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At Washington, alleges the Detroit Free Press, there is a list of all the known Anarchists in the world, and their place of residence when last heard from. The French Government has a similar list.

The Southern States are said to contain at least 70,000,000 acres of waste land which might be devoted to the production of rice. This would increase the present annual crop of 237,000,000 pounds to 70,000,000,000 pounds.

Judge Colt, of the United States Court of Boston, has denied the application of Shebaxto Saito, a Jap, for naturalization papers. He holds that Japanese, as well as Chinese, are excluded by the expression, "white men," in the Chinese exclusion act.

It is proposed to establish an international marriage bureau, with headquarters in Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of regulating marriages between natives of different countries and so doing away with the anomalies and cruelties which at present too often result from marriages between aliens.

There is a dearth of good poetry in these times, according to the poetical editor of a New York magazine. He says that the demand for it has for a good while been greater than the supply, and he believes that the producers of it have been discouraged by the newspapers. For years past a number of papers have often taken occasion to sneer at a great deal of the poetry thrown on the market, and the younger poets especially have felt disheartened under the slighting remarks of writers who were unable to appreciate their verse. It is evident that these poets are determined to withhold their products from the public until such time as they can have a reasonable assurance of better treatment. The older poets are hardened against abuse, but they cannot turn out poetry every day.

Alaska has been a part of the United States since 1867, and of late has been rapidly growing in commercial importance, enforcing the need of the statutes and the enactment of a systematic code for the regulation of its concerns. It is as large as England, Ireland, France and Spain put together, containing 585,000 square miles, so that it is no pocket borough or Northwestern Rhode Island which is to be legislated for, but a spacious and stretching territory likely in time to become of the first commercial and other importance. Its fisheries stand in the first rank, its production of gold increases year by year, and may some time be as abundant as that of California or Middle Africa, and it possesses many other productive capabilities likely to be rapidly developed. Immigration there shows a steady increasing volume, as do its tables of export and import, and altogether it is entitled to the most serious and attentive legislative consideration.

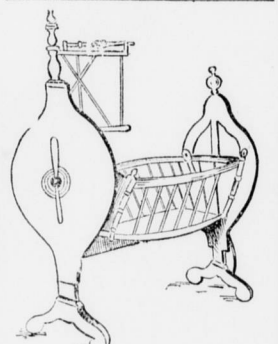
The statement that advices have been received at Copenhagen, by way of Greenland, that the two young Swedish botanists, Bjorling and Kallstenius, had started for Labrador in a small open boat will revive interest in these hardy explorers, thinks the New York Press. Bjorling and Kallstenius, with five assistants, set out two years ago on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions. Their hazardous expedition awakened much attention at that time from the fact that the young men defrayed the expenses of the journey out of their own limited resources and were actuated purely by enthusiasm for scientific research. Nothing had been heard from them for a long time, although repeated efforts had been made to find traces of them, and it had begun to be feared that they had suffered the fate of so many others who have braved the perils of the polar zone. Many besides relatives and friends will hope that the brave Swedish explorers will yet be restored to their homes.

BABIES YELL AT THEM

SOME RIDICULOUS INVENTIONS FOR THEIR COMFORT.

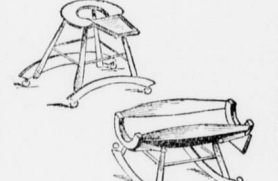
Combined Cradle and Walker That Worked with a Spring—A Gaudy Jumper Designed to Imitate Trotting on Mother's Knees—Whirligig Creeper.

Many Have Been Patented. From the baby's point of view the inventor is a mighty mean man and anything but a benefactor to the human race. The numerous double, back-action, spring-lock contrivances piled up in the dingy corners of the Patent Office, every one of which it was intended should be palmed off



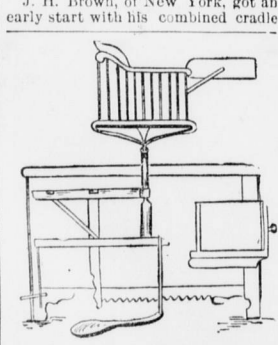
upon the infant as a substitute for a mother's arms, has prejudiced him against the man with an idea to exchange for an annuity, and he wants none of him or his. A baby wants no pillow, flimsy canopy and muslin attachment. For him the good, old-fashioned way is best, and when one of the crazy combinations is tried on him it is no wonder he kicks the air with a pair of chubby little feet and yells the roof off the house. Jumpers, walkers, tenders, creepers, cradles, and several too complicated to belong to any special class are just a few of those things which have

looked affairs that worked with a treadle and might have been constructed from the remains of a dilapidated feed-cutter, for all the beauty and symmetry it combined, but he got a patent on it. Any self-respecting infant would raise the whole neighborhood if such a thing were wheeled into his presence, says the Chicago Tribune, and the irate father would probably hunt for the inventor with a large double-barreled gun, so it is just as well, or better, for his tender was exceedingly limited.

