The Boston Transcript tells a good story about a consignment of goods made in Germany to a large Boston china store. A representative had ordered in that country a variety of goods, and among them a lot of cups, which are beautifully labelled, "To My Brother," "To a Friend," and so on through the list of human relation-He had ordered with the rest a lot of mustache cups; they were well and duly made, but great was his astonishment when the consignment arrived to find the greater number of the cups so contrived to protect the beverage against the masculine hirsute adornment labelled thus: "To My Sister," "To My Mother," "To My Wife," "To My Betrothed!"

A company in London which operates 1000 omnibuses has determined to do away with horses altogether and adopt motor omnibuses instead. The 'bus has been "from time immemorial" one of London's "institutions," and no doubt will continue to be for a long period, but the change to the motors will, with this first move in that direction, increase as time wears on. It will no doubt be a change for the better for the new 'buses will take up less room than the old and the amount of cleaning will be materially lessened But what is to become of the horse? wonders the Atlanta Journal. With With the bicycle, the electric car, the steam carriage and steam plows supplanting it in every field of pleasure and usefulness, some of the present generation may live to see this faithful and useful animal doing service alone in the circuses. But if this comes to pass it will only provide for the "whites" and the "dapple grays." And then, perhaps, a fickle public will prefer trick bicycle riding to the daring feats of the tinselled "bareback" performers, who have thrilled us from a tender age. Seriously, what is to become of the horse?



Missawe-sillows neard in the selection of eccentric manner for their papers. The Parairi Day, the Astenucher, the work is a willing one Parairi The Parairi Day, the Astenucher, the work is a will near the Parairi The College of the

would never dare tell Ellento do anything over—indeed, there was no need.

But Mrs. Angier's occupation was gone. She felt like a boarder in her own house. A boarder, too, who was treated with a sort of half antagonistic toleration. If she would prefer graham gems instead of corn mufflins for breakfast, she never dared says, for she was afraid of the way those wide eyes with the lashless lids would stare. She thought of speaking to the minister; even of broaching the subject before the Dorcas Society, never dreaming that that body found the tyranny under which she lived the choicest topic of conversation before her arrival.

One morning Mrs. Angier, with a letter in her hand, entered the kitchen where her maid was noisily washing dishes. Although Ellen had never broken or even chipped a dish each click of the china touched a tender spot in Mrs. Angier's soul, and she spoke sharply: "Ellen, I wish you would be more quiet."

"Ain't I quiet?" demanded Ellen, facing around.

"Oh, yes, you are. But about the dashes, I mean," faltered the mistress, avoiding the eyes. "Oh, Ellen, I came to tell you that I have a letter from my daughter, Mrs. Morrill, saying she is coming to make me a visit. She will be here to dinner. I wish you to get her room ready."

r 'Yes, her!' repeated Ellen with an energetic jerk of her thumb toward her mistress' room.

'Mamma? O, no!'

'Then tell me!' cried Ellen, flinging herself to her knees before Mrs. Morrill, and clasping her arms around her. 'Tell me who's the dumb thing tills I kill um.'

'You frighten me,' exclaimed Mrs. Morrill, recoiling from such violent sympathy.

'I won't hurt you. But I'm goin' to settle your hash. Who is it now? Vill I have you sitting roun' crying out those eyes? You what spoke vords kine to me. You only vun. I guess not. Think I'm dumb?'

'You are very kind, Ellen, and I thank you, but my unhappiness you can't do anything to lessen,' spoke Mrs. Morrill, sadly.

Suddenly Ellen stood, and demanded, sternly. 'Where's your man?'

'My man?' repeated Mrs. Morrill, in amazement, 'Oh, you mean my husband? I haven't any now—I fear.'

'What's that?' with a thrust of the hand toward a photograph on the bureau.

'Yes, that's Mr. Morrill. But—why,

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"Yes, that's Mr. Morrill. But—why, really, Ellen you have no right to catechise me in this way."

"Yes, I have. Go on! Go on!"
But Mrs. Morrill arose and threw herself at the bed-side in a passion of tweeping.

Instantly Ellen was beside her clasping in those great arms the quivering form of the woman she loved.

"There a, there a, there a, there a, there a, " she said, soothingly, "Notting's vorth it. No, no, no!"

And because she didn't know what else to do Mrs. Morrill sobbed out on that broad breast the whole story of the happy girlish heart she had married her husband, and had tried, for his sake, to live with his people, who despised her simple, unfashionable ways, and treated her meanly; but at last, thinking her husband, too, had turned against her, she had left them all and newer told her husband, too, had turned against her, she had left them all and a mewer told her husband, too, had turned against her, she had left them all and a mewer told her husband her intention, and had not the courage to tell her mother, and how wholly miserable she was.

"Yen shut up now, and go to bed, mother, and how wholly miserable she was.

"Yen a shut you have no right to the feel of th

Indeed, Ellins and the second of the second

INDIAN ARROW-TIP POISON.

THE DEADLY VENOM USED
APACHES AND PIUTES.

