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Almost seventy-five per cent. of the men manning the British mercantile marine are foreigners.

Mark Twain asserts that there are less than fifty original jokes in existence, all the others being simply modifications of these. There are only seven notes of music, but we get a great variety of harmony out of them.

Our trade with Japan is falling off. In 1891 38.25 per cent. of the goods exported by that country came to the United States; but in 1893 only 31.49 per cent. In 1891 10.87 per cent. of all the goods bought by Japan came from this country; but in 1893 only 6.91 per cent.

United States Consul Penfield, at Cairo, says that Egypt is aggressively comparing in a small way with us, not only in Europe, but at home, in supplying raw cotton, and the consumption of Egyptian cotton by New England spinners has grown from nothing, ten years ago, to more than 69,000 bales, and valued at \$3,000,000.

Within a few months Pekin will be united by wire with St. Petersburg, and, in consequence, with the telegraph system of the entire civilized world. According to the latest issue of the Turkestan Gazette, the telegraph line from Pekin has been brought as far west as the city of Kashgar. The European end of the line is at Osh, and a small stretch of about 140 miles now alone breaks the direct telegraphic communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Secretary of the Interior has given up the experiments which the Government has been making for some years past to induce rain over arid tracts. The railroad companies operating in New Mexico and Arizona will, however, continue experiments along this line. Getting blood out of a turnip would not be a difficult operation if the plebeian vegetable contained blood, and so artificial methods might precipitate moisture in the form of rain if there were any in the atmosphere, but there are places where the air is as moistureless as a live fish in a lime basket, and neither powder nor dynamite can shake out of it what it does not hold.

The exhibition epidemic is raging the world over. Not only have all the capitals of Europe some kind of an international show running this year, but very many of the smaller cities have an exhibition on their hands. The United Exhibitions at Milan were opened on May 6. They comprise ten exhibitions, of fine arts, oils, wines, and other specialties. An International Sanitary and Health Exhibition is to be held in Boulogne from July to September next. An International Exhibition opens in Bucharest on August 26 and closes November 12. And now Tasmania comes forward with an invitation to the world to participate in an International Exhibition at Hobart on November 15 next.

The balance sheet of the Suez Canal just issued cannot fail in the opinion of the New York Tribune to be most satisfactory to the English nation, which, thanks to the foresight of Lord Beaconsfield, secured a controlling voice in the management of the property. The aggregate of nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping that have passed through the canal during the fiscal year that has just closed exceeds even the most sanguine estimates of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and in view of the fact that the vast majority of the vessels passing through the canal were of English register, there being nearly 3000 British ships as compared with 170 French, the British directors have done the right and graceful thing in moving for and securing a vote making adequate and generous provision for the wife and family of the now moribund and completely ruined originator of this magnificent enterprise, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

THE CLOVER.

Some thing of the lily and daisy and I rose, And the pinks and pinkies that the summer time throws In the green, grassy lap of the meadow that lays.

Blinded up at the skies, through the sun-shiny days; But what is the lily and all of the rest Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast, That has slipped, brimmin' full of the honey and dew, Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood knew?

I never set heavy on a clover field now, Or fool round a stable or climb in a mow. But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain

As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again; And I wander away, in a barefooted dream, Where I tangled my toes in the blossoms that gleam

With the dew of the dawn of the morning of joy, Ere it went o'er the graves that I'm weeping above.

And so I love clover. It seems like a part Of the sweetest sorrows and joys of my heart; And whenever it blossoms, oh! there let me bow,

And thank the good Lord as I'm thankin' Him now, And pray to Him still for the strength, when I die,

To be out in the clover and tell it good-by, And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom, While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

MONTE BOB.

BY GODFREY QUARLES.



OBERT HARRIS was his right name, but in honor of his calling we all called him "Monte Bob." I will remember his advent among the citizens of Lone Horse Gulch. It was in '57, just after a rich find had made the heretofore isolated and lonely gulch famous in a day, and caused the eager gold-seekers to pour in from all quarters. He was at that time very young. His fresh, boyish face had apparently never made the acquaintance of a razor. His blue eyes were round and laughing, and his mass of jet black hair, fine and soft as silk, would have been an enviable source of beauty to any woman. His figure was slight and youthful, and strongly suggestive of the truant school boy.

