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It is stated that the Andree search party is lost. So another expedition will have to be sent out to find this one. The process can go on indefinitely.

The figure 3 seems to have figured somewhat in the late war. Hostilities lasted 113 days, while 233 days elapsed between the declaration and the signing of the treaty at Paris.

Much has been written of the brutality of football and of other sports in which the players get their shins bruised and their hands calloused. But rough and tumble sport of that kind is excellent for the youths. We know that there is a Miss Nancy school of education which objects to the use of fists by small boys at school, but the good old British system of settling differences in a square, knock-down fight had much to commend it, even if the boys did get black eyes and bloody noses, thinks the Brooklyn Eagle. It cut them loose from their mothers' apron-strings and made them self-reliant and qualified them for that supremacy in the world's affairs which the Anglo-Saxon is now enjoying.

It is a paradox that the most cosmopolitan cities of Europe are at the same time the most national, observes the New York Times. In America it is not so. There are Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans, each of which has its separate attributes, and, while all are thoroughly American, not one can be considered exclusively national, not one bears the same relation to the United States that Paris does to France, that London does to England, that Vienna does to Austria, that Rome does to Italy. The reason is plain. The great cities of America, in their eager development, have become isolated in all elements of culture. And each is vain of its isolation.

The census of the United States for 1890 gives the manufactures of this country for one year (1889) as \$9,373,000,000, and the census of 1880 gives the value for that year as \$5,370,000,000, showing the gain in ten years to have been \$4,003,000,000, or a gain in a decade of 74.54 per cent. At this same rate of gain for ten years, between 1890 and 1900, the value of America's manufactured products in 1900 would reach \$16,360,000,000. Suppose one cancels this rate of gain for three years of business depression, there would still remain \$14,273,000,000 as the value of America's manufactures for the year 1900, or the sum of \$12,873,000,000 as the present (1898) rate of the annual products of this country.

According to treasury statistics coffee is steadily supplanting tea with the American people. The interesting thing in this connection is that coffee can be grown successfully in all the islands that have recently come under American control. It is already the chief article of export from Porto Rico, and it is produced to some extent in Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines. No reason exists why coffee production may not be greatly increased in all these islands. All that the industry needs is suitable encouragement. This may in time make the United States independent of Brazil and other outside countries for its coffee supplying and furnish a new lever for securing trade concessions from such countries.

**Peculiar Privileges.**  
Lord Forester, who has accepted the office of mayor of Wenlock, England, this year, possesses an extraordinary privilege, and one that he is hardly likely to avail himself of. By a grant from King Henry VIII, which is now among Lord Forester's family archives, he has the right of wearing his hat in the presence of the queen. Lord Forester is the only English nobleman who enjoys this privilege, which was conferred upon his ancestors as commoners. The Forester peerage was created at a comparatively recent time—July, 1821.

Lord Kingsale, the premier baron of Ireland, also enjoys the hereditary privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence—a favor granted to his ancestor, John de Courcy, by King John.

## SPRING IN WINTER.

Surely, surely bees are humming in the tangles sweet,  
Spring with April smiles is coming; There are lilacs at her feet!  
Mocking birds in beach-blooms singing thrill  
With joy the dreamy air,  
And the green is of the meadow, and the wild flowers cluster there!

There's a sense of summer sweetness in the broad fields and the dells  
And a chiming—or is it fancy?—of remembered heather-bells!  
And the mildest suns are shining, and the skies are bright with blue,  
And in gardens Love is twining all his rarest wreaths for you!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## AN INLAND IRON-CLAD.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

Rufus Rundlett is another instance to prove that "the boy is father to the man." When 16 years of age he helped to invent an armor-clad coasting sled, "the Rantum-Scooter," and he alone steered it down Wilkins hill to victory over the "Number Seven" boys; and now he is commander of an armor-clad ship, quite as capable, I doubt not, of routing an enemy.

The schoolhouse in "Number Six," where we underwent a mild form of education together, stood at the forks of the county road, with the cross-town road, which led down Wilkins hill, on one side and Mill hill on the other. The county road extended north and south, along the crest of a fine, broad ridge of land divided into ten fertile farms, owned by many well-to-do farmers whose families made up our school district.

