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The fear of a closer union between England and the United States has become a veritable bugbear on the Continent.

Statistics show that fire destroys 6000 lives and \$150,000,000 worth of property in this country every year. This shows that the science of construction is still a perilously long distance from what it should be.

When the British people learn the energy with which the American people do things they will cease to be surprised that American concerns secure contracts like that for a bridge over the Atbara in the Soudan. When Englishmen have visited this country they have been astonished at what they call the "paco" that the American people live, but it does not seem to have dawned on them that the same push and hustle was to be found in forge and workshop. This is one secret of the great progress American industry is making abroad. American manufacturers have mastered the problem of economizing time and labor.

The course in naval architecture, at the Annapolis Naval Academy, is abandoned because of the failure of the last Congress to make the necessary appropriations for carrying it on. The Naval Department now reports that the courses of a similar type, recently founded at some American colleges, are unsatisfactory, or wholly prospective. Until these courses are firmly established, the cadet students in naval architecture will be sent abroad, as was the practice for many years. Two will go to the University of Glasgow, and two go to the Ecole Polytechnique, in Paris. The other two of the six students of the Construction Corps will enter the line of the navy.

The idea has been prevalent for some time that the typical English woman is, above all things, domestic; and it has been suggested that the pushing, bustling, fin de siècle American woman might profitably study her English consins. The American woman has also proudly claimed that she was the pioneer in women's occupations and that there are more trades and professions open to women in America than in any other country. A book recently published in England proves, however, that English women follow diverse professions, more, in fact, than do Americans. In that land there are women architects, farmers, plumbers, chemists, bankers, contractors, gardeners, letter carriers, pilots and cab drivers.

Where is this capturing of foreign trade by American manufacturers going to end? Of course, we sell steel rails lower than any other country, and over Egypt wants a bridge to go when the Nile the Yankee gets the contract. But here comes the Canadian Dry Goods Review and says American manufacturers of silk and felt hats are cutting out the English goods in the Dominion. The United States shipped to Canada in 1898 hats to the value of \$381,768, against \$272,132 in 1897, whereas the importations from Great Britain increased by less than \$25,000. One fact about this development is very significant. The Americans, we are told, advertise extensively in Canada; the British manufacturers not at all. What need to say more?

A Cat Funeral.

In Elkton, Md., they held a queer funeral last week. A cat belonging to a wealthy man died, and he had made a beautiful black coffin, covered with cloth, studded with gold-headed nails and finished with four silver handles. Then he dressed poor kitty in a black shroud and put her in the coffin, where she lay for two days for all her friends to see and meow over. Then he had four boys act as pallbearers, and they had a regular cat funeral, and planted flowers over pussy's grave. When the cat was young, which was 13 years ago, it was a great friend of its master's little daughter, who died, and that is why he thought so much of pussy and gave it such an expensive funeral.

THE INVINCIBLES.

There once were two knights full of mettle and merit. Who joined in a league and maintained it with spirit. No task was so hard it could baffle their skill. And one was I-ean, and the other I-will.

I-ean was tall, lithe—all wit, wisdom and grace. With a slightly superior smile on his face; I-will was short, stout, red-haired, bull-necked and bold—

A terrible fellow where once he took hold. I-will, by himself, had been boastful and heady. But tireless I-ean kept him prudent and steady.

While truly this latter, unyoked from his brother, I fear had accomplished much less than the other.

But take them together—where'er they might go. Doubts, dangers and obstacles vanished like snow.

From being too-lazy to strong-armed Despair No foe could withstand the invincible pair. And surely without them the world would stand still.

For masters of Fate are I-ean and I-will. —Dora Read Goodale.

DOLLIE.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

ER name was Dollie. She had been called that ever since she came—a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little thing—into a family of great, rough, tender-hearted, adoring boys; and she had been treated by them as a doll up to her sixteenth year.

But Dollie wasn't spoiled. She could make the best bread, and keep house in general like nothing else but a witch, for the work seemed to be done like magic. That is because she was young, healthy and willing; for to keep house for so many men is no trifle. To be sure, Dollie needed never to lift, fetch or carry while her father or brothers were at home, for they loved the ground her feet trod upon, and were ever ready to serve her; but sometimes Dollie would be all day alone in the old farm-house; and it is of one of these days that this story tells.

