

The frog industry is growing. A statistician enumerates "fifty-seven frog farms now in successful operation" in various sections of the country.

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem, observes Harper's Weekly. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times says that a lather of tar soap applied to the face and hands, and then gently rubbed off, is a sure protection against mosquitoes.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently; they objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travelers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them when they arrive.

Large farms, unless all their acres are made available in some way, are burdens instead of blessings. The assessor takes in all the acres, and the taxgatherer is quite as exacting. Hence, to make all the acres pay their way, with something over for the farmer's purse, is to be in the middle of the road that leads to goal of success.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of Gutenberg on Midsommer Day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig's celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the inventor of printing's birth is not known, the difference of a year or two in the observation of the 500th anniversary will not shock historical accuracy.

The co-operative movement has reached such proportions in Scotland that Dundee butchers have pledged themselves to support only those livestock salesmen, dead-meat salesmen, auctioneers, dealers and others who refuse to have any dealings, directly or indirectly, with co-operative societies, and not support any person who deals with such society in any way, or who deals with any retail butcher who declines to sign and support this resolution. The attention of Parliament has been called to the boycott.

The librarian of the public library at Kansas City, Mo., says that for a year there has been a greater call for books on Alaska than for books on any other country or section of the globe. She has supplied the library, she says, with everything trustworthy she could procure on the country during this time, wondering all the while what had aroused so much interest in that country in Kansas City. Readers, she says, have studied writings on the habits of the people in Alaska, read the Government reports on the Territory, and given especial attention to routes to the Yukon country.

Says the New Orleans Times-Democrat: One of the lacks of the age is pleasant fiction. Vapid fiction we have in large quantities, but there are few novels which are at the same time pictures of life and pleasant ones. A book to-day is seldom called "strong" or "important" unless its tone is gloomy, even despairing. Hopelessness, in most of these cases, does not seem to arise from experience or conviction, but gives the impression of being only a popular literary pose. The idea is abroad that a work of fiction ought to be a bitter and painful dose, and that it would not be fulfilling its purpose if it proved "anodyne" to anyone who wished to forget his suffering.

The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph is authority for the statement that comparatively few people have any idea of the importance of the bituminous coal industry in the United States. Says this newspaper informant: "Since 1893 it has led in point of market value the mineral products of the country, the value of the output for the calendar year 1896, according to the report of the geological survey, being nearly \$115,000,000. For several years prior to 1893 pig iron was the most valuable mineral product, the total for 1892 being \$131,000,000, while the value of bituminous coal for the same year was \$125,000,000. Since 1887 there has been a steady decline in the price of coal, while the output has steadily increased. The 197,649,000 short tons produced in 1896 sold for less money than the 118,000,000 tons produced in 1891. Pennsylvania leads all the States in the Union in the production, its output for last year having been 49,100,000 tons, valued at \$35,000,000; but this was a million tons less than for the preceding year. West Virginia apparently supplanting the product of this State, the production of our neighbor increasing 1,500,000 tons, and aggregating nearly 13,000,000 tons, valued at \$8,336,000."

Into the fields both young and old
With gay hearts went;
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,
All flowers and scent.
And first among them old man Maek,
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—
Two eager boys whose feet kept time
In restless fashion to this rhyme:
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.
There are tasks that boys must learn, not
found
In any book—
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,
By wood and brook,
When I was young but few could bring
Into the field a cleaner swing;

MOWING.

But you must take my place to-day,
Cut the grass, and scatter the hay,
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.
Straight and clean is the only way—
You'll find that out—
In other things than cutting hay,
I make no doubt.
So be sure through the nodding grass
Straight and clean with your scythe to
pass;
It is far better than any play
To mow the grass and to toss the hay,
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.
—Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO BE DONE.

HE "painful confession" is mine, John Spindler, detective, Scotland Yard, and how it came about was just this way:

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners which in my professional pride I had vowed to capture. More than once I had pounced down upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief whom I desired most to convict fairly laughed at me and my efforts.

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejaculated:

"You've escaped me this time, Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next!"

"When you catch me, hold me!" he grinned. "How dare you malign an innocent man?"

"Innocent! then the evil one is not so black as he is painted," I retorted. Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street near the city road. The house they used was kept by an old Irishwoman.

Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and on one dark, gusty winter's night made a swoop upon them.

Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped back and looked up at the house.

It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first-floor window. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being inspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady, bearing a flaming tallow candle.

"Did you knock afore?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and don't hear a bit. Who do you want?"

"One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady, I won't trouble you further."

Giving a preconceived whistle, my men came rapidly forward.

"Oh, the perleese! oh, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone widdier woman! Oh, good gentlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the hag.

Paying no heed to these ejaculations, I placed one policeman on guard, and with the others sprang up-stairs.