A single day served to make the newcomer a citizen of Lone Horse Gulch, and soon after his arrival "The Kid," as he was called, on account of his boyish ways, his soft white hands and apparent inability to work, was known to the whole camp. Every one liked him; but when one night he won five thousand from one of Frisco's most noted sporting men, and pocketed the money with careless indifference, his reputation was made; pity was changed to admiration; Lone Horse Gulch was enthusiastic, and its citizens to a man went in doing honor to the new found hero. From that day forth he became a leading citizen, and the faro bank which he soon after set up was well patronized.

Like many others, "Monte Bob" was very reticent in regard to his past history. He was frequently the recipient of letters bearing an Eastern postmark. Some were directed in the weak, nervous hand peculiar to women of advancing years; the rest in the round, graceful hand of a school girl. But it was a noticeable fact, touched for by the postmaster, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, that "Monte Bob," though he always read them carefully, very seldom replied to the letters received. But, as the postmaster had been a heavy loser at Bob's faro bank, these statements in regard to his neglect of his private correspondence were received with a marked grain of allowance. On the other hand, the agent of the Wells, Fargo & Company express line, a gentleman of equal standing in the community, asserted that "Monte Bob" often sent large sums of money to a certain Mrs. John Harris in the East. This statement was made before a crowd of citizens at the Evreka saloon, where the testimony of the postmaster in regard to the domestic affairs of "a well-known business man" were undergoing careful examination. The trusted agent of the great express company was a warm admirer of the youthful gambler, and always concluded this evidence of his hero's redeeming qualities by saying: "And you may bet yer boots, he sends that far money to his old mother back in the States; and ten to one he is the only galoot in this yer camp that does do it."

And a large majority of the camp acquiesced in this opinion. At an early period "Monte Bob" showed that he was a public minded citizen and deeply interested in the welfare of Lone Horse Gulch. When it was determined that the spiritual welfare of the town was sadly neglected and that a place of public worship was one of the prime needs, he was the first to head the building subscription with a handsome sum; and when the young preacher fell sick of fever and after a long sickness died, "Monte Bob" took upon himself the task of seeing that he was decently buried and that all the debts incurred by his sickness were paid. Then in a quiet way he furnished the weak, frail widow means with which she reached her friends in the East.

And, again, when the dread scourge, smallpox, broke out in the camp and scores of strong men sickened and died, unmindful of danger, "Monte Bob" put to shame those who had fled in fear, by closing his bank and nursing those around him as tenderly and carefully as any woman. When the scourge died away and those who had fled came back, he returned once more to his fascinating calling and was never heard to mention the good work he had done.

Like many other mining towns, in two short years Lone Horse Gulch saw its inception, its glory and its decay. One by one the bars petered out. The dissatisfied miners were forced to seek newer and more paying fields of labor, and I lost sight of "Monte Bob." Five years had passed and I was laboring on one of the well known Sacramento dailies as city editor. In the hurry and rush of daily journalism the old life at Lone Horse Gulch had long since become a thing of the past, when suddenly several things occurred to bring it back, fresh and vivid to mind; for going to my duties at an early hour one morning, I chanced to overtake my old friend, "Monte Bob." The light of time had left its shadow upon him, and he was changed. A heavy mustache covered the smooth lip. The rakish high hat had been discarded, the shiny suit of broad cloth had been supplemented by a plain business suit, and the dazzling diamond had disappeared. He was taller, his shoulders broader and his step firmer than when last we met. The dashing, reckless gambler of five years before was gone, and his place had been taken by a quiet, earnest man. He knew me, and by the hearty, cordial pressure of his hand, I knew was glad to meet me. He talked freely of the old life at the Gulch, and of those who had been our companions there. We chatted for a few moments and then I left him at the door of a well-known business house with an invitation to come and see me. That very afternoon I learned from another old citizen of the Gulch that he had long since abandoned the life of a gambler, and was now and had been for two years working as a bookkeeper. And let me say that my informant was none other than "Monte Bob's" warm friend, the old-time express agent at the Gulch. I also had it from that gentleman, that a larger portion of the young man's wages was regular sent to his mother and sister in the East.

