

## WELCOME VISITORS.

They come to me in dreams, betimes,  
The dear ones gone before,  
They sit beside me at the hearth,  
Go out and in my door;  
They rarely speak, but fit about  
In such accustomed place,  
The while it gives me joy to view  
Each well-remembered face.

I waken with a sob of pain  
That it is but a dream,  
And yet they're near me all the day,  
So real does it seem.  
They comfort me through all the hours  
Of labor, and of rest,  
I feel that I have touched the hem  
Of garments of the blest.

Dear dwellers on the distant shore;  
Come near me when you may,  
Let memories of my happy dreams  
Make sweet the waking day.  
With joys and griefs, and loving toil,  
The years draw on apace,  
When dreams shall be realities,  
And meetings face to face.  
—Mary A. Simpson, in Michigan Farmer.

## THE HARPOONER.

In silence the ship  
moved on through  
the tranquil  
waves of the North  
Pacific, the old Arctic,  
the lucky ship  
of the whaling fleet.  
She was built more  
for storage than  
speed, with her bluff  
bows, and could lay  
away more oil in her  
hold than most ships of her class.

She was noted on all sides as a vessel  
which could find and strike whales  
when others were unlucky.  
The sailors used to say that they  
would sooner be before the mast in the  
old Arctic than mate of another whaler,  
because they could make more money.

A man was standing near the fore-  
castle, shading his eyes with his hand  
and peering out ahead. He was tall  
and strongly built, his face marked  
by the tattooing instruments in use in  
the north seas. Yet he was an American  
and had the air of a model sailor,  
as indeed he was—Nat Myers, har-  
pooner in the captain's boat and king  
of the fore-castle. No man of all the  
crew had more influence, but it was  
not the influence of fear, for the men  
loved him. With the strength of an  
ox, he had the calm, even temper so often  
seen in men of giant build, as if,  
knowing his strength, he would not  
use it against his weaker brethren.

Standing upon the fore-castle by his  
side was a boy about twelve years of  
age—a beautiful lad, with brown, curl-  
ing hair, sunny blue eyes, and delicate  
face. "How do you feel since you  
have been in the Pacific?" said Nat.

"I get stronger every day."  
"You've been coddled too much, and  
swallowed so much candy, and sech  
truck. Once let me git you so you can  
eat salt horse like a man, and you are  
all right."

George Betts was the captain's  
nephew, and the doctors had said that  
the only thing which would save his  
life was a sea voyage, and they gave  
him in charge of Captain Jacobs.  
That worthy passed him over to Nat  
Myers.

"Take care of him, Nat," he said.  
At first George fairly hated the old  
sailor, who forced him to eat salt pork  
and bolt tough corned beef, dignified  
by the names of "salt horse" and "ma-  
hogany," when it was almost impossi-  
ble for him to eat. He complained to  
his uncle, who grimly said that he had  
nothing to do with the matter.

"But he'll kill me, uncle."  
"No, he won't, my boy. He'll make  
a man of you."  
As the days went on and George  
grew more accustomed to life on board  
ship, he really began to like his tor-  
mentor. He had gained so much  
strength that he could run up the rig-  
ging like a cat, and the smartest men  
on the ship could not catch him when  
he was once upon the ratlines. And by  
the time they had passed the Sand-  
wich Islands, although a delicate-look-  
ing boy, he was stronger than he had  
ever been in his life.

"Looker here—we are going to have  
the biggest storm you ever see."  
"Pshaw! There never was a fairer  
day."

"Looker, my son," said Nat, in a  
threatening manner. "Member what  
I told ye about contenting me?"  
Three hours later, when the first  
mate had the deck, Nat was standing  
on the topgallant fore-castle, with  
George by his side, the squall burst  
upon them with sudden fury. The first  
wave which came aboard crushed in the  
rail and swept the decks, and  
George Betts was carried out into the  
boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with  
a cry like that of a wild beast robbed  
of his young, hurled himself over the  
rail, holding in his hand a light plank,  
the only thing which he could seize.  
They saw him rising upon the top of a  
great wave, and then George Betts  
came into view beyond him, struggling  
for his life.