Tom, Dick and Harry had gone to market, which was a trip of two days; Jack and Joe had gone to assist a neighboring farmer in a press of work; and at nine o'clock in the forenoon, Dollie's good father, Mr. Durand said:

"Dollie, Ned and I are going to the village to do some tradin' at the store. Shan't be back until after dinner, so have an early supper, smokin' hot, for us, for we'll be hungry as sharks."

"Yes, father," said Dollie, bringing out twelve dozen of pearly eggs in a basket; for she knew her father's ways—he always loaded up the wagon with country produce, eggs, dried apples, potatoes and other vegetables, which he exchanged at the store for sugar, tea, cloth, farming implements, etc.

"I shan't take a cent with me, for fear I shall be over-persuaded to buy those pesky cattle of Jim Green's," said the farmer, coming in for his coat. "I know he's lyin' in wait for me; he mostly is market days. I don't want 'em, and I won't have 'em if they be cheap! But you know there's money in the house, Dollie. There's three hundred dollars, Mr. Kent gave me for the sabbath meadow lot I sold him yesterday, in the desk, and there it must stay safe until I go to Peterborough to the bank. So don't entertain no strangers or suspicious-lookin' people while I'm gone."

"No, father."

"I'll leave Bose at home, and I'll be home long before dark."

So when he had drawn two pails of water, and Ned had filled up the wood-box for Dollie, they drove off, a little pig, tied in the bottom of the wagon, squealing lustily. Dollie liked horses and cattle, hens and chickens, and pigeons, but she didn't like pigs, so she didn't feel badly at all that this one was going off to be stuffed and roasted for somebody's dinner. She had a baking to do and picarella to make, and she set busily about her task.

She vigorously rolled pie crust in the hot kitchen. Her cheeks were like roses, and her eyes as bright as only a smart, healthy girl's can be. She had on a broad, white apron over her neat print dress, the sleeves of which were tucked up from her round, white arms. And not only did she look pretty making them, but the pies when done were absolute perfection.

Dollie ranged them in a row, on one of the buttery shelves, and left them there, while she went out to give Bose her dinner. With a plate of savory bits which she had saved for him in her hand, she sought his kennel in the door-yard, but Bose was not there. He had done something he had never before done in his life—broken his rope and gone after the wagon to the village. Dollie could see the marks of his feet in the mud of the yard, and they led to the gate.

With a wistful look down the road, and a sudden, unpleasant feeling of being unprotected in that lonely place—for the farm-house was half a mile from any other—Dollie went back into the kitchen.

When she had taken a solitary lunch of bread and milk at the kitchen table, she made a nice tea-cake for the evening meal, and then set about making her father's favorite relish, picarella.

It was five o'clock when Dollie had finished this last task, and had carried the jars down in the cellar. When she

came up a man had entered the open kitchen door, and was seated before the stove.

He was rough looking, and Dollie was frightened; but she did not show it.

"Whom do you wish to see?" she asked.

"I'd like something to eat, if you please," answered the man, in what was evidently a feigned voice.

But in spite of that and the muffer about his face, Dollie knew him. It was Jim Green, the cattle dealer, and he had a very bad reputation. She had never seen him but once before in her life, but she remembered his leer and hooked nose. She had had him pointed out to her in the village, but she did not think he had ever seen her. What did he want here when her father was away?

With no idea of the object of his errand, Dollie, however, cut one of the pumpkin pies and gave him a generous quarter, which he proceeded to eat as well as he could, without too freely revealing his face. Dollie hoped when he had finished it he would go away, but he did not. Instead of that he got up, walked into the sitting-room and looked around. After a moment, he walked up to the desk and shook the lid.

"Say is this locked?" he asked.

Blood came hot and indignant into Dollie's cheeks. The man was a robber, after her father's money. She took her hands out of the dishwasher, where she had begun washing the cooking dishes, and walked into the sitting-room.

"See here," she said, boldly. "I know you; you are Jim Green. What do you want here?"

"Money!" he answered. "I've seen your father at the village; I know he hasn't got the money Kent paid him with him, so I think it must be here."

He shook the lid violently and peered about its edges.

"How dare you try to rob a house in open day?" asked Dollie. "Don't you know you will be arrested and sent to jail?"

"No, I won't," answered Green, coolly. "I'm going out of the country to-night. Come, I want the keys!"

Dollie turned scornfully away, but gave a longing glance out at the window.

"I expect my father every moment," she said. "He has the keys with him."

"You needn't expect him at present," answered Green, still at work upon the desk. "His horse cast a shoe, and he's at the blacksmith's, and likely to stay for awhile."