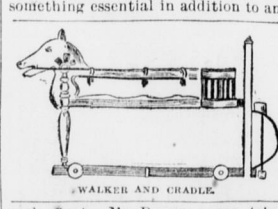


combined to make the baby's life a sore trial.

The first American production, really the genesis of the cradle, was never patented, though it was used extensively in some portions of the country. This was the sugar trough, made and used at a time when the sturdy father was literally hewing a home out of the forest. A length of the maple tree, split in the center, stripped of its bark and hollowed out—that was all there was to it, but, crude as it was, it served the purpose and allowed the mother to attend to other duties in this busy time of home-making. In spare moments, the father constructed a more elaborate affair, box-shaped and fitted with roughly fashioned rockers, and then the trough was relegated to its former service of holding the sweet sap from the sugar tree. At this stage the inventor got a firm hold on the idea, and it was no time at all until there were enough articles in this line to make two generations of babies miserable.



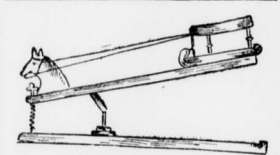
As a usual thing when inventors find a clear field they tax their twenty-candle power ideas to covering the entire ground, so as to leave nothing for the man in their wake but lawsuits. J. Erickson was one of these. He invented a baby-walker with a barrel-stave crib combination warranted to take all care and worry from a mother's mind—that is, providing the little monarch of the household would put up with it. But, like E. Whitman, he overlooked one important feature. The walker should have been adjustable for the use of the father until the baby was large enough to push it around and break all the bric-a-brac in the house.



There is a custom practiced in Northern China of using hot water every morning to wash the face and hands. Men, women and children must have a basin of clean hot water when they get up or before they eat their breakfast, in which to bathe feet and hands at least. Even beggars have hot water, or use none at all. Seasons do not affect the custom. In summer, when one would think a cold bath would be grateful, hot water is used all the same. No one would insult his guest by offering cold water to wash in. The water is almost scalding hot, and the towel for wiping is first used as a wash rag.

A LAZY man does his hardest work in looking for an easy place.

Massachusetts, came off second best with his jumper. He had an idea that the happiness of the average young American would be complete and the invention a decided success, if he could mechanically produce the motion of a mother's knee when she



is "trotting" her offspring. But it wasn't. Although fitted out like a modern hobby and painted in gorgeous colors it couldn't sing a lullaby or recite Mother Goose, and where is the pleasure of being bounced up and down if these are to be left out? Baby just looked at it and then cried, and this was the commencement of a boycott which made Caldwell's venture unprofitable.

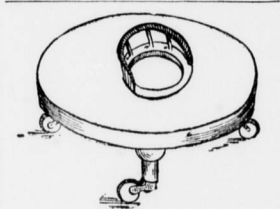
P. H. Hurd, out of the two or three hundred who were at that time regularly producing something that was of no account, got clear off the track when he patented his whirligig, which was supposed to teach the baby to creep, and later to walk. There was never any litigation in regard to infringement of this patent; its life was as short as that of a sand-fly, and it didn't take the inventor much longer than that to find out that the million dollars or so which loomed up on the horizon the day he made application had taken wings.

J. S. Brown, of Michigan, who, by the way, is no relative of the Brown of walker and cradle fame, had a similar experience with his baby tender. It was a thrashing-machine



looking affair that worked with a treadle and might have been constructed from the remains of a dilapidated feed-cutter, for all the beauty and symmetry it combined, but he got a patent on it. Any self-respecting infant would raise the whole neighborhood if such a thing were wheeled into his presence, says the Chicago Tribune, and the irate father would probably hunt for the inventor with a large double-barreled gun, so it is just as well, or better, for his tender was exceedingly limited.

