AN EVEN-SONG.

Come out, the leaves are all astir
With light winds out of nowhere fleeting;
Come out, dear lad, and sing to her
For whom your heart is beating,
While all its throbs bespeak her.
Let music fill the whole wide air,
The evening charm completing,
Just with her name's repeating,
Just with her name, the sweeting;
Come out, dear lad, and seek her.

Come down, fair maid, nor wait afar
The strain so faint, so slender;
Come down, and let the evening star
Sink in your softer splendor,
While night-moths round you hover.
Nor stirring leaves nor singing tones
Can any meaning render
So sweet as love's surrender,
So sweet as love, so tender;
Come, maid, and meet your lover.

—*Harriet P. Spofford, in Bazar.*

A SLIP OF THE PEN.

It was all Dicky Carshalton's fault.

In many respects an amiable youth, he can not be said to be possessed of the finer feelings, and perhaps is not aware of the extent of the discomfort he produced in more sensitive people. A frequenter of parties of every description, he is fond of varying the monotony of the social routine by various little practices. Of these his favorite—not, alas! peculiar to himself—is commonly known as spoiling sport. Whenever Dicky sees a pair of people who appear to take particular delight in one another's society, showing a tendency to seek unto themselves retreats—he is never satisfied until, by some bold stroke or cunning stratagem, he has succeeded in separating them, or at least in destroying their enjoyment for the rest of one evening.

The happy possessor of an exhaustless supply of self-confidence and the most brazen impudence—the objects of his attacks, moreover, being from the nature of their position comparatively defenseless—it is needless to add that though Dicky has his failures on record they are greatly outstripped in numbers by his successes. So there is nothing wonderful in the fact that Dicky was at the bottom of the unfortunate affair with Jack and Ethel.

Matters had long been in a delicate and critical state between those young people. Jack had told himself over and over again that Ethel was a flirt, and that he for one had no intention of adding himself to the list of her victims, while Ethel had relieved her feelings by repeatedly assuring herself that Jack was a cross fellow, who cared for nothing but his books and was quite impervious to the charms of womanhood.

But that night at the Warringtons things really did seem to be taking a turn for the better. Ethel had boldly turned her back on half a dozen other admirers, and Jack, looking down into her honest eyes, was rapidly forgetting the doubts and fears which had tormented him during the last months.

There is no knowing what might not have happened had it not been for Dicky, who came up to them at this hopeful stage of affairs, his shoulders in his ears, his hair brushed to a nicety, and with the most unmistakable look of mischief in his prominent eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Mariner," he said, taking Ethel's hand in his and squeezing it with empressement; and then the two poor things, suddenly awakened from their dream, stood there chill and helpless while Dicky fired off his accustomed volley of chaff, and Ethel, with feminine presence of mind, ventured on one or two little popguns on her own account.

"Miss Mariner," he said at last, with a satisfied glance at Jack's sullen face, "have you been into the conservatory? They've put in a lot of pink lamps and there's the most scrumptious tete-a-tete chair you can imagine."

Poor Ethel looked up at Jack, who stood by furious and sulky.

"He is only too glad to get rid of me. He hasn't the ordinary kindness to rescue me from this bore. And I have been so horribly amiable to him," she thought in despair.

"If she likes that popinjay let her go with him! I'm sorry for her taste, that's all," reflected Jack. And in another minute Ethel found herself actually seated in the tete-a-tete chair with Dicky, whose large eyes were rolling triumphantly in the light of the rose-colored lamps.

She did not succeed in making her escape till it was time to go home. Jack was nowhere to be seen, and she drove back in the chill gray morning with the heaviest heart she had known for many days.

"Ethel," said her mother at breakfast the next morning, "did you have a pleasant time at the Warringtons'?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, said Ethel, drearily. She was pale and heavy-eyed; I think she had not slept all night."

"And who was there?" went on Mrs. Mariner, helping herself to buttered eggs with cheery briskness.

Ethel enumerated various [illegible] "And Dicky Carshalton [illegible] and Jack Davenant."

The last name slipped out with exaggerated carelessness, and yet it was whirling about in the poor girl's head and had been doing so for the last five or six hours like an imprisoned blue-bottle in a glass.

"Jack—Jack—Jack Davenant." Was she never to have another definite thought again?

"By-the-by," said Mrs. Mariner, as she rose from table, "will you send a note to Florence Byrne? I want her to lunch here to-morrow at half-past 1. The Singletons are coming."