We young people of Number Six had always been a little inclined to look down on the boys and girls of Number Seven at the Corners, near the foot of Wilkins hill, for the denizens of Number Seven were a somewhat poor and shiftless lot. The larger boys were pugnacious and ill-disposed, and unless a schoolmaster were strong enough to thrash four or five of them, he must suffer the humiliation of being carried out of the schoolhouse.

At Number Six, on the contrary, the pupils were well-advanced, self-respecting and orderly. An able teacher was required, but less to govern than to instruct. Still, I now think that the contempt in which we held the Number Seven boys was rather pharisaical, and I do not wonder they resented it. We nicknamed them "hog-trotters," and they retorted by calling us "hill dogs." The two districts also belonged to two rival political parties, a fact which sharpened the animosity between them.

Wilkins hill was the best coasting place in the county. It consisted of five steep pitches, with intervals of less abrupt descent between them, which made altogether a run of more than a mile, to the foot of the hill beyond the bridge over Longmeadow brook. It had always been, and is to this day, the favorite coast of the Number Six boys. Indeed, we boasted that few, save Number Six boys, dared steer a sled down that hill.

When the road was smooth and icy terrific speed was attained on the lowest pitch, and any error in steering might easily cost the coaster his life. Boys from other places were usually afraid to try the hill, but if a Number Six boy had not made the "run" at 13 or 14 years of age we deemed him backward lad.

The coasting sleds most in favor with us were small and narrow. They were shod with half-round steel shoes, which were slightly bowed to make a "spring" space of an inch at the middle of the runner. Our favorite posture for coasting on this hill was face downward, with toes extended behind to aid in steering. Usually in starting at the top of the hill we ran forward, one after another, flung ourselves down on our sleds and thus set off at speed.

On moonlit evenings, when there were girls in the party, trains were often made up of ten or twelve sleds—some of them large hand-sleds, on which four or five could sit at ease. The forward or leading sled was called the "engine" and was steered by one of the oldest, strongest boys. Such a train, humming down that long hill by moonlight, gaining speed at every pitch till it shot past the Corners at Number Seven, going 60 miles an hour, afforded an exhilarating spectacle.

There was an almost uninterrupted view from top to bottom of the long descent; and besides the steerer on the engine there was a "hornman," whose business it was to blow a tin horn if we saw a team or pedestrian coming up. All the others, too, joined in a tremendous shout of "Road! road! road!"

The hill was so long that not more than three or four coasters could be made in an evening and generally not more than one during the noon intermission, when school was in session. A hired man from one of the farms, with a span of horses and a long pung sleigh, saved us the drudgery of pulling our sleds up the hill.

Laws relative to coasting were not then very strict in Maine, and we supposed we had a right to coast down the road at 60 miles an hour. Nobody had ever made any objection. The only drawback to the sport was that we had to run past the schoolhouse in Number Seven, and the bog-trotters were accustomed to rush out and pelt us with snowballs. The place was locally known as Wilkins Corners.

There had been good coasting for three or four weeks before Rufus Rundlett devised the Rantum-Scooter; the entire hill was smooth as glass. Nearly every morning, noon and night some of us Number Six boys were coasting, and often there were parties of 20 or 30.

The loafers and bog-trotters had jeered at us as we flew past and snow-balled us as in former years, but before long the Number Seven boys actually undertook to stop all Number Six coasters. They rolled great snowballs into the road in front of the

schoolhouse and built a high fort clear across the road. Four of our boys who started to coast down were obliged to take to the ditch. The bog-trotters then rushed from their fort and by pelting them with snowballs forced them to run back up the hill. They shouted that no hill dog should pass that schoolhouse.

But as their fort stopped teams as well as coasters, one of the selectmen of the town ordered them to remove it at once, and during the following evening a train of ten sleds from Number Six coasted defiantly by.

But the next noon they played a new and worse trick on us. Eight of ten of us set off to go down singly, one sled a few yards behind another, when, as we drew near Number Seven schoolhouse, Rufus Rundlett, who was ahead, noticed that Matthias Mosen, one of the larger boys at the Corners, was standing on one side of the road and his brother Lem on the other.

