

The whole tendency of values in agricultural products is upward.

Contrary to the commonly accepted belief, the percentage of feeble-mindedness is much greater in the male sex than in the female.

Vienna, perhaps even more than Paris, is a city of epicures. A fashion paper published there offers prizes to the amount of 10,000 crowns for new recipes.

Germany imported twenty times more American apples in 1896 than in any former year, and that, too, in spite of assertions from her native orchardists that our fruit was unsound and contained the germs of disease. The American apple did not beg for German approval, but simply compelled it, adds the New York Mail and Express.

At their recent dinner in New York City the jewellers drank to "the return of prosperity and the confusion of the bicycle craze." They seem to think, observes the Sun, that it is owing to the latter that people are not buying so many diamonds as heretofore. "There ought to have been a doctor present to tell the diners that diamonds cannot give you an appetite, while a wheel can. But then the doctors resent the vogue of the bike as much as the men of Maiden lane."

The antidote for the rinderpest which Dr. Koch is reported to have discovered in South Africa, if it should prove as successful as Pasteur's methods of eradicating diseases among animals, would, the New York Tribune believes, lead to larger results in promoting peace and prosperity in that part of the world than the most ingenious compromise which Mr. Chamberlain could devise for the reconciliation of foreign races. In comparison with a triumph of science like Dr. Koch's, the British success at Bida in bringing another little war to a close is insignificant indeed.

How the Germans got the reputation of being "slow" it is hard for Farm, Field and Fireside to understand. "In reality," it says, "they are the most progressive nation on earth. Many of the things which in this country are looked upon as wildly radical have been in practical and successful operation over there for years. Government ownership of railways, postal savings banks, compulsory insurance for government employees and pensions after retirement for age, are all beyond the experimental stage in Germany. The recent official reports show that the railways are paying so well as to be a large source of revenue to the government, and reductions in both freight and passenger rates are contemplated."

The steady development of Siberia is about to bear fruit, and for the first time in the history of the world the tide of emigration is turning toward the east. Ever since the day that the erring couple were turned from the gates of Paradise, muses the Atlanta Constitution, their faces, and those of their children, have been turned westward, until now the shores of the Pacific have been reached, and west means east. During this progress old lands have not only been thinned of their population, but have been utterly abandoned. It was reserved for Russia to make the first exception to the rule, not willingly, but under force of circumstances. The growth of the half-Tartar tribes on the Asiatic line into a compact empire, found its western boundary closed and walled. All the wiles of Russian diplomacy have only succeeded in the acquisition of a part of Poland. There confronted her there the German, the Austrian, the Turk, behind whom was England. The conquest of the far southwest is the dream of Russian statesmanship, but it must await the slow awakening of time. In the meantime, Russia has had free rein toward the east. Her Asiatic territory is even more vast than that of Europe. For a century the ears of civilization have been pained with the terrors of Siberian exile. It was a deportation as terrible for prince as for peasant, return from which was as hopeless for one as for the other. Now, however, we are told that the work of the century is about to bloom in the opening up to the world of a country reclaimed from its original terrors. Cities, well-tilled farms, railroads, have all done their work, and instead of deportation to Siberia, we see the face of the voluntary emigrant turned that way. The emigrants of eastern Europe, finding that they were not welcome to America, have been induced to seek homes in Siberia, where the Government is doing all it can for them. It marks the first return of the human race toward its cradle, and it will have a big effect upon the future history of the world.

THE GOOD TIMES.

Let's sing about the good times—the happy times to be—
As sing the rivers rippling on in music to the sea;
As sing the birds—they know not why—when springtime days begin;
So let us sing the sad times out, and sing the glad times in!

Let's sing about the good times, when every cot and elod
Shall send a benediction to the living skies of God!
When the world a brighter beauty and a rarer grace shall win,
And life shall sing the sad times out and sing the glad times in!

