

Socialism is said to make rapid progress in Spain.

Ordinarily when a European says "America" he means "the United States."

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement in England has enrolled some hundred thousand members, and is steadily advancing.

The census of 1895 shows that the German Empire now has a population of 51,768,000, despite emigration, an increase of 2,330,000 in four and a half years.

They are raising a row in Wisconsin over the State university. It is charged that it is being converted into an institution for the sons of rich men, and that poor men have no show there.

"Rarely does the death of a public man call forth such generous, almost unqualified, and practically universal tributes of esteem both for the man and the political leader," notes Public Opinion, "as have been accorded the late ex-Senator Thurman."

By the official census of 1811, taken in the year preceding the beginning of hostilities with the United States, the population of England was 10,200,000, of Scotland 1,800,000, and of Ireland 6,000,000, a total of 18,000,000. The census of the United States taken in 1810 showed the total population of this country to be States and Territories, 7,239,000. The last official census of Great Britain, taken in 1891, showed the population to have been 37,888,000, and the census of the United States, taken the year previous, showed the population of this country to be 62,622,000.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, in the Independent, says that the aggregate of colored church members in the United States is, in round numbers, 2,674,000, distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,403,559; Methodists, 1,190,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,578, and Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5000. According to the census figures, there has been an increase of 1,150,000 colored church members during the last thirty years, which Dr. Carroll thinks is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of colored church property is \$26,626,000, and the number of edifices is 23,770.

An Australian agriculturist, Mr. Krichauff, has called attention to the fact that the potato will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its introduction into England this year. It was in 1596 that Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from America with the first tobacco and potatoes, which originally grew in Peru. Although the potato, it is estimated, now furnishes one-sixth of the nourishment of the human race, for a long time it was a delicacy for the rich alone. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century noblemen paid two shillings a pound for potatoes and seasoned them with sterry. People often visited the gardens of the botanist Gerard at Holborn to see the plants in bloom. There is talk of a celebration in honor of the anniversary.

The American Cultivator remarks: The fire fiend is an enemy to forestry. More stringent measures are necessary to prevent forest fires. The forests are becoming too valuable to be neglected. Their destruction by fire means not only the loss of property, but the serious loss of employment to woodsmen, teamsters, sawyers, wood workers and all the kindred trades. Ordinary cutting of trees need not destroy a forest, but a heavy fire works destruction. Dr. Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania forestry commission, thinks it an outrage that while a man under our laws cannot set fire to a hen coop without severe punishment, he may carelessly or willfully set fire to a forest and burn up many thousand dollars' worth of property without being molested. Pennsylvania loses \$1,000,000 annually through forest fires, and \$50,000,000 would not cover the annual loss to the country from this cause. It is found in many cases that when a man is pursued by one holding a mortgage on his woodland he sets fire to it to spite the man who forecloses. It is very difficult to convict such a man. Carelessness and ignorance are responsible for many fires, yet thousands of dollars' worth are burned every year from this cause without anybody ever being punished. Why one kind of property can be burned up with impunity when other kinds are protected by the severest fines is one of the curiosities of legal administration that is beginning to be looked after none too early.

### WHILE JENNY WAITS.

The cows are coming home, Jenny—I hear their clanking bells:  
White Face  
And Bright Face:  
Coming, coming, coming from the clover in the dells;  
Coming, Jenny girl!  
And what care they for a curl,  
Or that red rose that you wear in your hair,  
Jenny girl?

The cows are coming home, Jenny, the cows are coming home:  
Lazy Bell  
And Daisy Bell:  
Coming, coming, coming from the fields where daisies foam:  
Coming, Jenny dear,  
And I wonder why you wear  
Such ribbons and such roses in your hair,  
Jennie dear?

The cows are coming home, Jenny; by the lowing calves they're led—  
White Face  
And Bright Face:  
Coming, coming, coming; but beware that rose of red!  
Or do the cattle care  
For a woman's ribboned hair?  
Nay! there's some one watching, watching for your coming, Jenny dear!

The cows are coming home, Jenny; but little do you care  
For Lazy Bell,  
Or Daisy Bell,  
From fragrant fields of clove, while in all the twilight air  
A sweeter music swells  
Than the ringing of their bells,  
From lips that cry for kisses from your red lips, Jenny dear?