Contrary to my expectation, Bob availed himself of the invitation I had extended to him, and soon after spent an evening with me in my cosy bachelor apartment. I found him an intelligent and pleasant companion. Besides reading much he had been a shrewd observer of men; and in the flow of conversation the evening slipped away before we were aware of it. When he arose to go it had been arranged that he should spend an evening of every week with me. In the months that followed our acquaintance ripened into friendship; for friends we became confidants, and ere long I knew the history of his past life.

His father had died when he was a mere boy, leaving him to the care of an uncle. Until twenty his life was passed at his uncle's house and at school. Lacking the kind, watchful care of a father and deprived by circumstances of the loving thoughtfulness of a mother, he had been led astray by the influences which surround the youth of a great city. In the course of time he became heavily indebted to a gambler, and fearing exposure, he had forged his uncle's check to the amount of several hundred dollars, hoping to replace the money ere his uncle should learn what he had done. This he failed to do, and when his crime became known, he was forced to flee the country to save himself from a felon's cell. By his mother he was given money to aid him in his flight, and had come to California. Made reckless and desperate, he had first adopted the gambling table as a means of support, and with what success I well knew. The money given him by his mother and that taken from his uncle had been promptly returned. He had also paid for the education of his young sister and enabled his mother, who has lost most of her property, to live in comfort. Her love had always followed him, and through her entreaties and the promptings of his own better self he had given up the game and abandoned the gaming table.

He was working hard; had won the confidence of his employers; was receiving a fair salary; and by frugal living was constantly saving money. Two years had passed since we had become fast friends, and Bob was now the confidential clerk of his firm, and the prospect of his becoming a partner was not far distant. There remained nothing for him to do but to bring his loved ones to California and make them make their home. This he determined to do, and when his sister wrote him that his mother's health was failing and that she had but a few years to live, he redoubled his exertions, hoping that the pure air and sunny skies of California would win back the health of the invalid. His salary had been increased and he was self-sacrificing in his efforts to save; but, notwithstanding these facts, months, perhaps a year, would have to pass before he could have his dear ones with him.

But in the meantime fickle fortune was preparing to do in a few days what the hard work of years could not have accomplished. My friend and I both held stock in the "Tuolumne Mining Company," whose veins of ore had long since played out and been abandoned as worthless. The stock was not even worth the paper on which it was printed, and the world had forgotten that such a company had ever existed.

But the original proprietor of the company was one of a class of men to whom many a wealthy man of to-day owes his sudden rise to riches and affluence. He had energy and perseverance and unbounded faith in the possibilities of his claim, and kept working away long after his fellow stockholders, having wasted their money, had given up in disgust. At last the labor of years had been rewarded, and he had struck a vein of ore so rich in quality and capacity that the stock which had long been valueless leaped at once to par and began steadily climbing. The papers were filled with accounts of the rich find, and the Stock Exchange was crowded with eager, excited men, anxious to buy the long-neglected stocks. Daily we eagerly scanned the reports and noted the rapid rise of Tuolumne Mining Company's stock. At last when it paused and stood still at seventy-five above par we sold and found ourselves each seventy-five thousand dollars richer than we had been one month before. Bob seemed but little elated by his sudden rise to wealth and only thought of the happiness it would bring to those whom he loved. The modest little cottage which he had rented was given up and a handsome mansion purchased and fitted up with the utmost care. Then he wrote for his mother and sister to join him. A month later they came, and no happier group could have been found in all the West than the four who sat down together on the night of their arrival.

Many years have flown since the "Tuolumne Mining Company" made its president and stockholders rich in a single day. Loving care and most skillful medical aid could not win back the health of the good old mother and she long since passed to her home above. Robert Harris is a man well known in the business circles of Sacramento. His hair is now gray, and pretty, bright-eyed children climb upon his knee and call him "papa." The friendship began in Lone Horse Gulch so many years ago has not diminished, but has grown stronger with the flight of years; for the lady who sits opposite to me while I write and whom I call wife, is "Monte Bob's" sister.