"Well, he has the keys with him," replied Dollie, still coolly. "You had better take yourself off. My brothers are liable to come home at any moment."

"Oh, I know all about that!" responded Green, taking a huge pocket-knife from his pocket and proceeding to force the lock.

What could Dollie do? The house was half a mile off the main road, and that distance from any living soul. There was not a weapon of any kind under its roof. If there had been, Dollie knew she would be more afraid of a pistol than she was of Jim Green.

But the snapping of the lock and the villain's long-drawn "Ah!" of satisfaction, almost froze her. Her honest, hard-working old father's money—she must save it, if she flew at the rascal and scratched out his eyes!

A sudden thought came to Dollie. She went into the buttery and took down a small, wide-mouthed bottle, closely corked and marked "Cayenne Pepper." She took out the cork, concealed the bottle in the palm of her hand, and went into the other room.

Greene had not found the money, but had seized upon a fine gold watch, which belonged to Mr. Durand, and which he used only upon rare occasions. His never-failing companion was a big, silver time-keeper, which he carried in his fob.

"Ah!" repeated Green, and he hurried to the still open door of the kitchen to examine the watch more closely.

He had time to see by the fading sunset light, that it was even more valuable than it had at first seemed to be; but Jim Green's eyes did him little other service for many weeks.

Dollie raised her little hand, and quick as lightning dashed a portion of the fiery compound in his face.

With a shriek of agony, the man dropped the watch and clutched his hands over his eyes as he leaped out into the yard. With howls and yells, he danced about the door-yard, and was tumbling over the wood-pile as Dollie saw him last, before she locked and double-barred the door.

She picked up the watch, restored it, and went to the window. She had it, wait but a short time before her father's wagon-wheels rolled into the yard.

She flung up the sash as her father and brother sprang out and approached the suffering mortal, who was still kicking and howling in the woodpile.

"His eyes are full of cayenne pepper, Ned! He was stealing your money, father!" Dollie cried.

She saw her vigorous brother collar the already punished man and pull him upon his feet, while his father recognized him with an exclamation of amazement.

But, his cries and moans continuing, he finally decided that he had been punished sufficiently, and after a while let him go.

He sneaked away without the booty which he had confidently expected to obtain. When the excitement was over, Dollie had a crying spell; but her father and brothers, to this day, tell proudly how she saved the money.

A hand saw bearing date of 1620 was dug up recently at North East, Penn.

BURGLARS VERSUS LOCKS

A BATTLE OF YEARS IN WHICH THE LOCK HAS FINALLY WON.

Evolution of the Marvellous Contrivance That Now Guards Vaults and Safes Against the Inroads of Skilled Cracksmen and Dishonest Custodians.

The years 1873 and 1874 marked an era in the evolution of locking devices for burglar-proof safes in the United States and Canada which culminated in a complete change from pre-existing methods. Prior to that key locks had been improved to the utmost point, reaching the climax of excellence in the ingenious and intricate mechanism of the "magic bank lock" invented about forty years ago by Linus Yale, Jr. Combination locks had almost entirely superseded key locks as a means for locking burglar-proof vaults and safes, and for a time these were deemed impregnable; but a little later James Sargent, of Rochester, N. Y., demonstrated his ability to pick the best combination lock then on the market. For that demonstration he received \$1000 from the lock maker.

Being a practical mechanic with inventive genius of a high order, Mr. Sargent at once set about the invention and manufacture of a combination lock that he himself could not pick, and the result was a contrivance which was adopted by the leading safe makers of the country and later by the United States Treasury Department. As a consequence of Sargent's invention, safe and vault burglars were compelled to devise new and more desperate methods, and after trying various expedients they very generally adopted what became known as "masked burglary," as the most feasible plan that suggested itself.

In carrying out this method, a gang of masked and armed desperadoes would act in conjunction, some on guard and others securing and gagging a bank official, taking him to his bank and compelling him by threats, or torture if necessary, to unlock the vaults. Success crowned their early efforts and the method became alarmingly prevalent throughout the country. Bank officers and other custodians of funds became exceedingly apprehensive, and their families and friends were in a state of constant anxiety. A few officials who refused to comply with the demands of their captors paid the penalty of their refusal with their lives.

