

A MOUNTAIN VIEW.

The oxen climb the steep road patiently. And make pause at the summit, panting slow.

And make pause at the summit, panting slow. Their dull eyes dropped. The teamster.

Private Brown

By Captain Jack Crawford

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Up from the gulch came the Indians, but half a mile behind, and again their blood-curdling yells rang out upon the air.

As they flew, pursued and pursuing, and Brown's heart sank within him when he noted that the Indians were rapidly closing the gap between them.

Spurring his horse to its greatest exertions a groan escaped from the soldier's now bloodless lips, for the animal began to perceptibly slacken its speed.

His powers of endurance were almost exhausted, and it was evident that he could go but little further. The fort was yet two miles distant, and escape now seemed impossible.

"Zip! Zip! Zip!" The bullets from the rifles of the Indians began to fly by them.

Pulling the jaded horse behind a barricade of rocks which rose by the trail Brown sprang to the ground and cried:

"Get into the saddle, Alice, and push on toward the fort. For the love of God hasten, and I may be able to hold them at bay until you escape. Fly, my darling, fly, for not an instant must I lose you."

His utter amazement the brave girl did not know the horse's back and with pale but determined face, replied:

"No, Ned, I will not leave you. You risked your precious life for me, and I would be cowardly for me to desert you now. If you must die here, I will die with you."

"If you was no time for further urging, for the yells of the Indians now came to them with startling distinctness as they rapidly came on. Gaining a position from which he could see over the rocks, the soldier leveled his repeating rifle and began to discharge it with deadly effect.

So unexpected was the fire that the Indians recoiled, and springing from their ponies in confusion, sought for shelter behind the rocks which dotted the mesa. From their cover they kept up a scattering fire, but their bullets flew harmlessly overhead, and were fastened against the rocky breastwork which nature had provided.

Peering cautiously over the barricade the brave soldier watched his foes with eagle eyes, firing whenever a feathered head came into view.

There came a cessation in the firing of the Indians, and he heard them calling out to each other from their separate positions behind the rocks, and surmised that they were planning a sudden dash upon their hiding-place. His heart began to lead in his breast, for he well knew that, although his rifle might do deadly work as he advanced, they would certainly overpower him and death would speedily follow.

In his eagerness to get a good shot and thus still further intimidate the savages, he raised himself yet higher above the rocks, and the next instant fell backward into the arms of his brother, the warm blood spouting from a bullet wound in his breast.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, you are hit! You are killed!" she cried, in agony. "Oh! my God, my God, what shall I do? Father in Heaven, save him, save him!"

With a great effort he said: "Be brave, Alice, my love, be brave. The man must die—I am only stunned a little. I will recover in a moment."

His face grew deathly pale, and blood oozed forth from his pallid lips. Alice almost screamed with fright, and her voice trembled with agony as she said:

"Oh, Ned, my poor darling, you are dying! You are dying! You are dying! Father in Heaven take me with him!"

With an almost superhuman effort he seemed to rally his fast departing strength and said:

"I am not so badly hurt as you think, Alice, and can yet protect you. The shock of the shot made me feel faint, but it has passed. Raise me up in your arms, dearest, so I can see over the rocks. I will yet beat them back. They shall never harm you, my beloved. Raise me up. There—now rouse your hopes. Ah! hear their

fiendish yells! They think they have you now, but will soon learn their error."

Alice exerted all her strength in doing as he requested, and again his rifle rang out as the Indians, supposing he had been killed, were securing their ponies and preparing for a descent upon the maiden. Again they sought shelter behind the rocks and resumed their desultory fire.

The effort proved too great for the wounded man, and he sank back heavily into Alice's arms. She now became almost paralyzed with fright as she gently led him down upon the ground. He looked up into her blanched face, and with a smile so ghastly that it seemed to betoken the approach of death, said faintly:

"Why do you weep, Alice, darling. I am not dead, I am only very—very weak—but it is only in a moment. Kiss me, Alice. The pressure of your dear lips will nerve me—me—for one more effort."

