

Train robbery is punishable by death in Arizona. The Supreme Court has just upheld the constitutionality of the statute.

When Li Hung Chang was in Glasgow he told the Scotchmen that their bagpipes reminded him of China. They can't make out whether he meant it for a compliment or not.

Li Hung Chang is keeping a diary of his trip around the world. Whether the old diplomat will publish the result of his observations or not will probably be settled by the personage who manufactures the yellow jackets at Pekin.

A New York young man has found it necessary to apply to the courts for protection from a girl who is in love with him and who pursues him with attentions, relates the Washington Star. This incident invests the "new woman" with augmented terrors.

It was once said that there was little or no drunkenness in France, where the people indulged freely in light wines, but such seems to be no longer the case. A man's temperance association has been established recently in Paris, and there is declared to be great need for it.

Says Harper's Weekly: It was recently reported that the post of military attaché to the American Embassy to London was vacant, and had been offered to three officers, all of whom have declined it on the ground that their salaries could not support the dignity of the job. It is a very pretty place, and one that has not been used to go begging. It calls for an officer of the rank of major, and gives him little to do except to look handsome and to adorn London society with his presence. He is entitled to wear the most decorative clothes of any one connected with the embassy. When he rides out with the Ambassador he goes on the front seat inside, and not on the box seat with the coachman, as ill-informed persons have erroneously supposed. Opportunities to meet folks that really are folks come to him daily. He dines out nearly every night, and seldom is at loss for a hearty meal of nourishing food. His chief expenses are for lodgings and cab hire, but the hesitation of worthy officers to accept the place indicates that even those expenses may be too considerable. The real trouble must be that the majors in Uncle Sam's army are middle-aged men with families, and a salary that might maintain the attaché himself well enough in London will not also maintain his family, either at home in his absence or with him abroad. If lieutenant had rank enough for the place, it would probably be easy to keep it filled with young unmarried officers of the requisite stature and comeliness.

A very curious state of affairs is reported from France, where the population, which has been decreasing for some time, is growing at an alarmingly feeble rate. For some time the decrease among the French has been a cause of comment among European economists, but in most cases it has been ascribed to the tremendous destruction among the men who, during the Prussian war, were just entering upon the middle years of manhood. This excuse can be used no longer, and it is noted with mortification among the French leaders that the present trifling increase in the population is due chiefly to the immigration of people from other nations. The wisest observers of the situation claim to have found the reason for this sudden arrest in National growth, and their explanation is both plausible and an important object lesson for people of other lands. It is pointed out that the increase of taxation in France to keep up the burden of the National debt has been such that people who, some years ago, were perfectly willing to assume the responsibility of supporting a household are now afraid to make the venture. The French peasant is proverbially thrifty, and one of the chief ends of his thrift is to supply his children with enough means upon which to make a respectable start in life. If he cannot support a family and leave it in comparatively easy circumstances he prefers to have no family to support. He would rather forego the attempt to keep up a household if he believes that possibly his attempt may be a failure. This fact is now offered in explanation of the remarkable falling off in the growth of French population, and the Chicago Record maintains "it is a plausible one. There could be no better proof of the intimate relationship which National legislation bears to individual and National prosperity. The laws which oppress the people of a Nation hurt it physically just as surely as they hurt it financially."

IGNORING THE TRUTH.

CANDIDATE MCKINLEY TRIES TO DECEIVE FARMERS.

False Charges Concerning the Cause of the Agricultural Depression—Hay Crops and the Tariff—A Fall in Demand and Increase in Supply.

"During the last seventeen months of the Republican tariff law there were imported into this country 140,000 tons of hay, and during the first seven months of the Democratic tariff law there were imported 373,000 tons. Depression in agriculture has always followed low tariff legislation."—Mr. McKinley to farmers, at Canton.

It is true that there has been a slight increase of the imports of hay, but the imports are only a "drop in the bucket" as compared with the quantity produced in this country, and the reduction of the price of hay in the United States has not been caused by any change in the tariff. Mr. McKinley must know what the causes of depression in the hay market have been. These causes will continue to be effective.

