The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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The Garment of Iron

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE was no skeleton in the armor when Hartpole found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumble weed, a rattlesnake and a tarantula. The tarantula scuttled off, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumble weed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter tent and put upon a pack mule. After which, the column moved on. It should not have halted at all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were bands of Indians every day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite bush beside their trail was rare.

Certainly Hartpole had never heard of such a thing. And, so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains, but his lore on the subject was not profound.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent east for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who have worn them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian institution, at the risk of having a government commission sent out at once to seize his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply—for the railroad was only to Kansas in those days—he set about cleaning the armor himself, and with his own hands joining it together.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and the other books, that he forgot to have Gila bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then, when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had proved to his own and to everyone's satisfaction that it must have once protected the body of one of Coronado's men, and must date from the middle of the sixteenth century, or thereabout, he hung it up in his one-room adobe quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing now and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and gray linen, who was going about the country, traveled miles out of his way to look upon it; and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Hartpole was beginning to be very proud, when, one day, he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, lithe fellow, part Coyotero Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine man with the tribes, but not much as anything else.

Hartpole was sitting under his ramada on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose covers curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and, looking up, he saw the medicine man peering in the opening. He said: "Hullo, Ciego," and added: "What do you want, eh?"

Ciego was so called because he was blind in one eye. He came in under the ramada and stood so close to him that Hartpole moved a little. The Coyotero's cast-off uniform and red head band were not clean.

Ciego spoke excellent Spanish, and, as Hartpole did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the lieutenant possessed. The lieutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of even in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Ciego was, and straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Hartpole very much. After the manner of his kind, he said no word, but presently he went nearer and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close and looked inside. Then he turned to Hartpole. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained at some length.

"Is it very old?"

Hartpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

Ciego nodded his head. "I know," he said. But that was so manifestly absurd that Hartpole did not pay any attention to it. "It is very fine," said Ciego. "For how much will you sell it to me?" Naturally, Hartpole only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. "No," he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. "No, de veras, I wish to buy it from you."

"Well, I don't wish to sell," answered the lieutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea.

"I have $500," said the Indian.

"If you had a thousand you could not have it."

"I have a thousand."

Hartpole laughed again, a little impatiently.

"You do not believe me—look here." Ciego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. "There are $500 here. In three days I can bring you $500 more."

Hartpole guessed how he come by it, and his temper rose. "That is stolen money," he said, angrily; "put it up. You can't have the armor. Ukashee."

"You let me have it," begged Ciego; "I wish it very much. I will do many things for you."

Hartpole swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

Even though Ciego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the direction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient unto themselves. But it never occurred to Hartpole what this half-blind Indian's reasons might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Ciego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had once married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had worn a suit of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whosoever should find and wear that garment again would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men, and rule not only over his own people but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the north. And the very founder of that family to which Ciego belonged was reputed to have been the white chief in the coat of iron.

The Coyoteros believed these things and so did the medicine-man. So when the news of the armor suit had reached him he had levied heavy fees for his incantations for some months, and, adding these to the gold he had exchanged for Mexican dollars, collected from many raids, he took himself down to the camp of the soldiers to obtain fairly and by purchase that which was his very own. But fairness and the offers of purchase had failed.

Ciego looked the White-Eye officer over from his scalp to his toes, and up again, and then with no sound, save just one grunt, went out from the quarters and from the post.

Hartpole told of it at the mess that night, and forgot all about it after that. But Ciego did not—as Hartpole ought to have foreseen.

One night an Indian, his body naked as it was born, a poisoned knife in his hand, stole across the sandy parade ground when the moon was under the clouds of a coming storm, and slipped, as silently as none but a savage can, under the ramada of Hartpole's quarters, and thence through the open door. The Indian had missed nothing when he had been in that one small room a month before. He knew where everything in it was, from the chromo in a blue frame on the wall to the cot in the corner, across from the fireplace. He hid himself behind the piece of calico that curtained off the nook where Hartpole's clothing hung, and waited until the moon showed for a moment through a break in the clouds and he could see the figure on the cot beneath the mosquito net. When the room was dark again he slid out; and the blade of the knife in his hand went straight through the heart of the man asleep. Then he took the rattling armor from its nails and wrapped it in the calico curtain and fled through the night, as silently and swiftly as only an Apache can.

