Wichita Eagle

ELAM CHASE'S FIDDLE.

Sometimes when I get to feelin'
Sorter blue an' melancholy,
All to once there comes a-stealin',
Mighty faint, but mighty jolly,
Music that jist sets me danein'—
Fairly sets my feet a-prancin';
Seems I hear the prompter singin'
"Balance partners! Down the middle!"
Settin' every couple swingin'—
Hear John Elam Chase's fiddle!

Twenty couple all a-goin',
Eighty eager feet a-soundin',
Every whirl the music growin'
Sets them eighty feet a-poundin';
Sho, thet music stiff repeatin'
Sets my poor old heart a-beatin'
As I hear the prompter singin',
"Balance partners! Down the middle!"
All them twenty couple swingin'—
Jist hear Elam Chase's fiddle!

Sometimes Sabbath, right in meetin',
Even when the parson's prayin',
Seems I hear them notes repeatin';
Hear John Elam's fiddle playin',
Playin' swifter, playin' sweeter;
And the dancers' eager feet are
Whirlin' to the prompter's singin',
"Balance partners! Down the middle!"
Swingin'—every couple swingin'—
To John Elam Chase's fiddle.

—Hartford Courant.

THROWN AWAY.

To rear a boy under what parents call the "sheltered life system" is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap, and big dogs till he came to the trinity full grown and with developed teeth, just consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply that motion to the "sheltered life," and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but it is the better of two evils.

There was a boy once who had been brought up under the "sheltered life" theory; and the theory killed him dead. He stayed with his people all his days, from the hour he was born till the hour he went into Sandhurst nearly at the top of the list. He was beautifully taught in all that wins marks by a private tutor, and carried the extra weight of "never having given his parents an hour's anxiety in his life." What he learnt at Sandhurst beyond the regular routine is of no great consequence. He looked about him, and he found soap and blacking, so to speak, very good. He ate a little, and came out of Sandhurst not so high as he went in. Then there was an interval and a scene with his people, who expected much from him. Next a year of living "unspotted from the world" in a third rate depot battalion where all the juniors were children, and all the seniors old women; and lastly he came out to India, where he was cut off from the support of his parents, and had no one to fall back on in time of trouble except himself.

Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the midday sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter, because every one is being transferred and either you or she leave the station and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except home furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. This is a slack, kutcha country where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to take no one and nothing in earnest, but to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having.

But this boy—the tale is as old as the hills—came out and took all things seriously. He was pretty and was petted. He took the pettings seriously, and fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon. He found his new free life in India very good. It does look attractive in the beginning, from a subaltern's point of view—all ponies, partners, dancing, and so on. He tasted it as the puppy tastes the soap. Only he came late to the eating with a grown set of teeth. He had no sense of balance—just like the puppy—and could not understand why he was not treated with the consideration he received under his father's roof. This hurt his feelings.

He quarreled with other boys, and, being sensitive to the marrow, remembered these quarrels, and they excited him. He found whist, and gymkhanas, and things of that kind (meant to amuse one after office) good; but he took them seriously too, just as seriously as he took the "head" that followed after drink. He lost his money over whist and gymkhanas because they were new to him.

He took his losses seriously, and wasted as much energy and interest over a two goldmohur race for maiden ekka ponies with their manes hogged, as if it had been the Derby. One half of this came from inexperience—much as the puppy squabbles with the corner of the hearthrug—and the other half from the dizziness bred by stumbling out of his quiet life into the glare and excitement of a livelier one. No one told him about the soap and the blacking, because an average man takes it for granted that an average man is ordinarily careful in regard to them. It was pitiful to watch The Boy knocking himself to pieces, as an over handled colt falls down and cuts himself when he gets away from the groom.

This unbridled license in amusements not worth the trouble of breaking line for, much less rioting over, endured for six months—all through one cold weather—and then we thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and health and lamed his horses would sober the boy down and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened. You can see the principle working in any Indian station. But his particular case fell through because the boy was sensitive and took things seriously—as I may have said some seven times before. Of course, we couldn't tell how his excesses struck him personally. They were nothing very heart breaking or above the average. He might be crippled for life financially and want a little nursing. Still, the memory of his performances would wither away in one hot weather, and the about would help him to tide over the money troubles. But he must have taken another view altogether and have believed himself ruined beyond redemption. His colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever, and it was only an ordinary "colonel's wigging!"

