



WOMEN AND THE HOME

turn over mattresses, and change pillow-cases and sheets often, and pers...

Banana short-cake is a dish the materials for which are usually at hand...

Just now stuffed sweet potatoes are more palatable, perhaps, than the plain ones...

A chemist says that medicine stains usually yield very quickly to an application of alcohol...

These are the days when the flower-lover begins to consider his or her choice of blooms that last the longest...

Dark brown in paper-hangings is a most risky experiment. Nothing more effectively kills the light, and it is not one time out of a hundred that the result is even endurable to a person of taste...

Persons of weak digestion should remember that whipped cream can be used with a dish where plain cream would be too rich. Making a porous froth of the cream, by the whipping process, makes it much easier of digestion...

C. F. Wingate, addressing a company of clubwomen the other day, said that the washing of family linen in the kitchen where food for the table is being prepared is far from a sanitary proceeding...

THE RING DOVES.

In our southwestern districts the ring doves make their appearance in large numbers twice each year. Flocks of these pretty wild pigeons, gray, white and of a greenish black, they are, with rose-colored beaks and rose-colored claws...

The connoisseurs are as yet nothing but a bright variety which stains the fields; the lucerne and French grass still spread slowly their green tapestry over the meadow land; the vine stocks, cut close to the ground, sprout forth like the shriveled fists of a child...

The ring dove, owing to its slow flight and frequent alighting, is an easy enough mark for a gun. The really amusing way of trapping this bird, however, is by means of a net. This is placed in an isolated and silent clearing, while cords which are maneuvered from a distance permit the trapper to raise the net suddenly and thus capture the sick birds, who have gone there to pick grain...

Trained ring doves, whose wings have been clipped, and whose feet are tied, allure the other birds as they pass by them, while other birds, whose eyes have been taken out, are placed in neighboring trees in small movable blinds. The trapper draws a cord, the blind dove moves its wings...

Then, according to Cesare Poudenat, who has initiated me into this complicated method of trapping the doves, as they fly overhead, say to the doves, "see now these doves down there are fluttering their wings and enjoying good grain! Shall we go down and join them?" And they go down.

How many afternoons, stormy or wintry or sharpened by a slight breeze from the northeast, which all at once darkens the sky, how many monotonous afternoons of Lent, I have passed, seated beside Cesare in the little hut made of branches which hides the trappers. The great point is not to be seen by the piercing black eyes of the doves, and not to tell his age within twenty years; he himself says that he is fifty years of age, but is not very certain. He was born in Criere, a village situated on the border of the old Roman road known as La Tenazere...

Cesaire Poudenat is a native of the country, low-sized, slight of build, beardless, with regular and plain features, white teeth and rather fine black eyes. If he told at a distance, and not tell his age within twenty years; he himself says that he is fifty years of age, but is not very certain. He was born in Criere, a village situated on the border of the old Roman road known as La Tenazere. When he was quite young he was a country clerk, and his valet d'chambre, and about his twentieth year he enlisted and became a gunner of the second class.

After the treaty of peace was signed, instead of returning to his native village, he went, to use his own words, into service "in the North," meaning thereby the suburbs of Paris. There he remained for ten years, acting as head groom for a distinguished banker. Having without doubt amassed a small sum of money, he finally returned to his native district, where he started a little local grocery. He has acquired "in the North" a vice which is rare here, where every one is sober, as is the case in all districts where there are vineyards; he gets drunk.

Still, no matter how intoxicated he may be, neither he nor his valet d'chambre, his eye nor the acuteness of his hearing is ever in the least affected. His figure, too, remains erect as though he still wore the red livree. The only difference is that, whereas he is silent and a little sombre when he is sober, he comes expansive and talkative when he is in his cups. Stories of himself he tells as he quaffs the old Armagnac wine. Every little glass that he drank in my presence produced some story about his adventurous life, and his own character. As soon as the slight intoxication has disappeared he distrusts himself and says: "Of course you know everything I told you yesterday is only what I heard in the North. As the people of Paris say, my stories are all humbug." Poor Cesare! He made a mistake in thus giving himself the lie. The true Cesare the man whom the glasses of Armagnac taught me to know, is the better of the two.

III. "But, Cesare, why did you suddenly leave your native district when you were 20 years of age?" "Oh, I was young, sir, and I wanted to see the world and to become a soldier."

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

The Missing Evidence—Hattie—Made doesn't show her age at all, does she? Ella—No; but you can see where she scratched it out of the family Bible.—Chicago News.

Family Tradition—"Did you read about that mince pie ten feet in diameter, Mrs. Jones?" "Yes; but I presume my husband's mother has made bigger ones."—Chicago Record.

Edith—She sings like a canary. Bertha—Oh, no; a canary begins to sing when people commence to talk; people commence to talk when she begins to sing.—Boston Transcript.

Hard to Please—"I have had to quit playing chess with Tompkins." "Why?" "Well, he gets mad if I get interested and mad if he gets mad if I get sleepy and let him beat me."—Chicago Record.

Gallagher—Me grandfather in the old country had more money than he could count. Donohoo—O! have heard, beaded, that the old man could not count more than tin.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Suggestion—She—"The Bicycle Gazette" offers a prize for the best article on any subject connected with the wheel. He—"Why not send in an essay on 'How to Mend a Wheel with a Hairpin?'"—Pack.

Horrid Parent—Marie, your doll rags cover the whole floor. What am I to do? Unconcerned Daughter—Step around them, mamma. Make way for the litter of the noble Marie! Parent (sotto voce)—That's what comes of letting her read "Quo Vadis!"—Chicago Tribune.