For a time makers of burglar-proof contrivances were baffled in their efforts to devise an adequate remedy. Bankers were in dread for the safety of their funds and persons, and manufacturers of hitherto burglar-proof safes were amazed by this new danger with which they were for the time unable to cope. Again Mr. Sargent came to the rescue. He devoted himself day and night to developing plans for a lock which even the custodian of its combination could not open until the predetermined time for unlocking. Working a few weeks from the first stroke of the pencil in making sketches of the parts a complete time and combination lock, in one case, was ready for use. This style of time lock is still in vogue, although only a limited number of these locks was made, because bankers and others agreed that it would be better to have time locks and combination locks separate and independent, but still acting in conjunction so far as controlling the bolt work of the vault is concerned. This latter plan has been adopted almost exclusively.

Safemakers were timid about accepting so radical an innovation in existing methods. For a long time no one was willing to become the pioneer in adopting the safeguard. Meanwhile masked burglaries were becoming more frequent.

In May, 1874, Mr. Sargent sold the first time lock ever purchased by a banker to the First National Bank, at Morrison, Ill., making the attachment himself. From that time the success of the invention was assured, and ere long safemakers began to equip their new work with time locks as a necessary condition of sale. The early sales were confined mostly to banks and to the departments of the United States Government, but the demand soon became general and other institutions and individuals having the custody of valuables requiring burglar-proof safes followed the lead of the bankers and the Government.

Among the services rendered by the time lock, aside from its protection against outside invasion by burglars, is the safety it affords to cashiers and other bank officers by making it impossible for them to comply with the demands of burglars. It also furnishes security against the successful use of the combinations of combination locks by dishonest bank employes or by others who may have gained a knowledge of the combination. Furthermore, that class of robberies, once prevalent, in which the safes were found uninjured and locked just as they were on closing, has almost entirely ceased since the introduction of time locks.

When burglars become convinced that it is impossible for bank officers to open their safes out of banking hours, the officers are secure against their assaults. Even if taken to a bank, an official can demonstrate that there is a time lock on the safe by calling the attention of his kidnapers to the ticking of the timer.

Each time lock has a lock and key, so that no one can get at the inside of it other than the officer having it in charge. Each door has a glass through which any person having access to the safe can see at a glance whether or not the lock has been set and at what time it will unlock. When once set to unlock at a given time that time cannot be shortened, and any attempt to do so by detaching the parts would reveal itself by letting the

trains loose to run down in confusion and beyond remedy. The time during which the lock is to remain shut can always be increased by further winding up to the limit of seventy-two hours, but the dials cannot be turned backward except by taking them off, which would result in letting the trains run down with a crash. Therefore, if a bank official were so disposed, he could not first wind the time lock, so as to show correctly during the day and then, before locking the safe, reset the movements so as to unlock at an earlier hour.

The dials cannot be set for unlocking at a given time and fail of doing so by any omission to wind the movements, because the only possible manner in which they can be set at all is by winding the movements. In short, winding is setting and setting is winding. Consequently there is always perfect agreement between the hours indicated by the index fingers over the dials and the time that will elapse before the movements will release the bolt of the lock.

The time movements never run down so as to stop from an exhausted mainspring; but after the dials have reached zero, which is the unlocking point, they run on for a given time, say thirty minutes, and then are brought to a standstill by stopworks arranged for that purpose. At the same time there is about one-fourth of the capacity of the mainspring held in reserve, so that the inner coils of the mainspring are never brought into use by complete exhaustion.

Reliable statistics show that there are now about 15,000 such locks in the United States and Canada, including a limited number in England and Germany.—New York Sun.

WANT TO JOIN US.

Both Nicaragua and Salvador Are In Favor of Annexation.

The annexation of Nicaragua to the United States is not a new proposition. It has been suggested from time to time for more than half a century, and in his last message to Congress President Zelaya took advanced grounds in favor of such an arrangement. An extract from the document was printed in these dispatches at the time. Annexation would, of course, settle the canal problem and would give us a very rich colony with natural resources that are almost incomparable but have lain undeveloped because of the political disturbances that have continued ever since independence was established. There is no object in trying to get ahead in Nicaragua because as soon as a planter shows signs of prosperity he is set upon either by the Government or by revolutionary leaders for whatever he can contribute to their support. The common people are intelligent, docile and industrious, but the higher classes make a business of politics and are fighting all the time either to maintain or overthrow some Government. Nicaragua would be a troublesome colony for this reason. Personal ambition overshadows everything else among the educated classes, and the outs are always trying to overthrow the ins.

