

Thirty years ago Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia, and now it is larger by half a million.

Queen Victoria is the owner of sixty pianos. It is urged in extenuation, however, that she doesn't play any of them.

One of the sensations that is denied to the rich, declares Life, is the indescribable thrill the poor man feels when he buys something he can't afford.

The chief proof reader of the London Times is a master of seven different languages, and can say rude things in all of them when the condition of the copy affords sufficient provocation.

Sir E. Watkin, the railway magnate, says that the most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate stations in London, which required the expenditure of close upon \$10,000,000 a mile.

In France wagon tires vary from three to ten inches in width, usually from four to six, depending upon the weight of the load. "Were such tires compulsory in America, the present good roads movement would receive a tremendous impetus," exclaims the Scientific American.

Bread riots in Madrid and other Spanish cities have an ominous significance to the New York Mail and Express. They mean that too many of Spain's breadwinners have been taken away from the farms and sent away to fight hopeless battles in remote and rebellious colonies.

According to the annual report of the Civil Service Commission there are now 87,107 Federal places on the lists of the classified service, while of the 91,610 places as yet unclassified 66,725 are fourth-class postoffices which the commission is anxious to bring within the scope of its operations.

For several years, according to the New York Independent, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut have been filling up with foreign populations, including the French Canadians and Irish, who are Catholics and swell the membership of that church, which now leads in number of communicants, though not in population, the Protestant churches combined.

It was out in Kansas that a man recently tickled former Senator Ingalls on the back of the neck, relates the New York Telegram. In any other State than Kansas such an act probably would have been considered familiar rather than eccentric. A Kansas Probate Court jury came to the conclusion that it was even worse than eccentric, for the members adjured the Senatorial tickler to be insane.

Ambassador Uhl, at Berlin, sends some German commercial notes to the State Department which show how effectively the Empire is reaching out for foreign trade all over the world which has hitherto belonged to other nations. It appears that Germany is second only to the United States now in Guatemala and Nicaragua, and last year took more than half the latter's coffee export. Having ended her customs war with Spain, Germany is now getting a good share of Porto Rican trade, but is still debarred from Cuba by the insurrection. In South Africa and South America the same success is met, but the most successful effort is that being made in Japan, where Germany has already reached second place, while the United States is fourth.

The official enrollment of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the United States discloses a membership of 2,836,745. There are now over 47,000 societies; 231,000 of the young people connected with these organizations united with the different churches during the last year. Since 1889, they have received a grand total of 1,943,235. The efforts of these young people have not been confined to distinctively Christian work, the missionary and good citizenship movements having received special attention. This shows most efficient training on the part of their leaders. February 2d marked the sixteenth anniversary of this remarkably effective organization. Rev. Dr. Clark, the father and founder, has been abroad for some time in the interest of the movement. Through his efforts the young people of Germany have been enlisted in the work, and he is now in India pursuing his mission. When sixteen years ago Dr. Clark organized the first Christian Endeavor Society in Portland, Me., nobody had any conception of the possibility of a far reaching spread of its influences even such as it is.

HOPE'S MESSENGER.
A poet sang a song into the night,
For but one reason, "that he needs must sing,
And through the darkness, like a ray of light,
His simple song went slowly wandering."
It passed the mansions of the rich and great,
And none within its plaintive music heard;
It paused where mighty monarchs sat in state,
But not a soul was by its music stirred.
At last it found a woman, bent in tears
Above a bier, whereon her dead child lay;
Its music softly crept into her ears,
And to her stricken heart it seemed to say:
"Arise, fond mother, do those tearful eyes,
And look no longer downward in despair,
But upward lift thy gaze unto the skies;
For, lo! thy darling's angel dwelleth there."
—Lucius Perry Hills, in Leslie's Weekly.

ON THE PUMPKIN VINE.