Ethel moved to the writting table, blushing faintly. She remembered that Mrs. Byrne was Jack Davenant's cousin.

"Half-past 1, recollect," cried her mother, as she rustled from the room.

Ethel listlessly took up her pen and pulled a sheet of paper toward her. It was not stamped with the address, but she failed to notice this, and began at once:

"My dear Mrs. Byrne."

Then she stopped short and the buzzing in her brain went on worse than ever.

The note got written at last, all but the signature, and then she began to wonder dreamily if she should sign herself "Yours very sincerely" or "Yours affectionately."

"Ethel, Ethel!" cried her mother, putting her head in at the door, "I am going out. Give me the note for Florence, I can take it to the post."

Guilty and ashamed, Ethel seized her pen and wrote hastily, but in a bold hand:

"Yours very sincerely,
"JACK DAVENANT."

Mrs. Byrne neither came to lunch nor answered the Mariners' invitation. Mrs. Mariner expressed surprise at this want of courtesy and apologized to the Singletons for having no one to meet them.

"Are you sure, Ethel, you told her the right day? Florence is in town, I know, and it is so unlike her to be rude."

"I think it was all right, mamma," Ethel replied vaguely, and never gave another thought to the matter.

But the morning of the next day, as she was practicing her singing in the great holland-shrouded dining-room, the door was flung open to admit a benign and comely lady, who advanced smiling toward her.

"Mrs. Byrne!" cried Ethel in some surprise, getting off the music-stool.

Mrs. Byrne established herself comfortably in a deep arm-chair, then beckoned the young girl mysteriously with a well-gloved finger: "Come over here, Ethel."

Ethel drew a stool to the other's side and sat down, smiling but mystified.

Mrs. Byrne played a little with the clasp of the silver-mounted hand-bag which she carried, from which, having at last succeeded in opening it, she produced a stamped envelope addressed to herself.

"Do you know that handwriting?" she said, flourishing it before Ethel's astonished eyes.

"It is my own; I wrote to ask you to lunch," poor Ethel answered simply; while the thought flashed across her mind that Mrs. Byrne had probably gone mad.

"Read it, then," cried that lady, with an air of suppressed amusement which lent color to the notion.

Ethel unfolded it quickly, then sat transfixed like one who receives a sudden and fatal injury. For before her horror-stricken eyes glared these words, in her own handwriting: "Yours very sincerely, Jack Davenant."

"What does it mean?" she cred at last in a hoarse voice, for it seemed that some fiendish magic had been at work.

"That's what I want to know," Mrs. Byrne answered more gently. "I received this note the day before yesterday. There was no address, and the handwriting was certainly not Jack's. Nor is my cousin in the least likely to invite me to lunch at his chambers. So I wrote off to him at once and told him to drop in to dinner if he had anything to say to me."

Ethel had risen to her feet, and was standing with a little frozen smile on her face; but at this point she broke in hurriedly:

"Did you show him (Mr. Davenant) the letter?"

Mrs. Byrne nodded. She was not a person of delicate perceptions and had come here bent on a little harmless amusement, but somehow the amusement was not forthcoming.

Ethel clasped her cold hands together in a frenzy of despair. She knew that Jack was familiar with her handwriting. Had he not made little criticisms, severe and tender, on the occasional notes of invitation which she had addressed to him?

"Jack said he knew nothing about the note and hadn't the ghost of an idea what it meant?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried Ethel's heart in parenthesis, "what must you think of me?"

Mrs. Byrne went on: "Grace Allison came in later and the mystery was cleared up. She swore to your handwriting and we concluded you had done it in a fit of absence of mind. Poor old Jack, how she did chaff him?"

Ethel was trying to recover her presence of mind.

"How could I have made such a stupid mistake?" she said, with a short laugh. "I snppose I was pursuing some train of thought. I had met your cousin at a party the night before—you know how it is."

Mrs. Byrne was sorry for the girl's distress.

"It's a mistake anyone might have made, though you must own it was rather funny. However, I can assure you this—it won't get any further. Jack is scarcely likely to tell, and Grace has sworn on her honor."