The following table shows the size of the domestic crops and the imports and exports, in tons, for the fiscal years named:

Year	Hay	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Flaxseed	Other
1891	33,000,000	28,242	18,068	1,062	1,062	1,062
1892	37,000,000	79,715	35,291	1,893	1,893	1,893
1893	35,740,000	104,257	31,084	1,894	1,894	1,894
1894	48,311,000	86,751	54,143	1,895	1,895	1,895
1895	44,246,000	91,931	47,117	1,896	1,896	1,896
1896	47,978,000	302,632	69,952			

It will be noticed that the imports last year were equal to less than 2 percent of the quantity produced at home. The hay market in a Nation of 70,000,000 people is not depressed by the importation of this comparatively small number of tons.

But the market for hay, as well as the markets for oats and horses, has been very seriously affected by the substitution of electric power for horses on street railroads and by the general use of bicycles. With reference to this change the Philadelphia Record says:

"The advent of the trolley and the displacement of horses by it have affected the business of a large class of farmers who depend upon this city as a market for their hay. Eight or ten thousand horses which formerly belonged to the old car lines and were an important factor in the consumption of hay have disappeared. The popularity of the trolley for pleasure travel also has cut into the business of the livery stables, and here too the demand for the farmers' product is lessened. The bicycles are also displacing horses, liverymen again being the sufferers."

"A conservative estimate places the quantity of hay now received in this city at only two-thirds of what was brought in a few years ago, and the quotations have dropped about fifteen per cent, since the trolleys were put in operation."

The same story could be told in every large American city. Do not all intelligent persons know how the trolley and the bicycle have affected the demand for horses, hay and oats? But while the demand has been falling, the supply has been increasing. There were a million more horses in the country in 1895 than in 1891, the crop of oats last year was 824,000,000 bushels, as against an average of only 675,000,000 for the four years immediately preceding, and the average crop of hay for the five years ending with 1890 was only 45,500,000 tons.

But Mr. McKinley says nothing about the trolley, the bicycle and the crops. He tells the farmers that the hay market has been depressed by the wicked Democratic tariff.—New York Times.

THE MEANING OF MCKINLEYISM.

It Means the Same Thing in 1893 That It Meant in 1892.

Vague promises that if the Ohio Major is elected President the country will in some mysterious way become more prosperous, should not blind the American people to the real nature of McKinleyism. Four years ago that word was understood to mean a policy of high taxation, dear goods and a restricted foreign trade. This was the form in which it was embodied in the McKinley tariff, and after a full and fair discussion for over two years the people rejected the policy and ordered the tariff repealed.

Nothing has happened since 1895 to change in the slightest degree the essential nature of McKinleyism. It is now as then a demand for special tariff privileges for the benefit of a few great trusts and manufacturing monopolists. It is a scheme by which seventy million American consumers are to be taxed on the goods they buy, in order that a small number of millionaires may make greater fortunes. It means class legislation in the interests of men who furnish money to buy votes and corrupt the masses of popular government. It is a bold assertion of the right of some men to get rich at the expense of the masses who produce all wealth.

The popular verdict in 1892 was that McKinleyism was a fraud and robbery. Theft is always theft, no matter what it may be called. Four years ago the people voted against stealing under the form of law. Is there any reason why the same people should now vote in favor of high tariff robbery, merely because the McKinleyites are this year calling their leader "prosperity's advance agent."

Quay to the Front.

Quay is always a good and great Republican in campaign times. All Republican candidates love him then as McKinley does now.—New York World.

A FREE TRADE COLONY.

Result of Six Months' Operations in New South Wales.

