

It has been stated that over boys under fourteen or fifteen, a woman can more easily exercise a good influence than a man, and at Scottish educational conference held this year a move was made to employ women as teachers for boys and mixed classes.

Mexico will be at the World's Fair with a novel display. The exhibit will be an artificial hill of iron, covered with terraced soil, surmounted by a fac-simile of the Castle of Chapultepec, and it will show the progress of Mexico from the time of the Aztecs. Temples, images and like scenes will be a feature of the exhibit at the base of the hill.

A Polish drink prepared from honey is said to be growing greatly in favor in England. A large consignment has just been dispatched from Warsaw to London. "If the fact be true that honey as a drink is becoming popular, then," observes the San Francisco Examiner, "we are returning to the simple tastes of our Saxon ancestors."

"You can't beat a certain Mr. Wilson, of Baltimore," exclaims the New York Herald. "He somehow got on a bender, and when he recovered his senses was so disgusted at his own conduct that he went before a magistrate, made a formal complaint against himself, got himself convicted and then marched himself off to prison to serve out his term. Such citizens are a credit to the commonwealth."

A German who lost a leg in the United States service at Bull Run, and finding himself thus exempt from military service in his own country, returned home and has since resided at the village of Posench, near Jena, has lately received a pension and arrears, amounting to over \$6000. The German papers, says the Picayune, are much impressed with what they call the munificence of the United States Government.

It is worth noting, thinks the St. Louis Star-Bulletin, that American securities are quoted a shade higher in London, England, than in New York, and that trading in the former city is quite brisk. It is often said that those who are not playing see the most of the game, and it certainly appears as though English investors are more alive to the value of American securities than the Americans themselves.

Says the Boston Outlook: "Prices of farm products were higher this past winter than for several years before. This was partly because of crop failures, but all the same it is likely that wages of farm hands will hold up to what they have been for several years past. Despite the common saying that farmers are not always croaking when it comes to making plans for the new year, most of them discount whatever profit they are likely to gain through the season. If they did not, then bad seasons would not be so disastrous as they are. A farmer out of debt can always make a living by the old plan of cutting his coat according to the cloth."

There are, remarks the New York Sun, about 200 tea tasters in this city, a well-paid class of men, most of whom in the course of nature will die of kidney disease superinduced by their unwholesome occupation. The habits of these men are exceedingly curious. Some of them refuse to ply their trade save in the morning, on the ground that the sense of taste cannot be trusted after it has been bewildered by hours of work. Most of them avoid the use of tobacco and of highly seasoned food. Their accuracy of taste is astonishing. A tea taster will grade and price a dozen qualities of tea all from the same cargo. All this accuracy seems unnecessary, however, for grocers unhesitatingly sell the same tea to different persons at very different prices, so ignorant are most persons of quality in tea.

Virtue is seeking its reward at the Court of Appeals, remarks the New York Tribune, with doubtful chances of success. Virtue is represented by a young man who in 1869, when he was fifteen years, entered into a contract with his uncle that he would not drink liquor, smoke or play cards or billiards until he was twenty-one years old. His uncle promised him \$5000 if he would keep the contract, and the young man, according to his own statement, fulfilled his part of the agreement, and on January 3, 1875, when he had become of age, wrote to his uncle in reference to the \$5000. The uncle did not doubt the young man's statement, but suggested that it would be unwise to entrust so large a sum of money to him until he was older. The uncle died several years later, and the person to whom the young man had assigned his claim brought suit against the estate. A verdict for over \$5000, including the interest on the \$5000, was obtained, but the General Term reserved the judgment. The appeal to the Court of Appeals has been argued, and all friends of model young men will watch with interest for the decision of the court.

SIR PATIENCE.

His good right hand may hold no sword, No hauberk on his breast, No shield he bears to guard and ward, No helm with plumed crest, Silent he stands, unmolested, free, And he my chosen knight shall be.

His tireless feet he've found a path, Where warriors dared not stand, Through wilderness and wild men's wrath, Across the desert land, Enduring ills so cheerfully, That he my chosen knight shall be.

