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The High Court of the Transvaal Republic in Africa has recently decided that foreigners are liable to military service after two years' residence in the country.

An old gentleman, of Dexter, Me., has been doing a great deal of public good in his town, and the Board of Assessors, as a delicate compliment, reduced his taxes. When he found it out he was very much annoyed, and going to the Assessor's office, swore them up again.

Steel is now cheaper than iron. It seems hardly possible, remarks the Boston Cultivator, but the estimates of cost in a recent bidding for a bridge in Pennsylvania to be made with steel stringers and steel rivets was lower than a like estimate for the same bridge made with iron stringers and iron rivets. Four bids were made, and in each case the bridge could be made cheaper of steel than of iron. The successful bid was \$1965, as against \$2157, which was the lowest bid for the iron bridge. Owing to the greater strength of steel, the weight of metal in the steel bridge is much less than it must necessarily be for one of iron.

The American Register, of Paris, is authority for the statement that the descendants of Queen Victoria are either now in possession of, or will in the natural course of events come to occupy, seven thrones—those of the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. According to this the Anglo Saxons may shortly come to universal rule in Europe, as its language is coming to be the universal language of the world. Possibly in this way, mutes the Trenton (N. J.) American, the universal Republic, so long predicted by dreamers, may be established.

This is called the age of electricity. That, in the opinion of the New York Recorder, is a mistake. We haven't crossed the threshold yet. The advance has been wonderful, however. In 1870 two examiners in the United States Patent Office did all the work of the bureau; now twenty are required, and they are months behind. Then two electrical patents were issued a week; now there are fifty. Notwithstanding all this advance the small amount of electric energy obtained from a pound of coal is sufficient to stimulate every inventor in this line to renewed effort. The next great step will be to dispense with the boiler, engine and dynamo and create electric energy direct from fuel. Until that is done the age of electricity will not have begun.

As an offset to the movement for a general disarmament of Europe there has recently been going on a discussion as to its probable effects on the labor market. Mr. Longhurst, Honorary Secretary of the English Chamber of Commerce in Paris, has come out boldly in favor of large armies in the interests of the working classes. He shows that the armies of Europe on a peace footing number 3,775,000 men. Allowing 775,000 to be retained for keeping peace at home, how could the remainder be provided for if disbanded? They could not find occupation in the fields or the factories, because production has far exceeded consumption. A fall of wages would become inevitable, and the struggle for life be much severer. Rather than throw the liberated men on charity he argues that it would be better for them to remain in the regiments. The cost to the nation would not be more, and service in the army is less demoralizing than idleness. Besides a military training has its advantages. It teaches habits of order and discipline, and it prevents early marriages, which in countries that have no conscription are among the chief causes of poverty and distress.

GERMAN COUNTRY FAIRS.

THE "MASCH" A POPULAR FORM OF FESTIVALS.

How the People Enjoy Themselves, and Some of the Means of Amusement Described.

ONE of the most interesting of the many forms of out-door amusements with which the Germans enjoy life in the summer months is the "masch," a strong resemblance to the American county fair, but its points of difference which render it peculiarly interesting to the student of national amusements. The word "masch" means, more nearly than anything else, a mixture, and a mixture a German masch certainly is. It is held, as a rule, at the time of the annual "Schützenfest" and as near as possible to the shooting garden. All the fairs, and what we would call in the America side show attractions, make a business of traveling about from one masch to another, so that their attendance has grown into a regular trade. It is especially a "volks" gathering, and the masses enjoy it to the utmost. Several days before the fest begins caravans which are composed of wagons strongly resembling the ordinary freight car on wheels, except that they all have curtained windows, may be seen on every road approaching the city in which the masch is to be held. They take possession of the nearest open space to the shooting garden, and from the cavernous depths of the metamorphosed freight cars are taken first a larger or smaller tent, as the case may be, and a bewildering array of "properties" needed in the forthcoming show.

In a night the vacant place is transformed into a small city of tents, each the temporary business place of some fakir, the wagons being drawn up conveniently near, as they are the dwelling-places of the showmen. The tented town is laid off into streets which on both sides are lined with the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the tin-type galleries, the miniature circuses, and in short everything in which the heart of the small boy and diminutive maiden is supposed to rejoice. One masch is typical of all.