Now it happened that Hartpole had gone to another post a good many miles to the east that very day, and he had left his striker to sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Hartpole that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that all the department knew that the Coyoteros were on the warpath, and, having cut the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine man called Ciego, and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White-Eye's bullet could pierce. They also reported that the Chiricahuas and the Pah-Utes and the Sierra Blancas were joining him. It promised to be an interesting time for the territories.

Hartpole began to have a dim idea of why the medicine man had wanted his Spanish mail, now. He was ordered out, of course. Most of the department was. Trouble of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all. It was serious already; but there was one thing in favor of the troops, which was that the hostiles showed no desire to get away. Their fanatical faith in their medicine man led them to seek battle rather than to shun it. And twice, having done so, they beat off the troops, because there were, as usual, too few. But the third time they were caught in a pocket of the Mogallons, and there were no less than six troops against them. Hartpole's was of the number.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then from behind shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out. A mountain howitzer might have done it, but there was none with the command. All day the troops fired volleys into so much of the mouth of the cave as showed between the pine trunks and the walls of rock. They knew that the slaughter within must have been pretty severe, but there were no signs of surrender, nevertheless. The hostiles might hold out until the last one was dead; they certainly would until their medicine man should fall. The medicine man could be seen from time to time, a gleaming figure, moving clumsily among the trees and underbrush. And for all that it went so slowly and was so bright, no bullet seemed ever to hit it. Even the white men began to consider it with awe.

At sunset of the second day, when the sounds from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the glistening form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock whooping and yelling, calling the remnant of its followers on. It stood so for a moment, the red sun rays striking through the pine branches on the dented steel, a weird sight in the depths of the mountain fastnesses of the New World; so odd and strange that the soldiers hesitated with their fingers on the triggers of their carbines.

But Hartpole, kneeling alone behind a bowlder, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The visor was up and he could see the glitter of the one good eye. He had won a sharpshooter's medal in his time, and he put his skill to use now. There was a puff of smoke from above his bowlder, and the shining figure threw up its arms and staggered. Then it fell forward, down from the pinnacle of rock, clattering and crashing among the logs and stones.

They found, when they dragged him out, that Hartpole's bullet had gone straight through the good eye, and that Ciego was ciego in very truth now—and quite dead.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Still a Secret.

"Yes," announced the wild-eyed man. "I have invented a perpetual-motion machine, which is running constantly."

"What makes it run?" inquired the capitalist.

"There's the trouble. I can't stop the fool thing so as to find out."—Baltimore American.

THE GADABOUT EVIL.

Dr. Talmage Deplores the Prevailing Spirit of Unrest.

Christian Stability the Source of Usefulness and Happiness—Value of a Fixed Spiritual Condition.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington.

From an unusual text Dr. Talmage in this discourse rebukes the spirit of unrest which characterizes so many people, and shows them the happiness and usefulness to be found in stability; text, Jeremiah 2:36: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Homely is the illustration by which this prophet of tears deplores the vacillation of the nation to whom he wrote. Now they wanted alliance with Egypt, and now with Assyria, and now with Babylon, and now they did not know what they wanted, and the behavior of the nation reminded the prophet of a man or woman who, not satisfied with home life, goes from place to place, gadding about, as we say, never settled anywhere or in anything, and he cries out to them: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Well, the world has now as many gadabouts as it had in Bible times, and I think that that race of people is more numerous now than it ever was. Gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods, and one of the greatest wants of the church and the world is more steadfastness and more fixedness of purpose.

It was no small question that Pharaoh put to Jacob and his sons when he asked: "What is your occupation?" Getting into the right occupation not only decides your temporal welfare, but may decide your eternal destiny. The reason so many men and women are dead failures is because instead of asking God what they ought to be or do they, through some vain ambition or whimsicality, decide what they ought to be. Let me say to all young men and young women in homes or in school or college do not go gadding about among occupations and professions to find what you are fitted for, but make humble and direct appeal to God for direction.