Obtained From Rattlesnakes of the Arizona Desert When Their Poison is Most Powerful—Poison Tests

ATTLESNAKES are the chief

ATTLESNAKES are the chief element in the arrow-tip poisons of the Apache and Piute for and the control of the c

a bright yellow in color.

The desert rattiesnake is a dreadful enough customer any day in the year, but during August takes on the fulness of its frightfulness, both in appearance and in conduct. About the middle of August when the weather is insufferably hot, this snake becomes bloated from some cause until it is a third larger than its normal size. Its appearance is as if the snake had been blown up like a bladder or charged with gas like a balloon. This rattler is always sluggish and slow in its movements, and, like all of its kind, usually makes an effort to get out of the way of intruders, but in August it simply lies still in bloated repulsiveness and will not move for anything, being ready at all times to strike at everything that comes near it. At that time of year it is simply a swollen reservoir of venom, and its bite will then send even an Apache Indian to the happy hunting grounds, and quickly at that.

A Piute Indian who wants to lay in a stock of poison for his arrows kills at this time of year enough of these rattlesnakes for his purpose. He cuts off their heads and takes them to his lodge. He places in one of the rude earthen vessels that are among the bright yellow in color.

The desert rattlesnake is a dreadful

rattiesmakes for his purpose. He cuts off their heads and takes them to his lodge. He places in one of the rude earthen vessels that are among the Piute household effects, ten or a dozen of these snake heads. To them he adds perhaps a pint of tarantula killers, as the big hairy Texan or Mexican spider is called; or, rather, he puts the abdomen of the spider in with the snake heads. This spider has a sting that injects a poison powerful enough to kill almost instantly a tarantula, which is itself about as poison ous a member of the animal kingdom as one would care to meet. The poison sac of the tarantula killer is in the lower abdomen of the insect, and it is this that the Piute brave mixes with his rattlesnake heads. He then pours in a pint of water, seals the lid of the vessel on with moist clay, and places the vessel in a pit, where he has made a bed of red hot coals. He buries the vessel in these coals, and, besides that, builds a blazing fire on top of it. This fire is kept burning fiercely for several hours, when it is swept away, and the Indian digs his vessel out of the coals. With a long pole he knocks the lid off, and does not venture near the pot until the steam that arises from it has entirely ceased to appear.

The Piutes say that to inhale the smallest quantity of that steam would be instant death. Whether that is true or not I am not able to say, as I never saw it put to the test. After the fiery ordeal to which the snake heads and the processed to a prear.

blood runs from the wound the poisoned stick is touched to it. If the venom is active the blood will coagulate and turn black and change to a dry powder. The squaw has to look out for her own safety, and wipe away the poison before it reaches the wound, for the brave walks away to steep his arrows in the poisoned heart as he sees the venom's action on his squaw's blood. After he has jabbed his arrow heads into the putrid and poison charged heart or liver they are ready for use. —New York Sun.

Moenblink.

Three cases of "moonblink" occurred on the British steamship Acanthus, which reached Philadelphia the other day. After the low-lying hills fringing the shores of Batavia faded from view on the afternoon of July 14 for eighty days her crew of sixty-six officers and seamen saw no land, sighted no vessel and encountered no storm. Among the crew are three seamen who, during the run across the Indian Ocean, suffered terribly from sudden blindness at night, the result of that strange disease of the eyes prevalent in the tropies, and known to the sailors as "moonblink." One bright, moonlight night, while the Acanthus was steaming across the Indian Ocean, one of them finding his berth in the forecastle too uncomfortably hot, went out and lay upon the deck. The moon was nearing her full, and shone almost directly overhead. When the watch was changed at midnight he was awakened and was horrified to find himself blind. At first the captain thought the man might be shamming to avoid going on duty, but an irrestigation was made, and it was found that he could not see, although his eyes were wide open. The calamity was at once diagnosed as a case of "moonblink," and the captain cuttioned his men against running such risks. When day began to break sight began to return, and by sunrise he could see as well as if nothing unusual had happened. All of that day the case formed the chief topic of conversation, and when night came two more men determined to test the effect of the moon. After a two hours' nap in the full glare of the moon both men were awakened totally blind. An order from the captain prevented any further experimenting in that line during the rost of the voyage.—Philadelphia Record.

The regen why Argantine mutton

Frozen Mutton.

The reason why Argentine mutton generally is of inferior price to that of New Zealand has a three-fold explanation. In the first place, New Zealand possesses to-day a mutton-producing breed superior to that grown in the Plate. In the second, the New Zealander feeds his stock during the winter time with extra forage, while in the Argentine the sheep are allowed to graze upon the same bare pampa during the dead season. The result of this is that the New Zealander produces an even, well-grown carcass, while there is sent home from the Plate one upon which a hasty covering of fat has been put during the spring months of the year. The difference between the two carcasses will readily be noted by anyone who pays a visit to the cattle market. Thirdly, the freezer in New Zealand freezes the mutton on account of the breeder; and in the Argentine the freezer buys from the breeder. The disalvantage of the latter system, so long as the breeder has no knowledge of the requirements of the market, is apparent. The New Zealand breeder selects his wethers with care, rejecting any which will give an inferior weight, or which are insufficiently fattened for the butcher. He remits them in small droves to the freezing establishments, and takes every care that they shall arrive in perfect order. The Argentine breeder, on the other hand, makes a contract with the representative of the freezer to sell a given number; and the latter binds himself to remove them within a certain date. New York Ledger.

tion's life are avowed on its currency as never before; thus, at last, the stamp on money signifies not Cassar only, not authority and force only, but the people themselves. It is well that our country has led the world in this matter, as is evinced by the praise with which the new certificates have been greeted by the artists of Europe.