"Look out for snowballs!" Rufus shouted back to us. Neither he nor any of the rest of us saw that a new rope lay across the road on the snow till the Mosen boys raised it and caught us. Rufus' sled was capsized, and all the rest of us were piled up in a heap. Some of us were scraped off our sleds, some had their sleds upset; for the Number Seven crowd had three or four boys at each end of the rope, and as fast as a sled came along it was caught by the rope and jerked over. Meantime a dozen other Number Seven boys were raining snowballs upon us. We had to pick ourselves up, recover our sleds and get away as best we could.

"Try it again!" they shouted after us. "If you think you can run by Number Seven try it again!"  
For a day or two we had little disposition to try it again; they were too big and too many for us to thrash, as we would, perhaps have been justified in doing, and we did not dare to try the coast; but we chafed under the restraint and beat our brains for a device to break it effectually.

"Dol" Edmunds, who, after Rufus, was probably the most energetic of our boys, proposed to run a big market pung sleigh down, making one of the hills under each arm as he lay face downward on his narrow coasting sled between them. This feat had sometimes been performed on the hill by the older boys. Dol's idea was that the pung, loaded with ten or a dozen boys, would break the rope or jerk it away from those who tried to hold it. It was evident, however, that if the rope were so held as to upset his sled the pung would drop and the danger to Dol himself from being run over by it.

It was then that Rufus Rundlett proposed to take the hills off the pung and steer it down himself, by lying directly beneath it on his own low sled and grasping one pung runner at the forward upward turn in each hand and planting a foot against one of the iron braces of the runners on each side. He declared he could steer the pung in that way and be completely covered by it.

The most of us were afraid, however, that the bog-trotters would scrape us off of the pung with their rope. At this stage of the argument Rufus proposed making the pung into a wooden armor-clad.

Dol and he worked nearly all the following night. They took off the low pung-box and replaced it with one far larger and stronger, made of joist and pine boards. It covered the pung runners entirely, being over eight feet long by four feet wide, and the sides rose to a height of over three feet, quite sufficient to shield all who sat within them. The box was made fast to the runners and had a kind of prow in front, projecting three or four feet in a wedge-shaped triangle.

When they hauled it to the schoolhouse next day everyone who saw it, including our woman teacher, agreed it was the most singular "coaster" ever seen in those parts. Rufus, when lying under it on his little sled to steer, was almost completely hidden from view; and a short trial trip down the first pitch of the hill showed it to be necessary that he should be strapped to the little sled.

Rufus was ready to start at once, but the courage of many of the boys was not quite equal to taking passage in so novel a contrivance. Indeed, some little bravado was required, for if Rufus failed to steer it b-oken necks might be the result. Then, too, no one knew how strong the bog-trotters' rope would prove to be or what would happen when we ran foul of it.

But next day, after we had eaten our noon lunch, Rufus having sent his father's hired man with a span of horses, down the hill in advance, placed himself under the pung in position for steering.

"Come on, boys!" he called, "who's afraid?"

Dol Edmunds was the first to climb in, and nine of us followed him.

"Shove off!" exclaimed Rufus, and in a moment more we were gliding down the first pitch. Altogether the pung, the heavy box and its load of boys must have weighed a ton. It rapidly gathered speed. Down the

second pitch it swept, nuzzled across the level stretch and took the third pitch, faster and faster.

It was amazing that Rufus steered so well, but he seemed to know how at once. My own sensations swung between terror and a wild elation. Down the long fourth pitch we shot, gaining tremendous headway. The pung was now going so fast that the jar and jolting motion had entirely ceased. It seemed as if the road had been oiled. The keen rush of cold air cut our faces, and brought to my eyes, I remember, was a haze of tears, through which I saw dimly a wild procession of hurrying trees and roadside fences.

The Number Seven boys had seen us coming. As we headed down the fifth and last pitch we heard them shouting, and seven or eight of them ran across the road.

"They're stretching their rope!" Dol exclaimed. Jumping to his feet, he pulled off his red woolen muffler and waved it defiantly, while we all yelled like wild Indians. The bog-trotters yelled back defiance and raised their rope. In their ignorance they probably thought that, with five or six boys at each end of the rope, they would be able to upset us.