ANKITT and Davisville are connected by the N. & D. Short line, a spur of the Great Central system, the main track of which runs through Davisville. Among its patrons the N. & D. is commonly known as the "Pumpkin Vine" because some one had once said that the train went about as fast as a pumpkin vine grows in wet weather. The rolling stock consists of an engine, a passenger coach, a mail and express car and four freight cars. Early each morning the train leaves Davisville, saunters across the fields to Nankitt, then back in time for dinner; in the afternoon the same program is gone through with, the Pumpkin Vine getting back to Davisville like a schoolboy afraid of the dark. It is some nineteen miles between the towns and by strict attention to business the four trips are generally made in twelve hours. The conductor, Abe Rogers, acts as a brakeman; it increases his pay and gives him exercise. The N. & D. is paralleled almost its entire length by the Old State road, and boastful young men are wont to match their coats against the battered pump engine as it puffs along on the other side of the fence. Truth to say, any play can distance the locomotive as it bumps over its grass-grown track. There is a story told of a hunter who once got aboard the Pumpkin Vine with his gun and his dog. When he saw a quail or a prairie chicken he aimed from the window; if he brought down his bird the dog would leap off, find it and jump on the rear platform. People who are fond of flowers step off, gather a bouquet of Flora's paint brush and prairie pointers, take a short spur after the crawling train and clamber on again. On May day the Pumpkin Vine stood at the Nankitt station, a building of about the size and architectural pretensions of a cigar box. It was warm for the time of the year, the perfume of crab blossoms drifted through the open windows of the coach and the passengers sprawled about in the lassitude brought on by the first heat. A group of Swedes jabbered together in a corner, wagging their yellow beards over the misdoings of one Peter Olson of their people. Several Nankitt lawyers were on their way to Circuit Court and Tom Hargrove sat on the arm of a seat, swinging his feet and talking to old Squire Phinney, a local J. P. A traveling man came in, tugging at two valises. He sunk into a seat and wiped his forehead. "Awful weather," he sighed. The conductor helped lift a cultivator into the baggage-car, then he went to the door of the waiting room and shouted "Allabud" to the cannon-stove. "Alledud," he said again on the platform, waved his arm to the engineer and hopped on to the rear platform. The whistle blew and the trees and barns began to slide slowly backward. A young man and woman ran around the corner of the station. "Stop that train!" the man yelled to the conductor. They ran down the track and before the conductor had done anything the girl had swung herself up on the rear platform and the man had followed. They stood looking at each other with palpable relief. "It's dangerous getting on a car in motion," the conductor said sternly. "You don't get no damages if you're killed." "I know, but we had to make it," the man said when he had the breath to spare. "We thought you wasn't going to stop it." He had an honest, sunburned face, his clothes were of broadcloth, his new boots creaked and his paper collar was somewhat the worse for the heat. The girl had the beauty of seventeen—color, without feature or soul. She had adorned herself in a multitude of bows and bangles and saw the world from under the eaves of a huge white hat. They entered the car with the consciousness born of being in love. "Looks like a bride and groom, doesn't it?" Tom said carelessly to the squire. "Hullo, that's Hink Barlow." "Thought he went to L-oway," the squire answered. "All the Barlow boys sold out here." "I guess he's back visiting; I'll go and speak to him." Tom walked back to where Hink and the girl had found a seat. "Lowdy do! Won't you introduce me to your wife?" Hink's face turned a deeper red than ever the sun had painted it. "She ain't my wife—exactly—yet," he stammered. The train was running along side the State road. Hink suddenly started up and looked out of the window. "It's him," he exclaimed excitedly. "He must 'a' saw us get on." Tom looked toward the road and saw a man standing up in a buckboard like a Roman charioteer, shaking his fist and apparently hurling opprobrious epithets at the train. "We can't stop this here train now," they could hear the conductor shout, "for we've got to be in Davisville by 1.30." It was then 10.30. "I'll beat your old cow, then," the man yelled back in derision. "Tell 'em I'll meet 'em at the Davisville depot." "Confound it," said Hink, "I wish he hadn't seen us get