You enter the entrance street without being expected to pay any fee and find yourself in a wide lane with confectionery and bakery booths on each side. The candy is rather doubtful except to the German small boy, who has but this annual chance, as a general thing, for tasting sweets, and to whom it is a very heaven of saccharine delight; the cakes are excellent, however, as they are all over Germany. Chief among them is a sort of huge "pop-over," light as a feather. It is called "airkranz," and is made only at the time of the masch. It must be eaten hot and is devoured in vast quantities.

The first street at right angles from the entrance lane is the street of the tin-type and shooting gallery fairs. The tin-type man does not differ essentially from his brother at our own county fair, though he takes better pictures; but the shooting gallery is far ahead of its American cousin. Behind a counter on which numerous air-guns are laid, stand a half dozen pretty girls attired in fantastic costumes, and each seeks to attract men who may be victims to her modern bow. That the Dianas are pretty successful in their unceasing importunities is evinced by the constant pop, popping, which one hears on every side. A large canvas is stretched about fifteen feet behind the maidens, and upon it are displayed every conceivable form of target, every one of which is almost impossible to miss, for the vanity of the customer must be cultivated if continued patronage is to be assured. Every one of these targets gives forth a beating of drums or a ringing of bells when struck, so the din may be imagined.

Near the shooting booths are the canvas palaces inhabited by the fat woman; the genuine African Zulu, who speaks when caught unawares with a strong German accent; the museum of wax images of living and dead celebrities; the stereopticon views of famous events, and other shows of the kind which a country boy in America is familiar with at the fair in his own county, for none of the usual attractions are missing. The entrance fee is ten or twenty pennings. Perhaps the most popular thing on the ground is the merry-go-round. There are a dozen forms of it. Some are in the form of real rocking ships propelled in a circle by machinery, but most of them are the ordinary hobby horses of our childhood fixed on a circular platform which is made to revolve by horse power. There are patent springs also which are adjusted to small bolts in such a way that the bolts hanging from ropes are swung to and fro in the air like huge pendulums. These are called "American air chariots," and attract a great deal of custom—for anything coming from America is supposed to be not only novel, but the best of its kind.

Of course, in, about and around all these amusements is heard the blare of the brass band. Your good German would not believe he was having a good time unless he was hearing music, no matter what else he might be doing, and therefore the band is very much in evidence. But here is another starting point of difference from our county fairs. The band is almost always a very good one, and the music well worth listening to. Nearly every German is more or less of a musician, and while he will tolerate a good deal of pers-nad discomfort he will not submit to having poor music blared in his ears.

In the centre of the temporary town there is erected an immense tent, with open sides, which will hold 2500 people. Small tables abound, and there are seats for the number mentioned. On a platform at one end is an admirable band, which plays both popular and classical music, which in Germany is popular in another sense, all day and all evening. Numerous "madchens" in picturesque national peasant costumes serve as waiters. At a table sits a delegation of students from the city Polytechnicum, or technical school, who start a chorus whenever the band plays a student song, which, to please them, for their patronage is valuable, the proprietor frequently orders. They all sing well, and as other people who are not students, but who sing even better, catch the infection and speedily join in, the effect is very pretty indeed. All this time the fun goes rompingly on all over the grounds as well as in the pavilion, but seldom or never is there an angry word exchanged, and the few policemen who are scattered about consequently have little to do except enjoy themselves.

It is long past midnight when the crowd finally makes up its mind to go home, and this for a people that is usually in bed by 10 o'clock measures a fearful amount of dissipation. As the orderly but merry groups tread the leafy streets numerous snatches of song are heard, eloquent testimony of the thoroughness with which the singer, be it man or maid, has enjoyed the day's or evening's outing at the "masch."—New York Tribune.

WISE WORDS.

Old age is youth magnified. Never trust a woman half way. We can never give the flowers what they give us.

Learn to laugh; but not at a disgruntled rival. The opportunity of a lifetime may not last five seconds.

Man is naturally inclined to believe in his own whiskers. Get as much advice as you can, and use as little as you can.

Nature never refuses her hand to those who would take it. When a man sells one of his convictions he sells all of them.

If love were what the poets make it, the provision dealers would go into bankruptcy. The man with the push beats the man with the pull any day.

A monument sometimes speaks loudest for the relatives who erect it. Some men tell lies because it is their only means of getting quoted.

There is no rest for the man who does nothing to make himself tired. A wise man is one who knows when his prejudices are leading him astray.