While seeking Divine guidance in your selection of a lifetime sphere examine your own temperament. The phrenologist will tell you your mental proclivities. The physiologist will tell you your physical temperament. Your enemies will tell you your weaknesses. If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon. If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a governmental position. If you are naturally quick-tempered, do not become a minister of the Gospel, for while anyone is disadvantaged by ungovernable disposition there is hardly anyone who enacts such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a ship or rock or house or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences, and do the treble clef and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for argument? Be an attorney. Are you naturally a good nurse and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic and in bargain making? Are you apt to be successful on a small or large scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like the plow, and do you hear music in the rustle of a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest a new kind of thrashing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the natural elements and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer.

If you have no one faculty dominant and nothing in your make-up seems to point to this or that occupation, shut yourself up in your own room, get down on your knees and reverently ask God what He made you for, and tell Him that you are willing to do anything He wishes you to do. Before you leave that room you will find out. But for the sake of your usefulness and happiness and your temporal and eternal welfare do not join that crowd of people who go gadding about among business and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and never accomplishing anything.

Last summer a man of great genius died. He had the talents of 20 men in surgical directions, but he did not like surgery, and he wanted to be a preacher. He could not preach. I told him so. He tried it on both sides of the sea, but he failed, because he turned his back on that magnificent profession of surgery, which has in our time made such wonderful achievement that it now heals a broken neck and by the X ray explores the temple of the human body as if it were a lighted room. For 40 years he was gadding about among the professions. Do not imitate him. Ask God what you ought to be, and He will tell you. It may not be as elegant a style of work as you would prefer. It may callous and begrime your hands and put you in suffocating atmosphere and stand you shoulder to shoulder with the unrefined and may leave your overalls the opposite of aromatic, but remember that if God calls you to do one thing you will never be happy in doing something else.

All the great successes have been gained through opposition and struggle. Charles Goodyear, the inventor, whose name is now a synonym all the world over for fortune added to fortune, waded many years chin deep through the world's scorn and was thrust in debtors' prison and came with his family to the verge of starvation, but continued his experiments with vulcanized rubber until he added more than can be estimated to the world's health and comfort, as well as to his own advantage. Columbus and John Fitch, and Stephenson and Robert Bruce, and Cyrus W. Field and 500 others were illustrations of what tenacity and pluck can do. "Hard pounding," said Wellington at Waterloo, "hard pounding, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest." Yes, my friends, that is the secret, not flight from obstacles in the way, but "who can pound the longest." The child had it right when attempting to carry a ton of coal, a shovelful at a time, from the sidewalk to the cellar and some one asked her: "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" And she replied: "Yes, sir, if I work long enough." By the help of God choose your calling and stick to it. The gadabouts are failures for this life, to say nothing of the next.

There are many who exhibit this frailty in matters of religion. They are not sure about anything that pertains to their soul or their eternal destiny. Now they are Unitarians, and now they are Universalists, and now they are Methodists, and now they are Presbyterians, and now they are nothing at all. They are not quite sure that the Bible was inspired or, if inspired, whether the words or the ideas were inspired or whether only part of the Book was inspired. They think at one time that the story in Genesis about the garden of Eden is a history, and the month after they think it is an allegory. At one time they think the book of Job describes what really occurred, but the next time they speak of it they call it a drama. Now they believe all the miracles, but at your next interview they try to show how these scenes had nothing in them supernatural, but can be accounted for by natural causes. Gadding about among religious theories and never satisfied. All the evidence is put before them, and why do they not render a verdict? If they cannot make up their mind with all the data put before them, they never will. There are all the archaeological confirmations of the Bible brought to view by the "Palestine Exploration society;" there are the bricks of Babylon, the letter "N" impressed upon them—"N" for Nebuchadnezzar, showing that he was not a myth—and the farther the shovel of the antiquarian goes down the more is revealed of that most wonderful city of all time. Prof. Heilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents us tablets found in the far east ratifying and explaining Scriptural passages which were before in mystery. As the builders in Jerusalem to-day dig for the foundation of new houses they turn up with their pickaxes the ashes of the animals that were used for burnt offerings in the temple ages ago, demonstrating the truth of the Bible story about the sacrifices of lambs and heifers and pigeons. There is the history by Josephus, described on uninspiring pages scenes which the Bible depicts. On the banks of the Dead sea there are pieces of the very brimstone that fell in the sulphurous storm that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. Make up your mind whether the Bible is a glorious revelation of God or the worst imposition of the centuries. Why go gadding about among infidels, atheists and deists asking questions and surmising and guessing about the authority and value of a book which involves the infinities? It is either a good book or a bad book. If it be a bad book, you do not want it in your house nor have your children contaminated with its teachings. If it is a good book, your eternal happiness depends upon the adoption of its teachings. Once and forever make up your mind whether it is the book of God or the book of villainous pretenders.