Along about this time the paragon of the whole lot was born, but like its predecessors it vanished before any great number of people had an opportunity to test it and say swear words at the originator. It was all thought out in the Maine woods. In that country babies and dairies are unmistakable signs of thrift and E. Whitman couldn't understand why the cradle and churn should not be



more closely affiliated, so he combined the two. It might have worked all right and the hand that rocked the cradle in addition to ruling the world could, at the same time, have carried on the more vulgar occupation of making nice prints of yellow butter for the huckster, only the cream was never ready to churn when the baby cried, and when the dasher was fitted in and everything ready in the manufacturing department the baby was invariably asleep or on its good behavior. This is the little point that E. Whitman failed to consider, so he buried his regrets and went back to the plow, leaving a clear field.

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Hot Water. There is a custom practiced in Northern China of using hot water every morning to wash the face and hands. Men, women and children must have a basin of clean hot water when they get up or before they eat their breakfast, in which to bathe feet and hands at least. Even beggars have hot water, or use none at all. Seasons do not affect the custom. In summer, when one would think a cold bath would be grateful, hot water is used all the same. No one would insult his guest by offering cold water to wash in. The water is almost scalding hot, and the towel for wiping is first used as a wash rag.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Evolution of a Chicken Croquette—Pay—Quite Lowly—An Experiment—Not in the Race, Etc.
First you to my eyes appeal
As succulent and brown roast veal.
Then for supper you repeat
Your triumphs among sliced cold meat.
Next for breakfast I deary
Your well-known features as veal pie.
Then for dinner, second day,
You are chicken fricassée.
For the supper table's cheer,
As chicken salad you appear.
And lastly what survivor yet,
Is served to us as chicken croquette.
—Courier-Journal.

PAY.
Madge—"Pa gave me \$1 not to be at home when Fred calls."
Mame—"You're out for the stuff, then."—Truth.

QUITE LOWLY.
"What does Barlow mean when he speaks of his ancestral halls?"
"I dunno. Maybe his father was a truck driver."—Life.

AN EXPERIMENT.
Freddie—"Hi, Johnnie! the goat has swallowed the fire-cracker."
Little Johnnie—"Hurry up and feed him a handful of matches."—Judge.

PROMPT REPUTATION.
Jess—"We were just talking about you when we heard your voice in the hall."
Bess—"Then it's lucky I came, to put in a denial."—Puck.

NO USE FOR IT.
Kid—"Say, mister, this cannon you sold me is no good."
Dealer—"How's that?"
Kid—"I loaded it to the muzzle and it never burst."—Judge.

NOT IN THE RACE.
Jaspar—"How are the Jumpjumps getting along at housekeeping?"
Mrs. Jaspar—"Poorly. Mrs. Jumpjumps is not yet strong enough to fight for bargains at the big stores."—Truth.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
Nervous Old Lady (to deck-hand on steamboat)—"Mr. Steamboat-man, is there any fear of danger?"
Deck-hand (carelessly)—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."—Life.

OUR HIGHER EDUCATION.
Uncle George—"Are you learning much at school?"
Little Nephew—"Yes, indeedly. I'm learnin' to sit still, an' not talk, an' not make any noise, an' git up an' sit down, an' march, an' lots of things."—Good News.

A WISE GIRL.
He—"Why do you force me to wait for an answer?"
She (who is up on political economy)—"Because I don't want to give you a monopoly until I find out whether there's any competition."—Chicago Record.

THEY DON'T.
Little Clarence—"Pa, what is a Lieutenant-Governor elected for?"
Mr. Callipers—"To succeed the Governor in case of death."
Clarence—"Why, pa, I didn't know that anybody ever died while holding office!"—Truth.

TRIBUTES.
Traveler in South America—"What are all these defunct cabbages and melons and eggshells lying about for? Don't you ever clean your streets?"
Native—"Oh, yes; as rule they are scrupulously swept, but this was the President's birthday."—Truth.

A MIND-BRECKING TASK.
"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "I am foiled." And she threw the pen despairingly from her.
"What is the matter?" asked her mother.
"I was writing to Herbert, and tried to spell his college yell."—Washington Star.

