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THE EVENING WORLD'S

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Average Circulation

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Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

The machine did not break at Albany.

Sometimes King Caucus goes a bit further and becomes a Czar.

The thermometers seem to have been seized with a sinking spell.

Those French Ministries must occasionally wonder what they were begun for.

Death, in removing Gen. BEN BUTLER, has snatched an unique figure from the midst of America's busy life.

Those rampant Chicago highwaymen must have run away with the World's Fair space in which Eastern world be exhibitors had hoped to share.

Now it is a St. Louis man who thinks he has invented an airship that can be steered. It is too probable that he has only furnished another air bubble to be pricked on a practical test.

After yesterday's hearing, that House Committee at Washington ought to be fully convinced that the first good sense of the country calls for the opening of the World's Fair gates on Sunday.

A gorgeous affair, the royal wedding of yesterday at Sigmaringen. The world will wish all happiness to the bride and groom, but would wish just as much if there were no titles of Prince and Princess about.

"Street cleaning at a standstill. Loaded scows frozen in at the dumps." Same old moral: Burn all the city's refuse that will burn, and provide a modern and civilized way of disposing of the rest.

"The result of the [Reading] combination has been a disappointment to the Central Railroad of New Jersey." But not to the people. They expected it to mark a period of monopolistic extortion and grabbery. And it has done so.

It is bound to be still a "bleeding Kansas." Two Houses and two Speakers are inflicted upon the disturbed commonwealth. And that when it not infrequently happens that even one united Legislature can be too much for the good of a State.

The fact that the National Quarantine bill was passed by the Senate without a division, shows not only that the importance of such legislation is fully realized in Congress, but that the measure in hand was considered a wise and safe one by the men of all parties.

THE DE LESSEPS TESTIMONY.

CHARLES DE LESSEPS, in his examination before the French tribunal yesterday, declared that only when the knife was put to his throat did he pay out money for bribery, and added, "I was like a man giving up his watch to a highwayman."

The witness admitted that twelve million francs were placed at the disposal of the American Committee, and expressed the opinion that the American assistance given to the canal project would have warranted the expenditure of a still larger amount.

The bringing home of a direct bribe of 275,000 francs to M. BAIHAUT, the ex-Minister of Public Works, caused much sensation as being an implication of President CARNOT.

The Panama scandal is decidedly growing in interest.

HOW TO PROVE IT.

Vice-President WILLIAMS, of the New Jersey Central Railroad, gives assurances to THE EVENING WORLD that the explosion of the coal combine is a veritable "burst up" and that the Central is "out of it."

The Company has applied to the Chancellor of New Jersey for permission to prove that it has withdrawn from the combination. This application is a sort of admission that the people have a right to doubt that the breaking up of the combine is genuine and to regard the story as a "fake," designed to ward off the hostile action threatened from so many quarters.

The New Jersey Central Railroad can best prove the bona fide character of the reported rupture by helping to restore the price of coal to an honest and fair amount, so that the robbery of the people for the enrichment of the coal barons may not continue. It is certainly a little remarkable that the disruption of the unholy combine should have been the signal for advancing the retail price of coal another twenty-five cents a ton.

THEY DEMUR.

The indicted Brooklyn officials were arraigned in the Court of Sessions yesterday to plead to the charges made against them. There was an array of counsel in court to represent the accused, and, as usual, a motion was made to dismiss the indictment on some technical ground. It was, of course, denied, and the defendants were notified to appear in court next Friday.

In all such cases the first movement is an indignant demand that the indictments be quashed on the ground of some great wrong inflicted on the accused in the proceedings. The trials go on nevertheless as it is to be hoped these Brooklyn trials will go on.

The indicted officials all declare that they are not afraid. Neither was the Tweed ring afraid in 1873, nor our own boodle Aldermen in 1884. But they ran away to escape State prison nevertheless.

If the Brooklyn officials are not afraid why do they not advise their counsel to let their cases go to trial, and why are so many of them sick?

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

The injustice and mischief of turning the Police Courts into Inquisition Chambers and holding secret investigations with locked doors, swearing witnesses to silence and bullying court officers for daring to talk with newspaper reporters, is shown by the ridiculous termination of the recent performance in Justice TAINTOR'S Court.