"Bear up, my lad," they heard him  
cry through the roar of the tempest.  
"Old Nat is coming."  
The boy, who, slight as he was, was  
a strong swimmer, tossed his hand in  
the air as a signal that he heard.

The crew of the Arctic could do  
nothing, for it required all their  
strength and skill to save the ship. A  
dozen voices together volunteered to  
man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain, sadly.  
"No man can love his nephew better  
than I do mine. I will not risk half a  
dozen lives for two. Besides, the ship  
would run a boat out of sight in half  
an hour, even if we could lower one.  
Bear a hand at the braces—meet her

meet her, you at the wheel; don't let  
her fall off!"

And the Arctic sped on before the  
awful gale, leaving Nat Myers and  
George Betts at the mercy of the an-  
gry sea. The old sailor struggled on,  
and at last, with a cry of joy, he saw  
the boy clutch the end of the board.

"That's right, my son," he said.  
"Cheerily, cheerily, lad!"  
"The ship is away," said George,  
sadly, as he saw the Arctic rush on be-  
fore the wind.

"Never you mind, sonny," and he  
passed his arm about the lad, and,  
stripping off his belt, raised the boy,  
so that he lay upon the board, and  
then bound him to it, face down, but  
in such a position that he could raise  
his head a foot or more from the  
board. He was swimming beside the  
board, pushing it before him.

"Why don't you get on the board,  
Nat?" said George, uneasily.  
"Never mind me," replied Nat, "I'm  
all right, you see."

But, although he spoke so bravely,  
he felt in his heart that he had made  
his last voyage. The weight of his  
heavy sea clothing was dragging him  
down, and he knew that the board  
would not bear them both.

"I'll die for him," he thought. "It  
may not save him, but I can do that."  
He shifted his hold on the board and  
moved up until his face was close to  
that of George Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said, "and if you  
escape, don't forget old Nat Myers."  
The boy raised his head and pressed  
his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.  
Then Nat Myers, with a smile upon  
his face, fell back to his old position.  
Once George spoke to him, and he an-  
swered. The storm had ceased, but  
the waves were running high, and an  
hour passed on. Then a league distant  
George Betts saw the white sails of  
the Arctic returning in search of those  
she had lost. With a glad cry the boy  
turned his head to look back at Nat,  
but the sea was a blank. That brave  
man had died in silence sooner than  
bear down the frail support of the boy  
he loved. And the children of George  
Betts love the memory of that brave  
old sailor who died for their father's  
sake.

"History" and Daniel Boone.  
The scholar told some strong stories  
—now that we were in a region of his-  
torical interest—where Boone planted  
his first foot, and where Boonesbor-  
ough once stood, but he always pre-  
faced his tale with the overwhelming  
authority that—

"History says!"  
He declared that history said that a  
bull, seeing some cows across the river,  
jumped from the point of a high cliff  
straight down into the river; had swum  
across and fallen dead as he was  
climbing the bank.

"He busted his heart," said the  
scholar.  
Oddly enough, solemn Tim, who had  
never cracked a smile, was the first to  
rebel.

"You see that cliff yander?" said the  
scholar. "Well, history says that Dan'l  
Boone drew three injuns once straight  
over that cliff down into the river."

I could see that Tim was loath to  
cast discredit on the facts of history.  
If the scholar had said one or even two  
Indians, I don't think Tim would have  
called a halt, but for Daniel, with only  
one load in his gun—and it was not a  
Winchester—to drive three—it was too  
much. And yet Tim never smiled, and  
it was the first time I heard him volun-  
tarily open his lips.

"Well, history nought a' said that,"  
he said, "but I reckon Dan'l was in the  
lead!" The yell that went up routed  
the scholar and stilled him.—Scribner's  
Magazine.

When the Nestlings Come.  
Nestlings grow rapidly under the  
incessant and assiduous care of one  
and sometimes both parents, who  
bring them soft food, and the number  
of insects and worms they consume is  
prodigious. Each day's ration is far  
more than their own weight—a thing  
made possible by the exceedingly  
rapid digestion which characterizes  
birds. This function, as well as res-  
piration, is more expeditious in young  
than in old birds, and how a tiny  
mouse can keep full the ever ravenous  
mouths of such a brood as appears  
in that family of nine bluejays passes  
comprehension. An even more diffi-  
cult thing to understand is how all  
seem to thrive equally. Our American  
titmouse's nest is an old woodpecker's  
hole or some such cranny, often where  
the room is so small that the young  
are packed in layers, almost literally  
like sardines in a box; and the Euro-  
pean tits have quarters nearly as con-  
fined at the bottom of deep, purselike  
nests woven of cotton materials.  
—Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's Bazar.