What follows is a curious instance of the fashion in which we are all linked together and made responsible for one another. The thing that kicked the beam in the boy's mind was a remark that a woman made when he was talking to her. There is no use in repeating it, for it was only a cruel little sentence, rapped out before thinking, that made him flush to the roots of his hair. He kept himself to himself for three days, and then put in for two days' leave to go shooting near a canal engineer's rest house about thirty miles out. He got his leave, and that night at mess was noisier and more offensive than ever. He said that he was "going to shoot big game," and left at half past 10 o'clock in an ekka. Partridge—which was the only thing a man could get near the rest house—is not big game; so every one laughed.

Next morning one of the majors came in from short leave, and heard that The Boy had gone out to shoot "big game." The major had taken an interest in The Boy, and had, more than once, tried to check him in the cold weather. The major put up his eyebrows when he heard of the expedition and went to The Boy's rooms, where he rummaged.

Presently he came out and found me leaving cards on the mess. There was no one else in the anteroom.

He said: "The Boy has gone out shooting. Does a man shoot tetur with a revolver and a writing case?"

I said: "Nonsense, major!" for I saw what was in his mind.

He said: "Nonsense or no nonsense, I'm going to the canal now—at once. I don't feel easy."

Then he thought for a minute, and said: "Can you lie?"

"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

"Very well," said the major; "you must come out with me now—at once—in an ekka to the canal to shoot black buck. Go and put on shikar kit—quick—and drive here with a gun."

The major was a masterful man, and I knew that he would not give orders for nothing. So I obeyed and on return found the major packed up in an ekka—gun cases and food slung below—all ready for a shooting trip.

He dismissed the driver and drove himself. We jogged along quietly while in the station; but as soon as we got to the dusty road across the plains he made that pony fly. A country bred can do nearly anything at a pinch. We covered the thirty miles in under three hours, but the poor brute was nearly dead.

Once I said, "What's the blazing hurry, major?"

He said quietly: "The Boy has been alone, by himself for—one, two, five—fourteen hours now. I tell you, I don't feel easy."

This uneasiness spread to me, and I helped to beat the pony.

When we came to the Canal Engineer's rest house the major called for The Boy's servant; but there was no answer. Then we went up to the house, calling for The Boy by name; but there was no answer.

"Oh, he's out shooting," said I.

Just then I saw through one of the windows a little hurricane lamp burning. This was at 4 in the afternoon. We both stopped dead in the veranda, holding our breath to catch every sound; and we heard inside the room the "brr—brr—brr" of a multitude of flies. The major said nothing, but he took off his helmet and we entered very softly.

The boy was dead on the charpoy in the center of the bare, lime washed room. He had shot his head nearly to pieces with his revolver. The gun cases were still strapped, so was the bedding, and on the table lay the boy's writing case with photographs. He had gone away to die like a poisoned rat!

The major said to himself softly: "Poor boy! Poor, poor devil!" Then he turned away from the bed and said: "I want your help in this business."

Knowing The Boy was dead by his own hand, I saw exactly what that help would be, so I passed over to the table, took a chair, lit a cheroot, and began to go through the writing case, the major looking over my shoulder and repeating to himself: "We came too late! Like a rat in a hole! Poor, poor devil!"

The Boy must have spent half the night in writing to his people, to his colonel and to a girl at home; and as soon as he had finished must have shot himself, for he had been dead a long time when we came in.

I read all that he had written and passed over each sheet to the major as I finished it.