So, alas, there are those who gad about among particular churches. No pastor can depend on them for a single service. At some time when he has prepared a sermon, after all prayer and all research, putting nerve and muscle and brain and soul into its every paragraph, these intermittent attendants are not there to hear it. While an occasional absence is excusable for the gratification of some wish to hear that which is consecrated or religiously oratoric in some other pulpit, when the pastor of a church with his eye calls the roll of attendance, by your presence in the old place practically answer, saying: "I am here to get the benefit of all the useful thoughts you may utter and of all the hymns you may give out and of all the prayers you may offer. I, a soldier of Jesus Christ, am in my own place in the company, in the battalion, in the regiment, and when you command 'March!' I will march, and when you command 'Halt!' I will halt, and when you order 'Ground arms!' I will ground arms."

But, oh, how the gadabouts injure the churches! Instead of staying in their own prayer meeting or Sunday school they afflict other prayer meetings and Sunday schools. I meet them on the street going the wrong way on Sunday morning or evening, and I accost them in the words of the text: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

My text also addresses those who in search of happiness are going hither and yonder looking for that which they find not. Their time is all taken up with "musicales," and "progressive euchres," and teas, and yellow luncheons, and "at homes," and dances, and operas, and theaters; and, instead of finding happiness, they get pale cheeks, and insomnia, and indigestion, and neuralgia, and exhaustion, and an abbreviated lifetime. There is more splendid womanhood sacrificed in that way in our cities than in any other way. The judgment day only can reveal the awful holocaust of jangled nerves and the suicidal habits of much of our social life. The obituary of such reads well, for the story is suppressed about how they got their death while standing in attire of gauze, waiting for the carriage on a raw night, on the front steps. While in their lifetime they possessed all the ability for the relief of pain and impoverishment, yet they have no time for visitation of the poor, or to win the blessing of such as comes upon those who administer to those who are ready to perish. Enough flowers in their dining halls to bewitch a prince, but not one tuft of heliotrope to perfume the room of that rheumatic on the back street, to whom the breath of one flower would be like the opening of the front door of Heaven. Find me one man or one woman who in all the rounds of pleasure and selfishness has found a piece of happiness as large as that half dollar which the benevolent and Christ-like soul puts into the palm of the hand of that mother whose children are crying for bread. Queen Victoria riding in triumph through London at her jubilee was not so sublime a figure as Queen Victoria in a hut near Balmoral castle reading the New Testament to a poor dying man. Let all the gadabouts for happiness know that in kindness and usefulness and self-abnegation are to be found a satisfaction which all the gayetics of the world aggregated cannot afford.

Among the race of gadabouts are those who neglect their homes in order that they may attend to institutions that are really excellent and do not so much ask for help as demand it. I am acquainted, as you are, with women who are members of so many boards of direction of benevolent institutions, and have to stand at a booth in so many fairs, and must collect funds for so many orphanages, and preside at so many philanthropic meetings, and are expected to be in so many different places at the same time that their children are left to the care of irresponsible servants, and if the little ones waited to say their prayers at their mother's knee they would never say their evening prayers at all. Such a woman makes her own home so unattractive that the husband spends his evenings at the clubhouse or the tavern. The children of that house are as thoroughly orphans as any of the fatherless and motherless little ones gathered in the orphanage for which that gadabout woman is toiling so industriously. By all means let Christian women foster charitable institutions and give them as much of their time as they can spare, but the first duty of that mother is the duty she owes to her home.

