

King Menelek, of Abyssinia, has ordered a battle picture from a Russian artist, to commemorate the thrashing he gave the Italians.

Only six of the forty-five States of the Union indulge in the extravagance of annual sessions of the Legislature, to wit: Georgia, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and South Carolina, all belonging to the original thirteen.

A number of liberal citizens of Detroit, Mich., are about to present to the Salvation Army of their city a building valued at \$74,000 in appreciation of the army's work for the relief of the poor and distressed during the past winter. It is said the whole amount needed has been pledged, Mr. Carlton A. Beardsly starting the subscriptions with \$15,000. Secretary Alger is credited with giving \$10,000.

The long-talked-of project of a railroad connecting North and South America is being revived. The negotiations between Mexico and Guatemala, which were interrupted two years ago by the strained diplomatic relations of the two countries, have been resumed, and Mexico has just appointed a commission to act with a similar commission to be appointed by Guatemala. It will be the duty of the joint commission to select a feasible route for the proposed road.

An abstract of some statistics compiled in France on lightning accidents shows that during the past sixty-seven years for every one person killed three or four are wounded. In the month of March the average deaths amount to 1 per cent.; in April, 3; in May, 7; in June and on September, 30, 20, 31 and 15 respectively; in October, 12. Most of the cases occur in fields and roads, but particularly under trees. In a period of thirty years 1700 persons were killed under trees, who probably would not have been injured if they had not taken refuge there; and one out of every four has been killed while sheltering under branches. In France there have been eight deaths per 100,000 inhabitants, and in Great Britain two.

Thirteen American cities have now experimented with the system of vacant lot farming which Mayor Pingree of Detroit (now Governor of Michigan) invented three years ago as a means of helping destitute citizens to help themselves. The cities are, beside Detroit, New York, Buffalo, Seattle, St. Louis, Toledo, Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Duluth, East Orange, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and in every one of them enough of benefit has been derived from the innovation to warrant a continuation of it. Next summer it is believed that the plan will be adopted in many other places. Its chief advantages are that it gives a ready means of distinguishing the worthy poor who are willing to work from those to whom any form of industry is distasteful, and that it is a form of charity which tends little or not at all toward pauperizing those to whom it is extended.

An effort will be made during this Congress to have the number of Cabinet officers increased to nine. The proposition being agitated is to create Cabinet Department of Commerce and Industry, says the Washington Star. The first Cabinet, that of Washington, consisted of five members. The Secretary of State was paid \$3500 a year, and the others \$3000 each. War and Navy formed one department, and there was no Department of the Interior or of Agriculture. The first increase in the number of Cabinet officers was under President Jefferson, who had a Secretary of the Navy and a Secretary of War, instead of the two offices being in one. The number remained at six until President Taylor's term, when a Secretary of the Interior was added. Just before the close of President Cleveland's first term the Department of Agriculture was established and a Secretary of Agriculture was created. Prior to that there had been a Commissioner of Agriculture. The salaries of the Cabinet officers have been increased from time to time, until now they are \$8000 each per year. During the first three or four administrations of the United States the Cabinets were not composed exclusively of men who agreed in politics. Washington's administration was kept in a state of turmoil by the disagreements between Hamilton and Jefferson, until finally the Cabinet was broken up. Madison, John Adams and Jackson had much trouble with their Cabinets. Madison had seventeen men in his Cabinet during two terms; Jackson had nineteen and Grant had twenty-one. It has been a rare thing for a Cabinet to remain without change throughout an entire administration.

REMEMBERING.
It may be years since one much loved
Was looked in death's mysterious sleep;
It may be that the flowers we keep
Because of them,
Are no more wet with tears.
Our lives go on without them;
The aching void that Death has left
Is filled by other loves,
And we are less bereft
Than when we heard the dull thud-thud
That crazed us with its utter hopelessness;
But when we see a certain shade of hair,
Or tone of voice, or even the lifting of a hand,
As it all comes back
As something we have known before,
And we, remembering, understand.
—Edna Heald, in Womankind.

ON A JAUNTING CAR.
BY ANNIE F. JOHNSTON.
IT was a June morning in Cork, Miss Briggs and her niece had left the rest of their party at the hotel, to recover from the effects of a rough passage, and had started out to explore the quaint old town.