on." The girl began to cry. "What's the row? Who is that fellow?" Tom asked. "Why, you see, Mr. Hargrove," Hink replied, "he's Mary's brother and he's took a full notion that she sha'n't marry me—says our Bill cheated him swapping watches. Mary ain't eighteen till July and I've got to get back to L-oway to cultivate my corn and so her mother said for us just to slip away and get married without letting Darley know. We come to Nankitt this morning, I got my license and we was going to the Baptist preacher's when we seen Darley coming. We was near the depot and so we jest skidded and got on this train—and he must 'a' saw us." "And now he's going to Davisville to stop you?" Tom queried. "Yes—and he'll beat us, for that is he's driving can outtrof any horse around here." "Well, he can't prevent her from marrying you, can he?" "I guess he could—he's my gran-der," Mary said, lifting her face already swollen with tears. "Then, anyway, if he meets us and says I must go off with him I just know I'll do it. I won't want to leave Hink but I always do what Darley tells me." Tom wondered that any man should want to marry a girl with so little "backbone"—so he termed her timidity—but he kept this reflection to himself, knowing the ways of bridegrooms and their unreasoning fondness. "Perhaps we can get the conductor to hurry up the train," he suggested. That personage was collecting fares in his shirt sleeves but wearing his cap to give an official air. "Can we go a little faster, Abe?" Tom said, as he gave up his ticket; "this gentleman would like to beat that buckboard man to Davisville. Runaways," he whispered in conclusion. The conductor frowned, punched the ticket, then stuck it in Tom's hat band. "We can't go more'n nine miles an hour," he answered. "We've got strict orders not to kill no steers nor horses and I they're jest everlastingly on this here track. But we'll try to keep that smartly on the State road in sight," he ended, vindictively, for the insult of miscalling his train a cow ranked in his bosom. "When we stop at Sage I'll get off and tell the engineer." Sage was a station where a grain elevator reared itself about the surrounding cornfields and where a weather beaten platform served as depot. By the time the train reached there everybody in the car knew the story of the runaway. At Sage the Swedes clattered out and the conductor ran to the locomotive and told the engineer to "go a mite faster." The passenger could see the man in the buckboard clipping along the road about a quarter of a mile ahead. "He's bound to beat you," Tom said, drawing in his head after a survey of their rival. "Hain't you better get off at the next stop and try to get a farmer to drive you back to Nankitt? You say you have your license?" "Yes," Hink answered, despondently, "here it is." He drew it from his pocket and handed it to Tom. "If we did get off we mightn't find anybody willing to take us back." "That's so," Tom responded. He ran his eyes over the license—a new idea came to him. "Would you let Squire Phinney marry you?" he asked. "He's there on the front seat. It will be legal if it's done before we reach the city line." "You can bet I'm willing to marry if Mary is," Hink answered, joyfully. "I never thought I'd be married by a squire," she said, "but I guess it's all right, for then I won't have to go back with Darley." She wiped her eyes, patted her back hair and smiled at her lover. The squire consented to perform the ceremony, although he said he "disremembered all the quirs in the service, not having his book." "But I'll make a stagger at it," he remarked, "and it will hold in law." "All right," said Tom. He led the bride and groom into the aisle, both looking very warm and timid. "Don't be bashful," he counseled; "we're all friends here." The passengers crowded around the wedding party and the conductor put on his coat in honor of the occasion. While the squire wiped his brow in preparation, Tom looked out of the window. Mary's brother was bowling along in a cloud of dust. "We've fixed him," he whispered, gleefully, to the traveling man. Squire Phinney mumbled through the marriage ceremony, making noises in his throat when he forgot the words, Hink said "Yes" so loud that he was covered in a wave of confusion, but Mary peeped out her assent in the voice of a canary. "I pronounce you man and wife," the squire said as the train slacked up at the second station. After the congratulations were over the bride and groom had a drink of ice water from the cooler and then sat down on the back seat where they could hold hands unobserved. The car settled down to quiet. Tom and the traveling man smoked on the platform and the old squire, richer \$3 than when he started, put his bandana over his face and slept.