Men and women waste half their time commenting on each others' comments. A woman loves a man because she loves him, and that is reason enough in her mind.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is found in counting the money one is about to make. When a man puts on a new suit of clothes he thinks the whole world takes notice of it.

No child would love its mother if its mother treated it as badly as it often treats its mother. One of the most delightful things about an apple blossom is that it promises some delicious fruit.

The opinions of wise men ripen into judgments, while the opinions of the fool become hardened prejudices. Doctors Disagree.

An amusing instance of the wide divergence of opinion that may subsist among experts on a given subject is shown in a discussion now going on among European military men as to the practical utility of the Mannheim tailor's bullet-proof coat. One fluent writer maintains and backs his opinion with a mathematical demonstration that while a bullet may not penetrate the cloth, its striking energy imparted to the man behind the shield would lift him from ten to fourteen feet, according to the weight of his accoutrements. Another military expert, likewise with a mathematical demonstration, proves to his satisfaction that the energy of a bullet would not move a man more than the sixtieth part of an inch. Common sense shows that since action and reaction are equal, the impact of the bullet would affect the man struck no more than the recoil of the gun affects the man firing the bullet, nor so much, as a part of the bullet's energy is expended in the air.—New Orleans Picayune.

Great Philosophers.
The Kafirs are great philosophers. If an ox should die the owner never grieves, but remarks: "Now I must go to work for master (all white men who treat them well are called masters), and in six months he will give me a cow; it will have a calf. If it is a bull calf, in a year I'll again have a pair of oxen, but should it be a heifer calf, I'm all the richer, for the next year I'll have two calves instead of one."

A Rare Mineral.

Spangolite, a very rare mineral, has been found in some British Museum specimens of copper ore from the St. Day mines of Redruth, Cornwall. It occurs in deep emerald green translucent crystals of a hexagonal form, ending in truncated pyramid, and is in reality a hydrated sulphate and chloride of copper and aluminum. Only one other sample of spangolite is known, namely, that discovered in the district around Tombstone, Arizona.—New York Telegram.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

His Eight-Day Clock—Took No Note of Time—A Useless Member—Properly Listed, Etc., Etc.

There was a man who had a clock. His name was Matthew Mears. He would it regular every night. For more than twenty years. At last that precious timepiece proved an eight-day clock to be. And a madder man than Mr. Mears. You'd never wish to see.—The Sketch.

A USELESS MEMBER.
"Mamma, have I an eye-tooth?" "Yes, Johnny, why?" "Why, because if I can't see anything with it."—Puck.

ANOTHER WAY OF STATING IT.
She—"Don't you think I'm an awful bother?" He (enthusiastically)—"Oh, my dear! I think you'd make a simply ideal wife!"—Puck.

TOOK NO NOTE OF TIME.
Young Husband—"It is just a week to-day since we were married, my dear Lisette." Young Wife—"Ah, what a memory you have, darling!"—Tit-Bits.

PROPERLY LISTED.
Author—"Why do you catalogue my novel in your list of medical books?" Publisher—"Because it has proved itself to be a sure cure for insomnia."—Life.

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
Mendicant—"Will the gentleman help a blind man?" Stranger—"Get out, you impostor. How do I know you're blind?" "Didn't you hear me call you a gentleman?"—

CERTAINLY NOT A RECREATION.
Mrs. Yeast—"I hear your husband is out of a job." Mrs. Bacon—"Sure, he was never busier in his life." "What is he doing?" "Looking for work."—

A RECORD.
"How are you getting along with your new servant girl?" asked the caller. "Our new servant girl?" repeated the hostess with some indignation in her voice; "why, she has been with us for four days!"—Washington Star.

A FRANK CHILD.
Teacher—"What would you say to Charlie if he should give you the only apple he had when he wanted it very much for himself?" Tommy (with emphasis)—"I'd say he was a chump!"—Chicago Record.

RECKONED WITHOUT HIS HOST.
Duncester (to elderly stranger)—"Awfully stupid this, isn't it?" Elderly Stranger—"Well, yes, it is rather." Duncester—"Suppose we go home." Elderly Stranger—"Can't, live here."—New York Ledger.

A SUPERFLUOUS ARTICLE.
"Here," said the agitator, "is some more food for thought." "We don't need it," replied the laboring man; "we have more food for thought now than we know what to do with. What we need is some of the other kind."—Washington Star.