The cruel cold to him is naught, Nor sultry sun at noon, Wild tides and tempests, terror fraught, Sing him a soothing tune, This soldier, standing sturdily, My valiant, chosen knight shall be.

Fierce Zeal, his brother wrought him wrong, His friends forgot him quite, The rich, the great, the proud, the strong, All heaped on him their spite, He smiled, and served them faithfully, This loyal knight my knight shall be.

And little children hold his hand, And mothers, weary-eyed, The hungry poor throughout the land, And those that starving died, Knew him as friend, familiarly, Their friend my chosen knight shall be.

And ignorance, and shame, and sin Do him no hurt nor scath, Nor foulest fiends with all their din Can vex his quiet path; Walking and talking graciously, This gentle knight my knight shall be.

For he hath slain my deadly foe That wrought me only shame; Fearless he fought the fiends below And gained a glorious name, Doing and daring doughtily, And he my knight of knights shall be.

And on his mouth my kiss shall rest When that good day shall come That we are wed. I love him best And he will lead me home.

O good Sir Patience come for me, For none but thou my knight shall be. —Hetta L. H. Ward, in Independent.

POOR ROBBER!

BY OCTAVE THANET.

Harry always wants his aunt Alice to tell him a "truly true story." So one night she told him this "truly true story." "So many years ago that grandma's grandma couldn't remember it, when people were still writing sixteen at the right of their figures for the year and all the big men wore short trousers like little boys, with swords dangling about their legs; and there were no railways, no telegraph wires, no steam engines, and carriages were so heavy and clumsy that people were carried about the streets in covered chairs by men, and forks were only used by rich people, and watches could be burned alive—long, long ago, two hundred years ago, there was a Scottish knight who had a brave daughter. The knight's name was Sir John Cochrane, and the girl's name was Griselda, but he always called her Grizy. Grizy was the best and most doting rider in all the country.

"Now, at this time the King was a cruel man, and to escape his vengeance Sir John had fled across the seas. Foolishly he came back, with the Earl of Argyle, and they tried to make the Duke of Monmouth King instead of James. That is how it came to pass that one morning Grizy looked through the funny little panes of window glass in a Highland castle and saw the stone courtyard below swarming with armed men, all in their Highland kilts."

"Why, did big men wear kilts, then?" said Harry. "Yes, dear," said his aunt, "but not quite like your kilts; they were shorter and made out of plaided wool, and their stockings (which they called 'trews') were plaided also."

"Oh, I know," said Harry, "Willy Grant has his Highland clothes; and he has a white skin purse and a dagger, not a real dagger, but a make-believe dagger."

"But the Highlanders had real daggers—dinks they called them—stuck in their belts. And they carried huge swords which they called claymores, and a round shield which they called a buckler."

"Didn't they carry any guns?" asked Harry eagerly. "I should think the other soldiers would shoot them all dead before they could get up to cat with their swords."

"Oh, yes, they carried guns," said aunt Alice, laughing, "but they always threw their guns away."

"Then what was the good of them?" said shrewd little Harry. "Oh, I dare say they got them again, after the battle. You see this was the way the Highlanders fought—they fired off their guns, with more noise than hurt, most likely, then they yelled 'Claymore!' and charged like a herd of wild bulls. And so frightful was this mass of furious men with their swords, and so difficult was it, in those days, with their lumbering, awkward guns, to fix the bayonet in time to fight, that often the Lowland infantry were panic-stricken and fled, pell mell!"

grants in your fairy tales, and my story is not about them, but about poor Grizy Cochrane, who has just heard that her father is in the strong Edinburgh prison condemned to die.

"She thought of all the friends that her father had. Some of them could not help him, because they, like him, were rebels, and in hiding to keep their own heads on their shoulders. But there was Lord Dundonald, her grandfather. He had not joined the insurgents. Perhaps (for the cruel King loved money) by paying a great bribe they might win her father's life. Therefore, fast, fast are thundering the horse's hoofs along the rocky road to London and Lord Dundonald! And faster, faster thunder the horse's hoofs along the road to Edinburgh and Sir John in prison. It is Grizy's trustiest retainer rides to London with a letter that Grizy has cried over, in his bosom. But it is Grizy herself flies through the night to her father!