The jaunting car rattled along through the crooked streets, and turned into a wide, smooth avenue, whose hawthorn hedges were white with blossoms, and whose wayside trees covered it with a cool, deep shade; then back again into the crooked streets, where a detachment of soldiers passed them. "Look!" cried Emily with girlish enthusiasm, "there are some Highlanders!"

A band came next, followed by several carriages, while a noisy rabble of hooded, barefoot children and boisterous men and women straggled after. "What is the matter?" she asked of the driver, who had stopped his horse to let the procession pass. "It's O'Brien, miss," he explained. "He'll be after spakin' in the park, the day, and they're fearful of a riot, miss."

The procession was a long one, and they waited several minutes for it to pass. Just as they started on again, Emily, happening to look across the street, saw a man, evidently a tourist, hastily shutting up a small camera. "Auntie," she almost gasped, "I actually believe that man has been taking a photograph of us!"

Miss Briggs looked quickly, but they had turned a corner, and he was out of sight. "Well, it can't be helped," she said laughingly, but with an indignant pink flushing up into her cheeks. "It serves us right for making a spectacle of ourselves by getting on to such an outlandish conveyance."

On the following day, while Miss Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the Imperial Hotel, busily engaged with her journal, Emily entered, her hat awry and her face glowing.

writing material. Emily looked at her curiously, wondering if there could have been a spark of sentiment in such a severely practical nature.

"He showed me the photograph," said Emily, as they climbed the stairs together. "It was bad, even for an amateur. Only the back of my head was taken, but you were in a strong light that made you squint and wrinkle up your face, and your feet looked immense."

When Miss Briggs went down stairs to dinner that evening, she had laid aside her customary gray serge dress, as homely as it was serviceable, and wore a dark blue, tailor-made suit. Remembering that Emily had said her feet looked immense in the photograph, she had carefully changed her heavy, broad-soled boots for dainty, low-cut shoes. She stopped a moment in the hall, hearing a familiar laugh. She remembered that the last time she had heard that voice it had hidden her good-by in hot anger. Then she pushed the door ajar and entered the parlor, where the party had congregated to wait for dinner.

Dr. Frederick Powell was standing by a window in animated conversation with Emily. He scarcely noticed her aunt's entrance, so engrossed was he with the fair niece. Miss Briggs had been a pretty girl in her day, but the photograph he had taken, and which was still fresh in his mind, was that of a wrinkled, faded woman, careless of her attire. He looked up with surprise as she advanced toward them. The brusque independence of manner he had expected to see had given place to a stately dignity. She was one of those women for whom a becoming dress does wonders.

"I'm glad to see you!" they both said in the same breath, and shook hands as if the most platonic of friendships had always existed between them.

Miss Briggs was not so well pleased with her survey. "He's getting stout," she thought critically, "and a trifle bald. He's not the handsome man he used to be."

Emily was charmed with Dr. Powell. She found him entertaining and agreeable. He praised her sketches. He told her interesting incidents of his travels in many lands, and amusing anecdotes of his professional life. When the party went eight-sewing, he was her tete-a-tete if they rode. When they walked, he was always at her side to hold her umbrella.

finally stopped, and they started back to the hotel. There was a shifting of seats. The wagonette led the way, followed by those on horses, and when Miss Briggs came through the gate, Dr. Powell was waiting to help her on to the jaunting car.

They drove along in silence some time, before the doctor remarked uneasily, "The drivers have been drinking. I hope they'll not get us into trouble."

"I have never been in any kind of an accident," answered Miss Briggs. "I have always thought I should like to be, just for the sensation."

For a short distance they entertained each other by recounting the most dreadful accidents of which they had ever heard both on land and sea. They reached the climax at last. They could recall no sadder horror than had already been related.

Just then the half-intoxicated driver, having fallen behind the others, took up his whip and lashed the horse furiously. The frightened animal reared and broke into a run. Now was Miss Briggs' opportunity for a sensation. They were running away. She gripped the seat firmly and held on with all her might. She would have stuck on to the end, had not the horse suddenly to one side, and then plunged on more madly than before. Both she and the doctor were thrown violently out.

When the doctor picked himself up and looked around in a dazed way, she was standing erect as ever, vigorously brushing the mud from her dress. She had experienced an accident and had come out of it, as she had come out of everything else, unscathed.