PAYS TO HAVE FRIENDS.
Jinks—"I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends." Winks—"I presume not." Jinks—"No, siree. Just as quick as I lose a job my friends all rush around hunting a new place for me, so as to save me the trouble of borrowing from them."—New York Weekly.

THE IRONY OF FATE.
"Why did you never marry, Tom?" "Well, you see, old man, when I was quite young I resolved I would never marry until I found an ideal woman. After many years I did find her." "Well, then?" "She was looking for an ideal man."—

WOULD NOT DO SO AGAIN.
Mrs. Goode—"Aren't you the tramp who was here this morning?" Odorous Oliver—"Yessum." "Well, I missed a cake I had left in the window." "I took it, mum." "Didn't you know better than that?" "No, mum; not then. I hadn't eat it then, mum."—New York World.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Count von Ausgespiel—"I have reason to think that an attempt will be made on my life. But if I buy one of your bullet-proof suits can I be sure I will find it as represented?" Herr Dowe—"If anybody succeeds in putting a bullet into you while you are wearing this suit, we will cheerfully exchange it or refund the money!"—Puck.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.
The Professor (enthusiastically)—"Ah, Miss Nomer! astronomy is a grand study. Look now, for instance, at Orion; yonder is Mars; over there is Jupiter, and that beautiful blue star is Sirius." Miss Nomer (deeply interested)—"Oh, Professor! How wonderful! But, tell me, how did you astronomers ever find out the names of all those stars?"—Puck.

EXPLAINED AT LAST.
He—"Why do you women always begin a novel at the end instead of the beginning?" She—"In the first place, we don't do anything of the kind. In the second place, if we did it would be because the end of the book is where the marriage comes in, and we naturally want to get the disagreeable part of the story disposed of, so we are free to enjoy the lovemaking."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The happy-go-lucky bachelor was taking his ease most delightfully on the veranda of the hotel, when the lady with five marriageable daughters came and sat down beside him. "You seem to be very well satisfied with life, Mr. Frisky," she said. "I am always that, my dear madam," he responded. "And a bachelor?" she said questioningly. "That is no argument against it, is it?" he asked. "I think it must be. But tell me why you have never married." "I couldn't tell you, I think, if I tried." "It seems to me that so handsome and cheerful and thrifty a man as you are, Mr. Frisky, would have been captured long ago. How have you managed to retain your freedom?" "Eternal vigilance, my dear madam, is the price of liberty, you know," he replied, bowing himself away as three of the aforesaid daughters joined their mamma.—Washington Star.

Crazed Engineers.
The strange antics of a crazy engineer at Alton, Ill., suggest the fact that insanity is very frequent among railway employes. Two dramatic illustrations can be mentioned. There is living in New Jersey, not far from Philadelphia, a man who for many years was the foremost passenger engineer between New York and Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He ran all the specials and best trains, and in ten years never had an accident. One night in the gleam of the headlights he saw a woman. He had only time to see her hands raised and to hear her cry, and before he could put his hand upon the lever he felt a jerk under the wheels and knew that all was over. Since that night he has never been on an engine. For months he did not sleep, and later became practically insane, but only on the one point of seeing and hearing the woman his engine killed. Now he goes about harmlessly and aimlessly, but he has to be kept away from railroads, and in his fretful sleep he awakens with cries and paroxysms of horror. The other case is that of a man who was conductor of a train on the Camden and Amboy, whose train had an accident. He came out all right himself, but it prayed so upon his mind that one night he left his home, and going to the point where the accident occurred, threw himself in front of a passing train, receiving injuries from which he died.—Philadelphia Times.

Having the Nose Burned Out.
Rhinomania is the medical name of a new craze the doctors are telling about. If a man cannot breathe easily, or if his nasal functions refuse to do the work allotted by nature, the proper thing to do is to have the nose burned out. The people who want this done to their orifices are known to the profession as rhinomaniacs. One of the first notable instances of rhinomania was "Pa" Corbin, a famous Yale oarsman and football player, who a few years ago, being unable to breathe easily while in the boat, submitted to an operation upon his nose. The operation was performed by a prominent uptown physician, but, instead of cauterizing or burning out the nose, part of the bone was cut out, and a larger aperture for breathing was the result.

Nowadays the same result is obtained by burning away the membranous tissue near the apex of the nose by means of a small galvanic battery. As a rule doctors will not recommend so heroic a treatment for nasal obstructions, but will try to find a remedy in another way.