The little republic of Salvador, the next-door neighbor of Nicaragua, once annexed herself to the United States and appointed commissioners to come to Washington and close the arrangement. But before they started the Government that sent them was overthrown and the movement was abandoned. There has been no encouragement offered the Nicaraguans from the administration or any person in authority, and no official opinion can be obtained on the subject until the matter is formally brought to the attention of the President.—Chicago Record.

Extending His Sphere of Influence.

The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening's calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair, and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked affectionately:

"And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no," she said animatedly: "at least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed?" he said. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked, interestedly.

"Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. It's great fun!"

"Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."—Tit-Bits.

Infantile Reasoning.

Something had gone wrong.

"I don't care," said the little one.

"I think you are the meanest mamma I ever had."

"Also the best," suggested his father, wishing to restore amicable relations.

But the little one shook his head.

"I never, never, never had a meaner mamma," he asserted.

And while they had to admit that he was right; in view of the fact that he was not a stepchild nor yet one that had been adopted, he was, of course, reproved in accordance with modern kindergarten methods.—Chicago Post.

Imparting Useless Information.

The other night while it was pitch dark, the ship called the "Ino" entered the Tyne from Hamburg, Germany, and, as usual, the custom-house launch ran along side. "Hoy," shouted the officer, "what ship is that?"

"Ino," came the reply.

"I know jolly well you know," retorted the officer, "but I want to know."—New York Observer.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

As I Well Recollect—After the Cull—A Confidential Explanation—The Next Thing to It—The Useful Model—What She Expected, Etc., Etc.

She stood pale and correct, Not the least bit excited, As I well recollect.

She strove not for effect, Nor was she affrighted; She stood pale and correct.

I had tried to detect Signs of love unrequited, As I well recollect.

There were signs of neglect Which were very soon righted; She stood pale and correct.

Hundreds went to inspect Her, and left her, delighted, As I well recollect.

She was marble, unflinched From her heels to her white head; She stood pale and correct, As I well recollect.

—Chicago Record.

After the Call.

"Did she make you feel at home?"

"No; but she made me wish I was." —Brooklyn Life.

The Useful Model.

"An Indiana man is making a study of perpetual motion."

"What does he model it on?"

"His wife's tongue."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Confidential Explanation.

Hardrocks—"Why do you call your two sons Alpha and Omega?"

Bullion—"Because they have never been able, so far, to make ends meet." —Chicago News.

The Next Thing to It.

Mrs. Hyde Park—"Have you fed chickens to-day?"

Mr. Hyde Park—"Not exactly. I planned some flower seed, though." —Kansas City Independent.

Real Estate Discussion.

"I suppose," said the dealer, "you want the earth."

"I certainly do," replied the capitalist. "Did you think I intended to build a house in the air?"—Chicago Post.

A Reason For Unbelief.

"No, I couldn't bring myself to believe that the spirit forms of the dead come back to us."

"Why not?"

"I know too many bill collectors on the other side."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Place For Talking.

Mrs. Madison—"I heard that Mrs. Beacon, from Boston, is a brilliant conversationalist."

Mrs. Upton—"Well, she isn't. I met her at a musicale yesterday, and she hardly had a word to say." —Brooklyn Life.

What She Expected.

"You expect both those children to travel on one ticket?" asked the conductor.

"Certainly not," answered the woman. "I merely expect them to travel on one train."

He let it go at that.—Chicago Post.

Another Dressed Beef Inquiry.

Little Ba-Ba—"Say, aren't you a sample of the 'dressed beef' I hear so much about?"

Miss Heifer—"Oh, dear, no! I'm only a cow belle."—Life.

And Peace Prevailed.

"You would not take him for a man the detectives were after," said the cheerful Illinois.

"Wouldn't take who?" asked the shoe clerk boarder.

"The new boarder. I understand his name is Clews."—Indianapolis Journal.

Chance For Study.

He had been studying the lines of her hand for several minutes.

"I'm deeply interested in palmistry," he said at last.

"Perhaps you would like to have a hand for practice," she suggested.

That is how he secured hers.—Chicago Post.

Helped Him Out.

Minnie—"Did Fred appear to be very greatly excited when he proposed to you?"

Grace—"Oh, yes, terribly so. In fact, I'm afraid he would never have been able to make me understand what he was trying to say if I hadn't supplied a word now and then."—Chicago Post.

Very Much In Doubt.

"Yes, Eddie was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon."