Let's sing about the good times! They'll greet us on the way—
A rease upon the morning's breast—a sun throughout the day;
When life springs like a blossom from the color of the elod,
And the world rolls on in music to the shining gates of God!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN LOVE WITH HIS ENEMY.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

WOULD I rather hear that old man talk about his early life than listen to a play at a first-class theatre, said an intelligent-looking gentleman, addressing the hotel clerk.

I glanced in the direction indicated by a nod of his head, and I saw a silvery-haired old man with a stont walking cane pass slowly by on the sidewalk.

I was an utter stranger in the village, but a month of enforced idleness was ahead of me, and I determined to become friendly with the old man. This did not prove hard to do, for he was genial, and I have always had a liking for elderly people. Short and stout, ruddy of face, with perfectly white hair and whiskers, and blue eyes quick to light up with laughter, he was very good to look at. In talking, he had a trick of occasionally repeating the last words of a sentence, a habit amusing to strangers, but rather pleasing than otherwise on closer acquaintance.

When I had put myself on a fairly good footing with him, some two weeks after our introduction, I found him one afternoon in an easy-chair on his front piazza. Sitting down on the steps, I leaned against a post and soon led him to talk about his young days.

"Well," he said, "I will tell you the story straight, for I see you have had several second-hand nibbles at it already.

"When I was a young blood, like yourself, I lived on a large plantation in Georgia, my father being one of the richest planters in his State. On the same road that our house faced, with about two miles of field and woodland between, was another extensive farm. This was owned by the Grantlands, a family who were our bitter enemies, though we had once been on the friendliest terms—yes, friendliest terms. The oldest son of that house had killed the oldest son of my father's house; that caused the enmity, bitter to the core. The young men had been bosom friends; one wouldn't go 'possum hunting unless the other went. I remember the morning when my brother's body was brought home. I was about sixteen then, and he twenty-three. My father stood by the corpse and swore eternal hatred of the whole Grantland family, and the rest of us partook of his spirit.

"Why, you married a Grantland, didn't you, Mr. Dearing," I asked.

"Not so fast, young man, not so fast! You are like one of these electric machines; didn't have such in my day.

"To go back to my story. Of course none of the Grantlands came to the funeral, and the young fellow who had done the killing had skipped the country. It was a fine thing for him that he got away, and his family took good care that he did not come back—good care, I tell you. They held their heads as high as we did, for none of them believed the killing had been intentional. We took our membership away from their church, going five miles further to another. They would not get their mail from the same office where we got ours, but sent fourteen miles to another office, and neither family would attend an entertainment in the neighborhood where the other family might be met.

"All this went on, and at last I found myself twenty-two years old. Then something happened that was like gall to my taste—like gall.

"Mr. Grantland had a daughter who was about eighteen years of age at that time, a girl named Hen'etta. Living so near together, of course there were times when members of the two families were obliged to see each other, and it seemed to me that I was forever seeing Hen'etta Grantland. I would pass her, face to face, both of us on horseback, run across her at a picnic where I did not dream she'd be, and meet her in town at the home of some mutual friend. Pretty soon I found myself watching out for her, looking at her on the sly, wondering what it was in the set of her head that was so taking, why it was that her hair seemed to catch and hold the glint of the sunshine—and all the like of that, you know.

"It made me angry every time I found myself watching her, for I hated her, you see—hated the whole Grantland generation. Despite all, however, there was something about the girl that compelled me to look her way and to think about her. I just fairly despised myself for it, felt worse than a traitor—worse than a traitor. And

father, he began to notice me; said he could see I was troubled.

"It was one night when he and I were together on the front piazza, he smoking, that he asked me about it. We always were companionable, and I just made a clean breast of it; told him I wanted to go away, that it seemed to me I could not turn around but that Hen'etta Grantland was coming face to face with me, wielding a power over me a little short of torture.

"Father pitched his freshly-lighted cigar into the flower yard and sprang from his chair.

"Does she try to attract you—does she try? he asked excitedly.