For three or four days the Police Judge, Dr. PARKHURST and an agent of the Parkhurst Society have been enacting a sort of semi-judicial opera bouffe in a back room of the court. There has been an atmosphere of mystification in and around the Fifty-seventh Street Court-House. Officers and attendants have been moving about stealthily and holding conversations under their breath. Mysterious witnesses have been smuggled into the Star Chamber by the Parkhurst agent. Rumors have been rife of some startling development about to be made.

It now turns out that the inquisition was all about the remarkable disappearance of some lad who at one time worked for Coroner MESSEMER. The sharp newspaper reporters had found out, before the announcement was made, that Dr. MESSEMER was in some manner involved in the secret investigation, and the report was naturally both annoying and injurious to the Coroner. When Judge TAINTOR "regrets" the impression prevailed that the Coroner was suspected of some offense. But did he not know that the opera-bouffe performance was exactly calculated to produce such a suspicion?

The Judge now says he has thoroughly investigated the story of the alleged disappearance of the boy, and adds, "I am satisfied there is nothing in it." Piff! paff, pouf!

THE V-SHAPED VAUDEVILLE.

New York swelldom has taken up the chase after vulgar lager beer trimmed with tobacco smoke and made momentous and soulful by the hoarse ha-ha that follows the side-splitting variety gag.

Beer always seems to go better if it has the benediction of a high kick or is garlanded with an old joke. And it is probably for this reason that our best people are going to give themselves up to the vaudeville and will grace with all their decollete splendor the round tables of the concert hall opened last night in the Metropolitan Opera-House.

The merriment will have a midnight flavor, too, which will make it risky and reckless, and there will be a dash of the bonbon to it that will send a thrill of the ripsnortingest bravado through the blase zaverest chappie in the Demonico set.

Society can now make a night of it without resorting to thick veils and curtained boxes. The ladies of the carefully selected lie can go into ecstasies over the unfrizzled fun of "the rolling-mill man," and they can laugh to their corset's content over the where-have-you-been-for-a-week-back-? - I've-been-to-the-doctors-for-a-weak-back witticism of the cyclone comedian of the burnt-cork arena.

Perhaps society will learn something at the vaudeville fount, and introduce its laugh-rending methods into their homes and lives. It may be that Mrs. De Peyster Kerosene will, before long, be kicking the curls off the cherubs on her frescoed ceiling, and Miss Persiflage McWallstreet will emulate the Oyster-stew Sisters in singing:

"On Fift' Av'noo! Fift' Av'noo!
They took off my shoes
And they filled them with boozy
On Fift' Av'noo! Fift' Av'noo!
And I'll never go there any more!"

From the reports of yesterday's fire in Boston: "The overhead wires in the vicinity were a great danger. The car traffic had to be suspended. The number of wires which run past the Hecht Brothers' front on Atlantic avenue was more than 100. Every time a wire broke there was a display of electric fire. While the flames were jumping highest a fireman fell, struck by a live wire on the forehead." New York had the sense and energy to abolish the overhead wire nuisance in its busiest streets. Boston should not need another warning that it is time for her to do likewise.

It was a touching and beautiful spectacle which was presented in the National House of Representatives yesterday when Messrs. COCKRAN and REED were seen arguing on the same side of a question. The ex-Czar has not for a long time come so near being on the right side of the House.

Those twenty-five young women who were graduated last evening from Bellevue Training School for Nurses have been prepared for a very tender and very womanly mission. Courage and strength and success to all of them!

The fact that the people did nothing rash, despite all yesterday's excitement in the French capital, tells better than anything else could tell how different is the Paris of to-day to that of the last revolution.

Senator KENNA has died of heart disease, but those who were his intimate friends in the upper Chamber at Washington know that he was a man whose heart was in the right place.

A new process of making whiskey is expected to lessen the expense so much as to revolutionize the business. There is nothing strange in this. Cheap whiskey always did have a tendency to overturn things.

It is a little singular that a fellow should have been able to persist for a whole month in annoying and insulting women at a given point in this city and still to have escaped an awakened and vigilant police.

New York and Brooklyn pretty nearly freeze to each other about this time.

SPICED SCISSORINGS.

Where Bacteria Need Apply.
[From the Minneapolis Journal.]