The cows are coming home, Jenny, and surely I have heard  
With White Face  
And Bright Face,  
The calling, calling, calling of that merry whistling bird  
That says as plain as any:  
"Are you coming to me, Jenny?  
With your ribbons and your roses—are you coming, coming, Jenny?"

Ne'er mind the cattle, Jenny—they'll come for all the girls:  
Daisy Bell  
And Lazy Bell—  
The calves'll call them homeward spite of ribbons and of curls!  
Think you the cattle care  
For the roses that's in your hair?  
Nay! but one there is who loves you, and he's waiting, Jenny dear!  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### An Unsentimental Man.

FROM THE MORNING POST OF August 27, 1892:  
BOWLEY—RAWLINS.—August 24, at Beckley, Devon, by the Rev. Henry Rawlins, brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Frank Bowley, cousin of the bridegroom, Charles Madden Bowley, of Wapitooza, N. S. W., to Ethel Emily, youngest daughter of the late Emilius Rawlins, Esq., of Beckley Hall, Devon.

I read that announcement with a rather contemptuous smile. It closed at last and forever (I was relieved to think) the only foolish passage in my past life. Except for that I had always been a model of sound sense. I saw a good deal of Edith Rawlins when I first came down from Oxford. And I liked her, simply because she was so rational and sensible. There was no sentiment about it. Any one with half an eye could see that. She made me one present. It was a pocket Encyclopedia. I also made her a present—"Jevons's Logic." That in itself, I think, a sufficient refutation of what my sister vulgarly called "apoinniness" between us.

I admit that on one occasion I did something—quite unintentionally—which was nearly giving color to these silly rumors. It was at a garden party. I took Ethel Rawlins for a stroll through the conservatories. We were both of us rather interested in botany, and our hosts had some rare specimens of the pitcher plant which we were anxious to inspect. Ethel and I stood looking at one of these. A slight discussion arose between us about a wasp which had been caught in one of the plant's peculiar receptacles. I maintained that it was a wasp. Ethel thought that it was a bee. We both put our heads down to examine the thing (at the same moment as it happened) and our cheeks chanced to touch.

It was the most purely accidental circumstance. But, at that very instant, the door opened, and Mary and another fellow came walking in. I noticed Mary's face as she passed us. It wore that horrid, insinuating expression which she is so fond of putting on. I must say I do hate girls to do that sort of thing. It is shockingly bad taste. I saw that Ethel thought the same, for she colored (simply with vexation) and seemed quite annoyed about it. I determined to give Mary a piece of my mind when we got home. But Mary—with her inexhaustible lack of truthfulness—had already put me in a false position before I had the opportunity of setting things straight. "Oh!" exclaimed all my sisters, in a breath, when I began to administer to Mary her deserved rebuke: "Don't pretend you didn't; we know you did, Mary saw you."

"Saw me what?" I demanded in a justly exasperated tone.  
"Saw you and Ethel Rawlins kiss one another, of course," they said, all giggling in the most vulgar manner.  
Now, of course, this was downright absurd; and I told them so. What should I want to kiss Ethel Rawlins for? When a fellow has six sisters, every one of whom insists on kissing him every morning and night of his life, he soon has a sickener of that sort of thing, and I gave 'em to understand, pretty plainly, that I didn't care if I was never kissed by a girl again during the rest of my natural life. As for Mary's scandalous falsehood—well, I commended that to her conscience.

I told her that, if she were at all a decent sort of a girl, the memory of it ought to keep her awake for many nights. This did not appear to impress her in the least. She only laughed. I very much doubt whether Mary has a conscience.

Things went on pretty quietly, until Ethel Rawlins took that journey to Australia. She had a married sister living in New South Wales, who, being rather out of health, had asked Ethel to come and stay for six months or so, and help her with her household duties. Ethel accepted the invitation. I don't deny that I felt a bit sorry at the prospect of losing her. She was my most sensible companion, and the girl whose rational conversation so often soothed me when I had been nearly irritated to madness by the brainless vapors of my sister. Of course, it was not for me to interfere with her movements. I did, however, take the opportunity of having a conversation—an almost fatherly conversation—with her, on the day before she sailed.