The party on ahead, alarmed at the sight of the runaway horse dashing past, despatched Mr. Lumb, who was on horseback, to investigate. As they were near town, it was not long before he had sent a cab to their assistance.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
Inducements—She Knew Best—in the Restaurant—A Safe Location—An Alternative, Etc., Etc.

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a beau."
"I never whistled in my life—My whistle will not go."
"Whistle, daughter, whistle, 'Twill bring you cash per week."
"Oh, goodness! come and teach me how to make a tuncful squawk."
—Chicago Record.

AN ALTERNATIVE.
"May I kiss your hand?" he asked. She removed her veil. "No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Life.

A SAFE LOCATION.
Jimmy—"Say, fellers, if you want to play ball, come around my way."
Tommy—"What for?"
Jimmy—"There's a fat cop on dat beat dat can't run."

IN THE RESTAURANT.
Brown—"Was that beef a la mode you asked for?"
Smith—"It was a la mode when I asked for it. The fashions may have changed since."—Puck.

NOT A YEARLING.
Bridges—"Why, sure, with such a past she must succeed on the stage!"
Brooks—"And yet I'm fearful. The quality of her past is all right, but think of the quantity."

SHE KNEW BEST.
Prima Donna—"Those flowers are not for me."
Conductor—"Yes, they are."
Prima Donna—"Well, they're not the ones I paid for."—Pick-Me-Up.

A FORCED CHANGE.
Mr. Prospect Heights—"Before I was married I always said I would never have a baby carriage."
Mr. Papeleigh Push—"You changed your mind, eh?"
Mr. Prospect Heights—"No; my wife did."—Puck.

HIS OFFENCE.
"The New Women's Club will never hire Tenor, the singer, again."
"Why so?"
"He was billed to sing four times at their annual dinner and each time he warbled 'What is Home Without a Mother!'"—Truth.

The Sliding of Bogs.
Recently disaster overtook a small locality in Ireland by the sliding of a bog. Many lives were lost in the vast mass of mires peat. This bog was about forty feet deep in the centre and in a liquid, half-swampy condition caused by a downpour of water, forming a stream from half a mile to a mile broad, which overflowed the land, ruining crops and stored fuel, cattle and provisions.

This unusual catastrophe is not without precedent. The "flowing moss of the Solway" was on a larger scale. So long as the moderately hard crust on the surface of the bog was not disturbed the mud did not flow over, but some peat diggers impudently tampered with this and the mud broke bounds. One night a farmer who lived with the moss was startled by an unusual sound and making a light he caught sight of a small dark stream which was the herald of a deluge. No less than 304 acres of bog overflowed 4000 acres of land, burying farms overturning buildings, suffocating cattle, and filling small cottages to the roofs. Many persons were only rescued by being got through the roofs, the black night and their terror at the calamity, which they did not understand, adding to the difficulty of the situation.

The stuff flowed along like thick, black paint, studded with chunks of peat and filled every nook and crevice in its way. The odor was something frightful. In some cases this overflowing of a bog is heralded by a noise like thunder—the bursting of a bog. The last occurrence before the recent one in Ireland happened in 1853 in the wild region called Enagh Monmore. The moss was a mile in circumference and many feet thick and moved on for twenty-four hours.

The best known quaking bog in Great Britain is Chat Moss, of whose breaking out the historians of the time of Henry VIII. tell us. Though sliding and moving bogs have been introduced into stories only once—in a book called "For Dear Life"—quicksands are a common end for a bad character in a story. Carver Doone, it will be remembered, was thus disposed of. But to be engulfed in flowing mud is not pretty, and if Hercules had been buried in this way instead of by lava it would lose its romance.

The Care of Shoes.
The expensive russet shoes will last for two or three seasons, but they cost at least twice as much as the shoes that look well through one season and then become shabby and suddenly break down all around. Footwear is cheaper than it was a year ago, so far as the use of superior qualities of leather in the general manufacture of goods is concerned, and yet the prices are the same. The russet shoe is essentially an article of summer wear; still, expensive makes have been sold for winter as well. It is surprising, however, what a difference there is in the quality sometimes of two pairs of cheap shoes manufactured by the same house. Shoes that sell for \$3 and \$3.50 sometimes go to pieces in a few weeks, while others last for months. The fact of the matter is that all the stitching is done by machinery, and such shoes are weak or strong according as the girl or man who runs the machine has been careful or careless.