Ethel laughed again, meaninglessly. As far as she was concerned the whole world was welcome to know it now. No deeper disgrace could befall her. "I wonder if he is shrieking with laughter or merely sick with disgust," the poor girl thought when her obtuse and aimable visitor had at last departed. "Oh, how I hate him—how I hate him!" Which was hard on Jack, considering that his own conduct in the matter had been irreproachable. But Ethel was in no mood for justice. It seemed to her that she had utterly betrayed and disgraced herself; that never again could she venture to show herself in a world where Florence Byrne, Grace Allison, and, above all, Jack Davenant lived, moved, and had their being.

Sick with shame, hot and cold with anguish, poor Ethel sat cowering in the great drawing room like a guilty thing.

After dinner she put on her hat and stole out into the street. She had been indoors all day and [illegible] it [illegible] and [illegible] coupled were loitering with [illegible] affection in Regent's park. She had not gone far before she saw a large, familiar figure bearing down in her direction.

"Oh, how I hate him—I hate him!" she thought again, while her heart beat with maddening rapidity. "If he has a spark of kindness he will pretend not to see me."

But Jack, for it was he, made no such pretence. On the contrary, he not only raised his hat, but came up to her with outstretched hand. She put her cold fingers mechanically into his and scanned his face; there was neither mirth nor disgust in it; and the thought flashed across her, chilling while it relieved her, that he probably attached little importance to an incident which she, knowing her own secret, had deemed but one interpretation possible. And then, before she knew what had happened, Jack was walking along by her side, pouring out a torrent of indignant reproaches as to her desertion of him in favor of Dicky Carshalton at the Warrington's party.

"It is you," cried Ethel, with spirit, for the unexpected turn of affairs restored her courage—"it is you, Mr. Davenant, who were unkind, to stand by and let old friends be victimed without striking a blow in their behalf! Pray what did you expect me to do? Was I to have said: "No, thank you, Mr. Carshalton; I prefer to stay here with Mr. Davenant?"

"And if you had said it, would it have been true?"

She changed her tone suddenly.

"Dicky is such a bore! I think I prefer any one's society to his."

He stopped short in the path, seized both her hands and looked down at her with stern and passionate eyes.

A close-linked couple strolling by remarked to one another that there had been a row and then refreshed themselves with half a dozen kisses.

"Ethel," said Jack, in an odd voice, "its no use pretending. You do think of me sometimes; I happen to know it."

She was looking up at him, but at this allusion the sweet face flushed and dropped suddenly.

"Ethel"—Jack's voice sounded stranger and stranger; was he going to laugh or cry, and why on earth did he speak so low—"Ethel, do you know what signature I should like to see to your letters?"

This was too much.

"No, I don't!" She lifted her flushed face; the cruel tears shone and smarted in her eyes.

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

The momentary defiance had died; a very meek whisper came from the pale lips.

"Can't you guess? Then shall I tell you, Ethel? 'Ethel Davenant'—that's what I should like to see at the bottom of all your letters. Shall I ever see it?"

"Jack!"

Further explanation is needless. When next they met Mr. Carshalton both Jack and Ethel were beyond the reach of his maneuvers.—*Temple Bar.*

"Put All on der Living Chance."

He was only a stable boy, as hardened and unholy as they make them, yet he was an immense favorite with patron and proprietor alike at the Monmouth track, and especially with his fellows of the Morris stables. Recently stricken with a very grievous disease, his physician told him that medicine and science could do nothing more for him. While quickly realizing that he was fast covering the homestretch of life, with the death wire, as it were, plainly visible, the ruling passion in the confiding and always courageous youth thus betrayed itself:

"What's my chances, Doc?"

"Not worth mentioning, my boy."

"One in twenty, you s'pose?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty, then?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"W-well, perhaps there might be one in a hundred!"

"I say, then, Doc," pulling the medicine man close down to him and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, just you go in, do yer best, and put everything on der one living chance."—*New York Sun.*

The Fiddlers of Cumberland Island.

A Cumberland correspondent thus describes the fiddlers of that island: "After fishing my attention was attracted by an army of fiddlers in the sand. Oh, such funny little folks are the fiddlers! They are a peaceful set, too, and in all the droves and droves that I saw marching about on the sands by the inlet I saw only two who were disorderly. They fought a little, but not for long, and the defeated fellow crawled into his hole, and the army moved on. A fiddler looks like a very small crab. Some are blue, others are red and brown, and there are black and gray. Some have no claws, and others have a great white claw like a crab, which they seem to keep time with. They are the drum majors. A fiddler never turns to run. They run backward, to the front and sideways without moving their bodies. They have little holes all over the sand that reach to—well, I don't know, for I got a stick and dug and dug until I got tired, and I never did find the bottom. They have a curious little way of making a noise like smacking the lips, and it sounds sometimes as though a lot of folks were kissing."—*Savannah News.*

An Every Day Georgia Dog.