"I told him no, that she treated me like the sand under her feet—never noticed me at all. Father walked up and down the porch as if driven by the wind, but halting suddenly in front of me he said:

"You would better go away. How would you like a trip to the gold mines among the Rockies? The mountains might put you straight. Suppose now you go. I am sure your mother could get your things together by Thursday."

"The idea pleased me, pleased me no little, and when Thursday came I was on my way to the Rocky Mountains. My pretty soon fell in with a party of young bloods like myself, and for a while I did not bother much about my attractive enemy—not much. All the time, though, I was traveling just as directly as I could toward an event that would bring her vividly before my mind, and would show me in a white light a truth I was then looking at through a very foggy atmosphere—very foggy.

"Perhaps it was two months after I left home I became separated from my party during a hunt and was lost. It was an unhappy experience, young man. I hallooed until I was hoarse, climbed a tree and tied a handkerchief to its highest limb, and did all the other things that lost people do, you know. At last, striking aimlessly down a ravine, I found myself at sunset emerging into an almost circular depression among mountain peaks. And right at me was a wigwam. It startled me so that I jumped behind a tree. The next moment some one called to me, told me to come on; that I would meet friends. An Indian boy advanced toward me, and in the wigwam I found a sick Indian. Both spoke English, and I was glad of the good supper the lad gave me. None of us cared to talk much, and I was soon fast asleep, worn out.

"I suppose it was long toward midnight when I awoke, feeling something punch me in the ribs. It was the sick Indian's bony hand. Enough light from the fire without came through the crevices to make the interior of the wigwam dimly discernible.

"What is it?" I asked. "Shall I call the boy?"

"No, I beg," he answered. "Give me water. I believe I am dying."

"I gave him the water promptly enough, meaning to call the boy just as promptly—just as promptly. But while I was putting down the tin cup he uttered words that were paralyzing in their effect on me. I sank down on my blanket and clasped my hands around my knees, and gazed as best I could at the poor fellow.

"I am not an Indian; I am white," he said. "My name is Garland Grantland, and because I killed by accident the man I loved best in all the world, I was forced from home to live an outlaw's life. Under my head is a tin box; I trust its contents to you."

"He began gasping painfully then, and I tried to raise him, though I was trembling violently.

"Promise to help the Indian bury me, and to bury me deep," he said.

"I promised him that he should be buried as nearly as possible like the people back at home were buried, and that the box should be my care. There were a few struggles, poor fellow, and he died while trying to thank me. Then I sat there and thought about him until my heart throbbed itself tender. It seemed to me I had traveled all those miles from home just for this. Life is a strange mixture, young man, a strange mixture. I don't know what your faith is, but mine is an over-ruling Providence. My meditations during that night destroyed my enmity toward the Grantlands.

"I buried Garland two days later, at sundown. And I buried him in a coffin. Yes, it was a rude affair; the boy and I made it from the seasoned trunks of trees long since fallen. The wood was not difficult to split with the tools they had concealed among the rocks. The lad was greatly impressed by my care of the body of a half-breed, as he thought his one-time friend was, and it won his devotion—won his devotion.

"He finally guided me to a camp of miners, and he would have followed me home had I allowed it. I was so fortunate at the camp as to hear of my party who were searching for me, and to communicate with them, letting them know my intention to return home. First, though, I had a secret commission to fulfill.

"In the dead man's tin box I had found a letter addressed to his mother, and a note addressed, 'To the friend who receives this box.' Both had evidently been written during his illness, and the contents of my note made my young, hot blood tingle in my veins. It contained minute directions as to how to reach a certain place, and to find a certain crevice between two gigantic rocks, a crevice not extending straight down, but almost at once curving westward. With a stout, sharp hook attached to a pliable rod, I was to drag this crevice and fish out five skin bags containing gold dust and nuggets. I was to have my choice of the treasure bags, and the others were to be forwarded to Mr. Grantland."