As the train neared Davisville expectation woke on every face. Tom felt a pleasant thrill at the prospect of trouble when they reached the station. As they swung around a curve they could see a bay horse and a buckboard tied to a post behind the depot. "He's there!" Hink cried. "Let me go out ahead of you, Hink," Tom said as the train stopped with a final jar.

The other passengers fied out and grouped themselves where they could see what happened. Mary's brother came up close to the car steps, his forehead was drawn into deep creases and he held his whip in his fist. Tom came out, closely followed by Hink and his wife.

The brother took a better hold of his whip. "You young hound!" he cried. Tom smiled as if he thought this was for him. He waved his hand toward the young couple. "Mr. Durley Macey," he said, suavely, "I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. and Mrs. Barlow and—"

"You lie, and I'll horsewhip you, too," the man shouted, brandishing his whip. "No, I don't!" Tom retorted. "They were married on this train. Ask any of these people." He indicated the passengers.

Squire Phinney stepped forward. "I married 'em," he said, with a chuckle, "while you was jogging along the State road about half a mile ahead." Darley stepped back. "Well, I wash my hands of the 'business,'" he said, suddenly. "Mary, are you going back to see your mother before you go West?"

"Yes, me'n Hink are going back on this train," she answered. Darley turned away with a grunt. Squire Phinney felt that he had played a strong part and thought to round out the whole by a joke of his own manufacture. "Good horse of yours," he called, "you ought a train him for the race track."

"He got here before the Potato Vine, anyway," the man growled, forgetting the name of the railroad of love. "Well, young man, there's more'n one way of winning a race," the squire retorted, in a triumphant look of repartee.

The passengers laughed at his sally, and then dispersed. Hink and Mary went back into the car, deserted now save for the conductor, counting his change on the front seat. They went to Iowa the next week and the romance of their wedding gave place to the prose of farm life. Squire Phinney, however, never tired of telling of the time he and Tom Hargrove made a wedding on the Pumpkin Vine and what he afterward said to the enraged brother.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

In an Emergency. Painting the gum with iodine is one of the best remedies for toothache. If your iodine is too strong from age dislodge it with a little alcohol. Candy should not be stirred while boiling, and the flavoring should not be added until the candy is cooked. Granulated sugar is best for almost any kind of candy.

Two things always to be remembered when cooking oatmeal are these: It should always be cooked slowly, as it then has a sweeter and better flavor. Oatmeal should not be stirred when cooking, as this tends to make it pasty.

To determine if milk has been adulterated stick a bright steel knitting needle into the liquid and then draw it out. If the milk clings to the needle and drops from the end it is pure, but if the liquid runs off quickly the milk has been mixed with water. A piece of tissue paper twisted and pushed into a bottle after it has been washed will absorb every particle of the moisture and leave it as clear as crystal. This is a good way to wash carafes. In trying this allow one end of the paper to protrude above the neck so it can be pulled out easily.

Latest in Flying Machines. Leonard E. Clawson and Adam Beck, two business men of San Francisco, Cal., believe they have solved the problem of aerial navigation. They have just made application for patents on their device. Their machine, now in process of construction, consists essentially of four rods, each twenty feet long, parallel to each other, working on ball bearings in a well braced framework supporting the motive power and steering apparatus below. On each of these rods are a series of double wings constructed of a steel wire framework, over which silk is stretched. These are so arranged in relation to each other that when one wing is rising open, the other is descending closed; thus half the wings are at every instant pressing downward while the other half are rising, but not pressing upward. Should the motive power fail for any reason the entire wing surface instantly forms a parachute.

A machine twenty feet long and with a bearing surface six feet wide, it is believed, can be made to raise a weight of 600 pounds, one occupant alone supplying the power.—New York Advertiser.