Birds at the Pole.

In the countries bordering on the Polar seas, where the changing seasons bring alternately the two extremes of dearth and plenty, birds are more numerous in the short summer than anywhere else all the world over, and in winter absent altogether. All are emigrants tere by force of circumstances. In like manner the birds of temperate climates are affected by the seasonal changes, though in a less degree, through the influence of cold and heat upon their food supplies rather than by effect of cold upon their well-protected bodies. A coat of mail is not to be compared to a coat of feathers for safety, so far as a bird's life is concerned. Layer upon layer of feathers can withstand any amount of water or any degree of cold; in proof of this see how the delicate waterfowl, when wintering in comparatively mild weather, go back to the ice floes of the Polar Sea and lay their eggs on the ice. For two or three weeks the tender breast of the sea swallow is pressed against a cold block of ice. Again, as another example of the influence of food rather than climate in governing bird action, take the colony of bees described. The bee-eater is a Mediterranean bird common on the southern shores of Spain and Italy, in the Grecian Islands, Sicily and Malta, and on the northern shores of Africa. Formerly it was quite unknown in the British Isles, but some years ago a large orchard of fig trees was planted near Brighton, and the bee-eaters have discovered the fact and come over to share the spoil. Doubtless the nightingales told them the story of English figs and showed them the way over. Be this as it may, the little birds from the warm shores of the Mediterranean bid fair to become established as naturalized British subjects. —Littell's Living Age.

Goatskins or Sealskins.

It is said that sealskins are going out of fashion, and perhaps the United States are going to a great deal of unnecessary trouble and expense in guarding the preserves of the sealskin monopoly in Bering Sea. Certain it is that last winter a great many of the fashionables of Europe, who formerly never appeared out of doors in cool weather unless arrayed in sealskins, appeared in other furs, notably the skins of the thibetan goat, which is a very handsome fur. It is hinted that the parsimony of the North American Commercial Company is largely to blame for this fact. While the Alaska Commercial Company controlled the output of Bering Sea, it was accustomed, it is said, to make its wares popular by making sure that the royalties of Europe, the opera queens and other people, who set the fashions, had sealskin saques and overcoats of the finest skins and latest cut, and all for nothing. The past year, under the present management, the free list was entirely suspended, and it is asserted that not a single complimentary jacket was received at the Court of St. James. Ladies of fashion waited in vain for their customary tip, and in revenge for the neglect proceeded to array themselves in goat and other furs. It seems rather hard to have to give expensive furs to the people who are best able to pay for them. But it is the way, the world over. Those best able to pay are the ones that do not have to. —New Orleans Picayune.

The Mining Regions of California.

The mining regions of California cover a belt of country about 220 miles long by from forty to 100 wide.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

He and She—Her Own—Hot Weather Regimen—The Point of View—A Usual, Etc., Etc.

He sits by the window, under the shade Of the rose with honeysuckle entwined. When the falling shapes on the esplanade With a delicate tracing of gold are lined.

The sun sinks down in the gilded west, Lighting his face with its parting beams, While a calm, sweet measure of perfect rest Illumes the joy of his passing dreams.

He sits and dreams—why should he not? For the last dread care of the day hath fled— And out in the grim of the old back let His wife be wedding the onion bed. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER OWN. "Was she self-professed when you proposed to her?" "Yes, and er—she is yet."—Truth.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. Mrs. Householder—"The iceman didn't call this morning!" Cook—"Yes, ma'am, he did. There is a puddle on the doorstep."—Truth.

PRACTICAL. Mrs. Higbee—"We women have organized a society to reduce rents." Higbee—"I am glad to hear it. You can begin on Johnny's trousers."—Truth.

HOT WEATHER REGIMEN. "What do you do on a day like this to keep cool?" "Not a thing. Whenever I do anything I become overheated."—Chicago Record.

WILLING TO LET IT REST. Lawyer—"The jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case." Prisoner—"Well, tell the court that they needn't open it on my account."—Judge.