"Where was he wounded?"

"We are not quite sure. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it is an anatomical phrase or a Filipino town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing Against the Dramatist.

"I'm afraid this town doesn't care for Shakespeare," said Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"Don't you make that mistake," answered Pluto Pete, who was spokesman of the committee in waiting at the stage door. "Shakespeare is all right as far as we know. You're the fellow we're after."—Washington Star.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Screen For the Writing Corner.

In these days of fancy note papers a screen covered with the envelopes of one's letters is an ornamental and useful piece of furniture. The ordinary bamboo screen with two or three panels serves as a background, and on this are pasted the lilac and blue, white and pink, long and square envelopes sent by many correspondents. The variety of stamps add color to the whole, and the postmarks are often interesting, if one's friends are globe-trotters. The envelopes, if arranged simply in straight rows, are easy to read, but fans, circles and designs formed by white or tinted envelopes are devised by fanciful folk. If one have a collection of handsome crested or monogram envelopes they look well arranged as a border. A screen of this description is an interesting feature of the writing corner of an ingenious woman's room.

Dainty Dress Closets.

Perfumed pads for trunk trays and compartments of the dresser have proved so satisfactory in imparting that delicate scent which women love that one woman has carried out the scheme still further. She had been in the habit of hanging sachets of her favorite powder in her clothes closet, but it did not seem to be as satisfactory as the pads in the bureau. She experimented by hanging sheets around the wall and using a liquid scent, but that evaporated. Finally she took out the pads from her trunk and hung them on the hooks in the dress closet. Then she thought, "Why not pad the closet?"

No sooner thought of than done. Her best dress closet is now upholstered over all the walls and ceiling. She did it herself. The backing of the pads is cheesecloth. Then there is a thick layer of cotton batting thickly strewn with her favorite violet sachet powder, and covering the whole is a delicate shade of violet China silk. Before fastening this lining to the walls of the closet it was tied in "comfort" style with dainty baby ribbon, tied in bow knots.

The pads are bound all around the edge with violet satin ribbon, having loops at the upper edge to hang the pads to the wardrobe hooks. These bindings are not "sewed to stay" at the top, but may be easily ripped loose in order to renew the powder at any time. Pads on the ceiling and above the hooks are fastened with brass-headed tacks hidden under the ribbon bows.

This luxurious closet may be imitated in cheaper upholstery and be quite as dainty. Silkoines, which come in such delicate hues and patterns, with sprays of the most delicate flowers, can be used. These sheer and inexpensive materials are to be had with a white or shaded ground, and the sprays of flowers may match the odor used—violets, roses, crab-apple blossoms, heliotropes, or almost anything in the way of a flower from which perfume is extracted. If a white ground with sprays of flowers is used, the bow knots can match the flower, and if a tinted ground is used white ribbon is very pretty.—New York Herald.

Receipts.

Orange and Banana Salad—Peel and slice four large oranges and four bananas, squeeze over them the juice of a small lemon; add sugar to taste; mix lightly, then cover with grated coconut.

Baked Onions—Boil some large onions, with their skins on, in slightly salted water for one hour, then roll them in buttered paper and bake in a slow oven. When done, remove the skins and season with pepper, salt and butter.

Rye Tea Cakes—To one pint of sweet milk add two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and sufficient rye flour to make it as stiff as common griddle cake batter. Bake in gem pans for one-half hour and serve hot.

Honey Cake—Beat one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar to a cream, add two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of honey, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted in with two cupfuls of flour, and one tablespoonful of caraway seeds. Bake moderately.

Balloons, or Puff Pudding—One pint milk, one pint flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful salt. Beat the egg yolks, stir in the milk, add the flour, part at a time. When all is well beaten, cut in the beaten whites, fill small buttered cups half full. Bake in quick oven; serve hot. The secret of excellence is in eating as soon as done.

Veal Loaf—Mix three pounds of chopped veal with three-quarters of a pound of finely chopped pork. Add six crackers, rolled fine; three hard-boiled eggs, chopped; one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of mace. Bake two hours, basting with butter and water.

Beef Celery Soup—One pound of solid lean beef (round steak will do), cut into small pieces, cover with two quarts cold water. When it comes to a boil set back to simmer for two hours. Then add a stalk of celery cut into dice, one small onion minced, one-half cup rice well washed, one tablespoonful salt. Simmer for two hours, then add a pint of milk, heat up again, strain and serve.