Bank notes long in circulation are full of bacteria. We are salting down all the bacteria we can get our duckaws on. Please pay up those little bills. Legacies invited. Special attention given to bills of large denomination.

The Penalty for Murder.
[From the Syracuse News.]

Whatever may be said in favor or against the abolition of the death penalty, we do not believe that the time is ripe for the change. * * * Until the murderer begins to hold some regard for the sufferings of his victim, the public need not fall into paroxysms of spasmodic grief for the wicked wretch who in his barred room is more often petted and lionized than pitied.

A Reasonable "Why Not?"
[From the Kansas City Star.]

Why cannot the law against obtaining money under false pretenses be invoked against Congressmen who are drawing salaries for attending to public duties and are conspicuously elsewhere?

Gossip's Unceasing Tongue.
[From the Boston Herald.]

Maurice Bernhardt is about to fight his fifth duel in defense of the honor of his distinguished mother. And still folks will talk.

Education and Education.
[From the Rochester Democrat.]

Our system of education has become too highly organized and mechanical. The inventive spirit of the American has turned it into a machine, which turns out inferior work. The schoolmaster of forty years ago, ruling over fifty pupils in one room, educated, for his sole aim was to educate instead of preparing the youth to pass a certain examination.

To Complete a Good Job.
[From the Rochester Post.]

After the wires are buried it would not be a bad idea to plant a few of the wire-pullers.

CLEARING SALE OF

EVENING GLOVES!

We have a surplus of certain Evening Colors in fine quality—Bon Marche Undressed Kid Gloves, in 16 and 20 button lengths, which we will close out TO-MORROW, (Thursday) at .... $1.50 per pair

The usual prices of these goods are $3.00 and $3.50

Richards

70 West 23d St.

Prominent Physicians assure

CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.

that in numerous cases patients have been able to take and retain their

"Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Pepsin and Quinine,"

although utterly unable to take any other Emulsion or plain Cod Liver Oil.

Caswell, Massey & Co.'s Emulsion is far the most nourishing and strengthening.

Sold by all Druggists.
1121 Broadway, 578 5th ave., and Newport.

THE CLEANER.

The Cleaner confesses that he is something of a hero worshipper and that his reverence for his idols is a tender spot in his make-up. Therefore it is that he felt a shock when he read in a morning paper the prosaic nineteenth century, dry-as-dust business item saying that "a three-year mortgage for $50,000, executed by Margaret Vance to Edwin Booth, has been entered at the Register's office." A shock that might be paralleled should he hear Booth speak in commonplace of "Mister Shakespeare."

* * *

Booth is in that retirement which lends so much pathetic glamour to old age. It is satisfying to the hero worshipper to know that his hero is in such comfortable circumstances that his old age, the eventide of his life, may be passed so beautifully. To know that the deepening shadows are attended by the glowing fires of prosperity. Booth does not go out except for an occasional ride. He keeps early hours, and no sacrilegious one is permitted to disturb him after he retires.

* * *

After scolding the office boy repeatedly for not keeping the windows closed, so as to prevent the entrance of a frequently visiting cat, Editor John J. Leidy and City Editor William J. McConnell, of the Newark *Journal*, by urgent request of the much abused office boy, who indignantly denied the charge, took turns watching for an explanation of the appearance of the cat in a closed room. To McConnell belongs the credit of the discovery. He says the cat leaped several feet from a low roof and clutched the bottom rail of the upper sash. Her weight lowered the upper sash, and by the exercise of the muscles of her fore legs she leaped to the opening thus made at the top of the sash and thence leaped to a case in the composing-room.

* * *

The Cleaner extends his compliments to Mr. James Allison, late of Cincinnati and presently of Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing, for the promptness displayed by him in seeing the point when on trying to sell at the box-office last night one of a pair of Broadway Theatre tickets, stolen with Mr. M. F. Bacon's overcoat at the Hotel Metropole earlier in the evening, he was confronted by Detective Sergt. Valley, of Headquarters. Mr. Allison is tough, even for a Cincinnatian, and he remarked with charming quickness of repartee: "You've got me straight, neighbor. I stole de coat an' I've got it on under me sealskin ulster now." Mr. Allison, it is understood, will be the guest of the State for a period to be determined in General Sessions Court.