But no one can take a mother's place, and it is an awful mistake that that mother makes who sacrifices home duties for any church meeting, however important, or any hospital, however merciful, or any outside beneficence, however glorious and grand. Not understanding this, we mistake when we try to give statistics as to how many Christians there are in our churches and in the world. We understate the facts. We look over our church audiences on the Sabbath or our week service and conclude that they represent the amount of piety in that neighborhood. Oh, no! There are many most consecrated souls that are not found in churches. Look into those houses with large families of children and little or no hired help. For much of the year there is some one ill, and a special guardian care is requisite. How much time can that mother give to churches and prayer meetings when most of the family are down with scarlet fever or have colds that threaten now one kind of disease and now another? That mother watching at home as much pleases the Lord as the mother who at church takes the sacrament or in the mission school tells the waifs of the street how they may become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. That mother at home is deciding the destiny of the state by the way she leads that boy into right thinking and acting and is deciding the welfare of some future home by the example she is setting that girl, and though the world does not appreciate the unobserved work Heaven watches and rewards. On the other hand, you have known women who are off at meetings humanitarian and philanthropic, planning for the destitute and the outcast, while their own children went unwashed and unkempt, their garments needing repairs, their manners impudent and themselves a general nuisance to the community in which they live.

One bad habit these gadabouts, masculine or feminine, are sure to get, and that is of scandal distribution. They hear so many deleterious things about others and see so much of wrong behavior that they are loaded up and loaded down with the faults of others, and they have their eyes full, and their ears full, and their hands full, and their mouths full of defamation. The woman who is endowed of gossip can so easily untie her bonnet strings and sit down to spend the afternoon. A man can afford you a cigar as a retainer if you will patiently hear all he has to say about those who cannot pay their debts, or are about to fail, or are guilty of moral mishap, or have aroused suspicion of embezzlement. All gadabouts are peddlers, who unpack in your presence their large store of nux vomica and nightshade. Such gadabouts have little prospect of Heaven. If they got there they would try to create jealousy among the different ranks of celestials and make trouble among the Heavenly neighbors, and start quarrels seraphic, and would be on perpetual run, now down this street and now up that, now in the house of many mansions, and now in the choir of the temple, and now on the walls, and now in the gates, until they would be chased down and pushed out into the pandemonium of backbiters and slanderers after Jeremiah had addressed them in the words: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Now, what is the practical use of the present discourse? This: Whereas, so many have ruined themselves and ruined others by becoming gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods; therefore, resolved, that we will concentrate upon what is right thought and right behavior, and waste no time in vacillations and indecisions and uncertainties, running about in places where we have no business to be. Life is so short we have no time to play with it the spendthrift. Find out whether the Bible is true and whether your nature is immoral, and whether Christ is the Divine and only Saviour, and whether you must have Him or be discomfited, and whether there will probably ever be a more auspicious moment for your becoming His adherent, and then make this 12 o'clock at noon of November 25, 1900, the most illustrious minute that you will ever have passed since the day of your birth until the ten millionth cycle of the coming eternity, because by complete surrender of thought and will and affection and life to God through Jesus Christ you become a new man, a new woman, a new soul, and God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and all angeldom, cherubim and seraphim, and archangel became your allies.

The Characterization.

Mr. Wudby—You and I get along famously, Dolly. I'm not very hard to please, am I?

Dolly (who has an attractive sister of 20)—No; I heard sister say you were very soft.—Harlem Life.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Items of Information That May Be Useful to the Busy Housewife.

A small, strong table, covered with zinc or tin, on castors, so that it can be run back and forth between the kitchen and pantry or dining-room, saves innumerable steps and any amount of time and patience, says the Home Magazine.

Keep a high stool in the kitchen to sit on when ironing small articles. Wear gloves when ironing and you will save many a burn.

In washing greasy skillets the addition of a little soda to the water will neutralize the grease and make it much easier to clean. These are best cleansed when hot.

To clean the range after frying crumple a newspaper between the hands and rub the range with it. This will absorb the grease and leave the range bright as before.

The small paper bags that groceries come in are better protection to the hands than the gloves made purposely for blacking stoves.

If there is a holder or two hung near the oven door there is not the temptation to use the apron and perhaps soil or burn it.

Make a muslin cover to draw on your thumb when paring apples and potatoes to avoid cutting the skin.

A soft mat is restful to stand upon when at work.

Half the battle in washing dishes is keeping the dish cloths and towels clean. Wash out once a week in ammonia water.

Use soapy water for making starch. The linen will have a glossier appearance and the iron will not be so apt to stick.

Next winter try wearing shoes of old jeans in the kitchen. Use an old overshoe for a pattern.

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS.

Some Things That Every Girl Should Learn as Soon as She Can Sew.