When the boot is muddy let it dry before trying to knock the mud off. Then lightly rub, being careful not to rub it into the leather. Take a soft cloth, dusting carefully, when it will clean with very little stain. Take a damp woolen cloth, which will remove all the stain. Warm water is best to use. This simple process will keep the shoes in nice order, while if the shoes are blackened each time, the grain soon becomes so filled with it will stiffen and crack. If you should in a storm get them very wet, wipe them dry as possible with a soft cloth, fill them with paper to shape them and put them in a warm place to dry. If this is carefully carried out your boots will be stiff, but with an old loose glove on the hand work some vasoline, a little at a time, all over the shoe. After standing a few hours the leather will absorb it, and any good blacking will give it a nice polish, being also pliable and soft.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

A Rats' Nest Worth \$1000.
While workmen were engaged last week in demolishing a barn on the Thompson property in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., they found under the floor a rats' nest which was made of greenbacks. The money had been badly torn and chewed, but most of it, if not all, is redeemable.

Professor Thomas F. Thompson, who now owns the property, says the money was probably hidden under the barn floor some years ago by his father, Robert Thompson, who became possessed of a fear of banks, lawyers and corporations. After that he carried his money about him. He seldom, if ever, allowed anyone but himself to visit the barn. Mr. Thompson, Sr., died September 18, 1893, and Professor Thompson's mother lived until December last.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
TO POLISH BRASS KETTLES.
To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

BATH BAGS.
A bran bag is one of the most grateful of all toilet accessories. It is more cleansing to the skin, and much more refreshing. It is made by filling a muslin bag with two quarts of bran, one ounce of orris root, one ounce almond meal and one small cake of castile soap cut in small pieces.

THE CORN BEEF NOT TO BUY.
It is a good thing to know that brisket is one of the cheaper cuts of beef and that it comes from that part of the animal just above the front legs, but it is better to know that butchers never corn meat that can be kept any longer and that the corned beef already out and rolled is the corned beef not to buy.—New York World.

TO FRESHEN WINDOW SCREENS.
Window and door screens may be made more durable and to look better by an occasional coat of varnish or paint. If the wire netting is not faded or rusty it is better to give it a coat of good coach varnish, but if faded or rusty apply a coat of paint. Use a good quality, and thin with turpentine until it will run, or it will fill the meshes of the netting. Black is a good color, as it makes the netting almost invisible from a distance. Paint the frames the same color as outside of window sash.

USES FOR CHEESECLOTH.
The following is a list of some of the household purposes for which cheesecloth may be used.
For polishing windows and mirrors.
For washing windows.
For cleaning silver.
For cleaning brass ware.
For drying and polishing glassware of all kinds.
For dust-cloths.
For shining bronzes.
For stainers in cooking.
For dish-towels. For scrub-cloths. For bread-cloths.

CLEANING HINTS.
To remove ink stains, cover them with a solution of starch; when dry rub off the hardened starch, and repeat the process until the ink has entirely disappeared. If the stain is not too old, ink may be removed from paper as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub but pat the stain, when it will gradually disappear. If one application does not remove the stain, let the paper dry, and repeat the process.

Limp, forlorn and rusty black lace can be renovated by a simple method. Wash it gently in soft, soapy water, rinse in clear water, and squeeze instead of wringing it. Dip it in cold coffee into which a little gum arabic has been dissolved, and then smooth it with a hot iron, taking care to press it while damp and cover it with a clean cloth. The coffee darkens it, the gum arabic stiffens it, the ironing smooths it, and if it is slightly pulled with the fingers after the ironing it is made flexible and lace-like.

RECIPES.
Broiled Potatoes, Parsley Sauce.
Slice five large, cold boiled potatoes lengthwise in rather thick pieces and broil brown on a buttered gridiron. beat up a tablespoonful of butter into a cream with as much minced parsley, and after dusting each slice of potato lightly with salt and pepper rub a little of this sauce on each slice.

Chipped Beef and Tomatoes, French Style.
Cut a slice from the stem end of five good, solid canned tomatoes, then with your finger take out the seeds; put seeds and slices in a saucepan, boil and strain. Put into a bowl one cupful bread crumbs, add quarter-pound dried beef, picked in small pieces; a quarter-teaspoonful pepper and one tablespoonful melted butter. Mix, add strained tomato juice and fill into tomatoes. Stand them in a baking pan and bake slowly fifteen minutes, basting once or twice.