A Mouse's Quarter Century Ran. A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar and not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall onto the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started and mouse naturally ran toward the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but couldn't get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found next morning the mouse was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclist noted that it had traveled over twenty-eight miles.—Albany (N. Y.) Express.

DRESSMAKING IN PARIS. In the city of Paris, France, 70,000 persons are employed in making various articles of women's costumes, and 65,000 regular dressmakers. The business amounts to \$251,000,000 annually.

A BRIDE'S GIRLDE. A fashion which the brides of '97 are hastening to appropriate is the bride's girlde, the extravagant features of these ornaments being that they can only be worn with wedding gowns. The bride's girlde is four inches at the narrowest point and six at the widest, and is covered entirely with pearls. Preferably this dainty girlde should be laced with a slender silver wire.

PUNKA FANS. Punka fans form the basis for many a useful novelty under the present form of manipulation. It has a very long handle, several feet long, springing from the side, is gay in color and ornamentally suggestive, and has a hole for thumb and finger to handle it by. Above this hole is a metallic ornament from which radiates a thick fringe of sweet-scented Oriental grass in a golden yellow, perfuming the air as the fan is waved. Such a fan makes a handsome wall ornament.

SUICIDE FROM TIGHT LACING. An injury to her spine, caused by tight lacing, and the suffering incident thereto, caused Matilda Bartholot, of New York City, to commit suicide. She had a handsome figure, and was so proud of her small waist that when its girth began to expand she began to lace more tightly to prevent it. She kept this up so long that finally she began to suffer terribly. Physicians told her that her spine had been injured by the extremely tight lacing, and that they could do nothing for her. Tortured by the fear of going insane, her mind finally did give way, and she hanged herself.

GOTHIC HEAD-GEAR. The curious fact was mentioned in a recent lecture on costume that in medieval times, when the Gothic style of architecture prevailed, women wore what might aptly be called Gothic head-gear. The tall cones, some of them measuring fully four feet in height, with veils depending, were in the same lines as the castles and towers of the day. The lecturer commented, too, on the extravagance of those former days, which far exceed the criticised lavishness of our own times. When has the nineteenth century equalled the expenditure of Francois I., who paid \$350 a yard for his coveted cloth of gold?

HERE'S A D. A. R. INDEED. One of the six "star members" of the Daughters of the American Revolution is Mrs. Anne M. Dorsey, of Parkersburg, W. Va., a remarkable woman in more ways than one. She is eighty-seven years of age. Her father was a soldier in the war for American independence.

Mrs. Dorsey is a native of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and her maiden name was Matlob. She was twice married—first to Robert C. Wood. Her second husband was George W. Dorsey, a large landholder and slave owner, who lived two miles from Morgantown.

At the "old Virginia home," where for many years Mrs. Dorsey was queen of the household, she and her husband dispensed hospitality to the weary traveling preacher.

The Royal College of Surgeons in London has decided to confer degrees upon women.

Irish women are said to have the most beautiful eyes, complexion and hands in the world.

The Queen of Portugal was instrumental in introducing the serum treatment of diphtheria into that country.

Mrs. E. L. Klinger, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is known as the "Cattle Queen of New Mexico." She owns 125,000 head of cattle.

Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin is a prominent colored woman of Boston, whose name, so reported, headed the ticket put out for School Committee by the Boston Silver Democrats.

The first club in which women were admitted in London was the Albemarle club in 1875. It has always been a mixed club, but of its present 800 members the majority are women.

The effort of the Arkansas Senate to protect itself against women office seekers has failed, the House having refused to sanction the bill forbidding the employment of women by the General Assembly.

The station agent at Elita, Mexico, is a woman, Concha Blanca. The management of the road values her so highly that she has been promoted twice, and is now in charge of one of the most important stations.

The Empress of Austria is carefully guarded each time she ventures forth from her castle. The Austrian body-guard, knowing the quick and capricious movements of his mistress, never relaxes his vigilance for an instant.