* * *

I don't think there could be anything funnier than the purchase, for $250, by Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Turkey, historian, litterateur, connoisseur in art and an enthusiastic collector of antiques and bric-a-brac, of a "genuine, original china comport that had once been a part of the famous china set given to Martha Washington by Marquis de Lafayette and his officers," and the discovery after he had proudly displayed the prize for a month in a satin-lined case that it was in reality one of thousands of china dishes designed by George Warrin after the originals in 1876 and manufactured and sold as Centennial souvenirs by Mr. Straus's own brothers, Nathan and Isidor, who constitute the firm of R. H. Macy & Co. They sold the comports at $1.47 each.

* * *

"More power to the arm and foot of Capt. John H. McCullagh," when he catches the cowardly slink who insults women who descend into the Fourth avenue tunnel to catch a car. The fellow has been annoying women for two months. He does not confine himself to one station, nor to any special hours of the day or night. He has accosted women insultingly on the stairs of other stations, sometimes at night, again in the afternoon, and once or twice in the forenoon. Those who have been annoyed should go to-day and report their case, and describe the mad as best they can to Capt. McCullagh, at the East Thirty-fifth street station, near Third avenue.

MRS. FLORENCE WEDS.

Widow of the Once Famous Actor Is Now Mrs. Coveney.

The announcement this morning of the marriage of Mrs. Annie Teresa Florence, widow of "Billy" Florence, the actor, to Howard Coveney, was the chief topic of conversation among the profession to-day.

No previous intimation of the marriage was given by either of the contracting parties, except to a very limited circle of friends.

The ceremony took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride, 160 Fifth avenue. The Rev. John J. Morris, of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Washington place and Sixth avenue, officiated.

Among those present at the ceremony were Mrs. Browne, Miss Georgie A. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wheatcroft and Miss Adelaide Stanhope.

A dinner party at the Savoy followed and the couple left to-day for a wedding trip through the South.

Mr. Coveney is an Englishman and besides being an actor of some note in England is the author of several plays, which have been presented successfully in London. He came to this country in 1885.

Mrs. Florence was Mrs. Annie Pray when she married W. J. Florence in 1853. She was a dancer and her stage name was Mlle. Malvina. She was then a widow, with a daughter. She has not appeared on the stage since she played Mrs. Gen. Gilfnoy in "The Mighty Dollar."

Mr. Florence left her the bulk of his estate.

CRUSTS AND SCALES

Hair and Eyebrows Fell Off. Doctor and Many Remedies No Benefit. Entirely Cured and Hair Restored by Cuticura.

My wife has been troubled for years with dry crusts and scales on her head and eyebrows. After seeming to lie dormant for years in her system, it broke out over a year ago in all its fury. Her hair came out in big patches, her eyebrows all fell off, and she presented a pitiable condition. We tried almost everything, but she continued to get worse. Then we tried some of our best physicians, but all to no purpose. Finally his wife heard that the CUTICURA REMEDIES would cure her. After she had used nine boxes of CUTICURA, and about a dozen cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and four bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, she was cured entirely. Her hair came in again, and to-day she has as fine a head of black curly hair and as smooth skin as any lady in Allentown. Her eyebrows are heavier than they ever were, her scalp is free from dandruff, and her health is excellent. Now for the benefit of those suffering with same disease, or to those who may doubt the truthfulness of this statement, write me, inclosing a stamp, and I will cheerfully answer. I am sure that the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured my wife, for she used nothing else during the four or five months she used them. FREEMAN STOEKER, 225 Court Street, Allentown, Pa.

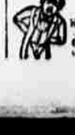
Cuticura Resolvent.

the new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and blemish of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and testimonials, mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS, Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

To Sit Down Gracefully.

One cannot give directions for sitting down. The motion should be easy, graceful and gentle. One should melt into the chair and simply be there with no apparent effort, one should make a picture of oneself and yet seem quite unconscious of it. The figure should present only curves gracefully and lightly composed. There should be not only restfulness in the pose, but a suggestion of equilibrium, easily brought under control,

and, therefore, no suspicion that the whole thing has been an irrevocable slump. You are merely at rest for the moment. When you wish you will rise as smoothly, as easily, as gracefully as a little while ago you sank into the chair.