We saw from his accounts how very seriously he had taken everything. He wrote about "disgrace which he was unable to bear"—"indelible shame"—"criminal folly!"—"wasted life," and so on; besides a lot of private things to his father and mother, much too sacred to put into print. The letter to the girl at home was the most pitiful of all; and I choked as I read it. The major made no attempt to keep dry eyed. I respected him for that. He read and rocked himself to and fro, and simply cried like a woman without caring to hide it. The letters were so dreary and hopeless and touching. We forgot all about The Boy's follies, and only thought of the poor thing on the charpoy and the scrawled sheets in our hands. It was utterly impossible to let the letters go home. They would have broken his father's heart and killed his mother after killing her belief in her son.

At last the major dried his eyes openly and said: "Nice sort of thing to spring on an English family! What shall we do?"

I said, knowing what the major had brought me out for: "The boy died of cholera. We were with him at the time. We can't commit ourselves to half measures. Come along."

Then began one of the most grimly comic scenes I have ever taken part in—the concoction of a big written lie, bolstered with evidence, to soothe the boy's people at home. I began the rough draft of the letter, the major throwing in hints here and there while he gathered up all the stuff that the boy had written and burnt it in the fireplace. It was a hot, still evening when we began, and the lamp burned very badly. In due course I got the draft to my satisfaction, setting forth how the boy was the pattern of all virtues, beloved by his regiment, with every promise of a great career before him, and so on; how we had helped him through the sickness—it was no time for little lies you will understand—and how he had died without pain. I choked while I was putting down these things, and thinking of the poor people who would read them. Then I laughed at the grotesqueness of the affair, and the laughter mixed itself up with the choke—and the major said that we both wanted drinks.

I am afraid to say how much whisky we drank before the letter was finished. It had not the least effect on us. Then we took off the boy's watch, locket and rings.

Lastly, the major said: "We must send a lock of hair too. A woman values that."

But there were reasons why we could not find a lock fit to send. The boy was black haired, and so was the major, luckily. I cut off a piece of the major's hair above the temple with a knife, and put it into the packet we were making. The laughing fit and the chokes got hold of me again, and I had to stop. The major was nearly as bad; and we both knew that the worst part of the work was to come.

We sealed up the packet, photographs, locket, seals, ring, letter, and lock of hair with the boy's sealing wax and the boy's seal.

Then the major said: "For God's sake let's get outside—away from the room—and think!"

We went outside, and walked on the banks of the canal for an hour, eating and drinking what we had with us, until the moon rose. I know now exactly how a murderer feels. Finally, we forced ourselves back to the room with the lamp and the Other Thing in it, and began to take up the next piece of work. I am not going to write about this. It was too horrible. We burned the bedstead and dropped the ashes into the canal. We took up the matting of the room and treated that in the same way. I went off to a village and borrowed two big hoes—I did not want the villagers to help—while the major arranged the other matters. It took us four hours' hard work to make the grave. As we worked, we argued out whether it was right to say as much as we remembered of the burial of the dead. We compromised things by saying the Lord's prayer with a private unofficial prayer for the peace of the soul of The Boy. Then we filled in the grave and went into the veranda—not the house—to lie down to sleep. We were dead tired.

When he woke the major said, wearily: "We can't go back till to-morrow. We must give him a decent time to die in. He died early this morning, remember. That seems more natural." So the major must have been lying awake all the time, thinking.

I said; "Then why didn't we bring the body back to cantonments?"

The major thought for a minute: "Because the people bolted when they heard of the cholera. And the ekka has gone!"

That was strictly true. We had forgotten all about the ekka pony, and he had gone home.

So we were left there alone, all that stifling day, in the canal rest house, testing and re-testing our story of The Boy's death to see if it were weak in any point. A native turned up in the afternoon, but we said that a sahib was dead of cholera, and he ran away. As the dusk gathered the major told me all his fears about The Boy, and awful stories of suicide or nearly carried out suicide—tales that made one's hair crisp. He said that he himself had once gone into the same valley of the shadow as The Boy, when he was young and new to the country; so he understood how things fought together in The Boy's poor jumbled head. He also said that youngsters, in their repentant moments, consider their sins much more serious and ineffaceable than they really are. We talked together all through the evening and rehearsed the story of the death of The Boy. As soon as the moon was up, and The Boy, theoretically, just buried, we struck across country for the station. We walked from 8 till 6 o'clock in the morning; but though we were dead tired, we did not forget to go to The Boy's room and put away his revolver with the proper amount of cartridges in the pouch; also to set his writing case on the table. We found the colonel and reported the death, feeling more like murderers than ever. Then we went to bed and slept the clock round, for there was no more in us.