"Of course I knew that no matter how the hate had vanished out of my

own heart, it burned just as fiercely as ever in the hearts of all at home. I meant to do all that Garland had requested, but I meant to do it secretly—do it secretly, you know. Then I meant to go home and live as usual. I was not so wise then as now. It is true that I found the treasure crevice, fished out the five bags, kept one for myself and sent the others to Mr. Grantland, Mrs. Grantland's letter pinned to one of them. I had penciled the date of Garland's death on the letter, thinking they would like to know it. I say it is true I did all those things, and did them secretly; but I did not go home to live as I had in the old days.

"After being there a few weeks, after hearing from neighbors about the mysterious coming of the letter and the gold, after seeing Hen'etta dressed in deep black, the self same poised to her head, the self same sweetness of fact, I learned a lesson—yes, I learned a lesson. I learned that miners' camps, nor hunting parties, nor mysterious crevices of treasure, nor the Rockies themselves, can crush out of a life the emotion called love; not even if it spring to existence where hate is rife.

"I became more unhappy than ever, and was continually brooding over schemes to heal the breach between the two families—head the breach. Else, how was I to make Hen'etta so much as seem conscious of my existence? All this time my father watched me so closely that it made me nervous. Guess that hurried things—guess it did. Anyway, I was not very good humored one morning, and when my father said something about it I wheeled round and told him all about Garland's death and the things I had done afterward, ending with the bold statement that I loved Hen'etta and could not help it.

"To this day I wonder that my fiery old father did not fell me to the floor with a chair, for he was a quick man—a quick man. He stood and looked at me pretty much as he would have looked at a cur that had dared to bite him. Then he turned on his heel and went away, took his hat and left the house—went straight to the woods. Needn't ask me how I felt; mean enough, that's certain, mean enough—mean enough. He didn't come home to dinner, and I did not eat any. Toward night I saw him coming down the spring hill from the direction of the family burying ground, and I knew where he had been last, if not all day. My elder brother had been his idol.

"You can talk about bravery, but I tell you it took bravery to make me face my father at the supper table a few minutes later. He said next to nothing during the meal, and his hands trembled when he passed the plates. I do hope I'll never again feel like I did during that meal. After it was over the big horn was sounded, a very unusual thing at such an hour, and the hands from all over the plantation came pouring up to the house. They gathered close about the back porch, and the house servants and the family were on the porch.

"I felt like running—felt like running; didn't know what on earth was coming; felt like I was to be cursed and sent from home. Father stood close to the old water shelf, and here's what he said, the words fairly burning into me:

"I have called you together to put you on notice that the trouble between Mr. Grantland's family and mine is at an end. Hereafter there will be peace. His family will dine here next Thursday; and the day following his hands and mine will have a barbecue in the spring grove. You may go to your places."

"I can't tell you how we all dispersed; but amid the pleased ejaculations of some of the servants I found myself wiping the tears off my face before the whole crowd. Perhaps I was shedding tears because mother was sobbing; never could bear to see her cry.

"Well, this about ends my story. The bag of gold dust and nuggets that fell to me helped to buy this house, young man. And you needn't think we're lonesome when you pass by here late in the day and see two old folks sitting close together, for they're Hen'etta and me. We haven't been enemies now for many years—many years."—Waverley Magazine.

Balloon Lifeboats.

The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

Man at His Best.

Said George Du Maurier once in a private chat: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon. I should add that in order to enjoy life after forty it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

Great Place for Shipping.

Over 1000 ships of all kinds and sizes pass up and down the English Channel every twenty-four hours, and there are scarcely ever less than 200 near Land's End, leaving or bearing up for the Channel.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A WOMAN STATE LIBRARIAN.

Some criticism was aroused in Maryland a year ago by the appointment of a woman—Mrs. Annie B. Jefferson—as the State Librarian. But she has justified the appointment by the admirable way in which she has fulfilled the duties of the office. "Her success," says the Baltimore American, "is another proof of the fact that in work of this kind a woman can prove herself fully as capable as a man."