But the next moment they received an impressive object-lesson. The momentum of the heavy pung was something prodigious! We scarcely felt the rope when we struck it, and the next instant a dozen Number Seven boys were taking most extravagant leaps as they were jerked into the road behind us! All of them had been gripping the rope hard, and some of them were carried 50 feet before they could let go! They were about the most astonished-looking boys that I ever saw!

As for the pung, it did not stop till it reached the foot of the hill beyond the bridge over Longmeadow brook, where we found the man and horses waiting to haul it back up to Number Six.

The bog-trotter boys had not wholly recovered from their discomfiture when we went by; their school bell was ringing, and when Rufus politely asked them what they thought of our blockade-runner they had little to say. "Ho!" Lem said, feebly. "What do we care for your old rantum-scooter!" And the name stuck to Rufus' armor-clad. We soon came to call it the Rantum-Scooter ourselves.

The Number Seven boys knew better than to attempt to hold a rope in front of the blockade-runner again; but they still imagined that the rope would stop us, if only the ends could be made fast. Next day at noon, when we coasted down, we found that they had drawn it tight across the road and tied one end to a tree near the schoolhouse and the other to a horse-post in front of the grocery opposite. The rope snapped like twine when we struck it.

A day or two later, as we coasted down, we found that they had collected eight or ten ox chains, but they did not dare to use them; perhaps because they feared to kill some of us, or possibly because the selectmen had threatened to have them punished if they seriously molested us more.

After this they no longer tried to stop us, but they pelted us hard with frozen snowballs. For ordinary snowballs we cared little, since we could draw our heads down into the box as we passed; but soon "Thias, Lem and some of the others began hurling heavy lumps of ice into the pung.

To set such missiles at defiance, Rufus and Dol rebuilt the box of the pung, making the sides higher, putting a top on it and covering it with sheet iron.

During the following week we made the coast not less than 20 times with this curious contrivance. Lumps of ice and even stones were launched at it; but no violence which the disgruntled bog-trotters could inflict prevented our running their blockade as long as the good coasting weather lasted.—Youth's Companion.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Ceylon yellow silk spider has a body that weighs nine ounces.

There are 40,000 native pupils in the Sunday schools of the Fiji Islands.

A West African king is the owner of an umbrella which measures six yards in diameter and affords shade for a table with thirty diners.

An English guide-book makes the curious assertion that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent of Mont Blanc have been persons of unsound mind.

A subterranean city exists in Galicia, Austria, Poland, which contains a population of over 1000 men, women and children, many of whom have never seen the light of day.

The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumbnails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of 18 inches, and were pared to a point and dipped in vermilion or sky-blue ink, the only colors used in these thumbnail sketches.

Probably the most curious European oath is administered in Norway. The witness raises his thumb, his forefinger and his middle finger. These signify the Trinity while the larger of the uplifted fingers is supposed to represent the soul of the witness and the smaller to indicate his body.

**Dog Found His Way Home.**  
Jeremiah Murphy, a well-known miner, living in Calumet, Mich., sold his big St. Bernard dog named Barney to a Klondike party eighteen months ago. The dog was taken to Dawson City and performed good service there. The other night Barney reappeared at Murphy's home in Calumet. How he succeeded in returning from Alaska is a mystery.

## ENGLISH VEGETARIANS.

EATING-HOUSES IN LONDON WHERE NO ANIMAL FOOD IS SERVED.

**Well-Cooked Food and Plenty of It For Thirty Cents a Day—Vegetarians Working Vigorously Among London's Poor—Bright Men Who Believe in the Fad.**

I have visited nearly all the one dozen vegetarian restaurants that flourish in London, writes an American correspondent from the British capital, and have made the interesting discovery that by living at these places a man can get well-cooked food, and plenty of it, for about thirty cents a day.

Though owned by different people, these restaurants are run on one general plan and are earning handsome incomes. There are three floors. On the first is the main dining room, or coffee room, as it is called, where meals are served a la carte all hours of the day; on the second floor is the smoking and reading room, where patrons can have access to all the morning papers and can play chess if they wish, and on the third floor is the twelve-cent table d'hôte dinner, which is served every day from 12 to 3 o'clock.