The tale had credence as long as was necessary, for every one forgot about The Boy before a fortnight was over. Many people, however, found time to say that the major had behaved scandalously in not bringing in the body for a regimental funeral. The saddest thing of all was the letter from The Boy's mother to the major and me—with big inky blisters all over the sheet. She wrote the sweetest possible things about our great kindness, and the obligation she would be under to us as long as she lived.

All things considered, she was under an obligation; but not exactly as she meant.—Rudyard Kipling.

An Unusual Bank.

William Murray, who is one of the biggest linen manufacturers in Ireland, tells a story which has a local interest.

"You hear of any number of bogus noblemen in this country," said Mr. Murray in the hotel rotunda, "but an American who affects a title in the Old World is somewhat rare. A year ago I arrived at a little town in the south of Ireland called Dungarwan. The people were excited over the presence of an American official. Flags were flying, bands playing and everything was gay. As I was somewhat acquainted with the United States, I asked the name of the guest so royally entertained. Nobody knew, except that he was one of the biggest men of the United States and a native of Ireland. Elbowing my way through the crowd I went to the little hotel, and there learned that I was to have the honor of being under the same roof with an official who stood next to the president of the United States. I went to the register to see if the vice president was there, and to my surprise saw this on the books:

"'Redmond Sheridan, Chicago, Ills., Alderman of America.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Doctor Who Rizzles.

Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says that it is the most wonderful aid to perfect health. "I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family or friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is understood that I am going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study, and, having darkened the room, I light a cigar, sit down and perform the operation.

How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes, sometimes twenty. That is the condition most helpful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than that ten minutes' rizzle every day."—Chatter.

She Had Been There.

First Miss—What a handsome mustache that gentleman has!

Second Miss—Yes, but I think it must be very disagreeable to have a mustache on your lip.

First Miss—It isn't, though.

Second Miss—How do you know?—Epoch.

UNCLE SAM'S POSTOFFICE.

The sale of postage stamps of all kinds in 1889 amounted to $52,921,784.17.

There are 8,257 letter carriers, and they delivered in 1889 1,703,262,498 pieces of mail matter.

The total number of pieces of matter sent to the dead letter office in 1889 was 6,479,263.

The greatest number of clerks on any railway postoffice line is 351—on the New York and Chicago.

The total number of clerks in the railway mail service is 5,448. The number of casualties in 1889 was 193.

The longest continuous run made by postal clerks is from Omaha to Ogden, a distance of 1,035.80 miles.

The number of clerks employed in postoffices in 1889 was 7,809. They received for their services $5,919,501, or an average of $758 each.

The number of clerks in the railway mail service in 1889 was 5,640, who were paid an aggregate sum $5,204,967, or an average of $923 each.

At the close of the last fiscal year there were 56,838 postmasters in the United States, whose compensation was $13,168,990, an average salary of $230 each.

The heaviest mail carried over any mail route in the United States is between New York and Philadelphia. The average daily weight of the mail carried over this route in 1889 was 201,818 pounds.

The total sum paid by the government for the transportation of the mails, including railroad, steamboat and star route service, and also compensation for the use of postal cars, in 1889, was $65,732,545.59.

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.
"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

For trains carrying the mails the best time is made on the Lehigh Valley railroad between Easton, Pa., and Metuchen Station, N. J.—distance, 54.20 miles. The average time of all mail trains is forty miles an hour.

The total sum paid for the transportation of foreign mails in 1889 was $321,338.03. The largest sum paid a single steamship line was $188,633.19 to the North German Lloyd. The Cunard line was second, having received $100,312.53.

There were 13,324,240 pieces of matter sent in the registered mails in 1889, and 3,996 complaints were made of delinquencies in the service. Of this latter number 1,616 cases were reported as losses, but subsequently the letters or parcels were received by the persons addressed.