THE SLAUGHTER OF BIRDS.

The outcry over the slaughter of birds for military purposes is said to be without cause. The honor of supplying a large part of the demand is claimed for the humble barnyard fowl, while a large part of the paradise plumes and ospreys are clever imitations. Regarding the real osprey, buyers say that it is absurd to suppose that it is obtained by killing the mother bird on her nest, since that would soon exterminate the species, whereas the supply is increasing in response to the demand. While buyers and storekeepers claim the above is true, the members of the different societies to prevent the killing of birds declare that the little animals are now being slaughtered in greater numbers than ever before.—New York Tribune.

SHE READS HIEROGLYPHS.

Mrs. James Robertson, of Jersey City, is an indelible student of everything Egyptian, having made such progress in her work that the great Egyptologists of France and Germany have written to urge her to complete her investigations by an extended stay in the land of the Pyramids. Ten years ago somebody loaned Mrs. Robertson "One Thousand Miles Up the Nile." She read it while convalescing from a sickness, and became so enamored with the subject that she has pursued it vigilantly from that day to this. She has lectured in Jersey City and Brooklyn several times, and has been invited to speak at Cornell. One of her talks is about Queen Hatshepsut, a legend of whom adorns one side of the obelisk in Central Park. This Queen was the daughter of one of the warrior kings of Egypt. Mrs. Robertson reads these legends easily, having long since familiarized herself with hieroglyphics.

THE PREVALENCE OF GRAY.

I find that gray has been generally adopted as the color for the season. This, I fancy, is because gray accords so well with the popular chinchilla, which, in spite of all assertions, I do not think is shown to its best advantage with black. There is comfort to be found in the thought that this year, at least, it does not matter whether or not the season's gowns are of a dark shade. With the exception of the severely tailor-cut, nearly all the bodies are trimmed with light-colored material.

With gray dresses, especially, cerise satin or colored silk belts of a good depth appear below the bolero with its edging of fur, and above this is lisse or crepe or some other variety of the kind. Many of the boleros have oblong revers, and everybody now seems to wear a lace cravat or lace tie fastened with a jewel.

Stripes are not at all assertive on this side; indeed, the striped materials seen here are few and far between. This must be regretted by our shorter sisters, but they, like us, must suffer. Entrezvous, I am awaiting with horror the return of the hoop skirt.

Our Paris correspondent says that stripes are absolutely a fad in the gay capital. Vienna cloths, which have a hairy surface, have been brought out in decided stripes, which have been made up the wrong way of the stuff, horizontally, while the sleeves show perpendicular lines, and the waist is cut on the bias.

No one but a first-rate dressmaker would dare attempt to make such a costume, and I am sure only a few of the most advanced leaders would care to wear one in this country, at all events.—Philadelphia Times.

POOR WOMEN LEARN TO COOK.

The cooking class under the auspices of the Helen Heath settlement met Monday afternoon from 4 until 6 at 3301 Halsted street. Fourteen poor women and girls were present to learn from Miss Bullard the best way to prepare nutritious and appetizing dishes at a small cost. The class meets in the kitchen and is shown every detail of preparation of the food from the time it leaves the market basket until it is taken from the range and passed to them.

Miss Bullard first showed them the proper way to get meat ready for boiling and soups, after which she made a potato-soup and a rice pudding. These two dishes, with the addition of bread and tea or coffee make a substantial meal for eight persons. The estimated cost of the soup is ten or eleven cents, and that of the pudding is seven cents. It is intended to teach the class two or three new dishes each week, and so enlarge their menus without adding to the cost of living.

Potato Soup—Boil six potatoes in two quarts of water for half an hour before mashing. Slice an onion in a quart of milk and set on the stove in another vessel. Stir one tablespoonful of flour into three tablespoonfuls of beef drippings until it makes a smooth paste. To the mashed potatoes add

the milk and beef drippings, salt and pepper to taste and let all come to a boil. Run through a colander and serve.