I told her plainly that she was the most sensible and companionable girl I had ever come across. I said that it was on account of these qualities that I entertained for her so high a regard as I did. I ventured to express a hope that she would always continue in the same path, and would not permit herself to be drawn aside therefrom by any sentimental complications which she might chance to meet. I pointed out to her, in this connection, the perils of a sea voyage. There was a subtle sentimentality about the sea that was fearfully insidious. And then those Australian sheep stations. She mightn't think it, but they were downright hotbeds of sentiment. Australia was nearly as bad as India in that way. I wanted an unusually strong-minded girl to visit either the one or the other, and to come back home without having been let in. She, however, was unusually strong-minded. And I thought I could trust her to be true to her colors.

She was very humble. She took my advice gratefully. I believe she would have liked some more of it. At least, she seemed as though she expected me to say more. But I didn't. I thought that was enough. So I simply bestowed my blessing upon her, and we said good-bye. Was I deceived? Were those tears shining in her eyes, as I pressed her hand? I hoped I was mistaken. A girl who could be betrayed into a sentimental exhibition, upon so trifling a cause, was scarcely fit to be trusted in the insidious surroundings of a sea voyage and a sheep farm.

I had not asked Ethel to write to me, and I did not write to her. Probably I should have corresponded with her, but I did not wish to lay myself open to misconception. When a fellow has a lot of sisters who overhaul his letters before he comes down in the morning, and examine the hand-writings and postmarks, to see whom they are from, he is bound to be very careful. If the sisters are decent girls it doesn't so much matter. But when there is a Mary among them, with a gossiping tongue and a flippant disregard for veracity, too much caution cannot be exercised. So I heard nothing direct from Ethel. But as she wrote pretty frequently to my eldest sister Katie, I was kept tolerably well informed of her movements and occupations.

It was not long before the contents of these letters to Katie began to awaken in me a serious apprehension. There was a fellow named Bowley who had gone out in the same ship with Ethel, and whose destination happened to be the farm adjacent to Ethel's brother-in-law's. He was Mr. Bowley during the voyage. For the first month on the sheep farm he was Charlie Bowley. After that he became Charlie. I am bound to say that Ethel's mode of alluding to him in her letters caused me decided annoyance. It is such bad form for girls to call comparatively strange men by their Christian names. I should have expected it of Mary, or indeed of most other girls of my acquaintance. But Ethel—who had always been the personification of form—well, it was a falling off for her. Of that there could be no doubt.

But it was not merely this that vexed me. Apart from the question of form, there was a tone in Ethel's letters—a dreadfully sickly, sentimental tone—which showed me clearly that her sound sense and her practical character had become seriously undermined. It occurred to me that something must be done to stop it. An ordinary fellow in my position would have written her a lofty rebuke. I am a man of deeper resource than that. I hit upon a much more effective way of bringing home her folly to her. It is a matter of common knowledge that sinners in whom any spark of better feeling remains will pause and turn from their downward career when they see that they are dragging with them to their ruin one for whom they entertain a true regard. I determined to counterfeit; to make Ethel believe that her falling away into the evils of sentimentality had exercised a debasing influence on myself. If that would not pull her up nothing would.

With this end in view, I went to my dressing case one night and fished out a certain diamond ring, which together with certain other effects had come to me under my godmother's will a few years ago. I then sat down and perpetrated—with well-feigned hypocrisy—that last and lowest act of which your love sick fool is capable. I indited a copy of verses to Ethel. I wrapped these verses round the diamond ring. I packed them up. I addressed the case to Ethel Rawlins. It was my settled purpose to post them to her next morning. But I never sent them, after all. Next morning, when I came down, I observed my sister regarding me with looks of marvellous compassion. Katie

was reading a letter written on foreign paper.

"Ob, Jack," she said, "here is some news for you which I am afraid will not be very welcome. Ethel is engaged to Mr. Bowley."

"Poor Jack," added my odious sister Mary.  
"Why do you say 'Poor Jack' in that pitying way?" I demanded, with reasonable irritation. "If you had said 'Poor Ethel,' it would have been more to the point."