The weight of the mails dispatched to foreign countries in 1889 was 4,111,852 pounds. Of this amount 3,151,565 was sent to transatlantic countries. Great Britain, leading the list, received 1,549,680 pounds; Germany comes next, having received 644,673 pounds, while France is third with 239,469 to her credit.—Boston Herald.

DAIRY BUTTER MAKING RULES.

Pure salt of medium fineness and with a body velvety to the touch should be used.

The whole of the cream should be well stirred every time fresh cream is added and half a dozen times a day besides.

During summer the best churning temperature is 57 to 58 degs.; during late fall and winter 62 to 64 degs. are preferable.

The butter should be kept cool during the working and also during the few hours while it may be left for the salt to dissolve.

When shallow, open pans are used for setting, the surrounding air should be pure; a damp, musty cellar is no fit place for milk.

As soon as the salt is dissolved the butter may be worked the second time to correct any streakiness which the first mixing of salt may have caused.

Three-quarters of an ounce of salt to the pound will be the right quantity for most markets for immediate consumption, and one ounce to the pound for packed butter.

The agitation of churning should be kept up till the butter comes into particles larger than clover seed. The buttermilk should then be drawn off and pure water at 55 degs. added in its place.

Two days before the churning is to be done, about one quart of cream for every four pailfuls to be churned (or a quantity equal to 2 per cent.) should be set apart and kept as warm as 70 degs. Fahrenheit.

The cream for each churning should all be gathered into one vessel and kept cool and sweet. A good practice for fall and winter is to mix 25 per cent. of pure water with the cream before it has become sour.

One day before the churning that small quantity of cream called a fermentation starter, which will then be sour, should be added to the quantity which is intended for churning and be mixed therewith. By churning this for a minute or two the butter will be washed free from milk while it is still in a granular state. The milky water may then be drawn off and replaced by a weak brine at the same temperature. After a minute's churning the butter may be left to drain in the churn for half an hour before it is removed to be pressed and salted.—Professor James W. Robertson in Toronto Globe.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales.

During 1889 there were published in France no less than 14,049 books and 5,574 musical compositions.

The total number of births throughout Scotland in 1889 was 122,770, or 381 for every 10,000 of the population.

London now boasts of a "Society for the Promotion of Relaxation from Business Care, and Enjoyment During Luncheon Hours."

The imperial gamekeeper recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the first shooting of a woodcock by the emperor of Austria.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on the average 1,538,270 words a day to newspapers alone.

Notwithstanding the constant heavy emigration, the population of Great Britain has increased more than 4,000,000 since 1885. The total population is about 38,000,000.

It appears from a work on French hunting by the Comte de Couteulx de Canteleu that there are now no fewer than 300 hunting establishments in France, which employ 1,100 horses, and 600 couples of English hounds.

Mudie's great library in London has put into circulation since its foundation nearly 4,000,000 books. An annual ticket costs a guinea, and for this sum a diligent reader can peruse books that it would cost him about $1,000 to buy.

The statistics of the import of umbrellas into India have suggested the question why native artificers do not manufacture this article. In 1888-89 there were imported by sea into Calcutta considerably more than 2,500,000 umbrellas of foreign make.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Jennie C. Wilder, sister of Marshall P., the humorist, is said to be almost as great a success as her brother.

Louise Imogen Guiney, the Boston poetess, is a daughter of Gen. Guiney, who died just after the close of the war. She is 29 years old.

Dr. Rosa Kerschbaumer is the first woman licensed to practice medicine in Austria. She is said to be an uncommonly able oculist.

Pauline Marie Elizabeth Wedde, a Thuringian giantess, is good looking and of a handsome, well proportioned figure. She measures about 8 feet 4 inches in height.

Mme. Patti while in New York devoted a large part of her time to massage treatment for the complexion, and twice a day she had her face manipulated, pinched and slapped by a specialist. She has cast aside all her various face preparations and takes with her to Wales a great hamper of cooling lotions, perfumed oils, and creams which the masseuse uses. There are countless pots and jars tied with dainty ribbons of every hue, pounds and pounds of tonics to be used in the daily massage, and bath powders of various sweet odors.