There is no better way for a girl to learn to sew than to make for herself a number of dainty handkerchiefs, as very neat sewing must be employed in all work of this kind, and as a yard of sheer linen is enough for several of them it is much cheaper to make them at home. If she wants trimming other than hemstitching she can make this also, if she can knit, crochet or make tatting, and any of these are very dainty as well as durable, says the Housekeeper.

It is quite a feature of economy to get a width of linen that will cut two handkerchiefs, and there is nothing better than India linen of a fine, close quality. In hemstitching only three threads should be drawn, as it gives a much neater effect, and to make the threads easier to draw the material must be dampened and pressed before beginning the work.

The girls should not only learn how to make their own handkerchiefs, but they should learn to launder them as well, for the average laundress is devoid of conscience and pity toward these sheer articles, and if they are washed by the owner in her own washbowl they are spared the sacrifice occasioned by hard rubbing on the washboard.

Soft water is always preferable for washing these dainty articles, and to wash them so they will be beautifully white stir enough pearline in the warm water to make a foamy lather, then wash between the hands, and while still damp spread smoothly over a marble slab or a large window pane or mirror. Let them remain until perfectly dry, then fold evenly and press between boards or in a large book.

If one is an expert needlewoman she can have quite a number of handkerchiefs with very little expenditure of money, and if she will launder them herself she may keep them looking fresh and dainty. It is said that nothing shows a woman's degree of refinement more than her handkerchief.

Cucumbers of Oysters.

Put 24 large oysters, without their liquor, in a saucepan; add one quarter teaspoonful salt, the same of pepper, one tablespoonful lemon juice, and a small piece of butter; place over the fire till nearly boiling; remove and set aside till nearly cold; cut each oyster into quarters. Melt 1½ tablespoonfuls butter; add 1½ tablespoonfuls flour, stir and cook two minutes; add one cupful oyster liquor and one-half cupful milk, stir and cook till smooth; season with one-half teaspoonful salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper; mix the yolks of two eggs with one-half cupful cream and add it to the sauce; remove at once; divide the oysters in six table shells; cover them with the sauce; sprinkle over one teaspoonful bread crumbs fried light brown in butter, and bake a few minutes in a hot oven. This preparation may also be put in clean oyster shells and baked. These shells may also be prepared with one part of lobster meat, one part of cooked chicken meat and one part of oysters.—Ledger Monthly.

Braised Ducks with Celery Sauce.

Have two ducks and put them into a saucepan with a sliced onion, two thin slices of salt pork, three bay leaves, a couple of cloves and some peppercorns, with a good pinch of salt—but this last need not be added till they have cooked for an hour. Cover with water and add a claret glass of white wine. Boil for two hours, more or less, but till they are tender; then take out and serve with a sauce made in this way: Put an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and when melted thicken with a little flour. Then add a gill of water, salt and white pepper. Add also another ounce of butter and the yolks of two eggs. At the last stir in half a dozen nice celery stalks cut into half-inch lengths.—Boston Budget.

Bread Sauce.

Cook half a cupful of bread crumbs and a cup and a half of milk over hot water for 20 minutes. Add a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to season. Brown half a cupful of bread crumbs in a tablespoonful of butter and sprinkle liberally over both timbales and sauce.—Boston Budget.

SUNSHINE DISPELS GLOOM.

How a Few Words of Compliment Cheered a Tired Housewife's Heart.

"One of the most glaring faults of our age," said the doctor of divinity, as he stirred his mocha and java, "is the absence of spirituality."

"Yes," said the professor, helping himself to lamb chops and muffins, "people are growing more and more material in their views of life."

"It is not only spirituality, but intellectuality that is on the wane," said the judge, eying appreciatively the Jersey cream that his hostess was pouring over a saucer of strawberries. "Look, for instance, at the thousands of people who never read anything but the newspapers, who are really dead from a mental standpoint."

The doctor and professor emphatically indorsed the noble sentiments of the judge, and the symposium pursued its course, along with the courses of the breakfast, says the Washington Star. It was a delicious breakfast to eat, and a charming one to look at. A crystal vase in the middle of the table held a stalk of white lilies; their petals matched the snowy tablecloth and their gold stamens the embroidery on the centerpiece. There was a pretty array of delicate china and solid silver. The red of the strawberries and tomatoes and the brown of chops, toast and muffins made a nice color scheme. A bunch of scarlet poppies and feathery ferns looked into the mirror of the sideboard, and the morning wind came in through the folds of fresh, white curtains. It was a fitting place for the discussion of intellectuality and spirituality.