At the lunch hour the coffee room on the first floor of the restaurant in Queen street, which is down in the "city," is filled with a tidy and well-dressed crowd of men and women, though in proportion to the men the women are about as one to ten. On this floor one often sees silk hats and frock coats, though (and this always seems strange to an American) most of the men retain their hats at table, even when there are women in the room. The prices on this floor are somewhat higher than on the floors above, and the service is slightly better. There is white sugar on the table instead of brown, and the spoons and forks—there are no knives—are of German silver instead of pewter, which is used on the upper floor. Rolls are served in this room instead of chunks of bread, but I could not see that the soups and savory dishes, sweets, etc., were any better than those up-stairs.

A plate of very good soup, either pea, macaroni or Scotch broth, is served for six cents, though the waitress assured me there was no meat stock in it; but when asked what took the place of the stock she was unable to say. For ten cents one could get a lentil entree, which was very appetizing and looked like a meat croquette. The potato stew was even better than the entree, and was served with butter beans for ten cents. There were various other "savory dishes," which is the vegetarian's name for what meat-eaters would call an entree, at from four to ten cents each. Plain vegetables were four cents and ten cents a plate, though the savory dishes were so very filling that plain vegetables to accompany them were not so much in demand. The sweets were, of course, like those served in ordinary restaurants.

To see the twelve-cent table d'hôte dinner in full swing one should go to the restaurant in Poulney, which is at the beginning of Chapside, between 1 and 2 o'clock on any day except Saturday.

In the large bare-looking room on the top floor are about a dozen long, narrow tables. At these tables sit perhaps 100 men, and it is doubtful that if in any other dining room in the city of London can be found more diverse types of humanity eating together. The majority, of course, are rather seedy, but here and there one sees a well-dressed prosperous-looking man, and fine intellectual faces are not uncommon. The man with frayed cuffs and dirty finger-nails and vest minus a button or two sits besides the dapper-looking law clerk, and neither pays any attention to the other. The chances are that they have both come here for the same purpose—economy; for a plentiful and well-cooked dinner for twelve cents is a consideration to many who would be quite indifferent to the ethical side of vegetarianism. The cashier assured me, however, that many of the customers were strict vegetarians, who wished to encourage the movement in every possible way.

On each table is a large bowl of brown sugar and another of salt, from which the customers help themselves at discretion. A fork and two pewter spoons are laid beside each plate, but as vegetables do not require to be cut, there are no knives on any of the tables. The tablecloths are, of course, brown linen and scrupulously clean, but if one is so fastidious as to require a napkin it is necessary to hand over a cent for its use. Though I looked carefully, I saw only two men in the whole room who had evidently thought it necessary to indulge themselves in this luxury. On leaving I offered the waitress twelve cents, as she had courteously answered all my questions, but she declined the tip, saying they were not allowed to accept gratuities under any circumstances.

Between 4 and 7 o'clock tea is served on the first floor, or, if desired, it can be had in the smoking room on the second floor. One can get a pot of excellent tea, made fresh, for six cents, or a single cup for four cents. There is bread and butter for two cents, cake at the same price, honey for four cents, and biscuits, buns or pastry for two cents. One can get a Welsh rabbit for eight cents, but it is not a very large one, and it is made with milk.

Though these are strictly temperance places they serve what is called "lager hop ale" for four cents a small bottle and "anti-Burton ale" at the same price. These beverages contain no alcohol.

These restaurants are doing much to make vegetarianism popular in London. The Vegetarian Society is behind them, and the cashier's desk at each place is well stocked with literature on the subject, which can be had

for the asking, and cook books for two cents, giving recipes for many of the simpler vegetarian dishes, which are forwarded to any one on application.

Much propaganda work is done in the poorer quarters of the city, and the poor people are taught how they can live on a vegetable diet at less than one-half the expense of a meat diet. They are shown, for instance, that meat contains sixty per cent of impure water, which they pay for at the butcher's at so much a pound, and that one pound of peas, beans, lentils or oatmeal, at a cost of two to four cents, contains more nourishment than a pound of beef or mutton at six times the price, because in the former case, water is added, which costs nothing, while in the latter it is purchased at about twenty cents a pound. In support of the contention that meat is not necessary even for those who do the hardest manual labor, it is asserted that the athletes of Greece and the soldiers of Rome were vegetarians, and that the chief food of the Roman gladiator was barley cakes and oil.