THE POINT OF VIEW. Mrs. Liverland—"Don't you think these round steaks are as good to buy as porterhouse?" Mr. Feeder—"Possibly; but not to eat."—Puck.

AS USUAL. Softleigh—"Don't you think that Miss Cautious is very sarcastic?" Gruffleigh—"I believe that is her friends' polite paraphrasing for her impertinence."—Truth.

BEYOND HIS SKILL. Waiter (yelling down the kitchen tub)—"Hey, Alphonse! make that chop a steak." Alphonse—"Sacre! Vat you t'ink? I'm a chef; not a magician!"—Puck.

HIS WAR-PATH TRAINING. Gradd—"I hear you have a full-blooded Indian in Class '96. How does he do?" Softmore (enthusiastically)—"Do? He's out of sight! You just ought to hear him give the class cry!"—Puck.

A FLAT FAILURE. Johnson has invented a new hair-pin. "I know it; but I don't believe it will be a success." "Why not?" "Because you can't unlock a trunk with it."—Judge.

WILD WIND AND TAME. Small Boy—"Pop, this book I'm readin' says something about the 'wild wind'; what's a tame wind?" Father—"The blowing that never seems to stop, in the halls of national legislation, my son."—Detroit Free Press.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. Little Johnnie (at the Metropolitan Museum)—"Whose name is that on the picture, dad, in the big letters?" Brown—"That's the rich fellow who presented it. The poor man who painted the picture has his name in the small letters."—Truth.

NEVER TOUCHED HER. Mrs. Bickford (who has secreted several pills in the marmalade)—"Now, let mama's little girl run here, and she shall have some jelly." A moment later little Ethel cried triumphantly: "Here, mama, is the seeds! Wasn't I a good girl not to swallow them?"—Puck.

RUTHLESS. "That's a well-developed industry," suddenly remarked the man who tries to be smart. "To what do you refer?" inquired the unwary acquaintance. "To the traffic in petroleum." And that is how he came to lose his last friend.—Washington Star.

HE CITED AN EXAMPLE. "I tell you," said the scowling Socialist, "that wealth is not distributed equitably." "I quite agree with you," replied Mr. Scadds. "I have only about two hundred and fifty thousand, myself, while I know a dozen men who have more than a million apiece."—Puck.

GROUND FOR DISBELIEF. Mrs. Mullins (reading the newspaper)—"A Philadelphian man rejoices in the name of Medevny Garczynskiegio." Mr. Mullins—"I don't believe it." "You don't believe that is his right name?" "No, I don't believe he rejoices in it."—Life.

A DIFFICULT TASK. Tramp—"You has purty easy times

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

COLD BEEF SALAD.

A very appetizing way of using up cold roast beef is to chop it fine with lettuce leaves, adding a mayonnaise dressing, or, if that is not liked, a simple dressing of mustard, yoke of hard boiled egg, a little melted butter and enough vinegar to bind the salad together. Serve on lettuce leaves.

PEACH TAPIOCA.

One cup of tapioca, one quart of raspberries, sugar to taste. Wash the tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and soak overnight. In the morning put it on the fire with one pint of boiling water, simmer slowly until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Stone the peaches, stir them into the boiling tapioca, sweeten to taste. Take from the fire, turn into the dish in which they are to be served and stand away to cool. Serve very cold, with sugar and cream.

BERRY PUDDING.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of salt and one pint of cherries, stoned. Beat the eggs thoroughly and add to them the milk, then turn a part of it upon the flour and beat to a smooth batter. Add the remainder of the milk and eggs, and the salt. Stir in the fruit and pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish. Bake half an hour and serve hot with a sauce made of one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, the whites of two eggs and a fourth of a cupful of hot water. Beat together the butter and sugar and add the whites of the eggs, one by one, without beating. When smooth add the water a little at a time; place the bowl in a basin of hot water and stir till smooth and frothy.—New York Journal.

THE CAULIFLOWER.