People's Ways.  
A woman is losing confidence in  
herself when she has a supply of pic-  
tures finished from an old negative in-  
stead of asking for a new sitting.

The rose gives its perfume without  
demanding a price; therefore the true  
artist should produce for the pleasure  
of it. But some artists have wives  
and children.

When a man is in love the homeliest  
old witch can make him believe in her  
charms.

The world has never been set back  
very far by the cracking of anyone's  
brain in a steepchase.

Many a man who is fined for talk-  
ing back at home.—Chicago Times-Herald.

In 1898 the British Museum stored  
away 222,674 numbers of 3,437 Eng-  
lish, Scotch, and Irish periodicals, and  
66,702 numbers of 292 foreign and  
colonial periodicals.

## IMPERIAL DECREES.

BEING ISSUED FROM WASH-  
INGTON DEPARTMENTS.

All the Strength of the Government  
Must Be Used in Order to Perpetuate  
the Reign of the Money Power and  
Other Trusts.

(Washington Democratic Letter.)  
Washington, D. C., June 16, 1900.

There is no doubt but what Mark  
Hanna runs the government. There  
isn't a department in Washington  
which is not being operated for the  
main purpose of re-electing McKinley  
next November.

A particularly flagrant instance is  
just now engaging public attention.  
There is a bureau of the treasury de-  
partment known as the bureau of sta-  
tistics. Its function is to compile sta-  
tistics relative to commerce, imports  
and exports, the movement of coin and  
similar matters. For many years it  
was under the control of Worthington  
C. Ford, recognized as one of the prin-  
cipal statisticians in the United States,  
a man of fine character and excellent  
ability.

The position came under the civil  
service law, and by law could be filled  
only by an expert statistician.

After Secretary Gage took office,  
with great pretenses as a civil service  
reformer, he gave Mr. Ford assurance  
of his high esteem and of his strong  
desire that he should remain at the  
head of the bureau of statistics. With-  
in a few months, however, Mr. Ford  
was forced to resign and a newspaper  
man named O. P. Austin, without any  
standing whatever as a statistician,  
was appointed to the place in clear  
violation of the law. Mr. Austin was  
extremely unpopular with his fellow  
newspaper men in Washington for  
having run for a number of years a  
"scab" newspaper syndicate and for  
having tried to get newspapers away  
from his fellow journalists by what  
they considered unfair methods. But  
he had been of service to Hanna  
around Republican headquarters in the  
campaign of 1896 and that gave him  
his appointment.

From the time he entered office the  
bureau of statistics was run for the  
sole purpose of getting up Republican  
statistics. In every way that human  
ingenuity can devise, figures have been  
twisted, warped, distorted and garbled  
in order to back up the Republican  
position in favor of protection of trusts  
and of the gold standard.

Now Mr. Austin is crowning his  
service by employing the whole bureau,  
with its staff of highly paid experts,  
in getting up a campaign text book for  
the Republicans, filled with pages of  
statistics and diagrams to prove that  
the McKinley administration is the  
greatest three-ring circus that ever  
crossed the continent.

His use of figures is such as to make  
the nine digits blush to look the multi-  
plication table in the face. The book  
will be printed in the government  
printing office at government expense  
and circulated through the mails at  
government expense.

This little job will cost the taxpay-  
ers first and last not over \$20,000, a  
mere drop in the bucket of Republican  
extravagance and misappropriation of  
public funds, but when any Democrat  
hears a Republican orator quote from  
O. P. Austin's book a set of figures to  
sustain any argument he may advance,  
the aforesaid Democrat may call to  
mind the illuminating fact of its origin  
and rest content.

Hanna is occasionally brutal even to  
his own slaves. He recently informed  
Chairman Babcock of the Republican  
congressional committee that that  
organization would have to raise its own  
campaign funds, as the national com-  
mittee would need all it could get for  
its own purposes.