The horses of the Queen of Wurtemberg ran away with her one day not long ago, pitching the coachman



and footman from the box. Her Majesty immediately climbed to their place and checked the horses unaided.

One of the busiest women in all England is Queen Victoria. Her correspondence alone would dishearten an ordinary woman of affairs. Not so with the Queen. She writes many letters herself, and reads every epistle sent to her.

The British Medical Journal inveighs against the use of so-called rice powder for the face, on the ground of its injurious effects on the skin. Some of the rice powders are alleged to be no longer composed of rice, but of chalk, white lead, starch and alabaster in varying proportions.

General Booth of the Salvation Army says there are 5000 homeless women in London above the age of fifty years. They subsist by cleaning doorsteps, selling watercress, picking rags and collecting refuse, and find shelter at night where they can. The army hopes to open a home for them in the West End.

Mrs. Althes Briggs-Stryker, who is looked upon in Kansas as a formidable rival of Mrs. Lease, is the wife of the State Superintendent of Education. She was prominent in the ranks of the Populists long before her husband was publicly known. She is described as a quiet young woman of thirty, with a soft voice and a pleasing address.

Mrs. Nansen, wife of the Arctic explorer, is as ardent in the pursuit of outdoor sports and explorations as Nansen himself. Some years ago, on New Year's Eve, she climbed on snowshoes to the top of Norfolk peak with her husband. The venture was taken in the dark and was fraught with great danger, as there were precipices on both sides of the path taken by the climbers.

FASHION NOTES. Skirts trimmed with bias folds of satin are fashionable. The medium-sized sleeve is the one most favored by fashion. Velvet bodices will continue in favor even during the summer.

Russian blue will be the color of many of new spring gowns. Batiste and cotton foulards are in high favor for novelty mouchoirs, and are exceedingly delicate, both in texture and color.

Ecru linen kerchiefs, with stripes or checks of lavender, reseda green or old pink are among the smart combinations for general utility purposes.

Some of the sheerest and daintiest of lawn combs for lining the summer organdies. This is a move in the right direction from an economical standpoint.

The minor accessories of the toilet are demanding great attention, and none is receiving more than the handkerchiefs of '97, which are daintily exquisite in design and manufacture.

Handkerchiefs to match the gown in color are quite the proper thing, and for evening wear filmy bits of mousseline de soie, edged by several ruffles of point d'esprit, only are correct.

Bees delicately outlined form a pretty border on handkerchiefs, and upon either side of them a narrow hemstitched band is sparingly embroidered with a larger growth of the busy-bodies.

Embroideries are either in contrasting shades or white. Plaid bordered ones at the Maison Blanc were quite chic. Deep purple and white centres, bordered by black duchesse lace, are the accepted styles for mourning use.

Monograms are done in outline stitch, and are frequently placed in the centre of the handkerchief. This is, however, a matter of fancy, but must always be framed by a circle in some correspondingly attractive embroidery stitch.

A pretty novelty in bags for opera glasses is a pouch with the upper portion of delicately shaded satin and the lower formed of the head of some small animal. A pinky dainty effect is gotten from a shell pink satin with a milk's head finish.

Colored handkerchiefs elaborately embroidered are the vogue. Birds and insects are preferred to floral designs for decorative purposes. For instance, a line of swallows will extend diagonally across the centre of the handkerchief, or a swarm of butterflies will adorn the four corners.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. THE WORST STAINS. Fruit stains, grape stains and those made by colored vegetable juices are often almost indelible and require varied treatment. Among the expedients resorted to are: Thorough rubbing with soap and soft water, repeated dipping in sour buttermilk and drying in the sun, and rubbing with a thick mixture of starch and cold water and then exposing long to sun and air.

CLEANING WHITE FEATHERS. Soiled white feathers, after being washed, are dried by putting and shaking over the fire. A dull silver knife must be used to curl each fibre for the best effect. In preparing for washing, pour boiling water on shavings of white soap and a little soda. When a lather has been formed that is not too hot for the hand, each feather is washed separately. If the lather becomes dark colored another must be made. The rinsing water should be cold and a trifle blue.