An experiment is going on in the English colony of New South Wales which promises to be of great economic value. When the Hon. G. H. Reid, the present Premier, succeeded last fall in passing his bill, embodying a new scheme of taxation, it was asserted by the protectionists of New South Wales, as well as by those living in other Australian colonies, that an application of the plan could not fail to lead to general industrial bankruptcy. Premier Reid's plan was a more radical free trade method than any hitherto in use in any civilized country in the world. All of the customs taxes are under it abolished except those on spirits, wines, beer, tobacco and opium. These are looked upon as luxuries upon which a tax can fittingly be paid, while if distilling, brewing or tobacco growing takes place in a colony a countervailing internal revenue tax would undoubtedly be placed upon those enterprises. The deficiency in the National receipts brought about by this radical curtailment of revenue is, under the law now in force, to be made good by direct taxation. A part of this is secured by a tax on land, and the other part is received through the instrumentality of an income tax. As the result of six months' operations, instead of proving disadvantageous, the new plan of taxation has been found to be distinctly beneficial. It was said that wheat growing would be abandoned in New South Wales because there was no longer any protection granted the farmers; but instead of this the area of wheat planting has been much larger this year than ever before, and, curiously enough, a large number of farmers have come from the protectionist colony of Victoria into the unprotected colony of New South Wales for the purpose of engaging in the farming business. It is said that New South Wales may this year grow enough wheat to feed its population—a thing that has never happened in any past year. General trade has also received a great impetus, and with this object lesson before them it is by no means improbable that the other Australian colonies will realize the necessity of speedily abandoning the protectionist methods to which they are now attached. It may be interesting to add that there is no place in the world, not even in the United States, where the hours of labor are uniformly so short (eight hours) and the wages paid labor uniformly so high as in this free trade colony of New South Wales.—Boston Herald.

As to Tariff Responsibility.

The returns of exports and imports recently made officially show that for the seven months ending July 31, this country exported to Europe nearly \$50,000,000 more of merchandise than we sent in the same months of 1895. We have imported also \$43,000,000 less. The result is a foreign credit balance of this year on merchandise alone of \$90,743,699, against an actual debt balance last year of \$21,219,992. This is a conclusive answer to the charges that it is the importation of foreign goods that is responsible for our business troubles, and that the tariff of 1894 encourages foreign importation. In the latest six months reported it will be seen that the export trade has made a gain over that of imports of nearly \$112,000,000. In confirmation of what is thus proved, Senator Teller, who is a protectionist, and voted for the McKinley tariff and against the Wilson tariff acknowledges in a recent speech that the Wilson bill is "a better bill for the manufacturers of this country than the Republican bill of 1890." He says that "the people who make iron and steel tell us that the schedule on iron and steel was also lately satisfactory," and it is well known that the cotton schedule was dictated by the manufacturers themselves.—Boston Herald.

The McKinley Bill and Wages.

The McKinley tariff law, says the New York World, went into effect October 6, 1890, and the Wilson-Gorman bill August 23, 1894. The first effect of the passage of the McKinley bill was a general reduction in wages in protected industries. The World in 1892 printed several thousand instances of strikes and lockouts in protected industries that followed the enactment.

Loss to Workmen.

There were \$888,404 less wages paid in 1893 than in 1892. There were \$1,500,410 less wages paid in 1894 than in 1893.

Loss to Company.

The value of the product of the Cambria Iron Company in 1893 was \$2,064,000 less than in 1892. The value of the product of 1894 was \$4,916,200 less than in 1892. The shrinkage in two years amounted to \$6,980,200.

An Unearned Increment.

The almighty dollar has been increased in value fourfold in the past thirty years. Still we are told that we cannot legislate people rich—when we legislate to increase, year by year, the value of the dollar, compelling the debtor to pay the bond and mortgage holder more and more, measured in labor and its products. And this ever increasing in value is said to be "honest." It is an unearned increment given to the rich at the expense of the poor.—Silver Knight.

SILVER NOTES.

Bryan is making his mark. McKinley has got a Mark already, and it is whispered that he wishes that he could rub it out.

Trusts, combines and corporations breed goldbugs, as putrid flesh breeds maggots; but the maggots have a use—they are good for fish bait.

Boss Hanna says that his employees are not interested in the silver question. If they were to let him find out that they were they would lose their job.

It is stated that "there are 5,000,000 peasant farmers in Germany marching fast to irretrievable ruin." The British gold standard is getting in its work the world over.