Study the pose here given. Note the graceful lines of the dress, the pose of the head, the disposal of the hands. Don't try to copy, but try to realize the trained grace of the woman who could make mere sitting down a lovely symphony like that.

The Season of Charity.

In this sweet season of charity let us look with a lenient eye upon what we may consider the faults of those around and in a spirit of helpfulness try to lift up the fallen and by cheery sympathy and kind words lighten a burden that has, perhaps, descended all too unjustly on the shoulders of a fellow creature.

The Smallest Yet.

Quality rather than quantity was the principle upon which a Washington bride planned her trousseau. The marriage—which could only be classed under the head of runaways—was unoubtedly the subject of much deep thought beforehand, inasmuch as the accessories of toilet to be carried upon the eventful trip were reduced to the minimum. The wedding took place in the Summer, and the conventional travelling-bag was replaced by a white lace parasol. This was carried furled the filmy white flounces serving as a receptacle for the trousseau—a pair of curling tongs and a tooth-brush.

Suet Fruit Pudding.

One cup each of molasses, sweet milk, suet (chopped fine), raisins, one-half cup each of chopped figs and currants, two and one-half cups of flour, with which sift one-half teaspoonful saleratus. Mix well, spice and salt to taste. Steam two hours. Serve hot, with whipped cream, flavored with lemon or rose.

Women Inventors in England.

It is interesting to learn that nearly four hundred applications for patents were made by women in England last year. Among others there were inventions for deadening the noise on railways—oh, that some heaven-inspired inventor would!—for preventing sparks from locomotives and for paper-bag making machinery. One enterprising dame even patented a new form of life-raft. She had presumably suffered shipwreck and knew what was wanted. It is said that the wife of Pere Hyacinthe invented and patented an improved corset, and that crinolines grew out of a patent granted to the Empress Eugenie for her ideas on the subject of dress-improvers.

Fine Bedsteads.

A bed was made in Paris for an Indian Prince, who paid thousands of pounds for it. It was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate-looking fan.

The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion which causes the figures to keep the fans gently in motion—an ingenious luxury in a hot climate.

By touching a spring a large musical box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber.

Another bedstead made of silver is said to have been occupied by the German Emperor during his visit to the Sultan. It had Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold.

What a contrast this presents to the simple iron camp beds affected by Prince Bismarck, Moltke and other renowned leaders.

A Woman's Pilgrimage.

Two hundred women, headed by Mrs. Diaz, wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, recently made a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin of Guadeloupe. Prayers were offered and the pilgrimage made to avert the spread of the cholera.

Tongues With Cabbage.

Use small fresh or salted tongues for this dish; if salted tongues are used they should be soaked over night in cold water; fresh ones should be washed in cold water; when the tongues are ready for boiling place them over the fire in boiling water and boil them slowly about an hour or until they are quite tender, adding a tablespoonful of salt to the water if the tongues are fresh; if they are salt they should be put over the fire in cold water; after the tongues are placed on the fire wash a medium sized cabbage in plenty of cold water and cut it in thin slices; put in a large saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, a saltspoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, and the sliced cabbage; place the saucepan over the fire and cook its contents slowly for half an hour; then add to it a cup of milk thickened with a teaspoonful of flour, and stir the cabbage until the milk boils; then mix in a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and serve the cabbage immediately on a platter with the tongues laid on it.

Chrysanthemums as Food.

Chrysanthemums are becoming as popular as food in Paris as for decorating the house and dinner-table. Besides the chrysanthemum salad, made according to the Japanese recipe, epicures boil the flower and eat it hot like potatoes, or mix the blossoms with truffles and cloves, steam the compound and flavor strongly with pepper.

Dame Fashion's Shoulders.

The necessity which women seem to be under to have something preposterous and deforming in their dress was never better illustrated by anything—not even by crinoline—than it is by this incoming style of dress, which makes women all shoulders; six inches of waist diameter surmounted by a yard of shoulders is not a whit less ridiculous than a little body sucking up out of the summit of a mountain of skirts, and will not be regarded as less ridiculous by the judgment of an impartial posterity. And this we have at a time when people of taste of both sexes were congratulating themselves that women's dress was at last beginning to obey the obvious inspiration of nature and follow, in general way, at least, the lines of the form!