## ORIGINALITY IN THE PULPIT.

Startling Ways of a Reporter Who Turned Minister.

From a reporter to a clergyman is a wide leap which few bright luminaries of the press would care to undertake. Rev. C. L. Miel is a case in point, and he is considered as great a success in the pulpit as when he graced the staff of the Examiner years ago. The same originality which characterized him as a newspaper man distinguishes him as a priest.

In his church they follow the prevailing fad of periodically giving a concert on Sunday evening instead of a religious service. Parson Miel had noticed that although these entertainments invariably drew a large crowd, the receipts were never in proportion to the numbers.

At the end of one such performance he gave the congregation the benefit of this observation:

"Just to discover how much you appreciate this music," he began, "and to ascertain also who give and who do not," he added, naively, "I will pass the plate myself to-night."

In his priestly robes he made the entire circuit of the church with an immense alms basin. And the sum total of that collection broke all the religious records.—San Francisco News Letter.

## Life in Honduras.

"The small banana planter of Honduras is the happiest creature on earth," said a local shipper, "and nothing ever moves him from his philosophic calm. The frightful hurricane which raged along the Honduran coast on the 1st of the month absolutely destroyed scores of little plantations. The trees were plucked out of the earth like blades of grass, the fragile buildings were blown into kindling wood, and nothing whatever left to tell the tale.

Happening anywhere else, such a disaster would have been a tragedy of the first order and meant incalculable suffering; but nature is very kind to her children on the banana coast. All that is necessary to rehabilitate the ravaged plantations is to stick a few plippings in the ground and wait for them to take root and bear. The work is usually divided between the planter and his wife—she sets out the plippings and he does the waiting. Some time during the year, if he is not too tired, he may rebuild his residence. This is done by tying a native rope around four suitable trees and laying cane stalks crossways over the top.

"Other cane stalks are now and then used for sides, but they are really unnecessary, as the Honduran conception of privacy is very vague, and there is never anything to steal. So, as a matter of fact, the hurricane was much less calamitous than it appeared to those who are unfamiliar with native conditions. The principal loss which it entailed was in damage to the present banana crop, and the fruit grows with such rapidity that three months ought to completely repair it. Meantime the planter does quantities of resting and is happy."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A Fishing Amusement in Australia.

The average angler at home gets a large amount of amusement sometimes out of comparatively small—and not very many—fish. In New South Wales, near Sydney, they are going for bigger game. Armed with strong lines, massive hooks and plenty of raw beef, many fish from the beach in the evenings for sharks, which at this time of the year are to be captured in great numbers. From twelve to fourteen is a fair haul for a party of shark-fishers, the monster being almost exclusively tiger sharks, which come right into the surf in pursuit of salmon. The sport is exciting, and a Sydney paper to hand by last mail reports one party having hooked and landed nine sharks, the largest of which measured eleven feet six inches. That was something like a capture.—Westminster Gazette.

## Bills.

Oh, Bills! Thou precursor of nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to! Thou yellow of the white of the eye, thou disturber of the vitreous humors, thou green goggle! Thou relentless maker of rivulets in the furrows of the cheek! Thou blinder to all on earth that should look pleasant! Thou parcher of the tongue! Thou drier of the lips! Thou shriveler of the cockles of the heart! Thou circumsider! Thou friend of colds, of chills, of agues! Thou aid to indigestion! Thou destroyer of appetite! Thou friend of insomnia and foe of sleep! Thou deader of perceptions! Thou weakener of brains! Thy ruination of memory! Thou hater-maker of all mankind. Get out!—New York Press.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

**The Latest Tea Tables.**  
The newest tea tables for the drawing room come now with an oval glass removable tray on the top. The tables are of mahogany with plain inlay. The lower shelf projects several inches more than the upper shelf, which holds the tray for the cups and saucers. On either end of the tray are handles, which make it easy of removal and carriage.