There is no question of more vital importance to the people than an ample currency. Every restriction thrown around money benefits the millionaire, and injures all other classes.

Montesquieu, the great French statesman, said: "Financiers support a State as the cord supports the man it hangs." He spoke truly, but were he living to-day the gold bug press would dub him an anarchist.

It might suit the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rothschilds and others of that ilk to have a diamond currency through which they could control the world, but what would become of the rest of mankind?

How the plutocrats of Great Britain must despise their fawning sycophants in this country who dare to assert that the United States are not great enough to have their own independent financial policy.

Restrict the currency and you block the wheels of commercial and industrial life, throw the workmen out of employment, lower the prices of farm products, and the great creditors and the money shavers alone grow fat on the poverty and ruin of the masses.

Our first coinage act passed in 1792, prepared by Hamilton, indorsed by Jefferson, and approved by Washington, provided for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. These great men would now be classed as cranks, communists, socialists and anarchists.

"Overproduction!" Oh, what hollow mockery! Overproduction of what when millions are starving; of clothing when millions are naked. The man who can write this is surely a lunatic or the most heartless of created beings. It is not overproduction but underconsumption which is causing the misery of the people, and this can be remedied only by placing in their hands the means to make them consumers.

Congressman Towne, the gallant young Minnesota, who left the Republican party rather than be an accessory to the crime of shackling his fellow countrymen with golden fetters, uttered a great truth when he said: "The true patriot is your modern American gold standard advocate. The logic of his argument leads to a money base so small and a credit top so large that 'confidence' fits to take the place of redemption, and confidence never realized is only another name for irredeemability."

What stupid rot that is, about "money that is good in Europe." Let's see what there is in it. A is a farmer in Oklahoma; B is a farmer in silver standard Mexico. Both want to visit England. A sells 1000 bushels of wheat for \$500 in gold, and in London exchanges his gold for £100 English money. B also sells 1000 bushels of wheat, getting \$1000 in silver for it, and going to London, exchanges his silver for £1000. Now, what advantage has A over B? What is wanted is money that is good in Norman—and lots more of it.

Why Did He Discount It?

A South Side man hailed the driver of a moving van one day this week and proceeded to make arrangements for transferring his household goods to a new dwelling.

"What do you charge?" queried the citizen.

"Dollar 'n' hour," replied the van driver.

The citizen hesitated a moment.

"Say," said the mover, "will your lady be on hand to boss the job?"

"No," said the citizen, "she's in the country. I'm planning this for a little surprise."

"Well," said the mover, "then I'll only be 50 cents 'n' hour."

And the South Side man doesn't know whether this was a tribute to his wife's presumable watchfulness or proof of the general antipathy felt for woman-kind by all well-regulated movers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Vanilla Bean.

The so-called vanilla bean is not a bean at all, but the fruit of a climbing orchid, the capsule or pod of which is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and from six to ten inches long, and has a certain resemblance to the so-called catapla bean. The plant in its native home, in Mexico and tropical America, climbs over trees and shrubs by means of slender rootlets sent out from the joints of the stem. In its wild state it climbs to a height of twenty feet; but in cultivation it is kept within bounds, so that the ripe pods are not injured when the others are gathered. In Mexico the plant is propagated by cuttings and then trained over some rough bark trellis work in partial shade.

A CONSTANTINOPLE MOB.

TERRIBLE WORK OF THE CHAPQIN AND THE SOFTAS.

The former the Rascais and Vagabonds of the City, and the latter Theological Students.

CONSTANTINOPLE mob is a spectacle that, once seen, is not easily forgotten, writes a correspondent of the New York Tribune. The memory holds forever after a picture of frenzied faces, strange garments and gleaming knives. The ear retains for a long time the mad shouts of the pursuit or the exultant cry that accompanied the finishing blow. It is not a pleasant memory. For the second time within a year Constantinople has been given up to pillage and murder. The demon of massacre that stalked through the city last September has returned more terrible than ever, and he has found his efficient ally in the Constantinople mob.