"Because you look so green over it," retorted Mary. Mary certainly has the vulgarst way of talking of any girl I know.  
I turned upon her a look of lofty and dignified reproof. But I did not attempt to reason with her. Reason and sound sense would have been quite wasted on Mary. She had a moral twist in her which was past rectification.

Of course, the news was a shock. Ethel Rawlins had sunk lower than I should have thought possible. It was a sad, pitiable decline. I was deeply disappointed in her. I sold the ring to a jeweler for twenty guineas. The verses went to a magazine, and fetched one guinea more. They were mementoes of my disgust at Ethel's fall. I was glad to get rid of them at any price.

From the Morning Post, September 17, 1893:  
Suddenly, at Wapitooza, N. S. W., on the 31st ult., Charles Madden Bowley, aged thirty-five. Friends please accept this intimation.

When I first read this announcement it gave me quite a turn. I no longer retained that regard and respect for Ethel which I had felt before her fall. Still, one cannot utterly break the ties which bind one to old friends, even if they have disgraced themselves; and I really was sorry for the poor, weak girl in this affliction.

There was another thing. I had been feeling ill and miserable for some time myself. My nervous system had gone wrong. And the news of Bowley's death—such a halo and hearty beggar he had seemed, too—set my thoughts running in a morbid train. I went to my doctor at once. I told him just what I felt.

He said I wanted change of air and scene. A sea voyage, now. Could I find time for a sea voyage? I said I could find time for anything that would restore my health. To what country had I better make my sea voyage? Oh, it didn't much matter. He said I should go to Australia, as good as any other place. So it was settled that I should go to Australia. I booked my passage to the Antipodes in the very next liner that sailed. The day before I went, I happened to pass the shop of the jeweler, to whom I had sold my godmother's diamond ring. Glancing in at the window, I saw—with some surprise—that it was still exposed for sale there. When a man feels ill, and, as it were, nearly shaking hands with death, it makes him think more seriously of his duties, obligations and such like. It was borne upon me now that I had behaved most undutifully in parting with that diamond ring of my dear godmother's, which she had bequeathed to me as a keepsake. I was thankful that the jeweler had not sold it. I obeyed the dictates of my awakened conscience. I went in and repurchased the ring.

From the Morning Post, October 1, 1894:  
REMOVED.—Bowley, September 29, at St. James's, Piccadilly, John Kendrie, of Beckley, Devon, to Ethel Emily, widow of the late Charles Madden Bowley, of Wapitooza, N. S. W.

John Kendrie, the writer. I could not help it. There was no other way. Ethel, having once tasted the insidious sweets of sentiment, was like a lion who had tasted human flesh. She was incurable. Under these circumstances I could not leave her at the mercy of the first sentimental idiot who might cross her path. To save her from sinking into further folly, I married her. Of course, I have, in this matter, been more or less bound by an absurd convention. I have had to do some love-making. It has been a tremendous effort—a heroic endeavor. But the sense of duty has always been strong within me. And I have risen to the occasion.—London Truth.

### A Remarkable Country Home.

The remarkable country home of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, at Scarborough, is just now in the hands of experienced landscape gardeners. Large flower pots and bay trees, which have been brought from Venice, Italy, will adorn and beautify the Italian garden in front of the baronial mansion. A large corps of workmen is now engaged in the leveling of the hill in the rear of the house. Roots of foreign plants and young bay trees are also being planted in the flower gardens. It is the intention of Mrs. Shepard to devote nearly all the vast estate to the one unifying scheme of park gardening. So far over \$2,000,000 has been laid out in building the mansion, decorating and furnishing the same, the laying out of the Italian garden and the landscaping of the grounds.—New York Advertiser.

### Finnish Trotting Horses.

Horsemen in this vicinity are taking more than ordinary interest in William Matson, a farmer and horse breeder of Wass, Gamla Kanleby, Finland, who has brought to this country six Finnish trotting horses, three mares and three stallions. The horses are smaller than our trotters, averaging about 14½ hands high, but it is claimed for them that they have unusual endurance and are not affected by the cold. They are now at Fleetwood Park and have attracted much attention from local horsemen.—New York Advertiser.

### THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

#### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

#### The Battle of the Horses—Minister and Madman—Rats Attack Children—A Three-Year-Old Hero.

JUST at sundown, and while we were at supper, a drove of wild horses numbering eighty-eight suddenly emerged from Thatchers' Pass and deployed on the level ground of the valley. They had made use of the pass to cross from Climax Valley, where grass and water might have failed them, or horse hunters had appeared to give them a fright. They emerged from the pass in single file, led by a spotted stallion whose mane reached almost to his knees, and whose tail touched the ground when he was at rest. He wasn't as handsome as some of the drove leaders to be met with in the days of the wild horses. Of the remainder of the herd about thirty were fine animals. The others would hardly be worth the catching. Three or four were recognized as cavalry horses abandoned on the march, and twice that number had collar marks to prove that they had stamped from some immigrant train.

When clear of the pass they formed in line and advanced upon us to within a quarter of a mile. We had seventy-five horses at the lariet pins, and for half an hour we had all we could do to prevent a stampede. The wild horses were finally driven down the valley by two mounted men, but they did not seem to have much fear of us. On the contrary, the leader of the drove exhibited such temper that the men feared they would have to shoot him. It was an hour before our cavalry horses calmed down at the sight of the free herd, and the captain's Kentucky stallion acted as if possessed by a fiend. He had been doubly fastened at the beginning of the excitement, and later on this proved a fortunate thing. He made the most tremendous efforts to get free, and when at length he realized the futility of further efforts in that direction he uttered shrill screams of rage and lashed out with his heels till no one dared approach him. All night long he stood on his feet pawing and snorting, and the camp sentinels reported the wild horses as hanging about within half a mile of us.

Daylight had come, and the sentinels of the night were coming into camp, when the wild horses rushed into view a mile below us. On the instant we discovered them, and while four-fifths of the men were yet under their blankets, the captain's horse uttered a scream which must have been taken as a signal. He reared up, shook his head like an angry lion and freed himself of his halter. In the same instant every other horse in the command secured his liberty; some pulled up the pins, some worked their heads clear of the straps, and away went the whole drove down the valley. It was not a stampede, as we naturally feared. Even had our animals desired to join the ranks of the free they would have been rebuffed. Our horses were bunched, and in a solid bunch they drove right through the lines of the wild horses and left four of them lying crippled on the grass as they passed. The prairie drove retreated up the valley half a mile and then wheeled about in a single line. When our drove halted and turned there was a distance of three-quarters of a mile between the combatants. We were ordered to fall in, with a view of advancing upon the wild horses and driving them off, but before we had gotten into line it was too late.

The sight was a wonderful one. The two leaders advanced as if they meant to decide the issue by a fight between them, but when within forty yards of each other they wheeled and returned to their respective lines. Then we witnessed something which only a cavalryman will credit. Our horses fell into double line and dressed to the right as perfectly as if a trooper had occupied each saddle, and while we looked the lines suddenly moved forward on a charge. When they swept past us the alignment was absolutely perfect, with the captain's horse on the right and leading by about twenty feet. The line of wild horses bent and wavered, but did not break until struck. It was like striking a drumhead with a sledgehammer. I believe that fully forty horses went down under the shock, but all except four were speedily on their feet again. From this on it was a melee, the whole drove circling around, and each horse biting and kicking and displaying such ferocity as to astonish us. The mob sought past us down the valley and back, and right in front of the camp the climax came. The battle had been raging half an hour, when the spotted stallion hobbled out of it on three legs and bleeding from half a dozen wounds, and that seemed to take the pluck out of his followers. Some ran up the valley and some down, but of the eighty-eight only fifty-seven got away. The hottest of it was over we dashed in and secured a horse here and there, and in this manner we finally got hold of the last one, which was the captain's.

Of the seventy-five only five had escaped scot free. Every one of the others had been bitten and kicked, and twelve of them were so crippled as to be worthless. In almost every instance our horses had kicked off their hind hoofs, and in some cases the front ones were gone as well. There were seven dead and thirty-six crippled horses on that battle field when hostilities ceased, and of the fifty-seven wild horses which made their escape many were limping badly. Before breaking camp we turned to and put an end to the sufferings of the cripples, and we were not yet in the saddles when a hundred great blue-

zards and a dozen wolves were feasting on the bodies.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Spurgeon and a Madman.