But the man whose nasal breathing spaces are choked up will not listen to any other remedy than that afforded by one of these methods—in other words he demands immediate relief and is willing to take his chances on its being successful. When he reaches this stage the doctors put him down as a rhinomaniac.—Medical Record.

The Old Gentleman's Mistake.
She was only a typewriter girl, but she created quite an excitement in a suburban car the other day. When she got on the car the conductor noticed that her left sleeve dangled helplessly by her side, so he helped her on tenderly, and said to himself: "Poor thing!"

The passengers also observed the empty sleeve, and were visibly sympathetic, one tart-looking woman even moved a trifle to give the one-armed girl a seat. It was a very singular thing to see such a well-dressed, bright girl with only one arm, and public curiosity was at a high pitch concerning the cause of the pathetic empty sleeve. Finally the afflicted maiden dropped her purse, and the old gentleman who restored it said kindly: "My dear, how did you lose your arm?"

She turned her innocent violet eyes upon him in evident surprise, and the passengers all presented their ears, aching to listen. "I haven't lost any of my arms," she replied, thrusting a neatly gloved hand in sight. "I just pulled my hand up into my sleeve to get it warm."

Then all the passengers looked huffy, and the conductor murmured: "With them big sleeves the women can work most any kind o' racket."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Green denim is a new fabric. Amelie Rives Chanler, the Virginia author, is planning a trip to the Holy Land.

Mrs. Astor, the rich American woman, who now lives in England, has a \$60,000 dinner set. A sister of Thomas Carlyle is living in Toronto, Canada, the widow of a train dispatcher named Manning.

"Health, recreation and lovely inspiration" are the chief benefits of riding a bicycle, according to Miss Francis Willard. The will of Elizabeth Anthony Brayton Hitchcock bequeaths \$1500 to the Union Theological Seminary, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Baroness Burdett-Countess possesses one of the finest collections of turquoises in the world, the smallest being valued at from \$1000 to \$1200. Mrs. Rebecca T. Robinson, of West Newton, Mass., is to defray the expenses of the erection of a new scientific building at Tufts College, Massachusetts.

A granddaughter of John C. Calhoun has just made a success in France, playing in French with a French company the role of Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque."

Mrs. Catharine Salisbury, a sister of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, who was killed by a mob at Carthage, Ill., June 27, 1844, is still living near Fountain Green, Ill.

A school for women students of medicine has been founded in Russia. A ukase has been issued allowing women to act as assistants to physicians in the railroad districts.

The Woodford prize in oratory, which is given annually at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., was awarded this year to a woman, for the first time in the history of the university. It appears that out of 800 young ladies employed in the Savings Bank Department of the English Postoffice only about a dozen, or 1 1/2 per cent, leave during the year to get married.

Miss Melle S. Titus, the first woman to apply for admission to the bar in New York City during the last twenty years, passed a successful examination before the Supreme Court of that city. Miss Annie Thomson Nettleton has resigned her position in Vassar College to become presiding officer of Guilford cottage at the Woman's College of the Western Reserve University.

Miss Helen Gould is living very quietly at Irvington on Hudson. Late in the season she will spend a week or two at Roxbury, N. Y., where she is building a church, as a memorial for her parents.

The Civil Service Commission at Washington has admitted women to the examination to fill the position of assistant in the department of vegetable pathology in the Department of Agriculture.

The most fashionable way of treating diamonds now is what is called the double-cut brilliant. It is also the most expensive. The old style of cutting was in single-cut brilliants of thirty-eight facets.

One of the cleverest conductors of a periodical in the world is Lady Clementina Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, who publishes and edits a magazine called City Sparrows. She is fifteen years of age.

Marie Antoinette fuchsia of chiffon, dotted and plain muslin, net or lace, either black or white, are one of the fashionable accessories of summer dress, and the very chic ones are knotted in the back with falling ends.

Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor, has completed a bust of Keats in marble, which is to be placed in the parish church of Hampstead, London, as a memorial from the American and English lovers of the poet. This bust is pronounced a triumph of artistic genius.

There are some 300 young women in attendance on Cornell College, Ithaca, N. Y., but it appears that these "co-eds," as they are called, are extremely unpopular with the male students, who do not recognize them as their social equal, and ignore them as much as possible.

A movement has been organized recently in Chicago to build a station house for women and children where they may be detained until their cases can be heard in court, where they may be tried without association with male criminals, and where they may have competent female care.