Children Must Sleep.

There is nothing that little folks need so much, or that helps their physical development so largely, as plenty of sleep. Until they are fifteen years old they should have at least ten hours of nature's great restorer. An authority on such matters says that they never should be awakened, but allowed to sleep until of their own accord they are ready to get up. School and household duties, however, make such a course impracticable, but if they are put to bed early enough they will be quite ready to arise without calling at a reasonable hour. Bedtime can be made pleasant by the telling of a story or a few especially loving admonitions and caresses that will make this hour a period to be anticipated rather than dreaded.

Bluing the Wash.

How much bluing should be allowed to a tub of water, and what kind is best? If clothes are too blue, how best to counteract the next time? There are a number of very good bluings in the market. Indigo is, of course, one of the best. After the tub has sufficient water, add, if you use a liquid blue, sufficient to make it a light blue color. Take the softest fabric you have, an old handkerchief for instance, dip in the water, wring it out; if it is not blue enough, add more; if too blue, add more water. Fine fabrics take the blue more quickly than the coarser ones, so always try with a fine piece. If you use a dry blue, dissolve it first, not more than half a teaspoonful in a bowl of soft water, then strain this into the tub. Never, under any consideration, sprinkle dry blue into the tub, or the clothes will be spotted; these spots will after turn into iron-rust marks.

Opera-Glass Case and Evening Bag.

Opera-Glass Case—Firm cardboard shape, adorned with old brocade or embroidered or painted silk, to which is added a crossband in

the same stuff, and a frilled heading drawn with silk twist, tipped with tiny tassels.

Evening Bag—Velvet or silk poplin, enhanced with an ornamental triangle edged with gold gimp. One side of the square heading turns back with a loop in mixed chenille twist to show off the gay lining and the capacious pocket, intended to hold slippers, fan, sweets, handkerchief, comb and brush, and all the little refined items necessary to give the finishing touch to the toilet when visiting or theatre-going.

Didn't Know Real Coffee.

Many persons who talk learnedly about coffee and its making have seldom, if ever, tasted pure coffee. All they know is a more or less strong infusion of chicory, adulterated with a portion of coffee. I heard of a connoisseur the other day who made the lives of his wife and his cook a burden to them by reason of the coffee brought to him in his own house. In spite of the most careful making, and the most absolute purity, his Mocha was never right. At last, in desperation, his wife asked if he ever got his coffee to his taste. "Oh, yes, at the Club. They make it there right enough," was the answer. Driven to her wits' end, the lady consulted with her cook, and finally sent the latter to the Club to learn the "proper way to make coffee." As the absolute purity of the coffee was one of the points insisted on as essential by her master, the cook studied the coffee used in preparing her master's infusion, and her sense of smell speedily taught her that his so-called "pure coffee" was largely mixed with chicory. The chef confirmed her opinion, and she went home. The coffee was made, and for the first time gave perfect satisfaction. She was sent for by her master and congratulated on the change in the preparation, whereupon she answered quietly: "Please, sir, it is not the making I have changed, but the coffee. You require chicory with your coffee, that's all." I believe nothing short of ocular demonstration satisfied her master that it was actually the purity of his home-made coffee that disgusted him.

Potted Cheese Sandwiches.

Pound together half a pound of cheese and five tablespoonfuls of butter, add enough light wine to reduce to a thick paste and spread thinly on split and toasted Boston crackers, dainty slices of bread and butter or crisp, hot toast.

Soup.

Soup making is perhaps as good a test as any that can be applied to discover the capabilities of a cook. Many people entertain an idea that soap interferes with digestion. But Sir Henry Thompson, in his interesting little work on "Food and Feeding," says that "there appears to be no foundation for this belief, and that a clear soup, or the fluid constituents of a puree, disappear almost immediately after entering the stomach, being absorbed by the proper vessels, and in no way interfere with the gastric juice, which is stored in its appropriate cells ready for action. The habit of commencing dinner with soup has without doubt its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form—in fact, ready digested—soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal. In two or three minutes after taking a plate of good, warm consomme, the feeling of exhaustion disappears. Soup introduced at once into the system a small instalment of ready-digested food, and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach in deriving some portion of nutriment from solid aliment, as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties.