REPEATED ANNUALLY.
Miss Amy—"I wonder how old that Miss Malays is, any way?"
Mr. Scrabbles—"Twenty-four, I believe."
Miss Amy—"Nonsense! What makes you think that?"
Mr. Scrabbles—"Hasn't she told me so every year since I met her?"—Chicago Record.

SHE BOUGHT ALL HE HAD.
Agent—"To every one buying one package of 'Lift'em Baking Powder' we present a baking pan."
Mrs. Athome—"Baking pan? Why, that thing with a screen over it looks more like a bird cage!"
Agent—"Yes, ma'am; but that powder makes such light biscuits that you must bake them in a cage, or they'll float away."—Puck.

A LONG-HELD WANT.
Fakir—"Here you are, gentlemen; the greatest invention of the age."
Passenger (stopping to listen)—"What is it?"
Fakir—"A magnetized key-hole plate for front doors. It will attract an ordinary steel key from a distance of two feet. All you have to do to find the keyhole is to take out your key and hang onto it."
(Three men were injured in the crowd that gathered to buy.)—Pearson's Weekly.

HARDLY SUITED TO THE OCCASION.
Editor (looking over reporter's

copy)—"What's this! 'Our esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Jones, is believed to be at death's door?' Didn't we print a sketch of Colonel Jones's career some time back? Look it up, and bring it up to date in case he should die to-night."
Reporter (after an inspection of the files)—"Here it is, sir, but I'm afraid it won't do for an obituary. It was written when we were opposing Colonel Jones for the legislature."—Life.

EDUCATED ENOUGH.
"I think I'll take my boy out of school and put him into business this fall," said the fat man.
"What? And he only twelve years old," asked the man with the hay-colored vest. "He surely needs more education before he is fit for business life."
"I guess not," said the fat man. "A boy who can part with a fifty-cent baseball for a three dollar pair of skates when the thermometer is up in the nineties had better be in business than wasting his time learning a lot of rot about stars and bugs and things."—Cincinnati Tribune.

BRINGING HIM TO LIMEBICK.
Colonel Kutynoseoff (of the Russian police)—"Has the prisoner confessed?"
Sergeant Kaufupacatski—"No, your Highness. We have beatnicked him with our clubs, cut off one of his ears with the hot soles of his feet with hot irenskoif, and tried the thumb-screw on him, but he absolutely refuses to confeski."
Colonel Kutynoseoff (sternly)—"Then, as a last resort, try the effect of a recitationskog by a young lady elocutionistovich."
Nihilist Prisoner (screaming)—"Have mercy! I confess! I confess!"—Puck.

FISH IN FRACTIONS.
At Point Lookout the men started to build a platform out into the bay which was not completed. Connecting boards along the spiles furnished an excellent opportunity for fishing. On one of these I sat trolling for spotted-tail bass—a fish there found—and O'Donnell was "still" fishing from another two or three rods distant. He caught a flounder, evidently the first he ever saw. Holding it aloft as it twirled around, alternately showing the dark and flat white sides, he summed up his ichthyological astonishment in the following soliloquy: "Be jabbers! O'll fish a long spell before I get the other half of yez."—Boston Journal.

A LITTLE CONFUSED.
They were celebrating their silver wedding, and, of course, the couple were very happy and affectionate.
"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved, and I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."
"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner.
They all laughed and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.
"Well, I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear, and what a lovely day it was?"
The wife smiled.
"She began writing in the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet?"
The wife nodded.
"She wrote her name, 'Mary,' and I asked her to let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name 'Smith,' below it, and she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' Then we went home. You remember it, darling? Ah, I see you do."
Then he kissed her, and the company murmured, "Wasn't it pretty?"
The guests had all departed and the happy couple were left alone.
"Wasn't it nice, Mary, to see all our friends around us so happy?"
"Yes it was. But, John, that reminiscence of yours!"
"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday, Mary."
"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."
"Wrong? Oh, no."
"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married. I was never in Richmond in my life, and I never refused you."
"My darling, you must be wrong; I have a good memory."
"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith, and my memory is as good as yours, and although we have been married twenty-five years, I'd like to know who that mix was. You never told me about her before."—Boston Journal.