A New Definition—"The morning's papers say that Kuffutt, our representative in the Legislature, is financially embarrassed." "You don't tell me! I'm sorry that he has lost his money." "He hasn't lost any. He was caught in the act of getting some."—Cleveland Leader.

Baron Munchausen was angry at the officials of the Stux National Bank. "They refused to open an account with me," he said with a great show of indignation. "That's natural," said Boswell. "You have such a way of overrating your account, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

Pills—Dosem has been expelled from the medical association for advertising contrary to the code. Squills—How did he advertise? Pills—Called to lead the prayer meeting the other evening, he walked up to the front and gave out the hymn, "The Great Physician Now is Here."—Crypt.

Far-Sighted Economy.

Mrs. Wipedunks—Jenkinson, we ought to take one of the first-class magazines. It's only \$4 a year, and the children are getting old enough now to have something good to read.

Mr. Wipedunks—Only \$4 a year! That's all it is! If you begin on magazines you'll think you have to keep it up. At the end of every year you'll want to have 'em bound. There's two volumes in a year. Costs a dollar a volume for binding. That makes \$6 a year. In ten years it's \$60. Then you'll want a bookcase to hold twenty volumes. That'll cost about \$27. Because you'll think it ought to be big enough to hold twenty more volumes. There's \$57 thrown away. Do you think I'm made of money? If you want to read the magazines what's the matter with borrowin' 'em?—Chicago Tribune.

A kiss of the mouth often touches not the heart.

Free Medical Treatment for Weak Men Who Are Willing to Pay When Convinced of Cure.

A scientific combined medical and mechanical cure has been discovered for "Weakness of Men." Its success has been so startling that the proprietors now announce that they will sell the medicine and appliance without advance payment—to any honest man. If not all that is claimed—all you wish—send it back—that ends it—no holding.

No other was ever made in good faith before; we believe no other remedy would stand such a test. This combined treatment, if you apply it thoroughly and forever all effects of early evil habits, later excesses, overwork, worry, etc. It creates health, strength, vitality, sustaining power, has its variations from other modes, he added, she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate. But I wish to assure you that if after what I have said, you think you know more about this elevator than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Boston Globe.

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ENGLISH POSTAL ODDITIES.

Puzzles Found in the Mails of the English Country. Some of the anecdotes of the English Postoffice recently related by Framley Steelcor are very amusing. The English public, one must infer, is not so apt to perpetrate blunders as our mail querry addressed epistles than is our own, but the London mail clerks seem to be quite as clever in the interpretation of such puzzles as are the ingenious servants of Uncle Sam in the dead letter office at Washington.

Here is a little anecdote which ought to prove encouraging to such of our readers as are beginning the study of French, inasmuch as it proves that a very slight smattering indeed of that elegant tongue may occasionally be of use. Any High School student will perceive why the letter is so puzzling to the French, inasmuch as it is written in the French, while her mistress was visiting at Aix-les-Bains, France, was returned with the Postoffice stamp "Not known" across its face.

The mistress had written home certain instructions, using the letter paper of the hotel where she stayed; the maid had replied, having, as she supposed, carefully copied the address from the printed letterhead. But unfortunately the hotel employed that conveniently conspicuous corner to mention a few of its advantages, with the result that she mailed an envelope wrongly inscribed: "Miss Blank, Hotel Britannique, Ouvert toute l'annee, Ascenseur Hydraulique."

The number of hotels kept open all the year round and supplied with elevators proved sufficiently large to discourage the Postoffice in the matter. The letter found its way back to London. It was returned to the sender, who was much perturbed, until a friend of the lady of the mansion chanced to call, to whom she showed it, when an explanation ensued and she obtained a more direct address.

Perhaps this incident is fairly offset by another in which it was the Postoffice official whose knowledge of foreign tongues was deficient. A French lady living in England had lost many newspapers in the mail, and went to the village Postoffice to complain. The station Postmaster, after the departure, received instructions from his chief to ask her the next time she came for the titles of the papers which had gone astray. He did so, and soon complacently reported that she subscribed to three—the "Herald," "The Standard," and "The Morning Post." ("I fail to receive" and "many" and "newspapers.")

Pasted in one of the curious address books kept at the postal museum in London is a letter which was never delivered, though plainly enough addressed to Job David, Llandough. The reason is made obvious by a scraggly indelible mark in red ink from the pen of some village friend of the addressee, "Job David is dead and buried." Near it is one of the most curious of recorded addresses: "Mrs. B., wearing a Large Bear Ears, Violet Flowers in Bonnet, Promenade at 10 o'clock, 1898." This letter was from the lady's son, who had mislaid his mother's seaside address. The letter was duly and promptly delivered.—Youth's Companion.

Little boy," she exclaimed, "you ought to be at school, instead of trying to run an elevator." "I'm not trying to run it," was the answer. "I'm running it. And if you wish to ride I will be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to me at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that I have a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where I am pleased to say I am at the head of most of my classes."

"You have no business trying to run that elevator," she said, "and I don't think you could do it." "You couldn't very well run it for yourself, could you?" "I'd rather try it than depend on you."

"For what reason?" "Because you are too young to know anything about it." "Madam, allow me to reassure you. This elevator is operated by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this principle, the water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves, and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which, of course, he added, she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate. But I wish to assure you that if after what I have said, you think you know more about this elevator than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Boston Globe.

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