THE TURF.

Guy Kohl is trotting fast, and promises to be a great son of Guy Wilkes.

The pacing stallion Alley Russell, 2:03¾, will be trained for a faster record after his stud season.

The American trotting mare Blue Belle won the grand prize of 6,000 florins at Vienna. She made the mile without a slip or break in 2:26.

At a recent trotting meeting at Alexandra park, London, on the American plan, Little Sioux and Boston Boy were both defeated by Harry Walkis in 2:37.

The black stallion Woodburn Pilot, by Pilot, Jr., dam by Mambrino Chief, died recently at Potsdam, N. Y. He was foaled 1865, and was the sire of Vladimir, 2:28¾.

At Baltimore recently Yorktown Belle reduced the Gentlemen's Driving park's half mile track record to 2:28½, a performance pronounced by experts to be equal to 2:18 over a safe mile course.

In Australia recently there was a hurdle handicap in which Blue Mountain had to carry 196 pounds. In the list is a horse called Sluggard that belies his name, for he has won over the sticks with 194 pounds up.

The fractional time of the Lawnview handicap shows what a killing pace Cassius set from the start. By furlongs it is appended—12½, 25, 38, 50½, 1:02½, 1:15¾, 1:38, 1:51¼, 1:54¾. Such a race as this is one of the best ever recorded so early in the season.

The great English racing sire Hermit, whose death was recently announced, is to have his memory kept green, not by a statue, but by preservation of his natural features, as he lived. Mr. Rowland Ward, F. Z. S., has been summoned to undertake the work. The hoofs will be mounted in silver.

Quite a percentage of the women who have occupied the grand stand at the Brooklyn Jockey club have been of the colored race. They vary from the coal black, thick lipped negro to the lightest and trimmest of octoroons. As a rule they are dressed in rather better taste than their fairer companions, avoiding loud costumes so much affected by female frequenters of the races. But when it comes to diamonds and loud jewelry they get there every time.

THE LATEST IN JEWELS.

A scarf pin that figured conspicuously in the recent labor agitation was a polished gold figure 8.

A pyramid of diamonds, of which a fine sapphire forms the base, is a lace pin that is more costly than beautiful.

Among the latest productions in queen chain pendants is a miniature gold egg cup containing a platinum egg.

Oval cuff links, with a band of sapphires dividing clusters of diamonds and rubies, are costly and rich ornaments.

A gentleman's single stone ring that is receiving much attention has a surface of teeth similar to the rim of a cog wheel.

Two diamond doves with outstretched wings, holding between them a beautiful topaz, form a lace pin of recent production.

Three diamonds nestling among the blossoms of a sprig of gold backed enamel lilacs form a seasonable and pretty lace pin.

Gold cuff links representing clam shells, and each having a diamond and ruby mounted on its surface, are enjoying much favor.

A devotee of lawn tennis has had made for himself a string of miniature gold rackets and moonstone balls alternately arranged as a watch chain.

A gold scarf pin that represents a section of a railroad track, with diamonds and pearls attractively mounted between the ties, is appropriate for trainmen.

A gold Tam O'Shanter hat, encircled with a wreath of enameled violets and pieced by a gold diamond tipped pin, constitutes a scarf pin of recent importation.

The fair sex will appreciate a gold queen chain ball pendant of delicate open filigree work containing a richly perfumed pad. This ornament obviates the necessity for using perfumes on the attire and doubtless will prove to be a popular novelty.—Jewelers' Weekly.

USEFUL HINTS.

If the fat in the frying kettle is hot before you are ready for it put in a dry crust of bread. It will not burn as long as it has something to do, only when it is left idle.

It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons and is always at hand.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and, unlike the few drops of coal oil which servants are so fond of using and which have caused so many sad accidents, is perfectly safe.

To mend a very large hole in socks or woven underwear, tack a piece of strong net over the aperture and darn over it. Thus mended the garment will be stronger then when new and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are the recognized agents in the cure of Consumption. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

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M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

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