CURIOUS SPRINGS.
There are several springs along the range of the Allegheny Mountains that are great curiosities. From these springs a very considerable current of air passes constantly, sufficient at any time to blow a handkerchief out of a person's hand, unless it is held very tightly. These phenomena have never been explained, but it is generally believed that they indicate caves, and that the breeze comes from the internal air passages. The best known of these is called Blowing Springs, and it is at the foot of Lookout Mountain, about six miles from Chattanooga. This is visited by a great many curiosity seekers and scientists. Others not so well known are found in North Carolina and Georgia.—Chicago Herald.

HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

TO THE COLORADO DESERT BELONGS THIS DISTINCTION.

Schemes for Reclaiming Death Valley by Irrigation—What the Great Stretch of Sand is Like.

AMONG the many schemes now agitated by irrigationists is the reclaiming of the famous "Death Valley" in the Great American Desert, in Colorado. It is proposed to make of it an inland sea by turning the melting snows and rains that fall upon the Sierra Nevada into this "dry sea." The valley is 200 feet below the floor of the desert, is 150 miles long, thirty miles wide at the northern end, tapering to about three miles in width at the southern extremity. One of the schemes to reclaim the desert is to turn the Colorado River into the lower end, or, as it is called, the Colorado Desert, from which water would naturally seek its level in Death Valley.

Death Valley is the hottest place on earth, so far as known up to date. There is no spot so deadly, more desolate, and so thickly strewn with dead, as it is appropriately named, for human life cannot exist amid its poisonous vapors, and even the birds and fall dead in their flight. Heavy rains never fall in this death-bringing place, and the few light showers only make the atmosphere more humid, if possible. With the thermometer at 136 degrees in the shade, and the sun beating against the black bristling rocks, reflecting back the intensified heat, one may form some idea of this desolate region. It is the driest place in the world—the bodies of those who perished from thirst have been found in after years completely mummified. The corpses were not disturbed by even the prowling hyena. Animal life cannot exist there—only the reptile species. Men have died from thirst, and yet water within reach.

The blistering heat and dryness of the air rendered it impossible to keep the body to the proper temperature to sustain life. This valley was named by Governor Blaisdell, of Nevada. He and a few others were making a survey, and found the mummified remains of about twenty emigrants, who, in attempting to cross the valley, lost their way and died of thirst and starvation. One of the survivors of this party, now a citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., gives a picturesque account of that voyage of perhaps unparalleled suffering in this "dry sea."

"Before the days of the transcontinental railroads," says he, "the overland immigrants came to California by the southern route mainly, thus avoiding the mountains of the northern route as well as the snow in winter. There were about fifty in our party, about half that number being women and children. About the third or fourth day after entering the valley we began to realize that we were lost. We had aimlessly traveled from one point to another and saw that the valley was walled in on each side by steep and craggy rocks, and that there was no way to cross it, or get out of it, except at its lower terminus. So we continued on, hoping to find our way out. We wandered around in this land of desolation for about three months—the drifting sands had obliterated the trail that we set out to follow and covered our tracks so that we could not retrace our steps when we found that we were lost in this land of burning sand.

"Our provisions became scant," he continued, "and we were reduced almost to starvation. Finally our wagons were abandoned and we packed up what we could upon the backs of oxen, and the women and even some of the children were compelled to walk. The supply of water was so near exhausted that only enough was taken at a time to moisten the parched lips and the swollen throat. Refreshing streams and gleaming lakes were seen in the distance, and, nerving every effort to reach this haven, we found only blistering beds of alkali. An occasional spring was found oozing from the burning sands, which gave us temporary relief. Day by day the provisions ran lower, and the oxen perished one by one. All baggage was now abandoned; every one was compelled to walk, excepting those who were completely exhausted, and they were carried on the shoulders of others. We took what provisions were left, with the very small supply of water, and trudged along, traveling mostly at night, but even then the heat was almost unbearable.

"At early morning we would travel while it was cool and our sufferings of mind would be intensified by the reflections of lakes and rivers, so clear and distinctly defined. The tall green trees that lined their banks were plainly seen. Of all delusions a mirage in a desert is the greatest. One night we camped under a ledge of rock; our party could go no further. Seven or eight had died on the way, and at this camp or resting place twenty of them died. We buried them there, and in a few days continued our painful journey. We had brought along some meat of our dead oxen, but could not eat it, because it had been poisoned by the deadly vapors. We scorched the hides, boiled them to a jelly, and attempted to eat that, but it was too bitter.

"When I started on that journey through Death Valley I weighed 160 pounds; when I arrived at Los Angeles I was weighed and found that I had lost seventy-two pounds," concluded the pioneer of Death Valley.—Chicago Tribune.