At the foot of the table sat a small, tired-looking woman, who took no part in the symposium. Calmly and industriously she poured coffee and sugared strawberries, furtively watching the children's table manners and her guests' needs. No one would have dreamed that she had a soul above muffins, but her brain kept up a running commentary on the remarks of the judge, the doctor and the professor.

"Intellectuality and spirituality, indeed! You look intellectual and spiritual, don't you? Maybe you are; but if you men ever get so intellectual and spiritual that you don't have to eat, then there'll be some chance for women to cultivate their intellects and spirits. Not intellectual to read the newspapers? Well, wouldn't I be thankful if I had time to read a newspaper? And as for spirituality, Heaven knows I'm too tired at night even to say my prayers. Haven't I cooked and cleaned and—"

"Madam," said the doctor, in his most impressive tone.

The little woman turned to him with a deferential manner.

"Madam, this is the best breakfast I have eaten for many a day."

And then, if you will believe it, all the bitterness went out of that woman's heart in an instant, and she brightened up as if the doctor had said: "Madam, you have written the finest novel of the century."

THEIR NEIGHBORLY WAY.

Made Themselves Acquainted and Didn't Wait Long to Begin Borrowing Things.

A young woman of Washington birth and rearing who has made her home for these three years past in a small Indiana town says that for tact and diplomacy she knows nobody to equal her neighbors out there, relates the Washington Post. She had scarcely settled herself in her new home when one day she heard a hen proudly cackling in her back yard. She went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into her yard, and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the woodbox outside the kitchen door. While she was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from the shock head of a thin and tall girl of 12 rose over the fence which divided the yard from the yard of the house next door.

"Hello!" said the girl.

"Good-morning," answered the Washingtonian.

"We've got plenty o' eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that woodbox o' yourn."

"Thank you very much," said the Washingtonian.

The girl still hung on the fence.

"We ain't goin' to charge you nothin' fer it," she went on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"Its a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The girl still clung to her side of the fence.

"Say," she said, finally, "maw says now you're acquainted with us folks she'd like to borry a tack hammer."

The Bell Sleeve.

The new bell sleeve is already a great favorite and admired and envied wherever it is seen. When in fashion during the second empire, it bore the name of pagoda. It is plain on the shoulders, whence it gradually expands towards the wrists, where it forms a wide bell-like opening, displaying the wrists and a part of the arm. It is lined with silk and flounced with lace within when intended for full dress, the lace falling gracefully over the bejeweled arm beneath. For less dressy wear it has an inner sleeve of muslin, lace, tulle or any other transparent material, made full and drawn into the wrists by a ruching, frill of lace or a bracelet of velvet, silk or gold.—Washington Star.

A Cold Weather Hint.

Drying of clothes in frosty weather is sometimes, in the case of delicate fabrics, attended with tearing, because of the quick stiffening in the very cold air. A simple precaution which will prevent any such trouble, is to dissolve three or four handfuls of coarse salt in the last rinsing water, thus making it, in fact, a weak brine. Articles so rinsed will not suffer from or stiffen with the cold.—Home Magazine.

Fault Finding at Home.

The home is no place for the scold. It ought ever to be the scene of forbearance, love, charity and affinity. Husband and wife, parents and children should be kind, gentle, responsive and helpful. Thus will be realized the sweetest of joys, the noblest of confidences and the dearest and most enduring of relationships.—Detroit Free Press.

WIT AND WISDOM.

He who knows he is right fears no ridicule.—Ram's Horn.

The widow looks out for number one even when looking out for number two.—Judge.

If you avoid making predictions, you will often avoid making yourself ridiculous.—Atchison Globe.

A goodly portion of what the world calls good luck is composed of 99 parts of ambition and one part of talent.—Chicago Daily News.

Duties Go with the Job.—She (concluding sympathetically)—"But I will be a sister to you." He—"All right; here are two buttons that I wish you would sew on for me."—Somerville Journal.

"Queer, isn't it?" "What's queer?" "That night falls." "Yes." "But it doesn't break." "The day breaks." "Yes." "But it doesn't fall." "No." "Queer, isn't it?" And he was gone.—American Pictorial Monthly.