Hanna hasn't much use for congress  
anyway, particularly the house of rep-  
resentatives. It wouldn't pass the  
Hanna-Payne ship subsidy bill and the  
army reorganization bill, both of which  
he wanted, and it did pass the Nic-  
aragua canal bill, the anti-trust bill and  
the eight-hour labor bill, which he bit-  
terly opposed.

So when Babcock was told to hunt  
up his own funds he found himself in  
the midst of an arid desert with Mark  
Hanna standing guard over every  
water hole in sight.

There was but a single prickly cactus  
from which to squeeze a few re-  
luctant drops—the employes of the  
house of representatives, Republican or  
Democrat. Babcock had these voted an  
extra month's salary all around just  
before congress adjourned, and then  
set a smooth and skillful agent at  
work to make each employe give up 50  
per cent of that bonus. This would  
have yielded about \$40,000 despite the  
fact that it was a flagrant violation of  
the law against political assessments.  
But there is nothing so ungrateful as  
a government employe with an elec-  
tion pending, especially when he fig-  
ures that the election is going against  
his party. The employes are refusing  
to give up. They are saving their  
money against a rainy day. Almost to  
a man they figure that the next house  
will be Democratic and that they will  
lose their jobs. So Mr. Babcock's com-  
mittee has had to call on each Rep-  
ublican member of congress as well  
as each Republican candidate for con-  
gress for a special assessment. There  
may be an occasional crumb of con-  
tribution fall from Mark Hanna's  
trust-fed table, but it will not do Bab-  
cock much good. This business of be-  
ing jackal to the Mark Hanna lion is  
a thankless task.

The government has spent \$100,000  
in transporting troops and bands to  
Rochester, N. Y., to give Gen. Otis  
a big military reception, celebrating his  
return from the Philippines. Gen.

Otis' Philippine campaign is the most  
humiliating military failure in the  
history of the government, but the ad-  
ministration has to stand for Otis be-  
cause Otis stands for the administra-  
tion.

But there are ample signs that the  
country has had about all it wants of  
militarism. Military heroes are at a  
discount. The Republicans do not find  
it wise to put a military man on the  
ticket with McKinley any more than  
the Democrats will at Kansas City.  
Dewey has announced that he is out of  
the presidential race and Admiral  
Schley declines to be considered as a  
candidate. There are too many mili-  
tary scandals to be investigated right  
now. The Cuban scandal is not all  
postal.

It is recalled now that some six  
months ago when a certain Cuban  
newspaper began charging American  
officials with corruption, Gen. Ludlow,  
then in command at Havana, prompt-  
ly threw the whole staff of the news-  
paper into jail and practically sup-  
pressed the offending paper. That  
effective way of proving the purity of  
the military service couldn't be im-  
proved on even in Turkey.

It is well to note that five of the  
inspectors in the Cuban postal service  
who conveniently looked the other  
way when Neely and his confederates  
were stealing postal funds, have been  
"permitted to resign." One of them is  
the man who wrote such a laudatory  
report of Neely's management as to  
make the latter shed tears of grati-  
tude as he grabbed for five thousand  
dollars more a month than he had  
been accustomed to taking.

JACKSON DAY.

## BRYAN-BLAINE.

In the corridor of the Hoffman  
House, in New York, a prosperous  
looking citizen was heard to remark  
to a friend the other evening: "I am  
a Republican and always have been  
but I want to tell you that this man  
Bryan is the greatest political leader  
this country has had in 25 years, with  
the possible exception of Blaine." This  
was the recognition of a representative  
of New York's commercial interests of  
the foremost Democrat of the age—  
and its foremost Democrat is always  
the greatest man in any country or of  
any age.

This declaration suggested the  
points of similarity and difference in  
the personality and character and  
statesmanship of Bryan and Blaine.  
That James G. Blaine had a person-  
ality so engaging and commanding as to  
inspire immediate admiration and to  
win lasting respect is the admission of  
his bitterest foe. He was magnetic. In  
wit, ready, in speech, eloquent, in am-  
bition, great, in manners, affable, in  
learning, not profound nor accurate,  
nor yet superficial, but well informed  
and always able to make the best pos-  
sible use of what he knew and of what  
he had, James G. Blaine was gifted  
by nature for parliamentary lead-  
ership. Not since William Pitt has he  
had a superior, if, indeed, a peer, in  
that respect.