A volume of reminiscences of Spurgeon, the celebrated English pulpit orator, contains the following anecdote:

One day a visitor called at Nightengale lane with a request that he might be allowed to see Mr. Spurgeon at once on an urgent business. He was told that then, but persistently prevailed. On entering the study the stranger closed the door, stood with his back to it and began: "What's this you've been telling the people at the tabernacle about me?"—"Why, nothing, my friend."

"Oh, yes, you have, and I've come to have it out with you. I'm not going to have this sort of thing." Seeing that the man was stout and strong and that he carried a stick like himself, Mr. Spurgeon adopted a soothing, matter-of-fact, reasoning tone:—"Well, my friend, you are a stranger to me. I don't think I ever saw you before, and certainly I don't know you. If I know nothing about you, I can't tell anything, can I?"

"No," said the man, "I suppose you can't," and then, after a pause, asked: "Have you a brother?"—"Yes," "Is he much like you?"—"No, I can't say he is." Then came a furious burst:—"No, it wasn't your brother; it was you, and I mean to settle the matter. Do you know that I have been in an asylum?"—"Have you? I am sorry to hear that."—"Yes; and when I was there I was so strong that it took ten men to hold me." The man began to flourish his stick, and making threatening advances, from which there seemed no possibility of escape, then asked: "Are you strong?" This was the preacher's opportunity, and power of will over brute strength at once asserted itself. "Yes, I am, terrifically."

#### Rats Attack Children.

The past summer saw a greater plague of rats in large English towns than has been known for many years. The most striking instance of their numbers and boldness was shown in the case in which they attacked a family of children in Paisley during the great heat in the middle of September. The accounts which appeared in the papers at the time were somewhat exaggerated, but the following notes, communicated to the writer by the senior house surgeon of the Paisley Infirmary, do not diminish the interest of the story:—"The family, named Weaver, lived in an old house, between which and a stable next door there was free communication. Near the house there was also a brewer's. About 6.30 on the morning of September 18 Mrs. Weaver, hearing screams, got up and found that her children—Patrick, nine years old; John, four years old, and Michael, two years old—were being attacked by a swarm of rats. The mother had some difficulty in driving off the rats, which were large brown ones. Patrick was bitten on the arms, fingers, and nose; John on both hands, the right being badly bitten, and Michael on the cheek. The wounds were scratches and bites, the marks of teeth being in some places quite distinct, but none of the children was so badly hurt as to be detained in the infirmary. Except that in one case there was inflammation and swelling round the wounds, none of the children suffered any ill results."

There is not the least doubt that the rats intended to eat these children, and would have gnawed and mangled them to death, just as they do fowls and rabbits, and if help had not been at hand to drive them off when the pain made the children scream they would probably have succeeded in killing the baby. The most curious fact of the story is that they deferred their attack until after sunrise, and that they were not afraid of the elder boy. As all three children probably occupied one bed, the rats may have failed to distinguish the difference in size between the boy of nine and the baby. In other respects the extermination was conducted in the usual rat fashion when a raid is made on living animals, those attacked being bitten on all the exposed parts, and treated rather as food ready to be eaten than live creatures which need artistic killing.—The Spectator.

#### A Three-Year-Old Hero.

France, as well as England, has her decorations for those who save human lives. The other day at the Troadero, the Sauveteurs awarded their medal to Eugene Poiret, a baby three years old. A few months ago, when the boy was playing with his younger brother in the yard of his home at Mary-la-Ville, the latter, aged two, fell headforemost into a tub of water. Eugene, a big fellow of three, rushed to the rescue, but succeeded only in holding his brother by his clothes. His loud cries for "Mamma" were not heard, and the little fella could hardly hold their heavy burden any longer. Then he fell upon the idea of calling "Julie," the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene; in another moment she had her two children in her arms, and a few hours afterward the little ones had forgotten their adventure.

#### The Chinese invented paper 170 B. C.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

#### GOOD WAY TO CLEAN BOTTLES.

The housekeeper should know that a good way to clean bottles is to take a number of pieces of soft paper, roll each of them lengthwise and put them into the bottle with some good hot suds. Let stand until the paper is thoroughly moistened. Then shake well for a few moments and the bottle will be thoroughly clean. In emptying the bottle, care should be taken not to hold it over a bottler's tray or wash basin, as the paper would probably cause a stoppage. A little house sand put in hot suds and shaken well will clean bottles effectively.—New York Telegram.

