, of which they are immensely proud, and the mysteries of which they quickly comprehend. They keep them in order by the use of alligator oil, which is unexcelled as a lubricant for fine machinery.

The Florida Seminole lives well and is never subject to those periods of semi-starvation that are of such frequent occurrence among his northern brethren. For meats he has venison, bear, coon, possum, pork, terrapin, turtles, gophers and sometimes beef. His larder is well supplied with chickens, wild turkeys, quail, ducks and many other fowl. In their season he procures quantities of turtle eggs from the sea beaches, and an inexhaustible supply of fish is to be had for the spearing. He raises sweet potatoes, squashes, melons, beans, corn and sugar cane, and has scattered groves of guavas, oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, pawpaws and various other fruits. He exchanges plums, alligator hides, deer skins and starch for flour, coffee, sugar, tobacco and many another thing of civilization, but limits his intercourse with the white to the necessities of trade, avoiding them as much as possible on all other occasions.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Americans eat asparagus hot; the French have it cold.

Very few rubies and red sapphires exceed five karats in weight.

A woman at Spring Hill, Mo., has just baked a loaf of bread from yeast thirty years old.

It is said that policemen in citizens' clothes are recognized by their shoes by New York sharpers.

The finest existing ancient picture is a mosaic, the "Battle of Issus," found in a pavement at Pompeii.

A porcupine fish, having thorns instead of scales, was caught a few days ago in St. Andrew's Bay, Florida.

New Ilium or Troy had a State bank in the Second Century, B. C. that borrowed money for the State and paid ten per cent.

A man of Granger, Mo., 103 years old, has a skull patched in two places with silver plates, as the result of a runaway years ago.

A catfish that weighed twenty-five pounds and satisfied the appetites of twenty-two hungry fishermen was caught near North Elkton, Ky., recently.

The Stonehenge monument consisted when entire of two circles and two ovals, the outer circle being composed of sixty stones, each from thirteen to twenty feet in height.

The common apple tree is a native of Europe and almost naturalized here. The Romans had twenty-two varieties according to Pliny. Probably nearly 1000 varieties are cultivated in the United States.

The temple of Ypsambul in Nubia is cut from a solid rock, and its entrance is guarded by four statues, each sixty-five feet high, twenty-five feet across the shoulders, the face seven feet long, the ears over three feet.

All over Europe it is the custom to give the waiter a gratuity amounting to one-twentieth of the bill that he presents. He gets a five-cent tip for a one dollar meal. A small but fixed gratuity secures the best of service. The European waiter is not paid by the landlord. He often pays for his place.

On the ninth day of the first month every Egyptian was obliged to eat a fried fish before the door of his house, except the priests, who burned instead of eating the fish. The revenues rising from the fisheries of Lake Moeris were given to the Queen of Egypt for pin money and are stated to have amounted to something like $400,000 annually.

The Columbian stamps are really steel engravings and form the third special issue of stamps in the country. The first of these was a fifteen-cent stamp representing the landing of Columbus, which was issued in 1869, and the second commemorated the 1876 centennial by a souvenir envelope, with a shield-shaped three-cent stamp in the corner, having at the top the figures 1776 and at the bottom 1876.

There is a three-toed rhinoceros, believed to be hundreds of thousands of years old, in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. The relic, according to palæontologists who have read its history, is the only one of his herd who escaped mutilation by the crocodiles and alligators of his time, when he was deposited after death in a lake which existed in South Dakota, near what is now the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.

China's Chain of Forts.

The feeling which prompted the Chinese Government twenty centuries ago to build a wall across Northern China 3000 miles in length seems to be not yet extinct. China just now deems it necessary to have a chain of forts all along her seacoasts and up the Yangtz, and the Province of Shantung must have her share of this protection. Therefore, there is to be a naval station at Chiao Chou, south of the Shantung promontory, another to the east and a third at Cheefoo itself. During the past year Krupp guns—nine of them, according to Clement Allen's information—have been ordered for the two forts which are in progress of construction, one on the point commanding the south entrance of Chefoo Harbor, and another on the hill to the westward. Brig. Sun Chin-piao, the General in command, is stated to have set his men to work to make roads round about the forts and a trunk military road to go to Wei Hai Wei.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Heir of the Montezumas.