Every one does not know how to properly boil cauliflower. It is commonly overboiled and imperfectly drained, which gives it a dishwatery flavor nature never intended it to have. The safest plan is to tie it in a piece of coarse tarlatan and lay it, flower uppermost, in plenty of boiling water, a tablespoonful of salt to two quarts of water. The latter must be boiling very rapidly when the cauliflower goes in; cover until boiling recommences and then remove the cover and keep it boiling fast until tender. If the same rule be observed without filling the house with the usual vulgar odor which deters many people from enjoying a really excellent vegetable.

Hot Milk Cure.

Those who are afflicted with skin eruptions, especially with the red blotches and hard little lumps known as eczema, will find relief by persevering in the following simple and inexpensive cure: Do not bathe the affected parts in water; this aggravates cutaneous affections. Each night, before retiring, heat about a pint of fresh sweet milk. Do not let it boil, but let it rise just to the boiling point. Boiled milk loses its healing virtue. Then, with an old linen handkerchief, sop the hot fluid generously on the affected parts. Do not wipe the milk off, but let it dry into the skin.

In the morning, bathe the skin in a little hot milk, or in a dilution of listerine in hot water, in the proportion of two parts of water to one of listerine. Eat no constipating food. Avoid especially new fine bread, sugar, pastry and all starchy foods. Fruit, lettuce and radishes may be taken with good result. Be careful not to worry. Woriment is often the direct cause of eczema. Exercise activity in the open air, but do not heat the system. If you will follow these few simple rules, and will persist in the application of the hot milk each night before retiring, the red spots will soon fade away, and the hard lumps will gradually soften and disappear. Sometimes the disease is obstinate, and will not yield at once to the treatment. But persevere steadily under all discouragement—you will in the end be rewarded by a complete cure. Cases of acute eczema, that for years have baffled the most patient efforts of skin specialists, have yielded to this treatment within six months. Hot milk is beneficial also to a healthy skin. It preserves its softness and clearness, and seems to act as an invigorating tonic.—Home and Farm.

An Electric Log.

In 1878, Admiral Fleurias, of the French navy, brought out an electric log, which was tried on the Magicienne, says the Liverpool Journal of Commerce. It may be described as a small water mill, with a wheel consisting of cross arms, tipped with cups like the anemometer of Robinson. There were two sets of four cups mounted on the ends of the same axle, and as they revolved in the water while the ship moved, a contact on the axle interrupted an electric current flowing through a wire between the ship and the log, and sounded a telephone. The note given out by the telephone was a measure of the number of revolutions per minute of the log, and the speed of the ship. At high speed, however, the ear was not quick at recognizing the note, and Admiral Fleurias has substituted for the telephone an electric bell, which is struck every twenty-four revolutions of the mill wheel or vanes. By timing the intervals between two strokes of the bell the speed of the ship is obtained. The apparatus has been tried on board the Ocean and other men-of-war, and recently adopted by the Minister of Marine.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will take out grease spots. Banana peel will clean tan shoes as well as regular dressing.

Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound. Moths dislike newspapers as much as the prepared rat paper.

A very fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink. Wood ashes very finely sifted are good for scouring knives and tinware.

All rugs when shaken should be handled by the middle and not the ends. Cauliflower used for pickles should be prepared by first boiling the vegetable.

When ironing, a woman should sit instead of stand, and work in a cool room. A teaspoonful of powdered betax added to cold starch will tend to give linen extra stiffness.

Rain water and white castile soap in lukewarm suds is the best mixture in which to wash embroideries. Single beds are now not only fashionable, but hygienic. Double beds have little sale with wholesale dealers.

Articles of old furniture are sometimes made to appear new by washing them with lime water and then applying a coat of oil. Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient maulage to keep in the house.

If feathers have become damp, hold them to dry over a gentle heat, shaking and waving until dry, and you will save the expense or trouble of recurring.

Blankets and counterpanes should not be included in the general washing. To give these articles the care they require a special day should be set aside for them. Ink stains may be removed from colored table covers by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teaspoonful of boiling water and rubbing the stained part well with the solution.

In putting down carpets spread newspapers over the floor, then put clean straw evenly over the paper and put the carpet down. The carpet will last longer with this lining than any other. The dust will sift through on to the papers.