Reaching the landing I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of us. I tried the handle. It was locked.

"We have caught him this time!" I whispered exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roofs or the windows. They are trapped. Open, in the Queen's name!" I exclaimed aloud.

"Hullo, is that you, my dear Spindler?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure! Remember what I said: 'Hold me when you catch me,' old boy! The thing is to trap your bird!"

"I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break in the door!"

"Oh, plaze, jintlemen—dear, good jintlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor soul jist jartin' this life up-stairs, an' his dear young widdy's a most distracted. Sorra a one of ye jintlemen have any pity. Don't terrify the colleen nor the parin' sowl who, sure, has trouble enough."

"Silence, you old crone!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice."

With a regular howl of disappointment she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman and compassion for the parin' sowl up-stairs.

We didn't wait for her return. Aware no one could pass us on the stairs, and believing Jim might be trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoulders against the door and drove the lock from the box.

I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and amish made. I was disappointed. Jim sat composedly at the table with another man, playing cards.

"Hullo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked, laughing. "I thought every man's house was his castle."

"So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered.

"Prove your words, my man."
"I intend to, I hope; so you will just consider yourself my prisoner while I search."

"Please yourself, and take the consequences," he replied, and carelessly went on with his game.

Putting my men on guard, I began to examine the apartments.

I sounded the walls, groped up the chimneys, tried the flooring.

No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's utter indifference, I own, perplexed me.

"Done again!" I muttered, when I heard a heavy step in the room above.

"Who's that upstairs?" I asked.

"You should know yourself by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say that confounded Irish hag is always screechin' as a chap's a-dying, which ain't much concern of mine, as long as he keep himself to himself, and don't groan too loud. 'Igh, low, game, without even the Jack, Phil,'" he added, to his companion, putting down his cards.

The sick man's a ruse, perhaps, thought I.

"Come, lads," I said aloud, "we'll go up!"

Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb the poor "Gyin sowl," we mounted.

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened, and a grave-looking, respectfully dressed man crossed the threshold.

"Hush," he said, in a low tone. "May I asked the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unseemly and out of place! The poor fellow in here has but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted."

I looked keenly at him.

"If it isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "pray who may you be?"

"Who am I?" he smiled. "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now, in my turn, who are you?"

I instantly acquainted him with my business. He looked serious and interested.

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a little aside; "I have only visited this place once or twice, but I own I have had my doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still I don't fancy the poor woman and her husband have had any connivance with the people below. He is a brick-layer. Though, of course, in such matters, you are the best judge. Such persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is, of course, your duty to make certain. Only, in case you are wrong, be gentle with the wretched wife and mother. Come in."

We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the commonest necessities of existence.

At one side was a miserable mattress laid on the floor, and stretched on it was the dying man.

Knocking by him, he bowed down to his, her black hair streaming over the tattered patchwork covering, was the young wife weeping bitterly, as she pressed her baby to her bosom.

"I'm not hard-hearted, and the sight took me back, especially the countenance of the husband, upon which the hue of death had already settled."

I was following the doctor when, abruptly, he leaned forward, then, drawing back, placed his hand on my arm.

"I thought as much," he whispered; "all is over!"

The words were scarcely audible, yet they reached the wife's ears.

I shall never forget the scream she gave. Starting up on her knees, she gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shrieked, turning appealingly to the doctor.

"Oh, no; no; no; don't! Don't tell me that! Not dead! Oh, Tom, Tom—dear Tom; speak to me—speak to Lizzie!"

"No, and I'll keep a watch in this house till I've found them."

"In this room?" he asked.

"No. I ain't quite made of stone," I rejoined, a bit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in."

"Quite right, and I wish you success, for there's no telling the sufferings these coiners occasion."

We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irishwoman he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the necessary orders for the funeral.

Well, I needn't lengthen out my story.

I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out and entered the house.

Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chaffed me considerably when we met, while without the slightest demer he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

What did it mean?

I also made a call now and then on the widow.

Poor thing, she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her confined husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, that the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success.

"I fear if the dies are really here," he said, "the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you."

"Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take up the flooring."

"I fancy that's the most likely place. What is that?" he asked.

"Only the undertaker's men," I said, putting the door open. "It's the poor fellow's funeral to-day."

"Indeed! Ah, they hasten these matters with the poor."

Just at the moment the wretched coffin and its bearers passed along the passage, followed by the weeping widow leaning on the old Irishwoman. They were the sole mourners.

The doctor respectfully removed his hat, and we looked in silence until it had gone by.

"Poor—poor thing!" my companion remarked, with a sigh; then, giving me his card, and asking me to call if I proved successful, he went away.

Well, the hours crept by, and the silence of the house began to surprise me. Bradley had gone out early, and hadn't been home since. My assistant came in about eight, but neither the widow nor the landlady returned.