"A kind man who loved the Cochrane has written a ballad about Grizy. The ballad says I only change the words that you will understand: "She kissed her father's tangled locks, Unkempt for many a day, And she said: 'To save my father's life I labors in a way."

Giv'e me thy love, that I fortune prove! Quoth Cochrane's bonny daughter." "But Sir John, while it made him happy to see Grizy, would not believe that she could help him. He told her that Lord Dundonald had knelt down before the King and asked his son's life in vain.

"Truly enough of this King did one of his courtiers say to a poor suppliant, while he touched the marble mantel: 'This marble is not harder than the King!'" "Nevertheless Grizy felt sure that if Lord Dundonald could raise the money he could bribe some of the King's Council."

"But, dearie," said her old nurse, who had come after her, bounding her poor old bones on the gentlest horse she could find, for you must know there was no such thing as a carriage in that part of the Highlands then, 'dearie, the warrant's out."

"What's a warrant?" said Harry. His aunt explained: "A warrant is the order that the King writes to have any one put to death. Until the warrant comes the Sheriff has no right to execute a prisoner."

"Well, Grizy's nurse cried that they had word from a sure hand that the King had signed the warrant, and all would be coming by the London mail, reaching Edinburgh the very next day. No sooner should the warrant come than the prisoner must die! So the poor nurse threw her apron over the gray head and wept; for Sir John was a kind master."

"Hist, nurse!" said Grizy, "hist! there's no time for greeting—that is the Scotch for crying—ye manna get me your short lad's claithe. And mind ye let nae soul on earth ken I'm in the house mourning like to de."

"The nurse was made to understand somehow what Grizy wanted. And very soon she came out again, mounted her horse, and all alone, rode across the long bridge of the Tweed."

"She galloped over the moor to a clump of trees. A pretty girl of sixteen went into the shade of the larches, but what do you think? A handsome, black haired boy came out!"

"It was only her dressed up!" said Harry. "Yes, it was only she, dressed up—in the clothes of her old nurse's short son. 'She dressed herself in laddie's claithe,' says the ballad. Now she rides boldly into Bedford town, to the tavern door."

"Presently, as she expects, the post clatters up with the London mail. Can't you see poor Grizy staring at the great leather bag that hold's her father's life? But she didn't let any one see that she was frightened. Oh, no; she laughed and told stories and made so much fun at the inn supper table that the post, very full of wine by this time (for every time his cup was half empty Grizy slyly filled it), roared out: 'Blaw my pipes, ye're the crack of the wall, and the best among the hail!'"

hand on his throat and a cold rim of steel above his eyebrow. "I'll not take thy life," said a voice in his ear, "but give me the London news."

"He gave up the bag and the warrant, glad to escape thus easily. "Doing him no more harm than depriving him of the pistol, Grizy pocketed the warrant."

"And away she flew! With the speed and the strength of the wild curlew. "Well, this time the poor, gentle robber did not rob in vain. The historians have it that Lord Dundonald ransomed his son's life for £5000; but it is pleasant to believe, with the ballad maker, that, hearing of Grizy's desperate deed, the King showed compassion."

"Love will make a frow grow kind, Love will bring blossom where bud is naught, Love bath softened a kindly mind; Grizy hath mercy to councillors taught. Her friends at court have reprieved the life Of Grizy's banished father."

Aunt Alice said nothing more for Harry was looking sleepy. "She said: 'She was pretty brave, wasn't she? But I'm glad I didn't live in those times, aren't you, aunty?'" "Yes," said aunty.—New York Telegram.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Dyspepsia is the oldest malady known to mankind. The earliest date on which Easter can fall is March 22. Queen Anne's war ended with the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. A New York dealer advertises that he will pay cash for old teeth. The first sewing machine was patented in England in the year 1700. The population of Texas, according to the eleventh census, is 2,235,533.