—Youth's Companion.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS,

A NEW WAY TO SERVE PARSNITS.

Parsnips served in an entirely new way in the shape of an English walnut with a nut in the middle. The parsnips are first boiled and mashed fine; to each pint there is added a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix well over the fire and when smoking hot add a thoroughly beaten and very fresh egg. Spread the mixture on a dish to cool. Then take the nut of an English wainut and roll around it the parsnip pulp until you have a good sized nut. Roll in egg and cracker dust and fry a light brown in deep fat that is smoking. Serve hot,—St. Louis Star-Sayings. A NEW WAY TO SERVE PARSNIPS.

PRETZELS.

Two quarts of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one yeast cake, two tablespoonful of the yeast in one-half cup of lukewarm milk; add one tablespoonful of the sugar, and mix with one cup of the flour to a soft dough. Put in a bowl, cover and let stand till very light. Mix the remainder of the flour with the salt and sugar, put the light dough in the centre, and mix the remainder of the milk, working in at the same time the butter. Knead until very smooth, put in a warm bowl and set away until light. Divide the dough in small pieces, roll out in long, slightly tapering sticks, twist in pretzel shape and lay in buttered pans. When light, brush with the white of one egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk and bake in a quick oven.

A FAIRY PUDDING.

Our little dessert calls for but little material, else it would not deserve its name. One tumblerful of jelly, one spoonful of cornetarch, two eggs, one pint of milk, two spoonfuls of sugar and flavoring, are all we need for this "dainty dish, fit to set before the king." Any kind of jelly will do, but quince seems to give the most satisfactory results; it has such a rich, decided taste of its own. Empty one glassful of jelly into a bright little saucepan; add one tumblerful of hot water, and stir till dissolved and smoothly mixed. Have ready one heaping spoonful of cornstarch blended in one tumblerful of cold water, and when boiling, sir in, and keep stirring constantly till all cooks together for three minutes; then pour out into a large earthen bowl. When thoroughly cold, beat up till very light, with an egg beater, and add thereto, and beat in the frothed whites of the two eggs. All will be perfectly smooth and feathery, a delicate color and flavor. Pour into wet moulds, and set in a cold place till wanted for dessert. Now take the pint of milk, add the two beaten yolks, and two spoonfuls of sugar, with a little salt. Bring just to a boil only, and remove from the fire. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of lemon, and the same of vanilla, and you will be asked probably: "What new flavor is this?" Fliss is the sauce for the fairy pudling.—New York Observer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The tops of celery dried and rubbed o powder are excellent for flavoring oups and gravies. The celery should be dried in the sun or in a very slow

) ven.
Olives look very pretty when served on a small glass dish garnished with glossy leaves and small red peppers, if used in the winter pickled peppers may be taken for the garnish.

Rub a curtain pole with kerosene oil until it is perfectly smooth, using a woolen cloth for the purpose. The pole rings will run much more easily if the pole is treated in this manner.

a wooten cloth for the purpose. The pole rings will run much more easily if the pole is treated in this manner. Onion juice may be extracted by cutting an onion in half and pressing it against a grater. Salt rubbed over the grater will remove the onion odor from it, and may be used in cooking. Every housewife should impress upon the minds of her family that the best sauce for any meat is cheerful-ness. Laughter aids digestion, and people should never grumble while easting.

One of the best relishes to serve with broiled reedbirds is a salad of tart oranges, dressed with salt, pepper, lemon juice and olive oil. Use the recipe for French dressing, leaving out the vinegar and using lemon juice in its place.

Milk weed pods make a fine down for stuffing head-rest cushions. Those fortunate enough to be in the country will have no trouble in finding plenty along the roadside, and can gather enough to bring home with them for many a winter evening's comfort.

The wild southern passion flower, with its circles of purple and white and its fringy lavender rim or border, is beautiful worked upon any white substance, whether it be linen, silk or satin. A spray of it worked across an upper corner of a sage-colored or light-olive hanging would be very effective.

Hop pillows are frequently of great comfort to a nervous person, and will

Hop pillows are frequently of great comfort to a nervous person, and will often soothe a headache. It is well to

washed.

A German has recently invented a simple device whereby plants may be fertilized at their roots. The instrument consists of a thin and long steel tube, ending in a sharp point. Near the bottom of the lube are a number of holes. The liquid fertilizer is put into a funnel attached to the top of the tube and flows out of the holes at the lower end.