The Salic Law of Succession.

At the last meeting of the Academie des Sciences in Paris M. Violiet commenced the reading of an essay which he has written upon the causes which led to females being excluded from succession to the throne of France. According to him, the principle was elaborated in the period of about one hundred and thirty years, comprised between the death of Louis X. and the final triumph of Charles VII., and became a fundamental law of the monarchy when the daughter of Louis X., the daughter of Philippe le Long and the daughters of Charles le Bel were deprived of their father's succession. These precedents established the law on the subject, but it is not generally known that the history of the disputed successions to the French throne commenced by the indirect recognition of female rights.

The Uses of Cranberries.

Jellied Cranberries—Cook one quart of cranberries until they are soft. Add one full pint of sugar and cook until the juice thickens. Wet a dish or mould in cold water and fill it with cranberries. When cold they will turn out nice and firm.

Baked Cranberries—In an earthern dish put four cups of cranberries and cover them with water. Cover the dish and put it in the oven. Bake until the berries are soft, then stir in very carefully two cupfuls of sugar and bake fifteen minutes longer.

Cranberry Pudding—One pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking-powder and a little salt mixed thoroughly together. Add sweet milk to make a soft batter. Stir in one cupful of coarsely chopped cranberries. Steam one and one-half or two hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Cranberry Pie—One pint of chopped cranberries, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of water, one tablespoonful of flour. This is sufficient for two pies. Bake with two crusts.

Prize Cranberry Pie—One one-half cups of cranberries and one-half cup of raisins chopped (chop both the cranberries and raisins), one cup of sugar. Sprinkle a little flour on the berries before putting on the top crust. This pie will need to bake one-half hour, certainly. I always test my pies with a knitting needle before taking them from the oven. This pie is often thought to be cherry pie.

M. Renan's Sister.

Mlle. Renan, the cherished sister of the author of "The Life of Jesus," was a woman of high character and much force. She was twelve years older than Ernest. Upon her father's death the family was left not only without means of support, but embarrassed with debt. Mlle. Renan went to teaching, therefore, and contributed to the family purse besides supporting herself, and for twenty-five years kept sending money also to be applied on her father's debts.

An Excellent Fashion.

The fashion which permits a bodice quite distinct in color and material from the skirt with which it is worn, is not only an excellent fashion in which to make use of "short length" patterns, and therefore economical, but also very often quite picturesque and artistic. A black lace skirt worn at a small dinner this week, was ever so much more dressy and becoming because its full bodice and lisbop sleeves were not of the dull lace, but made of rose-colored silk with a full, soft crush belt of the same.

Canada's Gaily "Jailoresse."

The positions which Canadian ladies are incapable of filling remain to be discovered. In Walkertown the office of jailer is being ably filled by Miss Roether. The lady has the distinction of being the only "jailoress" in Ontario, and the Inspector of Jails and Prisons has given a very favorable report of the Bruce County Jail as it is under her superintendence.

A Curious Sisterhood.

It is reported that a number of young women have banded themselves together as protectors of the opposite sex. They have organized for the purpose of darning the stockings of bachelors. The report does not say whether each young dame selects the particular bachelor whose stockings she elects to darn. It seems a pity we should be left in the dark upon this very important point. The number of members is limited to thirty (deponent saith not whether this same figure limits their age), and as no new member can be added until one has been dropped out there is a long list of applicants waiting to be taken in turn. Only unmarried women are eligible to membership.

The Virgina Bertha.

This modish neck arrangement suggests the use of some of that rich lace that may possibly be an heirloom in your family. It is gathered to a point at the back, made quite full on the shoulders and ends in a narrow joining in front. A ruffle could be employed very effectively without cutting.

He Lost His Dollar.

There is a very mean girl at Owensboro, Ky. She bet a kiss against a dollar with a young man that Harrison would be elected. The young man put his dollar into the hands of a homely old maid to hold until after the election and when he went around to collect the mean girl told him she had delivered the kiss to the stakeholder, who would cheerfully pay it on demand.