Somebody has computed that if thirty two million people should clasp hands they could reach round the earth. Glucose is produced in the United States at the rate of 1,000,000 pounds per day, principally in Western States. The Emir of Bokhara has sent to the Czar of Russia a present of eight milk-white asses of the purest Central Asia breed.

Street cleaning experiments in New York City show marked advantages of the "block" system over the machine system. Just above Vienna, on the Danube, is the convent and school of Melk, which has just celebrated its one thousandth anniversary. High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

Previous to the time of Elizabeth the only article to assist in eating was the jackknife, which also served for sundry other purposes. The largest gold coin in circulation in the world is said to be the loof of Anam, the French colony in Eastern Asia. It is worth about \$325. The consumption of poultry and eggs in this country is greater in amount than the wheat or cotton crop. It is about \$560,000,000 worth per annum.

A resident of Tampa, Fla., has a natural curiosity in the form of a pair of deer horns with a clearly defined hound's head on the tip of one of them, formed in a manner that makes it impossible that it should be a work of art. There has been a decrease during the past year in the numbers of students attending the German universities, especially in the departments of philosophy and natural science. It is the first annual decrease since 1872.

D. D. Martin, of Dublin, Cal., made quite a raid on the squirrels after a recent storm. He prepared five gallons of poisoned barley and scattered it near the squirrel holes on forty-six acres of land, and succeeded in killing 4821 "by actual count."

The verses commencing "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., are said to have been written expressly for a prominent New Hampshire statesman who flourished in the first half of this century. He spoke the verses when a mere child at school. One American manufacturer ships 1000 lumber wagons to South America every year, and yet the natives come into cities like Buenos Ayres with carts of the same style and make as were used 1000 years ago. It takes one yoke of oxen to draw even an empty cart, but the people don't care to experiment.

The inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the "Great Air Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon them and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

The Spanish Man-Servant. A Spanish man-servant is, indeed, a curious type. In grand, aristocratic houses, the footmen and flunkies are the same all over the world; but the "majordomo," or butler, is a person to be feared and respected in his black cloth and silver chain. He is very honest if you trust him, and he does his work splendidly. He brushes the silver plate until it shines like the sun at noon time, and he brushes his master's clothes until all the nap is taken off. But it is in minor questions of style or tact that a Spanish man-servant of this class is deficient. He can never be made to stand up straight on his legs; his inevitable rule is to assume a lounging gait—to lean upon a table or against a wall, while he condescends to receive your orders. He is, however, so good-natured, and grins so heartily at any remark overheard as he waits at table, that you cannot find it in your heart to get angry with him. He will at times volunteer a reply to a question put by you to a guest; and if no guests are present he has been known to join in the family conversation. He is exceedingly fond of gorgeous neckties and pea-jackets; and if you go the length to bestow a "frac" or dress-coat upon him, he looks so awkward and ungainly when he puts it on that you are fain to regret the general impulse which prompted you to such munificence. You sigh to see him come more in his old clothes. This is a sort of man-servant everybody has in Spain; the poor fellow is badly paid, for he never earns more than thirty or forty "pepetas" a month.—Boston Transcript.

Large silver mines have been found at the Rubin sources in Russia.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SALTING BUTTER.

In salting butter I never weight either the butter or salt, writes a lady correspondent. For an inexperienced person it may be well to know that an ounce of salt to the pound of butter is about the right proportion to be used, but in practice the ounce of salt may be too much or too little, according to the stage in which the salt is applied and the amount of buttermilk that is worked out afterwards. I think there is nothing in butter-making that requires more judgment than salting it to suit the average taste of customers, and for this no fixed rule can be given or followed. Success in this particular must depend wholly on a discriminating taste in the butter-maker himself. Occasionally a person may be found who dislikes salt in butter. I have known cases where such persons would wash the butter in water before eating it. But, with the great majority of people, tastes are not so dissimilar that one cannot hit it pretty well by salting to suit one's own. At least I don't know any better method.—New York World.