The Two Republics says that a few days ago there was presented for registration at the office of the civil registrar of the City of Mexico an infant called Roberto Luis Cuauthemec Horcasitas y Abadiano, who is a direct descendent in the thirteenth generation of the Emperor Montezuma II. Its parents receive an annual pension from the Government as the heirs of Montezuma, according to the contract under which the Spanish Government took possession of the estates of the Montezumas in 1521. At the death of the parents the pension will descend to this child. By the paternal line, this infant is descended also from the Horcesitas family, of Spain, which gave Mexico one of its most illustrious viceroys.—Picayune.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PROPER WAY TO COOK POTATOES.

The Irish have a very particular way of cooking potatoes. They never boil them. A large pot is always on the fire, a steady, slow fire, and on every occasion when the contents come to the very verge of boiling, cold water is dashed in and the operation is, in Irish phraseology, "backed." The process is continually repeated till the potatoes are cooked. You get by this means an admirable potato.—New York World.

TO BANISH DUST.

At least every fortnight walls and cornices, the tops of windows and doors should have their entire surfaces gone over with a clean broom encased in a bag of cotton flannel. Pinning a cloth about the broom is an unsatisfactory makeshift, besides which the fuzzy nap of the cloth catches and retains the dust better than old muslin, and does not force it to fly about the room only to settle somewhere else, as is the case when the work is done with a feather duster.

Don't let your love of the beautiful tempt you to the use of colored flannel, because you want to see when it is dirty in order to send it to the wash. Three of these bags will not be too many, as a broom covered with one is the best means for removing the dust each morning from polished or stained floors.

REMEMBER TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE:

That the same flavor will not suit every taste.

That equal parts of Mocha, Java and Rio will be relished by a good many people.

That every one can be suited to a nicety by properly blending two or more kinds.

That the enjoyment of a beverage and slavish devotion thereto are quite different things.

That a mild coffee can be made dangerously strong and still retain the mildness of flavor.

That the flavor is improved if the liquid is turned from the dregs as soon as the proper strength has been obtained.

That a good coffee will always command a fair price, but that all high-priced coffees are not necessarily of high quality.

That where the percolation method is used the coffee should be ground very fine or the strength will not be extracted.

That if the ground coffee is put into the water and boiled it should be rather coarse, otherwise it will invariably be muddy.

That in serving the cups and cream should be warm: the cream should be put in the cup before the coffee is poured in, but it is immaterial when the sugar is added.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOW TO IRON DRESS SKIRTS.

To iron a skirt properly is in the nature of high art—all the more if it has tucks or ruffles. Whatever the trimming attend to it first, unless it is ruffles that are to go through the fluting machine.

For a ruffle spread as much of it singly on your table as its depth allows and press very smooth with an iron just below scorching heat. Go over the whole length of it, then fling it back and iron in the same piecemeal fashion the strip of skirt it covers. Now slip the skirt over your ironing board, spread it smooth, take an iron of the same heat, and go over and over it until it is dry.

When you come to the gathers hold the belt from you with the left hand, while the right guides the iron straight up among them. Slip a fresh space on top the board, iron it and keep on until all is smooth.

Where a skirt is untrimmed iron it on the wrong side.

Never iron anything of shape, that is with the threads pulled out of their proper angle. In the ironing of waist, collars and so on this is an especially golden rule, always hold the warp threads straight with your free hand while the iron passes over them.

In ironing tucks let the iron come always first upon the line of sewing, as it is the tendency of stitches to draw. Press firmly downward to the free edge, holding the stuff taut before the iron. Perfection in this branch comes only of knack and practice, and is among the very few things that are easier done than said.—Atlanta Constitution.

RECIPES.

Cinnamon Cookies—One egg, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful lard, one spoonful each of soda, vinegar and cinnamon. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Jenny Linds—One egg, one and one-half teacupfuls of milk, one-half teacupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two and one-half teacupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix quickly together and pour in well greased gem pans and bake.

To Cook Asparagus—Wash and cut the tender stalks into pieces two inches long and cover them with boiling salted water. When tender, add a cup of rich milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of white pepper; let it boil up once. Have slices of buttered toast in a deep dish, pour the asparagus over and serve.

Fruit Pudding—A very nice way to utilize cake crumbs is in making fruit pudding, as follows: Sort and chop very fine a half-pound of nice figs and mix them with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar and two well beaten eggs. Add a cupful of sweet milk and one-quarter of a cupful of cake crumbs. Mix all this thoroughly and boil in a pudding mould three hours. Serve with a lemon sauce.