The first Bible printed with a date was furnished by Faust, the German father of typography, in 1462.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

ECONOMICAL FROSTING.

The whites of two eggs will make frosting for two large cakes if properly managed. Beat them up with a little sugar until quite light, then put a tablespoonful of cold water into the dish, mix it slightly with the egg and sugar already there and add more sugar. This may be repeated until nearly half a cupful of water has been added. The frosting must be well beaten, and may have any flavoring preferred. Made in this way, it sets quickly and retains its moist and delicate qualities much longer than when made with egg alone.—New York Ledger.

TO BOIL AND SERVE SWEET CORN.

Half the sweet corn is spoiled in cooking. The ears should not be broken before cooking unless it is impossible to get them into the kettle. Have the water boiling. Throw in a tablespoonful of salt to every quart of water. The corn, if not hard and very full, should be cooked in from twelve to twenty minutes. When the corn is done a silver fork thrust into a kernel should break open the skin and release the inner kernel. Don't let the corn stand after it is done in the water in which it has been cooked. Place it in a double steamer.

A good plan is to boil more ears than are wanted for dinner and cut off the remainder to be heated up for breakfast with milk, butter, pepper and salt. These ears should be left in the hot water until ready to be scraped.

The ears which are to be served should be broken into two or three pieces, as they can then be eaten without disturbing the comfort of the rest of the table and making every one who tries the corn on the cob appear like hogs while eating. The pieces should be small enough to be held with one hand without soiling the tips of the fingers.

Corn tastes best and looks best if brought to the table in a corn doily, or wrapped in a plain napkin.—New York Journal.

TASTEFUL VEGETABLES.

Mashed carrots are quite as palatable as mashed turnips. They should be cooked, passed through a sieve and put into a steuppan with a piece of butter, a spoonful of cream, a drop or two of tarragon vinegar, whisked up and seasoned with pepper and salt, arranged in the form of a mound and sprinkled with a little chopped parsley.

Cucumbers are seldom used except raw, and yet they are both delicious and digestible when cooked. The peel should be removed and the cucumber should be boiled until tender, then drained and sliced and simmered in good brown gravy, to which a very little Chile vinegar has been added, for seven or eight minutes. Radishes, like cucumbers, can be served hot as well as in salads. They should be tied in bunches and boiled for eighteen or twenty minutes, then placed on toast and covered with white sauce. Peas, French beans and sprouts are greatly improved by being tossed for a few minutes previous to sending to table in a saucepan containing a lump of fresh butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a pinch of caster sugar and seasoning of pepper and salt. A rather more simple way of treating French beans is a la Francaise. They are put into a pan with a piece of butter, the juice of half a lemon and a little pepper and salt.

A ragout of peas needs but to be eaten to be appreciated. Put three ounces of butter into a saucepan with a teaspoon of minced onion, a few leaves of fresh mint, pepper and salt. When these ingredients have simmered for a few minutes—take care that they do not acquire the least color—add a quart of green peas, and shake the pan to prevent their burning; after five minutes add half a pint of water, a very little borax and half a teaspoon of powdered sugar. Cover the pan closely and draw it to the side of the fire and let the contents cook slowly for about three-quarters of an hour; if allowed to boil the water will soon be absorbed, and unless more is added at once the peas, instead of being large and tender, will be shriveled and hard.—New York Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A bag filled with salt and heated is a great relief to any one suffering from neuralgia.

Baking is one of the cheapest and most convenient modes of preparing a meal in small families.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

One teaspoonful of cornstarch to a cup of hard salt will keep it from getting hard in the salt shakers.

To tell good eggs, put them in water; if the large ends turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

Never bite or pass sewing silk through the lips, as lead poisoning has been known to result from such a habit, as it is soaked in acetate of lead to make it weigh heavier.

When mattresses are stained, take starch wet into a paste with cold water. Spread this on the stains, first putting the mattress in the sun. In an hour or two rub this off, and if not clean, repeat the process.

An English way to cover flower pots is to paste the narrow ends of the tissue paper sheet together and cut it of the right height, making the top edge tulip pointed. Crimp the paper together in the same way as the lamp shade; this will bring it about the right size to fit an ordinary flower pot. Finish with a ribbon of the same shade.