#### SCIENTIFIC DISH WASHING.

Many housekeepers spend half a lifetime at the work before they learn that there is an easy, scientific, mechanical and cleanly way to wash dishes. It is not an uncommon thing, if one can get a peep into the average kitchen during this operation, to see a pan of water, not very warm, but very greasy, with particles of food floating on the top of it, and a pile of dishes covered with bits and scraps standing ready for a bath in this not very inviting liquid. The scientific dish washer either scrapes off or rinses off all loose particles from her dishes before she puts them into the water. She begins with the largest plates, putting them into the pan first, then adding them by sizes until the pan is full. Cups and other articles are placed around, then over all is poured hot soapuds, not boiling hot, but quite as warm as the hands can be put into comfortably. The cups and saucers are, of course, the cleanest things. These are washed first, and by the time she has reached the plates that may be greasy, they are warmed through and are then washed with much more ease than as though they were suddenly put into the water and washed off. At this stage it is a good plan to put into the water, in addition to soap, a teaspoonful of washing soda, which should be kept in a convenient vessel over the sink. It takes scarcely more than half of the time to wash dishes in this way.

One good housekeeper has a dish pan almost double the usual size. In it every dish is put—silver and all—then the hot water is poured on, a large quantity being used, and this is really an economy in time and strength, provided water is plenty. As for greasy dish water, good housekeepers should never have it. An abundance of hot water, good soap, a little soda and dishes properly scraped off before beginning are all that is required. Dish cloths are among the neglected items in kitchen economy. As a rule, it takes a good deal of nerve to touch the average dishcloth. It should be one of the first lessons taught to the young housekeeper that her dish cloths should be immaculate. "I never hang my dish cloths up until they are so clean that I could use them as napkins, were it necessary," was the instruction of a noted teacher of household science. It pays to take time to put the dish pan, kitchen sink and cooking utensils in excellent order. If sense and soda are used, but little additional time is required, and the satisfaction of it is ample compensation.—New York Ledger.

#### RECIPES.

Ragout of Pork Tenderloins and Corn.—Cut into small pieces a pound of fresh pork tenderloins; put into a saucepan with enough butter to prevent burning and brown over a hot fire. When well browned add a half can of sweet corn and a seasoning of salt and pepper and enough boiling water to moisten; stir over the fire until thoroughly hot and serve at once.

Fish Omelet.—Cook together one level tablespoonful of flour and one of butter; add gradually half-cup of hot milk and a little pepper. Pour boiling water on a half-cup of shredded cod-fish, drain and mix with the thickened milk, then add two cups of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine. Melt tablespoonful butter in a spider; when hot turn in fish and cook slowly until a thick crust has formed; then fold over and serve on hot platter.

Mutton Rechaute.—To one cup of cold roast or boiled mutton, chopped fine, add a half-cup of fine bread crumbs with enough gravy or soup stock to moisten well, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of some tart jelly. Place in frying-pan over the fire and when well warmed through remove to back of the range and stir in the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Pour mixture in deep baking tin, cover an inch deep with highly seasoned mashed potato, brush over the top with the white of an egg and brown in the oven.

Tomato Honey.—To every pound of ripe tomatoes allow six fresh peach leaves—if you can get them—and the grated rind of one lemon. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces, and leaves and rind, and stew slowly until well done. Press through a fine sieve and add for every pint of juice one pound sugar and the juice of one lemon. Return to the fire and cook till thick like honey. It cooked quickly without a cover it will be a much lighter color. It can be kept in cans or bottled and sealed, and will be much relished by the little folk.

King William Pudding.—Two apples chopped fine, two ounces each of grated bread, sugar and currants; two eggs and the rind of a lemon, grated, and just enough of the juice to give a perceptible acid, a sprinkle of salt and a little mustard. Stir all together and pour into a small, buttered bowl. Cover with a plate and steam for an hour and a half; serve with lemon sauce made as follows: Boil together a half cupful of sugar and half cup of water for fifteen minutes; remove from fire and when cooled a little add the juice remaining from lemon used in pudding.