I waited and waited. Eleven o'clock struck.

I began to get suspicious.

Had I been done?

I turned hot and cold; then seizing the candle, darted upstairs. Bradley's room was as usual; but the attic—the sight of it made me feel ready to drop.

"Done—cleverly done!" I cried, waving my candle around.

Yes; bitter the humiliation—I had been duped! I had been the victim of sensibility and a clever trick!

There was the mattress, ripped up; and there, where the coffin had stood, was a hole in the floor, where the plank had been removed. That had been the place of concealment.

But where were the dies? Where—in the coffin, of which, no doubt, the dead man had been one of the bearers.

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "The man must have been dead! It isn't likely he could deceive the doctor—a kind-hearted fellow, but a keen one; I'll go to him!"

Leaving my assistant in charge, I hastened to Jude street, with his card in my hand.

The red "danger signal" indicated the house, and, knocking, I asked to see the doctor.



Care of the Dairy Calf.

Select the most promising heifer calves for raising at any time of year. It will require a little better management for the best success in cold weather than in warm, but the conditions in either case should be made as favorable as possible. The calves should be kept dry, warm and comfortable all seasons of the year. This is very important where the best results are expected. As usually, after a few days or weeks old, skimmed milk is made use of, it will be found profitable to feed this until several months old—six or more. It should be fed at the temperature it comes from the cow and not in too large quantities at first. A little gruel made from wheat middlings or oil meal added to the milk will help make up for the fat removed. After the calf gets old enough to eat ground oats, or oats and bran, the gruel can be omitted, as they should do equally well on the other; and it will require less labor. After the first few weeks they will eat a little hay, and care should be taken to have a supply of fine early cut for the purpose.—E. R. Towle, in Massachusetts Plongiman.

Care of Poultry.

At this season of the year the best method for caring for poultry is to give them the greatest liberty and encourage them to make the best use of it by giving them but little grain food of any kind, and especially by not feeding them corn at all. Treated in this way they will spend the livelong day hunting for insects and seeds of all kinds, and will thus keep healthy, active, and in the case of laying hens, producers of eggs. Throw open the henhouses and give plenty of ventilation, and thus encourage the fowls to continue to roost in them and not in the trees, from which they will only have to be broken later. Young chickens will grow faster treated in this way than cooped up in small yards, though they should always have sufficient grain given them to ensure their going to roost with full crops. This, also, is the time of year when the flocks should be culled over and the old hens and roosters be sent to market before they commence to moult. Select from the earliest hatched chickens the best pullets and roosters and mark them, so that they may be safe from being marketed or killed until it is seen how they feather out and grow. These are to be the foundation for next year's flock, and should receive extra care, so as to ensure the pullets being early layers in the fall and winter months. The chickens not desirable to keep should be pushed on and marketed as soon as possible. They will sell for as much as later, and will cost much less to keep. By constant care and close attention to cleaning out the hen houses, the lice may be kept down. Use kerosene freely in and about the nests and roosts and on the chicken coops and spread air-slacked lime in the houses and yards.

Raspberries.

A deep loam or sandy soil should be selected. The Outburst, where hardy enough, is acknowledged by all to stand at the head of the list for medium to late, where the Outburst winter kills, the Brandywine and Turner should be substituted. For early the Hansell is promising. Instead of planting in the common hedge row system, would recommend setting in hills three by four feet, ground previously marked that distance, as for corn planting; during cultivation work both ways for the first two seasons, using a cultivator with knife to cut off all suckers, which is absolutely necessary to secure a good crop of fruit.

The second season after planting, about one-third of a crop may be expected. The third year, after the ground is thoroughly cultivated both ways, the plants will be large enough, so that the tops of each hill should be divided. Half the canes should be bent over in the row, overlapping those of half the next, which should be bent to meet; the tops are then tied in the centre. The hills should be tied in the direction of the wide rows, thus leaving nearly four feet clear for cultivation during the season. The advantages of this mode are: The plants are kept from being broken down by windstorms, the fruit is kept up from the soil and more convenient for picking, also leaving the centre of the hill open, so that the new growth will not be shaded, thus securing a more stocky and better growth for bearing the following season, reducing the expense of cultivation, as hardly any hoeing will be required. The old bearing canes should be cut short soon after bearing, which will allow the ground being cultivated both ways again.—Atlanta Journal.

The Bartlett Pear.

The slightly musky taste peculiar to the Bartlett pear is objected to by delicate connoisseurs, whose taste has been cultivated by acquaintance with varieties that possess less decided character. Yet to the great majority of tastes the Bartlett is agreeable, and there are many acquainted with all varieties who pronounce it equal to the best. It is the largest early pear, and though it has not the delicate, spicy flavor of the Rostiezer pear, which ripens in August, it is in its way quite as good. Probably there is no fruit that, put into the hands of

Canning Blackberries and Raspberries.