In all these elements of greatness  
Bryan resembles Blaine, except in the  
greater accuracy of the former's learn-  
ing and the profounder quality of his  
mind. But where Blaine was weak,  
Bryan is strong. Blaine represents  
the statesmanship of expediency, Bryan  
that of principles. In the quality  
of moral courage and devotion to  
ideals Bryan is ideal. Bryan has all  
the substantial elements of character  
which Blaine possessed and happily  
for his party and his fame he has  
none of those temperamental weak-  
nesses which injured the party and  
which compromise the fame of Blaine.  
—Buffalo Times.

## HOW THE PEOPLE PAY.

While the trusts have here and there  
increased the wages of their employes,  
which had previously been reduced  
from the 1892 scales, they have in every  
instance not only added several times  
as much to their own profits and made  
the people foot the bill, but they have  
failed also to restore wages to the old  
standard before what has been called  
hard times reductions. The Emporia  
Times has taken the trouble to obtain  
from the merchants of that city the  
increase in price of articles of neces-  
sity as compared with the selling price  
one year ago. Here are the figures it  
gives:

Stoves have increased 50 per cent.  
Wagons have increased from four to  
five dollars.  
Copper has doubled in price.  
Fourteen-inch plows that sold for  
\$10 now sell for \$14.  
Ropes that sold for 5 cents a pound  
now sell for 12 cents.  
A common stove pipe sold for 10  
cents; now it goes at 20 cents.  
Bolts and rods have gone up 75 per  
cent.  
Tin has increased from \$1.50 to \$2 a  
box.  
Cultivators have increased from \$3  
to \$4.  
Hoes, forks, rakes, shovels, spades,  
and all such articles have gone up to  
the consumer 45 per cent.  
Nails, per keg, from \$2.20 to \$4.10.  
Barbed wire, galvanized, from \$2.40  
a hundred pounds to \$4.60.  
Binder twine, which cost 7 cents a  
pound, now costs from 11 cents to 13½  
cents.  
Glass has increased 40 per cent.

Other articles of general use show a  
like increase in cost to the consumer.  
In every instance the trust has added  
enormous profits, every cent of which  
must come out of the people who have  
heard so much and seen so little of the  
boasted "McKinley prosperity."—Fl.  
Madison Democrat.

## THE COMING AGE OF ALUMINUM.

Death of Copper Industry Fore-shadowed  
and Ultimate Downfall of Iron.

The coming age will be the age of  
aluminum. It is only 70 years since  
this wonderful metal was discovered  
by Woeiler, and the aluminum indus-  
try, scarcely 40 years old, commands  
already the attention of the entire  
world. Such rapid growth has not  
been recorded in the history of civil-  
ization before. Not long ago aluminum  
was sold at the fanciful price of \$30  
or \$40 per pound; today it can be had  
in any desired amount for as many  
cents. What is more, the time is not  
far off when this price, too, will be  
considered fanciful, for great improve-  
ments are possible in the methods of  
its manufacture.

The absolutely unavoidable conse-  
quence of the advance of the alumi-  
num industry will be the annihilation  
of the copper industry. They cannot  
exist and prosper together, and the latter  
is doomed beyond any hope of re-  
covery. Even now it is cheaper to con-  
vey an electric current through alumi-  
num wires than through copper  
wires; aluminum castings cost less,  
and in many domestic and other uses  
copper has no chance of successfully  
competing. A further material reduc-  
tion of the price of aluminum cannot  
but be fatal to copper. But the progress  
of the former will not go on un-  
checked, for, as it ever happens in such  
cases, the larger industry will absorb  
the smaller one; the giant copper in-  
terests will control the pigmy alumi-  
num interests, and the slow-acting  
copper will reduce the lively gait of  
aluminum. This will only delay, not  
avoid, the impending catastrophe.

Aluminum, however, will not stop at  
downing copper. Before many years  
have passed it will be engaged in a  
fierce struggle with iron, and in the  
latter it will find an adversary not  
easy to conquer. The issue of the con-  
test will largely depend on whether  
iron shall be indispensable in electric  
machinery. This the future alone can  
decide.