Make a strong, warm soap-suds, and plunge the garment into it, soaping it up and down for a length of time proportionate to the dirtiness of the goods. Have ready a second tub of suds, also strong and warm, and soapse it in this for awhile. Rub any and all particularly greasy places—the collar, cuffs, lapels, etc., by using a brush and extra soap-suds into which ammonia has been poured for the purpose. Rinse it through several waters, or until it comes out clear and clean at the last, and, without squeezing or wringing the garment, hang it up to drip on the line.

When it is nearly dry take it in and roll it up for an hour or two before ironing. To press it properly, lay an old cotton cloth upon the garment and press upon this until the wrinkles disappear. If the wrinkles prove obstinate and refuse to "out," wring out a second cotton cloth in warm water and press the iron upon that; this will remove the stubbornest crease.

Great care should be taken to remove the iron before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they will be shiny again. If, by any unfortunate tardiness in removing the iron, some shiny place should show, treat it as you did the wrinkles—place a warm, wet cloth over it, press again with the iron, removing it quickly to allow the cloud of steam that follows in its fiery wake to lift the flattened nap up with it.

Cloth should always have a ends made especially for it, as that in which white cotton or woolen goods have been washed is usually full of lint, which will cling so pertinaciously to black cloth garments that all the cleansing process seems to have done them no good.—Detroit Free Press.

ENTREES OF MUTTON.

Mutton and lamb chops form very elegant side dishes for luncheons and dinners, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, and may be prepared in a variety of ways. Mutton Cutlets a la Russe—Cut as many cutlets as will be required, trim and scrape the bones; braise for one hour in a moderate oven till the meat is tender; take up, lay on large dish, cover with another and press until cold. Boil a quart of soup stock until it jellies, dip each chop in it two or three times, until well covered; cut slices of aspic jelly in pretty shapes; chop the scraps, put in a dish, lay the cutlets on it, form a border of fancy cut aspic; pile Russian salad in the center and serve very cold.

Lamb Cutlets with Cucumbers—Trim and cut six lamb cutlets, flatten them, flour and fry them in butter five minutes; arrange in a dish, fill the center with sliced cucumbers and pour brown sauce around it. Mutton Cutlets a la Duchesse—Prepare as many as required; stew them in slowly until tender; herb them very thick, strain it, put in a sauce-pan, and boil until reduced to a glaze, dip each cutlet in it and lay aside; have ready a good white sauce, stir in the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, set on the stove and heat, but do not boil; chop a tea-

spoonful of parsley; parboil and fine three small onions; pound smooth half a dozen mushrooms, stir all into the thick sauce, with a little salt and pepper; roll each cutlet in this sauce; lay on a dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter; bake until brown. Serve with sauce around it. Lamb Cutlets with Mushrooms—Trim and prepare as in the foregoing recipe, fill the center with mushrooms, arrange the cutlets around, and pour over mushrooms. Bread Chops—Trim and broil chops ten minutes, turning them often; take from the broiler, wash with melted butter, season with salt and pepper; let stand ten minutes. Then dip them in beaten eggs, roll in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard. Fill the bottom of a meat dish with tomato sauce, cover the end of the bones with paper, quilling, and arrange the chops nicely in the sauce and garnish with parsley. Serve very hot.

Mutton on Papillote—Put a tablespoonful of butter in a fryingpan, let heat. Trim and prepare half a dozen cutlets, put in and brown on both sides. Take up, season with pepper and salt. Add a tablespoonful of butter to the saucepan, let heat, put in a sliced onion with half a pound of sausage meat; stir over the fire for ten minutes. When done take from the fire, add the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cut six pieces of white paper in shape large enough to hold one cutlet each. Put a tablespoonful of the mixture on one side of the paper, lay a cutlet on top, then another spoonful of the mixture on it; fold the other half of the paper over all. Set in a hot oven fifteen minutes. Serve in the proper cases with Bechamel sauce.