It was only "an every day Georgia dog." This was the beast that plunged into the canal the other day and saved a drowning boy. There was no Newfoundland trace in her lineage to account for her strength and fidelity. Somewhere back in her pedigree her ancestors had been spaniels, but this was no special claim to life saving service. Her best friends never thought it of "Juno." But here she is—a heroine—as brave as Captain Muller, who saved the whole ship's company from drowning. This is good work for "the every day Georgia dog." In the face of such heroism detraction must retire and slander draw in its fangs. We do not want to hear any more talk of dog laws to tax or kill the Georgia cur. "Juno" deserves a collar and cool kennel for the summer. Among the resources of the Empire State, hereafter do not forget the "every day Georgia dog."—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

A Spug Little Holland Isle.

Texel, or Tessel, is a low, flat island in the North Sea, belonging to Holland. It is separated from the main land by Texel strom, a body of water two miles and a half across. Here, in neutral waters, Paul Jones found food and refuge while he recruited his shattered fleet and prizes. The island is about thirteen miles long, and its greatest breadth six miles. It contains a population of about 6200, engaged in agriculture, fishing and boat building, or piloting. It has rich pasturage, and rears large numbers of cattle and sheep of superior quality. The island is a favorite resort of wild fowl, which lay immense quantities of eggs there. For this reason its northern part is known as Eyerland or Eggland.

The Biggest Policeman.

Says the Philadelphia *Enquirer*: "The biggest policeman in the United States, with one exception, is Lieut. Malin, who is now in charge of the Twenty-first district in West Philadelphia. He is six feet five inches in height and carries himself with the precision of a veteran. Night or day he is always on the go, and the citizens of his district speak of him with the utmost kindness. He doesn't tell his weight to anybody, but judging from his appearance it must be that of two or three ordinary men. He is a strict disciplinarian and never asks a patrolman to go where he is not willing to lead."

Dr. von Bulow was recently asked to conduct the performance of an operetta which he considered worthless. He declined, but went to the show and occupied a conspicuous seat. What rendered him more conspicuous was the fact that he was attired in deepest mourning. "That stuff," he said, meaning the operetta, "is being buried, and I am attending its funeral."

MILLIONS IN DIAMONDS.

WONDERFUL JEWELS THAT DELIGHT THE PERSIAN MONARCH.

A Throne Blazing With Gems—The Dar-e-Noor Diamond, the Rival of the Kohinoor.

S. G. W. Benjamin writes as follows to the New York *Herald* describing a visit made by him to the store house containing the vast accumulation of jewels possessed by Nasr-ed-Deen, the Shah of Persia:

When after months of patient effort the writer finally succeeded in receiving an invitation to inspect the royal treasury he was immediately besieged by requests of Europeans to permit them to accompany himself and family, a request which could only be granted sparingly. Twelve royal feranches or attendants in scarlet livery, preceded us as we went to the palace and one of the high ministers of the realm was present to receive us and exhibit the wealth of Persia.

The Hall of Audience or Treasury is a superb apartment some 180 feet long and sixty broad, paved with the tiles for which Persian art is famous, arranged in elegant designs. The ceiling is vaulted and decorated very elaborately in stucco, an art in which the Persians excel. The treasures were arranged in cases about the sides of the apartment-like bookcases and in glass covered receptacles resembling showcases. The first objects to attract our attention were the chairs and tables covered with beaten gold. There were about forty of the former, shaped like an arm chair, but differing from the usual household furniture in being entirely overlaid with sheets of gold nailed on with gold fastenings. These chairs, we are told, are worth $4000 each; they certainly are of great value, and $150,000 does not seem an exaggerated estimate for the entire number. The tables were about six feet long and were completely covered with the same precious material. These sumptuous articles are truly Oriental in character, for from the earliest times beaten gold has been a favorite method of decoration in the East, and is often mentioned in their poems and tales.