While it is impossible to tell when  
this industrial revolution will be con-  
summated, there can be no doubt that  
the future belongs to aluminum, and  
that in times to come it will be the  
chief means of increasing human per-  
formance. It has in this respect ca-  
pacities greater by far than those of  
any other metal. I should estimate  
its civilizing potency at fully one  
hundred times that of iron. This esti-  
mate, though it may astonish, is not  
at all exaggerated. First of all, we  
must remember that there is 30 times  
as much aluminum as iron in bulk  
available for the uses of man. This in  
itself offers great possibilities. Then,  
again, the new metal is much more  
easily workable, which adds to its  
value. In many of its properties it  
partakes of the character of a precious  
metal, which gives it additional worth.  
Its electric conductivity, which, for a  
given weight, is greater than that of  
any other metal, would be alone  
sufficient to make it one of the most  
important factors in future human  
progress. Its extreme lightness makes  
it far more easy to transport the objects  
manufactured. By virtue of this prop-  
erty it will revolutionize naval con-  
struction, and in facilitating transport  
and travel it will add enormously to  
the useful performance of mankind.  
But its greatest civilizing potency will  
be, I believe, in aerial travel, which is  
sure to be brought about by means of  
Telegraph instruments will slowly  
enlighten the barbarian. Electric  
motors and lamps will do it more  
quickly, but quicker than anything else  
the flying machine will do it. By  
rendering travel ideally easy it will be  
the best means for unifying the hetero-  
geneous elements of humanity.—  
Nicola Tesla, in the Century Magazine.

## Boers After a Battle.

An American, who has recently re-  
turned from South Africa, where he  
saw some of the fighting, from the  
Boer side, tells of the impression the  
manner of these fighters made upon  
him. American soldiers he said would  
follow fighting with singing and cheer-  
ing and much talk about the details  
of what they had just gone through.  
He recalled the reports of the cam-  
paigning in front of Santiago. When  
the Boers get through with a skirmish  
or a battle they seem to dismiss all  
recollection of the matter. They go  
about their cooking, sit down to mend  
their clothing, read their Bibles or en-  
gage in some other occupation. Their  
manner indicates that fighting has  
been dismissed from their minds im-  
mediately after it is over. Within half  
an hour after a battle the Boer soldiers  
could be seen sitting about the in-  
trenchments, and when their conver-  
sation was noted it was found to have  
nothing to do with the war. This fact  
conveyed to the mind of the observer  
that with fighting made such a matter  
of duty or business and continued de-  
void of enthusiasm the staying  
quality of the Boers was likely to prove  
a surprise to the world.—St. Louis  
Globe-Democrat.

## Origin of the Term "Bluestocking."

The term "bluestocking" was origi-  
nally used in Venice about the year  
1400 to designate literary classes by  
colors. In Mill's "History of Chivalry"  
we are told that members of the  
various academies were distinguished  
by the color of their stockings, blue-  
being the prevailing color. The applica-  
tion of the term to women originated  
with Miss Hannah Moore's descrip-  
tion of a "Bluestocking Club" in her  
"Bas Bleu."

## Good Reason.

"What a happy dog you are! Don't  
you ever borrow trouble?"  
"Nope! Can't afford to; the interest  
too high."—Brooklyn Life.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Ventilation of Sleeping Rooms.

Rooms which are to be slept in,  
after having been occupied during a  
whole evening, must be thoroughly  
ventilated before the occupant pre-  
pares for bed. Doors and windows  
must be thrown open for several  
minutes, the gas or lamp put out, and  
the air completely changed, no matter  
how cold it may be outside. This is  
the only way to obtain refreshing  
sleep. On going to bed, the usual  
ventilating arrangements should then  
be followed, but the great point is:  
To change the air thoroughly first.

## Care of Rubber Plants.

A woman who has great success  
with her rubber plants sponges off  
each leaf on the under as well as the  
upper side at least three times a week;  
more often still if the plant has been  
exposed to street dust or that of room  
cleaning. Only enough water is put  
on the earth in which the roots are  
planted to keep the soil from feeling  
hard.

Once a week the earth about the  
roots is loosened and two teaspoon-  
fuls of castor oil are allowed to drip  
all about the roots, after which opera-  
tion the earth is scratched back.