BEEF EXTRACT FOR AN INVALID. A quick way to make a strong beef extract rather than tea for an invalid needing plenty of nourishment is by a process of searing and pressing. Raw juicy beef is cut into pieces the size of a small egg; these are put into a very hot skillet and quickly seared on all sides; they are then rapidly taken off in a hot deep dish and pressed firmly with a wooden spoon or spatula to extract the juice, the meat being often returned to the fire to continue its heat, and as often taken off to squeeze out more. A glass lemon squeezer may be used if preferred. The juice should be served very hot, slightly salted, and in a colored glass.—New York Post.

HEALTHFUL COOKERY. The way most is prepared and cooked is of the greatest importance. Broiled and roasted meats agree with most people. In preparing them, the fire should be brisk, so the albumen on the surface of the meat may be rapidly coagulated. This preserves the juices and makes the meat more savory and tender. The same rule should be observed in boiling.

If the meat is to be eaten, it should at once be plunged into boiling water, while, if soup is to be made out of it, the meat should be put into cold water and the temperature slowly raised. By this process its nutritious fluids are extracted. Salt meats so far as nutrient is concerned, are no better than fresh meats from which a good soup has been extracted. In most cases the salted meats are hard and indigestible, and nutritious and stimulating portions are left in the brine.

Meats contain a large amount of proteids, which, if properly cooked, are more easily digested than vegetable foods. As they are lacking, however, in starches, it is well to combine them with bread, rice, macaroni, potatoes, noodles, etc.—New York Press.

RECIPES. Hot Breakfast Buns—One cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of yeast, half a pint of milk. Make stiff with flour and mold into buns. When light, bake.

Fried Celery—Boil several heads of celery in salted water; when done, split the heads and dip them into clarified butter or dip them into a batter and fry a light brown. Garnish the dish plentifully with parsley.

Lettuce Salad—Wash, dry and shred nice leaves of lettuce and put them into a salad bowl; cut two slices of bacon into dice; fry this with a finely minced onion; add a little salt (if needed), half a teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar. Pour all over the lettuce and mix thoroughly. Serve immediately.

Bean Soup—Soak one quart of beans over night; in the morning drain, wash the beans in fresh water and put them in a kettle with four quarts of good beef stock; set it where it will boil slowly for three or four hours. Two hours before dinner slice in an onion and a carrot. If the beans are not liked whole, press through a colander and send to the table hot.

Mutton Kebabed—Take a loin of mutton; joint well. Take the following dressing and put between each joint: Two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, a little thyme, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, a cupful of bread crumbs, mix well with two eggs. Roast one hour. If there is a large flap to the loin some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered securely.

Caramel Cake—Two cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one cup full of sweet milk, four eggs and two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Filling: One cupful of brown sugar, beaten whites of two eggs, a little milk. Boil these together over steam for ten minutes; add a little butter, and after boiling add vanilla to taste. Cool and spread.

Tripe a la Lyonnaise, with Tomatoes—This economical dish, which is in reach of every family, is also very fine. Take two pounds of dressed and boiled tripe; cut into small strips two inches long and put into a saucepan. Parboil and drain off the first water; chop a small onion fine, and let all stew twenty minutes; add half a cupful of thickening and then stir in half a can of tomatoes; season with salt and pepper.

H. H. Loomis, of Geneva, has just sold for \$16,000, timber land located in Wisconsin that he had refused \$40,000 for. A Polish settlement sprung up near the tract and thefts became so numerous that Loomis was forced to sell to save his property.

THE WORST STAINS. Fruit stains, grape stains and those made by colored vegetable juices are often almost indelible and require varied treatment. Among the expedients resorted to are: Thorough rubbing with soap and soft water, repeated dipping in sour buttermilk and drying in the sun, and rubbing with a thick mixture of starch and cold water and then exposing long to sun and air.