It was an easy transition to pass from examining these objects to an inspection of the famous Peacock Throne. This is one of the most celebrated treasures of the East. Ages before it was acquired by Persia it had a world-wide celebrity. It stood in the audience hall of the great palace of the Moguls at Delhi, and was a favorite object for eliciting the enthusiasm and descriptive talents of European travelers in India. Taverier, himself a jeweler, well known both in Europe and Asia as such, estimated its value at some twenty millions of dollars. Other experts have valued this astonishing treasure as high as $35,000,000, while some place its worth under $13,000,000. Its name is derived from the form of the back, which radiates like the tail of a peacock, each separate feather glittering with the matchless iridescence of countless jewels of price. The frame of the throne if of gold and the surface is a blaze of gems arranged in intricate patterns, combining to a common effect, a mosaic whose splendor has never been approached, much less surpassed, since the days of Solomon or the storied magnificence of Bagdad when at the zenith of her glory and power. This bewildering combination of the wealth of Oriental mines and the skill of Oriental artists was seized by Nadir Shah when he conquered India at the head of the armies of Persia early in the seventeenth century. After distributing spoil to the value of $1000 to each of his soldiers he brought home with him it is said treasures to the value of upward of one hundred millions, of which the Peacock Throne was the chief. Wherein the walls of the East differs from that of Europe is its less even distribution. It is concentrated in the hands of the monarch and a few of the nobles, and hence, while the country may give an impression of poverty the court is always able to dazzle by pageantry and genuine treasures.

On the seat of the Peacock Throne was a small box, covered with cloth of gold. The key to this box, which is metal, is retained by the Shah about his person, except on the rare occasions when the case is to be opened, when it is given to the Lord Keeper of the Treasury, whose head must answer for the result. Inside of the case is a silver casket, of which the key is hidden in the royal library in a box resembling a book. Within the silver casket is one of gold, whose key is kept by the Lord Keeper himself.

On this occasion the three keys were forthcoming and the Lord Keeper placing the precious packet on his lap opened one case after another. When the golden lid of the inner was raised a splendor like the radiance of the sun burst forth and we looked on the famous Dar-i-Noor, or Sea of Light. This is the great diamond of Persia, one of the largest, most magnificent and most costly gems in existence.

Its exact weight I am unable to state, but it approaches the size of the Kohinoor diamond before that was cut down to its present dimensions.

We were next shown a case covered a foot deep with pearls, lying together in a heap like sand on the seashore. The pearl fisheries of Persia have long been famous; the divers of Orymus and Bahrein have rivaled those of Ceylon in the treasures they have erected from the deep, and for ages pearls were more accounted for at Ispahan than silver at Jerusalem in Solomon's time. The supply seems at present to be somewhat less owing to the fact that the divers each year are forced to plunge farther down to find the pearl system. But to judge from that mass of pearls I inferred that there were still a few left in Persia.

I should not forget to speak also of the silk rugs spread before the peacock throne thickly embroidered with pearls, on which, of course, no one treads but the Shah, and then only to sit on it when giving orders to his nobles on his birthday on the great festival of the new year.

A Boat Sunk to Kill Insects.

An amusing and true story was reported from Toulon, France, when they caused the sinking of the torpedo boat Couleuvrine. The number of insects that swarmed in every part of the boat seemed to be endless. The celluloid, of which the Couleuvrine was built, was their favorite haunt for all the surfaces of that material were black with bugs. The ordinary insect destroyers were powerless, and on the advice of the Maritime Prefect the Minister of Marine, Admiral Krautz gave orders for the Couleuvrine to be sunk and kept under salt water three days.—*Chicago Sun.*

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6000 feet thick.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS.

When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth stuff, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button hole. Buttons thus sewn scarcely ever come off.—*New York Dispatch.*

CRYSTALLIZING GRASSES AND FERNS.

It is time to gather grasses, ferns and leaves for crystallizing, spatter-work, skeletonizing, etc. Their greatest beauty is when they are in full blossom. They should be gathered on a dry, clear day. For crystallizing, I put the leaves and grasses in vases or jars in a closet where they will be free from dust, to dry. Use alum and pure water in the proportion of a pound of alum to a gallon of water, and boil it until it is all dissolved. Pour this into a wide-mouthed jar, and when it has become luke-warm, suspend the grasses in bunches, by thread, from a stick resting on the top of the jar, so that they will be immersed in the solution. Do not jar the leaves until the deposit takes place; this generally begins after fifteen hours. When the leaves are nicely coated, remove them carefully and hang them up to dry. The same solution may be used again, but the crystals will not be as large on the second lot of leaves.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HOW TO LAUNDRY COLORED FABRICS.