Rice Pudding—Put three tablespoonfuls of rice into three pints of milk, add a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and nutmeg to taste. Set in the oven, stirring frequently and let it cook for four or five hours—the slower this cooks the better it is. When done it should be of a creamy consistency.—Chicago Record.

GOSIP.

Russian women are said to be the most brilliant and accomplished in Europe.

Washington State has a woman who is making an energetic canvass for the United States Senatorship.

Miss Zindel, of New York City, is a traveling saleswoman. She represents a large shell goods house.

Mrs. Kate M. Green, of New York, has been for many years a drummer, taking orders for washboards.

Batatrice Harnden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," has completely recovered from her long illness.

Princess Mand of Wales, who married Prince Charles of Denmark, wants to live in England near her father, the Prince of Wales.

Miss Helen Gladstone has just given up her life work, the principalship of Newnham College, Oxford, England, in order to remain with her father and mother.

Pope Leo XIII will this year award the golden rose of virtue to Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg, who is a daughter of the late Archduke Albrecht, of Austria.

It is said that a poor woman who keeps a small fruit stand in New York City contributes regularly \$25 a year to missions. Her whole income is between \$250 and \$300 a year.

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

The Queen has sent a present of twenty pheasants for the use of the patients of St. George's Hospital, says an English paper. Evidently Victoria knows that dainty fare is appreciated at other places as well as at Windsor.

Paris has a woman's club where homeless women can spend their evenings and get their meals. There is a good library, and for \$12 a year a woman may become a member. All the employes about the place are women.

Jenny Lind is said to have suggested the idea of the private railway carriage. Wishing to escape from the over-present interviewer during her honeymoon she had the seats removed from the car, and it was fitted up as a drawing-room.

Dr. Lydia Rabinovitch, a Russian Hebrew, has taken charge of the new bacteriological laboratory in the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. Dr. Rabinovitch pursued the course of study at Professor Koch's laboratory, in Berlin.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, according to a vote taken by a London newspaper, is the most popular woman in England, outside of the members of the royal family. Ellen Terry, Adeline Patti, Lady Warwick, and Lady Henry Somerset come next, in the order named.

Professor Klein of Göttingen has found women students in mathematics "in every respect equal to the men," and Professor Myer of Kiel has made up a list of twenty-one women who have gained prominence in pure and applied mathematics, from Hypatia to Sophie Kovalevsky.

FASHION NOTES.

Satin ribbon is pretty for frills, for alpaca skirts.

Velvet ribbon edged with lace is used for trimming silk waists.

Linen frocks will be much worn this summer, and are very serviceable.

Pale silver-gray moire is very fashionably used for elegant Lenten costumes.

Gauze is popular, and has been for several years. It makes a handsome trimming.

Fur collars are much longer, higher and broader this season than during the previous seasons, and protect the neck and back of the head most thoroughly.

Broad waists, so-called, are adorned with jeweled trimmings made of precious, or else of imitation precious stones; the front of a boarded waist is as smooth and stiff as a board.

Trimmed skirts will be very much in evidence among forthcoming gowns both for day and evening wear, but not to the exclusion of the plain, elegant, unadorned models so long favored, and still preferred by many of fashion's leaders.

Many of the warp-printed summer fabrics already displayed are far prettier and more delicate in effect than the deeper woven patterns. This process appears well on heavy as on very diaphanous textiles, and the vague shadowy designs are particularly beautiful on French organdies, batistes, and semi-transparent silks.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOME-MADE CHEWING GUM.

Take of prepared balsam of tolu two ounces; white sugar, one ounce; oatmeal, three ounces. Soften the gum in a water bath and mix in the ingredients; then roll in finely powdered sugar or flour to form sticks to suit.

TO MAKE TARRAGON VINEGAR.