CLEANING WHITE FEATHERS. Soiled white feathers, after being washed, are dried by putting and shaking over the fire. A dull silver knife must be used to curl each fibre for the best effect. In preparing for washing, pour boiling water on shavings of white soap and a little soda. When a lather has been formed that is not too hot for the hand, each feather is washed separately. If the lather becomes dark colored another must be made. The rinsing water should be cold and a trifle blue.

BEEF EXTRACT FOR AN INVALID. A quick way to make a strong beef extract rather than tea for an invalid needing plenty of nourishment is by a process of searing and pressing. Raw juicy beef is cut into pieces the size of a small egg; these are put into a very hot skillet and quickly seared on all sides; they are then rapidly taken off in a hot deep dish and pressed firmly with a wooden spoon or spatula to extract the juice, the meat being often returned to the fire to continue its heat, and as often taken off to squeeze out more. A glass lemon squeezer may be used if preferred. The juice should be served very hot, slightly salted, and in a colored glass.—New York Post.

HEALTHFUL COOKERY. The way most is prepared and cooked is of the greatest importance. Broiled and roasted meats agree with most people. In preparing them, the fire should be brisk, so the albumen on the surface of the meat may be rapidly coagulated. This preserves the juices and makes the meat more savory and tender. The same rule should be observed in boiling.

If the meat is to be eaten, it should at once be plunged into boiling water, while, if soup is to be made out of it, the meat should be put into cold water and the temperature slowly raised. By this process its nutritious fluids are extracted. Salt meats so far as nutrient is concerned, are no better than fresh meats from which a good soup has been extracted. In most cases the salted meats are hard and indigestible, and nutritious and stimulating portions are left in the brine.

Meats contain a large amount of proteids, which, if properly cooked, are more easily digested than vegetable foods. As they are lacking, however, in starches, it is well to combine them with bread, rice, macaroni, potatoes, noodles, etc.—New York Press.

RECIPES. Hot Breakfast Buns—One cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of yeast, half a pint of milk. Make stiff with flour and mold into buns. When light, bake.

Fried Celery—Boil several heads of celery in salted water; when done, split the heads and dip them into clarified butter or dip them into a batter and fry a light brown. Garnish the dish plentifully with parsley.

Lettuce Salad—Wash, dry and shred nice leaves of lettuce and put them into a salad bowl; cut two slices of bacon into dice; fry this with a finely minced onion; add a little salt (if needed), half a teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar. Pour all over the lettuce and mix thoroughly. Serve immediately.

Bean Soup—Soak one quart of beans over night; in the morning drain, wash the beans in fresh water and put them in a kettle with four quarts of good beef stock; set it where it will boil slowly for three or four hours. Two hours before dinner slice in an onion and a carrot. If the beans are not liked whole, press through a colander and send to the table hot.

Mutton Kebabed—Take a loin of mutton; joint well. Take the following dressing and put between each joint: Two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, a little thyme, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, a cupful of bread crumbs, mix well with two eggs. Roast one hour. If there is a large flap to the loin some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered securely.

Caramel Cake—Two cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one cup full of sweet milk, four eggs and two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Filling: One cupful of brown sugar, beaten whites of two eggs, a little milk. Boil these together over steam for ten minutes; add a little butter, and after boiling add vanilla to taste. Cool and spread.

Tripe a la Lyonnaise, with Tomatoes—This economical dish, which is in reach of every family, is also very fine. Take two pounds of dressed and boiled tripe; cut into small strips two inches long and put into a saucepan. Parboil and drain off the first water; chop a small onion fine, and let all stew twenty minutes; add half a cupful of thickening and then stir in half a can of tomatoes; season with salt and pepper.

H. H. Loomis, of Geneva, has just sold for \$16,000, timber land located in Wisconsin that he had refused \$40,000 for. A Polish settlement sprung up near the tract and thefts became so numerous that Loomis was forced to sell to save his property.