## A Forget-Me-Not Window Garden.

Forget-me-not is easily cultivated  
and is one of the prettiest plants for  
a window garden. It is half aquatic  
and will grow in vases of water as  
well as in pots of earth. Secure a few  
cuttings, root them in damp moss or  
in water, then fill the vase or pot with  
the young plants, which will grow  
very rapidly, the flowering shoots and  
branchlets bursting forth, fairly fash-  
ionable, before one realizes that it is  
time for them to appear. A shady window  
is the best place for these flowers and  
they are more ornamental than the  
daintiest Dresden ever tinted by ar-  
tistic fingers. When the plants begin  
to show signs of fading, fresh cuttings  
may be started, or the old plants may  
be pulled to pieces, and the branches  
already covered with roots formed  
into new plants by putting them into  
a fresh vase or basket. Hyacinth  
glasses make good forget-me-not re-  
ceptacles, the fine flowers clambering  
over the sides of the glass in  
charming fashion. The glass can be  
hung in the window—an east window  
preferably—and makes an enchanting  
bit of swinging greenery.

## Laundering Fine Napery.

Hang your linen to dry, using two  
lines comparatively close and paral-  
lel for your tablecloths. (Also for  
sheets.) Throw one selvage side of  
your tablecloth over one line (toward  
the other), allowing it to hang down  
about a quarter of a yard, and being  
careful to pin a short distance from  
the ends. Take the opposite side of  
your cloth and throw it over the  
other line, facing the first line, and pin it  
in the same manner. This will form a  
sort of bag, and will prevent to a con-  
siderable extent the wild blowing of  
the tablecloth in windy weather. Af-  
ter the table-linen is thoroughly dried  
remove it from the line and prepare to  
dampen it. A whisk-broom is excel-  
lent for this purpose. Table-linen in  
order to bring out the bright gloss that  
makes it so attractive, should be damp-  
ened very considerably. Sprinkle the  
tablecloths very freely, being sure  
that the selvage ends or hemstitched  
edges are thoroughly damp. Roll up  
tightly, patting the roll frequently,  
to spread the dampness. The napkins  
and doilies should be arranged alter-  
nately one upon the other—first a nap-  
kin dry from the line, then one which  
has been wrung out in warm water,  
then a dry napkin, and following it  
one that has been wrung out in hot  
water, and so on. Then roll tightly  
together.—Emma Louise Hauck Rowe,  
in The Woman's Home Companion.

## Recipes.

Rhubarb Jam Tart—Rhubarb jam  
is particularly nice if a little  
ginger be added to the preserve. A  
half portion of the chopped pineapple,  
giving its own flavor to the rhubarb.  
But rhubarb jam tart is superlatively  
good eating, served with cream.

Cinnamon Rolls—Roll out the  
biscuit dough into a thin sheet, spread  
on it melted butter, and sprinkle with  
brown sugar and cinnamon. Roll up,  
cut off with a hot, sharp knife, slices  
about an inch thick. After they are  
set in the pan sprinkle brown sugar  
and cinnamon over them and bake.

Cold Tongue and Sounds.—Soak  
them the night previous in  
warm water and scrape well. In the  
morning stew for ten minutes in equal  
parts of milk and water, using only  
enough to cover. Remove the tongues  
and sounds to a platter, then stir a lit-  
tle butter rubbed smooth with flour  
into the liquor and let it come to a  
boil. Season and pour over the fish.

Ginger Beer.—For ginger beer  
take one large spoonful of pulverized  
ginger, one of cream of tartar, one  
pint of yeast, one pint of West India  
molasses and six quarts of water; stir  
thoroughly and set in a warm place.  
When it begins to ferment bottle and  
cork tight. It will make a very nice  
drink. If liked one can add two tea-  
spoonfuls of essence of sassafras or  
wintergreen flavoring.

Salad of Greens.—Select any suit-  
able green vegetable such as roma-  
ine, chicory, escarole, taking care  
to have as many different shades of  
green as possible. Marinate each of  
the vegetables separately in a French  
dressing and arrange on a salad dish.  
To make the French dressing: Mix  
one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter  
teaspoonful of pepper, two table-  
spoonfuls of olive oil and two of vine-  
gar, stir well together.