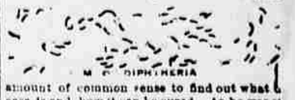
MICROBES

THE CAUSE OF ALL DISEAS

Nature creates and destroys. The destru process is fermentation. The cause of ferme is microbe or fungi. Fermentation not take place without air, heat and moist for the microbes are living organisms. T one living creature feeds on another li creature, and the one that is fed upon gr sick, ferments and dies. No sickness can c

on without microbes. If there were no ferme tation there could be no sickness; life wo continue indefinitely; suffering brought ab by ill health would cease, and the proces nature would stagnate. To this law man no exception, and in it is the secret of "Cause of All Diseases."

The writer, who, like other people, has b gifted by his Creator with a pair of eyes to how everything ferments, with a nose to sm it and with brain to think what that ferme tion is, used those organs with the pro

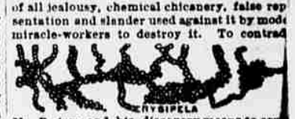


amount of common sense to find out what d ease is and how it can be cured. As he was s himself for nearly seventeen years, suffer from malarial fever, rheumatism and consum tion, as diagnosed by his best doctors, and af he had swallowed an endless amount of th so-called "scientific medicine or honors medicine" till he could not stand up (his c children were drugged to the graveyard befor finally commenced to think—before he l this to the doctors, like other people do to-d

His sickness forced him either to find an an septic that would kill the microbes in his bo add get cured, or continue to swallow micr food prescribed by his doctors, and die. Do books were bought, studied and laid aside, cause they told nothing about the "Cause Cure of Diseases." Failing to find the des information in doctor books, he again stu the great book of nature, which is the only b written by our Creator and whence all great writers come. This book never errs nor con dicts itself, and the result brought f RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER, that cures

and animal from all diseases by purifying blood from the microbe, and fermentati ceases.

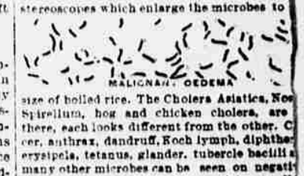
Hundreds of thousands of people h already testified that RADAM'S MICRO KILLER saved their lives. Every one is a wa ing advertisement. Koch's Lymph, Life Eli and other scientific illusions once widely adve tised are gone; RADAM'S MICROBE KILL is still here, and it will be here forever, in sp of all jealousy, chemical chicanery, false rep sentation and slander used against it by mod miracle-workers to destroy it. To contrad



Mr. Radam and his discovery means to co dict nature.

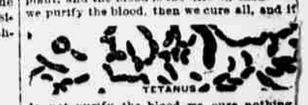
If a person is unable to study nature, b willing to learn all about diseases and how can be cured, he should go and see Mr. Rad who is able to show what he can see, feel, h and smell, and not listen any longer to the ful, mysterious, unnatural, incomprehensi fantastic, theoretical illusions of mod miracle workers. The days of myth and m cles are gone. It is hard work to make blind see, but it is still harder to make those

who don't want to see. If the reader will the MICROBE KILLER OFFICE, 1 Broadway, he can see something w to come even from Europe. He will be disappointed like the Yankee doctor Berlin two years ago. Doctors from Eu who called at No. 1288 Broadway expre great admiration and surprise to see alo every kind of disease germ or microbe ph graphed and magnified to such a size that ev faith doctors can see them. Mr. Radam over 120 distinct micro-photographs in office. The negatives themselves are placed stereoscopes which enlarge the microbes to



size of boiled rice. The Cholera Asiatica, No Spirillum, hog and chicken cholera, are there, each looks different from the other. C cer, anthrax, dandruff, Koch lymph, diphthe erysipela, tetanus, glander, tubercle bacilli a many other microbes can be seen on negati or transparencies. He has a picture gall of microbes that cannot be duplicated by other man. But the most interesting dem tration Mr. Radam makes to visitors is to them see their own microbes in their o blood under one of his powerful microscop

This is very instructive, and it shows what i the blood. Blood taken from a healthy per scarcely shows any microbe, except some ge or seed here and there, whereas blood fro sick person always shows clots of microbes germs. The study and examination of blood, Mr. Radam says, is the very same pro that be formerly made on plants. The sap healthy, green-looking plant is always whereas in a sickly plant it is discolored, low, brown or black. The sap is the life plant, and the blood is the life in man. W we purify the blood, then we cure all, and if



do not purify the blood we cure n