Tarragon vinegar is made by placing a large handful of fresh tarragon in a quart glass jar, covering with strong vinegar and letting it stand four weeks. Then pour off the vinegar and bottle it. I would advise you to buy the vinegar ready-made. One bottle of tarragon vinegar lasts a long time, as it is used mostly in seasoning sauces and salads, a small quantity at a time.—New York Press.

A SWEEPING CAP.

A sweeping-cap that is a model of its kind has a deep cape attached which buttons under the chin; a visor piece crosses the face just below the eyes, buttoning at the unattached side, this to prevent the dust from entering mouth and nostrils. Such a cap is provided by neat housekeepers for their maids' use as well as for their own occasional handling of the broom. Of the two the maid needs it the more, since her dusty hair and skin are not likely to be so quickly remedied as in the case of the mistress, a point housekeepers often forget or ignore, in failing to provide all possible aids to cleanliness in the housework.—New York Post.

STAINS ON LINEN.

Ink marks or iron mould stains may be removed by placing a plate on the top of a basinful of boiling water. Then spread the articles on the plate, wet the spot and rub it with a small quantity of salt of lemon. As the article dries, the stain will disappear. If one application is not quite successful, repeat the operation. A small box of salt of lemon should have a place in every household. Mildew may be removed from linen by the following process: Rub the linen well with salt, then scrape some fine chalk and rub it also on the stained part. Lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it a little. The mildew will in all probability be quite removed by one or two applications.—New York Journal.

RECIPES.

Parsnip Chips—Cut parsnips into thin slices with a potato cutter; soak in cold salt water. The longer they stand in the cold water the crispier they will be. Dry between towels and fry in hot fat. The fat should not be so hot as for croquettes. Stir them with a fork until they are crisp.

Eye Breakfast Muffins—One cup of eye meal, one cup of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of milk, one egg well beaten. Mix all the dry materials. Add the milk to the beaten egg and beat all together. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Potage à la McDonald—Pound in a mortar or chop in a bowl a cooked calf's brain and two cooked onions; mix with three raw egg yolks and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Press through a sieve and add slowly to three pints of white broth, taking care that the eggs do not curdle; lastly, add a peeled and baked cucumber, cut in thin slices. Serve immediately.

Turnips, Old Style—Peel three large turnips and boil them in milk; boil half a pound of macaroni in salt water; mash the turnips, put them in the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle minced onion and red pepper over them; then lay in the macaroni, spread over with grated cheese, stale bread crumbs and bits of butter; pour over a teaspoonful of milk and set in a hot oven until brown.

Brambles—One orange grated whole, one cup of raisins seeded and chopped fine, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of cracker dust. Mix thoroughly. Roll puff paste as thin as possible, spread with the mixture and cover with another flat of pastry. Cut in fancy shades and bake in a quick oven. When cold cover with a thin icing. Delicious with cocoa.

Marshmallow Pudding—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in one-half cup cold milk; add a pinch of salt, three-fourths of a cup sugar and half a teaspoonful of butter. Into one quart of boiling milk turn this, stirring rapidly. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. Into one part stir the stiffened whites of two eggs; into the other four tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate. Flavor with vanilla. Put into a mold in alternate spoonfuls and serve cold, with cream.

Tattooed Eyes.

The latest discovery of scientific medical men is that the human eye may be tattooed any color. It is now quite within the bounds of possibility for doctors to tattoo a man's eye bright scarlet or green. Of course, eyes are only tattooed in cases where one of them is blind, and has assumed in consequence a peculiar dead and ghastly appearance. An eye in this condition will entirely disfigure a face; but a modern oculist may color one of these "dead" eyes, and restore it to its natural appearance, so that nothing but the closest scrutiny can detect the difference between it and its fellow.

The operation of tattooing is performed by first treating the eye with cocaine, until it becomes absolutely senseless to pain. When all is ready the part to be operated upon is covered thickly with India ink in the required color. The tattooing is then performed by means of a little electrical machine, which operates a specially made needle.