Percy approaches a fair young miss who has a dainty turquoise-shell watch. "May I set your watch by mine?" he asks. "Why, certainly," she smilingly answers. "Thank you," says Percy, as he places the tiny turquoise watch in his pocket.—St. Louis Republic.

First Theatrical Manager — "I thought you were going to put on 'The Winter's Tale,' and now you are billing 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Second Manager—"Yes; I didn't like the name of the other piece. It sounded too much like a frost."—Philadelphia Record.

METEORITES GOOD AS GOLD.

Chances to Get Rich When Shooting Star Showers Come Upon the Earth.

If any one is so lucky as to find one of the shooting stars in the meteoric showers, he may congratulate himself on having captured a prize worth its weight in gold. The number of collectors of meteorites is increasing, and the competition between the different cabinets, public and private, has caused a great advance in the price of rare specimens.

The largest and finest collection of meteorites on this side of the Atlantic is the one in the Harvard Mineralogical museum in Cambridge. Reckoning European collections it ranks about fifth or sixth in the world. The British museum has the best collection, as it has of so many other things, and the cabinets in Vienna and Paris rank next, says the New York Sun.

Calculating the comparative value of collections of meteorites is something of an art. A main point to be taken into consideration is the number of "falls," so called, which are represented. Ordinarily, perhaps each meteoric mass which is found represents a separate fall; but often a meteorite splits into several pieces, falling 50 or 100 miles distant from one another on striking the earth's atmosphere. The common origin of such pieces is often demonstrated by analysis or by general appearance, but more often, perhaps, it remains in doubt.

About 275 falls are represented at Harvard, with a total weight—another factor in estimating comparative value—of about 2,800 pounds. The largest meteorite known is the famous one discovered by Peary in Greenland. The largest meteorite in the Cambridge collection weighs 1,100 pounds. But the largest meteorite is not necessarily the most valuable. Much depends on the matter of "control." A very large and famous meteorite is Canon Diablo, so called in accordance with the recognized rule for naming meteorites, from the locality in Arizona where it was found. Here great pieces of a thousand pounds or more can be obtained by anyone who wants them for the trouble and expense of carting them away. In other words, no one controls it, and it has little or no money value. On the other hand, a much smaller and less interesting meteorite owned wholly or mainly by a single cabinet is likely to be worth hundreds of dollars. A single small piece of some notable meteorite thus held may easily be valued, for example, at the rate of $75 or $100 a pound. The pound, indeed, is much too clumsy a standard for so valuable a material as meteorite stone or iron, and the weight of all specimens is recorded in the catalogues in grammes.

In ancient times and among savage tribes meteorites have always been looked upon with more or less awe, and have often been objects of worship. The Palladium which fell at Troy, for example, was doubtless a meteorite. In three small meteorites discovered by the Peabody museum on altars raised by the mound builders of the Little Miami valley in Ohio, Harvard possesses the only authentic prehistoric examples known to exist. Such archaeological or historical interest naturally adds much to the market value of a meteorite. A well-known American collector recently secured from the shah of Persia a number of pieces from a famous semi-sacred meteorite which had been in the possession of the royal family for generations, and by disposing of bits to various European museums on his way home, was able, he said, to pay all the expenses of his trip to Teheran.

The earliest American fall recorded is Campo del Cielo, from the Argentine republic, 1783; and the first in the United States is the Weston, Connecticut, 1807.

Germany Crowds England on the Sea.

The naval weakness of Britain is notoriously the subject of earnest protest by some of our most efficient admirals afloat, says a London correspondent. German efficiency has already secured a formidable and homogeneous fleet. Already Germany holds the Atlantic record for speed. Her system of mail subsidies has secured a large portion of Asiatic and Australian trade. Her rate of increase in shipbuilding, for the first time in history, has exceeded that of Great Britain. Germany has already stretched out her hands for the trident. Neither France nor Russia is impatient to assist us to recover the supremacy which we have listlessly allowed to slip from our hands.—Detroit Free Press.

The Very Latest.

Sunday School Teacher—God first made the world and all the beasts and the birds. Now, what was the last thing he created?

Willie Green—Why, I guess it's the brand-new baby that came to our house Friday. I ain't heard of anything later.—Philadelphia Press.