In no city on earth can one pistol shot call together a mob that compares in all savage qualities with the mob of Constantinople. Time and again before and since the destruction of Janissaries it has turned the capital upside down and made the streets of Stamboul run with blood. It does not change with time. Generation after generation it is the same in composition and in purpose. It has two objects in view: first, to kill Christians; second, to seize their property.

The mob is composed of two general classes, the Chapqin—that is, the Rascais of the city, belonging to the lowest class of the population, brutal and vicious, and the Softas—that is, theological students. The former, as poor, ignorant, ferocious and fanatic as the hordes that Mahomet sent against the city 450 years ago, are animated by the love of plunder and of bloodshed. In their savage breasts there is no feeling of mercy, but a positive delight in the shedding of blood. They seek not only to kill but to mangle in killing. Toward a Christian they have no sentiment of humanity. They are of every race of Asia Minor that has adopted the religion of Mahomet. In their dark faces and uncouth garments we can trace the characteristics of Laz, Kurd, Circassian, Georgian, Zeybeck and Osinauli. In ordinary times they lead a precarious existence, living from hand to mouth, working, when forced, as porters, scavengers and laborers; but ready at the first signal to turn their implements into weapons and join the fierce cry, "Down with the Gouours!"

The second class, and the more dreaded, is the Softas, Softa or Soukhte, as the word was originally pronounced, means something consumed in the fire, and is the name given to the students of the theological schools, who are, supposedly, consumed in the fire of zeal for knowledge. In Constantinople there are, at a moderate estimate, 10,000 of these Mahometan theological students. They are camped like a great army in the city of the Sultan, and at the faintest whisper of reform or concession to Crete, Armenia or Macedonia, or at the first rumor of insubordination on the part of the Armenians of the city, one hears the ominous murmur, "The Softas are rising." Many cheeks turn pale at the cry. It calls up too many scenes in the streets of Galata and Stamboul of helpless men and women struck down by the heavy curved clubs in the hands of these bigoted fanatics. In the riots of last September and in the recent awful slaughter in Constantinople the Softas were the principal figures. Fanatic almost to insanity, cruel as hyenas, animated by a sleepless hatred of Christians, they are the centre and soul of every Moslem outbreak.

Their method of warfare is distinctive. They do not usually attack in large bands, nor do they attempt serious fighting. Armed with heavy clubs, often curved into a hook, they patrol the streets in bands of from a dozen to forty, or lie concealed in narrow lanes. There they watch for their prey, and thence, at the sight of a defenceless man or woman, they dash forth and club the poor wretch to death and trample on the mangled form. Hundreds have fallen in just this way in Constantinople. Occasionally the band varies the amusement by plundering the house of some poor, defenceless creature, and by killing the women and children.

The dress of the Softa is unmistakable, even in a city that abounds with costumes. The Softa of to-day is clad, like his predecessors for several generations, in loose fitting trousers of brown that grow smaller toward the ankle; a colored cotton shirt, collarless, and long, ample surcoat that falls straight from the shoulders to the tops of the heavy boots. The distinguishing mark of the Softa, however, is the band of spotted white cloth wound around and around the fez, something after the fashion of a turban. The face, which is smooth shaven, is likely in repose to be dull and heavy.

The mosque is the centre of the Softa's life. It is in a very real sense his "alma mater." It affords him not only with knowledge, but also with food and shelter. From the times of the earliest caliphs down to the present day, the imperial mosques have had connected with them medresseh—that is, colleges, for the training of youth. Under the early caliphs the Arab genius lent an extraordinary brilliance to these colleges or medresseh. They were the glory of Damascus and Baghdad, the home of literature, art and sciences. But under the Turkish sway the medresseh are restricted to narrower domains. Law and theology are their only courses if we except a single college of medicine, and lead either to a judicial or ecclesiastical office. All graduates of the medresseh enter like the class called ulema—that is, the class of the learned. The studies of

the Softa, directed by the hodja, or teacher, are entirely from the Koran and from certain recognized commentators. They include grammar, syntax, logic, morality, rhetoric, theology, philosophy, jurisprudence, the Koran, its commentators, and the oral laws of the prophet. Strolling about Stamboul in more peaceful times, there is nothing more interesting than the pictures often presented through the mosque door of a group of Softas seated in a circle on the floor around the white-turbaned hodja, listening to his exegesis of some passage from the sacred writings, or intoning some chapter of the Koran, with the inflections consecrated by centuries of usage.