**Yorkshire Pudding.**  
Put six large table-spoonfuls of flour into a bowl with one salt-spoonful of salt and stir in slowly one and a half pints of milk, taking care to keep it free from lumps. Then add three well-beaten eggs and heat for five minutes. Pour the mixture into a shallow pan, rubbed with beef drippings and bake for one hour; then place it under the rack on which the beef is baking, that it may catch the drippings and let it bake for another half hour. When done, cut into squares and place around the beef.

## A Modern Fry.

Parboiled chicken fifteen minutes, sprinkle with salt and let cool. Make a batter by beating light and cool, a little by beating light and cool, two eggs, with half a salt-spoonful of salt, stirring in gradually one table-spoonful of oil, adding one cupful of flour, and lastly one cupful of cold water. Set batter away an hour, and prepare the vegetables. Chop very fine one small onion, three sprigs of parsley and two tomatoes, with seeds left out. Stir into batter, and add least whipped whites of two eggs. Dip each piece of chicken in batter and fry slowly in a spider in butter. A nice accompaniment for plain fried chicken is supplied by hominy balls and tiny slices of crisp bacon, alternating around the edge of the platter.

## To Make Mince Meat.

Half a pound each of finely chopped cooked lean beef and suet, two quarts chopped apple, one cup each of stoned raisins, currants and sliced citron, of sugar, molasses, strong coffee, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and mace, and one-half teaspoon each of allspice and nutmeg. Dissolve a glass of currant or other tart jelly in one pint of water, and mix all thoroughly together. Put in porcelain or agate kettle and heat slowly. Reserve what is needed for use and seal the rest in cans.

When making the pies, strew raisins over the top and a little sugar. Bake slowly one hour. Mince pies have one advantage over others; they may be baked a dozen at a time and be piled in the refrigerator, heating when wanted. But they are too rich for frequent use.

## Poached Eggs With Sauce.

Use a deep frying-pan three-fourths full of boiling water, to which has been added a table-spoonful of strong vinegar and one-half table-spoonful of salt to each quart. If you wish them nice, place small muffin rings in the pan, and carefully slide an egg into each, after having broken it into a saucer, a wise precaution at all times, when one has to depend on the grocer for eggs. Let the water simmer for three minutes, when egg and ring may be lifted out together by slipping under a perforated skimmer. Drop each one on to a slice of freshly made and buttered toast, and remove the ring.

For the sauce, melt a table-spoonful of butter and four till well blended; pour on a half pint of hot milk, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Add a spoonful of finely chopped parsley (dried will answer), a little salt and a dash of celery salt. Boil up once and pour over the toast which has been laid on a platter. Garnish the edge with parsley leaves. Try this; you will be sure to like it.

## Household Hints.

Pie crust will not be soggy if it is brushed over with the white of an egg before the fruit is put in.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly upon it.

Clean decanters and other glass bottles with small pebbles instead of shot, which leaves behind it a portion of oxide of lead.

Half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook nearly as quick as a young one, and does not injure the flavor in the least.

When you take thread from a spool hold the end of the spool where the thread was fastened in your hand and you can draw the thread with no danger of its catching or of the spool being jerked out of your hand.

A window raised very little at top and bottom is better than a wide space. A transom opening upon a ventilated room is excellent for delicate people who cannot bear a direct current of air through the room.

Cocoa is frequently used in place of chocolate for icing cake. Add to the white of an egg a table-spoonful of cold water, two table-spoonfuls of cocoa and as much confectioner's sugar as is needed to make it of the consistency required to spread well.

If an especially light dressing is required for a fowl, allow to every two cups of the stuffing one table-spoonful of baking powder and one level table-spoon of flour mixed all through the dressing. In seasoning, allow a half table-spoon each of thyme, marjoram and summer savory.

Sawdust or the cork used for packing are excellent polishers for glass, which may be left to dry, without rubbing, in a bowl filled with either. Brass and copper may be cleaned with polishing paste—never with silver powder. The old-time mixture of rotten stone and turpentine is also good.

Of British birds the cuckoo lays the smallest egg in proportion to its size.