Ginghams, chintzes and calicoes should not be put in hot or pearline water, neither in water that is dirty from the washing of other articles. Heavy flour starching and drying in hot sun fades colors. The plainest colors in these goods should be washed in clean, cold water the first and second time at least. Much depends upon saving their color when first wet.

Among the pretty cheap goods bought for the children this season was a dress, bright plaid. It made up into a beautiful school dress. One of my friends bought from the same piece for her daughter. When they were laundried one was put into boiling water and allowed to remain there for a couple of hours to set the color. When dried it was a sorry-looking dress. The red stripes faded and the white dyed red and the looks of the goods were spoiled forever. The other was put into a pail of cold water, to which was added a tablespoonful of salt, and allowed to stand about fifteen minutes. Then, with a rub of soap here and there, it was washed in the same water by hand, rinsed in two waters—one blue—starched in g[illegible]ar starch, hung in shade to dry; when dried and ironed the white had the faintest tinge of red, all the colors being bright and beautiful. The second time it was washed it was again put into cold water without the salt, then put into water that was warm and soapy from the rinsing of some white clothes; it was washed quickly on the board, rinsed and treated as before, and when ironed it looked as well as when new, the white was clear and the colors bright. It will now always wash on account of the two careful washings.

Salt sets the colors and cold water fades them very little, if any. Very hot irons fades the colors.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RECIPES.

Chicken Soup—Cut up one chicken, put into a stewpan two quarts of cold water, a teaspoonful of salt and one pod of red pepper; when half done add two dessert spoonfuls of well washed rice; when thoroughly cooked, remove the bird from the soup, tear a part of the breast into shreds—saving the remainder of the fowl for a salad—and add it to the soup with a wineglassful of cream.

Bread Pudding—Soak a pint of grated bread crumbs in one and a half pints of milk. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a tablespoonful sugar, a little salt and the grated rind of one lemon, mix into the bread and place in an oven to bake. Whisk the whites of an egg with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon, and when light add to the pudding, return to the oven again and bake to a light brown.

Fish Pie—Take any firm-fleshed fish, cut in slices, and season with salt and pepper; let stand in a cool place for two or three hours, then put the sliced fish in a baking dish, with a little cream or water, and butter and flour rubbed to a cream with minced parsley and hard-boiled eggs sliced; line the sides of the dish half way down, and cover with a nice paste. Bake in an oven quick at first, but gradually growing moderate.

Creamed Onions—Skin them and soak in cold water an hour or more. Then put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water well salted and boil until tender. Then cut the onions in small pieces and season with pepper and salt. Serve with a cream sauce as follows: Boil half a pint of milk, take one tablespoonful butter and half tablespoonful of flour. Rub mixture into a cream and stir into the boiling milk; stir until smooth and pour over the onions.

Rice Griddle Cakes—Boil half a cup of rice; when cold mix one quart sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir in one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar, add a little salt, and lastly the whites of the eggs; bake on a griddle. Serve by spreading them while hot with butter, and also any kind of jelly or preserves; roll them up neatly, cut off the ends, sprinkle with sugar and serve quickly.

Stuffed and Baked Tomatoes—From the blossom end of a dozen tomatoes—smooth, ripe and solid—cut a thin slice, and with a small spoon scoop out the pulp without breaking the rind surrounding it. Chop a small head of cabbage and good-sized onion finely, and mix with them fine bread crumbs and the pulp. Season with pepper and salt and add a cup of sweet cream. When all is well mixed, fill the tomato shells, and place the tomatoes in a buttered baking-dish, cut ends up, and put in the pans just enough water to keep them from burning. Drop a small lump of butter in each tomato and bake till well done. Serve in the same dish.

There are 45,000,000 people in Mexico, Central and South America representing a commerce of $1,000,000,000.

The most prominent physicians in the city smoke and recommend "Tansill's Punch."

Is marriage a failure? Of course not; marriage is an assignment.

"Mamma's Gittin Better."

There is a gladness in the houshold;
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine
Of many a summer day.
"O, mamma's getting better,"
The happy children cry,
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye.

In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrble disease so common to their sex, and it wou'd seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the household in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers all the family suffers with her. This ought not to be, and it need not be, for a never failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has been made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune." If your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., who have plans that will enable you to make money rapidly.

Pears will not grow on wet ground. Apples will thrive on moist, but not springy soil.

Harvest Excursions.

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