The mosque is thus the classroom. But it is much more. Close by the mosque is a row of one-story stone buildings, frequently facing a court with a fountain. In each building there are from a dozen to thirty rooms, or better cells, having one window, one door and a dirt floor. In the cell are a couch, a very few books, Persian, Arabic or Turkish, and perhaps a box. Here the Softa lives at his ease, without money and without price, getting one good meal daily from waqf, the public revenue of the mosque, sitting curled up on his couch by day and sleeping on it by night.

A Human Owl.

Philadelphia doctors are just now puzzling their brains over a man who seems to possess the eyes of a bat or an owl. During the daytime he is hopelessly blind and must grope his way along the streets, but at night he can see well if there are no artificial lights near to dazzle his eyes.

The man is Henry C. Lanner. He applied for treatment the other day at the Philadelphia Hospital, where he told his story. He said that he had traveled from Denver to Philadelphia on foot walking at night when others slept, and sleeping by day when the sun blinded him and make walking impossible.

Lanner said that his curious condition is the result of having been burned by molten iron while working in a foundry ten years ago. At the time it was thought that he would be entirely blind, and for several weeks after the accident his eyes were bandaged. When the bandages were removed he could not see, and his fears were apparently realized.

That night, as Lanner was lying on his bed trying to reconcile himself to a life of darkness, he discovered that he could see after the lights were extinguished. At first he could hardly believe the truth, but after he had looked at the various objects in the room and had examined the pattern in the wall paper he knew that his sight was restored and he cried with joy.

But the next day he discovered that he was again blind, and he afterwards found that he could see all right at night, but that in the day time he was as sightless as a bat.

At night he can read fine print as easily as other men do when the sun shines. He can make his way through dark streets and see every object clearly and distinctly.

For several years thereafter Lanner was employed as a night watchman in Denver. He was glad to remain awake so that his hours of blindness might be spent in oblivion. In recent years Lanner gave up work and began preaching on the streets. He believes that his affliction is a special dispensation of Providence, and is intended as a punishment for former sins.—New York World.

Preservation of Bouquets.

A florist of many years' experience gives the following recipe for preserving bouquets: When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soapuds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the soda every morning and lay it sideways in fresh water; the stock entering first into the water; keep it there a minute or two, then take the flowers out and sprinkle it lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapuds and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapuds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

President Krueger's Retort.

Here is another characteristic story about the President of the Transvaal. In the days when Johannesburg was merely Ferreira's mining camp, Krueger was one day riding over the Witwatersrand in ordinary burgher attire. He off-saddled near a wagon owned by a German. The Teuton did not recognize the President, and held forth on the many things he would do were he ruler of the State. Suddenly Oom Paul, to the great astonishment of the German, who was a very small man, took off his coat, and holding it out toward the stranger, said: "Put this on." "But," replied the latter, "it's too big." "Just so," replied his honor, with a grim smile. "I'm Paul Krueger, and it is not too big for me."

Does the Earth Move?

One of the wonders of the coming Paris exposition will be a 300-foot tower, in which the scientists will experiment with a pendulum to ascertain if it is possible to detect or demonstrate the motion of the earth. A former experiment was once made by Foucault under the cupola of the Pantheon, but the result was far from satisfactory. In the coming experiment the pendulum will be 350 feet in length, with a steel globe weighing 180 pounds at its end.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

RECIPES FOR PICKLING.