A Muskrat Trap. Jim Candee, an old Lyme trapper, has caught an unprecedented number of muskrats this year. He sinks a half barrel near the runs of the rats to the level of the ground, half fills it with water, and then on floating pieces of boards in the tub places some pieces of carrots. When the muskrat jumps in after the bait he can't get out, and he leaves the trap set for another victim. Mr. Candee has caught as many as six rats in a single barrel in one night.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Deside my path a slender tree Drooped 'neath a winding-choot of snow, Its fettered arms appealed to me, I shook it free, and bade it grow; Next spring it bore my fruitage rare, Repaying many fold my care.

Beside my path a fellow-man Lay prone upon the frozen heath, Wretched his raiment, pale and wan His features with the hue of death; I held my hand to him, and lo! He scowled, and cursed, and bade me go. "Alas!" I sadly thought, as there I left him to pursue my way, "Have trees more gratitude than men?" I heard a voice within me say: "Patience, 'twas heaven gave thee the tree The fruitage that rewarded thee." —W. B. Seabrook, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always on time—His forelock. Early to bed and early to rise makes little boys very tired.—Life. "What has been the greatest mistake of your life?" "Making so many."—Puck. "Do you play by note?" "No," replied the violin virtuoso; "I play for cash."—Puck. Money is the root of all evil, but the need of money is the evil itself.—Binghamham Leader. Never judge a man's mind by the length of time it takes him to make it up.—Boston Traveller. The world never sits down twice on a man who has any point about him.—Milwaukee Sentinel. If you wish to be entertaining just forget yourself long enough to talk to somebody about himself.—Dallas News. Friend—"Is the play a go?" Budding Dramatist (sadly)—"Yes, but I had hoped it would be a stay."—American Croaker. Ah, you do not know the anguish of being cut by your best friend till you begin to shaver yourself.—Elmira Gazette. Humor, a kindly little bug. Makes laughter sweet as honey; While Wit is like a wasp, for he Stings when he'd fain be funny. The average man would sooner pay dues at a gymnasium than saw his own wood for exercise.—New Orleans Picayune. "What was that noise I heard in the parlor last night, Maria?" "It was William breaking his engagement."—Boston Gazette. "Medicine," said a little girl to her playmate, "is something that makes you be careful not to catch cold again."—Washington Post. Passenger—"Which of the fool questions you hear every day tires you the most?" Conductor—"That one."—Indianapolis Journal. Upon Downes—"Say, old man, lend me a five until pay-day." Rowde de Bout—"Which—your pay-day, or the day you'll pay me?"—Puck. The oyster leads a calm and placid life. While he lives he is never known to get "hot." It's only after he dies that he gets in a "stew."—Epock. Professor—"Didn't I see you coming out of a saloon?" "Ninety-four." "Well, sir, you wouldn't have me stay in one, would you?"—Yale Record. Little Susie—"We have had a great awakening in our church." Little Ethel—"Why, in our church they never go to sleep."—Chicago Times. "All's fair in love," that is my creed; Who doubts it is a churl? All's fair in love, ah, yes, indeed!—Especially the girl. —Puck. "Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied we Robbie, solemnly; "I'm all the children we've got."—Bostonian. "And I suppose, like a brave soldier, you followed your colors." "Yes, whenever there was a battle I noticed that the colors were flying, so I flew, too."—Buffalo Express. "Why won't you take Flickeles as partner?" "My dear fellow, Flickeles was engaged to my wife before I married her. And would you have me take for partner a man who is cleverer than I?"—Fleegende Blatter. The Little Trader: Moritz received from his teacher a box on the ear, but undeservedly, for it was his neighbor who had been out of order. "Now, teacher," he said, "you see that it was not my fault. Don't forget to credit me with that box on the ear, will you?"—Fleegende Blatter. Dejected Tramp—"Yes'm, I've had a sad history. I've traveled this country for years and years, homeless and hopeless, in search of something I fear it would break my heart to find." Kind-hearted Lady—"And what is that, my poor man?" Dejected Tramp—"Work, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune. Private audiences will be no longer granted to private persons by Pope Leo XIII.

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