Select firm raspberries, and put them into a colander, which sink gradually into a pan of cold water. Left and drain. Arrange neatly in the cold jars, then fill with cold water, adjust the rubber and place the lids carefully on top. Do not fasten them. Place a little hay, straw or excelsior in the bottom of an ordinary wash-boiler, on which stand the jars. Pour into the boiler sufficient cold water to come nearly to the neck of the jars, cover the boiler and bring slowly to boiling point. As soon as the water reaches boiling point lift each jar carefully and screw on the top. Stand out of the draught to slowly cool. Strawberries and blackberries may be canned after this rule.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Excellent Cucumber Pickle.

Make a ten-gallon keg of strong brine on which an egg will float. Put the cucumbers in a bag made of a yard of sleazy white cotton, tie up its mouth with a string and place a clean stone on it to keep it in place under the brine, and every cucumber is safe and sound until you wish to pickle them. When that time comes, which should not be for six weeks, soak them in fresh water for twenty-four hours. Then put them in a preserving kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Set them on the stove and boil gently until a straw can easily pierce them. Have ready a jar that will hold them. Remove from the kettle and throw the vinegar away. Put into the kettle nearly twice as much vinegar as they were boiled in and set on the stove to boil. Now weigh the cucumbers, and allow a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of cucumbers. In every ten pounds of pickle allow three onions and half an ounce of mace, cloves, allspice, ginger and two three-inch sticks of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce each of tumeric, black pepper and mixed mustard, one ounce of scraped horse radish. Slice the onions, crack the spices, mix the mustard and tumeric together into a smooth paste. Put all of the sugar and half of the spices into the vinegar that is in the kettle; sprinkle the rest of the spice with the other ingredients in alternate layers between the cucumbers as you put them in the jar. When the vinegar has been boiling just ten minutes stir into it the mixed mustard and tumeric and remove it instantly from the fire and pour over the pickles. Cover it up closely and set it away. In a few days it will be ready for use. The traveler was not far wrong when he pronounced it "glorious pickle."—Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Vegetables growing above the ground should be cooked in salted water, those below, in fresh water. Colors which have been changed by the application of acids may be restored by the application of chloroform. When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove and let boil, and no disagreeable odor will be in the room. Fruit stains, when fresh, may be removed by pouring water through the stained portion until the spot disappears. Ink that is freely spilt upon a carpet should be covered with common or coarse salt or Indian meal. If all the stain is not absorbed rub with lemon juice. Grass stains should be rubbed with molasses thoroughly and then washed out as usual. Another treatment is to rub with alcohol and then wash in water. Our fruit stains may be removed with oxalic acid; wash the stained portion in the acid till clear; rinse at once in rain water; as the acid will attack the fabric if left upon it. Now wet the spot in ammonia and give a final rinse. When potatoes are thoroughly baked, burst the skin, and you will have delicious, mealy potatoes that will be eatable for an hour or more if kept in a warm place. If you are not in the habit of doing this, you do not know what an excellent thing a baked potato really is. Rust and ink stains should be rubbed with juice of lemon and the spot then covered with salt and the cloth placed in the sun. If this treatment does not serve to remove the stain, or if the fabric is colored and so cannot be treated with lemon juice, oxalic acid may be used as for old fruit stains. Tea, coffee and undoubtedly cocoa stains, even those which have been previously washed, may be rubbed in javelle water, if the fabric stained be white, otherwise the color will be bleached. Take a half-pint of the javelle water to a quart of clear water and let the stained portion of the cloth soak in it for several hours, then rinse thoroughly in three waters.

Prince Charlie's Walking Stick.

Queen Victoria has paid \$800 for the walking stick Prince Charlie forgot by his bedside at Culloden Castle when he went out to fight the battle. It has a handle with two heads carved on it representing Folly and Wisdom. The bed on which the last of the Stuarts slept for three nights brought \$3750, and a lieutenant's commission for a Macintosh, signed and sealed by the Prince, \$475.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Mrs. Rorer's Tomato Ketchup.
Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the famous cooking expert, gives this, her favorite, recipe for making tomato ketchup in the Ladies' Home Journal: "Use half a bushel of sound tomatoes. Wash and cut them into pieces. Cook gently for half an hour, then press through a sieve. Cook again for one hour; then add one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of mustard, one gill of salt, half a pound of sugar, and one quart of vinegar. Cook to the proper consistency; add five drops of oil of nutmeg, and the same of celery, or a tablespoonful of celery seed. Bottle, cork and seal."

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Chicago's rich people returned to the assessors of last year \$2000 worth of diamonds and \$74 worth of silver tableware.