To Pickle Cucumbers to Last a Year.—Wash out and dry in the sun a sound butter tub. Pour into it two gallons of boiling water and in this dissolve enough salt to float an egg. It generally requires a pint and a half. Add to this one ounce of saltpetre, and let it stand until cold. Then pick cucumbers every day, as they ripen; wash them well and put them in the brine, continuing to do so until the tub is filled. Take great care in having good, sound and hard cucumbers. Any desired herbs, or a few peeled onions, can be put among them for flavoring. When the tub is filled, and the brine is over the cucumbers spread a white cloth over them and put a board on top, with a stone on it so as to keep the cucumbers under water. Look after the cucumbers at least once a week, and if any scum has gathered wash it off, put a clean cloth on top, and replace the board and stone. In this way the cucumbers are utilized as they come from the garden, and, if properly attended to, will be nice and crisp, and keep all winter.

Pickled Stringbeans That Can Be Used as Salad.—Make a brine strong enough to float an egg; string the beans, and put them in it for twenty-four hours. Then pour off the brine and parboil the beans in vinegar. Fill glass jars with them. Boil the vinegar for half an hour with all kinds of spices; strain it, and dissolve in it some alum, allowing to every quart a piece of alum as large as a hazelnut. Pour the vinegar hot over the beans, and close at once.

Pickled Small White Onions.—Peel the onions and boil them for a quarter of an hour in equal quantities of milk and water; drain them and put in glass jars. Boil whatever quantity of vinegar is required with the spices and pour boiling over the onions. Allow to every gallon of vinegar half an ounce of mace, a quarter of an ounce of white cloves, five tablespoonfuls of salt and half an ounce of alum. These onions, although easy to prepare, will be found economical as well as a great relish. The milk makes them less pungent and the alum makes them softer and helps to keep them all winter.

Pepper and Cabbage Pickle.—This pickle is quickly made, economical and fit for daily use. Chop together six large-sized green peppers and one firm head of cabbage. While chopping add one and a half cupfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of ground allspice and one-half pound of white mustard seed. When chopped quite fine put in crocks or glass jars, cover with good, cold vinegar and tie up tight, so that no air gets in. It will be found to be ready for use in six weeks, and is an excellent condiment for cold meats and boiled mutton.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Always fold a dress right side out for packing, as it will not wrinkle so much.

A pinch of salt added to the white of eggs will make them beat up quicker and lighter.

Prick a nutmeg with a pin, and if it fresh and good oil will instantly spread about the puncture.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and it is always a safe thing to use for this purpose.

To ascertain if an egg is fresh put it in a pail of water. If good it will sink immediately; if it floats it is doubtful.

If a little flour is rubbed over a loaf of cake before icing it will prevent the frosting from spreading and running off so readily.

Every housewife should impress upon the minds of her family that the best sauce for any meat is cheerfulness. Laughter aids digestion, and people should never grumble while eating.

In making Indian meal mush, cool it with milk instead of water, or par water and part milk if not convenient to use all milk. The pudding will be much richer, and when fried will more readily take a nice brown.

In giving medicines in liquid form to an infant place the point of the spoon containing the medicine against the roof of the mouth. Administering it in this way it will be impossible for the child to choke or eject the medicine.

In relaying carpets after the fall cleaning it is well to sprinkle something under the edges to destroy any carpet bugs that may be lurking around. As good a thing as can be used is a powder made of equal parts of camphor gum and tobacco.

Milk wedged pads make a fine draw for stuffing head rest cushions. Those fortunate enough to be in the country will have no trouble in finding plenty along the road side, and can gather enough to bring home with them for many a winter evening's comfort.

In washing anything made of chammois skins use warm water with a little ammonia in it. Wash by rubbing between the fingers, but do not wring the chammois. Press it between the palms of the hands to take out the water and hang before the fire or in the hot sun to dry quickly, rubbing and pulling the article into proper shape every few moments to prevent the skin drying hard and stiff.

Linens that have been stained by tea or coffee may be cleansed by moistening the spots with water and holding them over the fumes of a small piece of burning sulphur or a few sulphur matches. Wash immediately in water in which a little ammonia or soda has been dissolved. Stains that nothing else will remove are often taken out by the vapor arising from burning sulphur, but the material must be washed thoroughly at once.