Lillian Tomn, a Cornish girl, has taken a first in the law trips at Cambridge, England. She had studied three years on the continent, where she entered Girton in 1890, and in the intercollegiate examinations she was first in the first class on each occasion. She is pretty, vivacious and particularly fine in her dress.

Marguerite McDonald, a nineteen-year-old girl who was given the position of station agent at Warrior Run, on the Lehigh Valley Road, when her brother vacated it a year ago, finds herself a heroine in the Wilkesbarre (Penn.) district. By her quickwitted action she prevented a serious collision between passenger trains.

Mabel Percy Haskell, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Boston, made a charming impression in her recent lecture before the College Club, of that city. She described her trip last summer to Iceland from Edinburgh, via the Faroe Islands, and gave many interesting details of the scenery and vegetation, as well as the social life of the far-off Northern isle.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A POINT IN TEA MAKING. "They say" that tea made from rain water is incomparably the best. Many housekeepers keep a stone jar in readiness to catch any chance rain, which, when obtained, is securely bottled and put on ice, to be used when needed. Says one of these: "The water makes for more difference than the mere leaves. I could make good tea out of anything with pure rain water."—Detroit Free Press.

BAKED HEART.
Take one veal heart, wash and carefully remove the vessels. Stuff with two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one-quarter cupful of chopped pork seasoned with salt and pepper, a sprig of thyme or parsley. Moisten with hot water. When filled, cover the ends with white cloth, sewed fast to contain the stuffing. Put in a pan with one pint of water. Dust over flour, salt and pepper. Cover and leave on top of stove until steamed through. Put in the oven, with four potatoes cut length-wise, to roast. Baste often. When done to a nice brown, remove cloth, put into hot dish with potatoes and serve.—New York Ledger.

A BAGUET OF PEAS.
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 Journal.

THE USE OF ODDS AND ENDS.
The odds and ends left over from a meal should not be thrown away. The careful housekeeper can find many ways of turning them into dainty and healthful dishes. Pieces of cold meat or fish may be divided into small pieces and warmed in a white or brown sauce, or the sauce and meat or fish may be put in a small baking dish, covered with grated bread crumbs and then browned in the oven.

Cold meat or fish may be hashed fine and mixed with potato, rice or hominy and a sauce, and made into croquettes. Tough pieces of meat and bones may be used in making little stews or a little soup stock. All kinds of meat can be combined in making a stew or soup.

Pieces of bread may be used for puddings and griddle cakes, and in the form of dried crumbs for bread-crisps. Pieces of cake and gingerbread may be used in puddings. A few spoonfuls of almost any kind of meat, fish or vegetable may be heated in a sauce, and spread over a plain omelet just before rolling it up, thus giving a change in this dish of eggs.

Gravies, sauces and soups, no matter how small the quantity, should be saved to use in warming over meat, fish or vegetables.—New York World.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Rub spoons with salt to remove egg stains. Pails and tubs saturated with glycerine will not shrink. A tablespoonful of lime water to a pitcher of milk is very beneficial.

After knives have been cleaned they may be brilliantly polished with charcoal powder. A shovel of hot coals held over spotted varnished furniture will take out the spots.

When you wish to use very dry bread for any purpose, soak it in cold milk or water instead of having them hot. The hot fluids seem to take the life out of dry bread and render it soggy; the cold soaking leaves it flaky.

Soft and flabby skin gains firmness of texture by the use of cold water, to which has been added a little common salt. Vinegar and spirits of any kind used as a wash about twice a week help to keep the skin firm.

Ladies wishing a smooth skin made without harm can obtain it by purchasing ten cents' worth of tincture of benzoin. Dissolve it in a pint of wine, and use on the face at night. The face should first be washed with pure and fine soap, and then rinsed off in clear, cold water. The benzoin can be dissolved in water, but wine is preferable.

To remove moth patches wash them with a solution of common bicarbonate of soda and water several times during the day for two days, or until the patches are removed, which will usually be in forty-eight hours. After this process wash with some nice toilet soap, and the skin will be left clean and free from patches. Peroxide of hydrogen rubbed on the face two or three times a day for ten days will also free the skin of any discoloration.

The home laundry is rapidly disappearing from domestic economy. The family that employs one or two servants finds it increasingly difficult to get servants that will or can laundry linen, and there is a constantly increasing demand upon the public laundries. Some laundries make an extra charge for linen done up without a gloss. The average public taste demands a mirror-like polish to shirts, collars and cuffs.