She pressed her trembling lips to his, and moaned:

"Ned, you are dying! You are dying! I can see it in your poor, dear eyes. Oh! must you die so cruelly, and for me? Don't close your eyes, darling— you frighten me so! I cannot bear it! Speak to me once again, Ned! Oh! he is dying—the light is going out of his eyes. She gave way to her great grief in the most pitiful sobs. The wounded man made a great effort to rally his strength, and feebly said:

"Alice, do not despair. I—I—I—I am very—very faint, but I—"

A fiendish yell from the Indians cut short his speech, and, a cold glitter of desperation coming into his eyes, laid his hand gently on the ground, seized his rifle, and, with a strange ring in her voice, said:

"You defended me to your death, my loving darling. Now I will defend you. I will defend you to go with you into the dark shadow!"

Raising herself she looked over the rocks, and to her amazement saw that the Indians were hastily mounting and rapidly retreating. At the same instant a rumbling sound from the direction of the fort came, and she saw that the Indians were retreating. She observed a great cloud of dust raising in the air. Springing to the side of her lover she cried:

"Oh! Ned, darling, if you are yet alive rouse yourself. The troops are coming from the fort."

But the patient refused to move, and the eyes were closed as if in death. With a wild shriek of agony she raised her hands aloft and fell across his body, as a troop of cavalry thundered up to the spot. Col. Sanford at his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Private Brown regained consciousness he found himself lying on a cot in the hospital, with the post surgeon bending over him.

"How do you feel now, my man?" the doctor asked, kindly.

"Very weak, sir, but I feel better. How came I here? What is the matter with me?"

"You have been very sick, Brown. Can you not recall the past? Do you not remember being wounded by the Indians?"

"Wounded? The Indians? What Indians?" He looked up at the surgeon in astonishment.

"Try to remember. See if you cannot recall your desperate fight with the Indians from behind the rocks."

Brown closed his eyes and endeavored to collect his truant thoughts. Slowly, faintly and indistinctly, he recalled the scene, and his face filled with horror as he remembered the desperate ride for life and the battle all came back to him.

"Oh! tell me, doctor, was she—was Alice saved?"

"Calm yourself, my boy. The least excitement may yet undo all my work in my efforts to save you. Miss Sanford is safe with her father."

"God be praised," he fervently said, great tears of joy starting in his dimmed eyes. "How long have I been here, doctor?"

"For four days. You have been delirious all that time and very near to death, but you have now passed the crisis and there is a good chance for your recovery. You are built of good material. Brown. That shot would have killed any ordinary man."

"And Alice, doctor, Miss Sanford, has she been to see me?"

"Been here to see you, indeed? Why the little wretch will scarcely take time to eat and sleep, but wants to sit here by your side all the time. The young lady is filled with gratitude toward you, Brown, for your heroism in rescuing her from a horrible fate, and the whole garrison is singing your praises. It was a brave undertaking, my boy—a noble, heroic venture successfully accomplished."

A smile of gratification spread over his pale, wan face. He cared not for the laurels of the people of the garrison. His Alice's blushing face, and that was worth more to him than would have been the plaudits of the universe.

"Has Col. Sanford asked after me, doctor?" There was an eager look on his face as he put the question.

"Col. Sanford calls to see you several times a day, Brown. You cannot realize the dangerous position in which your care places me. The colonel has given me the most emphatic orders to save your life, and says if I let you die he will at once have me taken out and shot. Now you see the peril which confronts me, and you must do all you can to hasten your recovery by implicitly obeying my orders. You must not speak another word. You have talked too much already. You must remember my life is at stake, my man."

He smiled knowingly as he referred to the colonel's blustering threat. There was a smile of perfect peace and satisfaction on the pale face of the wounded man as he closed his eyes to reflect over what the surgeon had told him. Alice was with him almost constantly, and, of course, it must be with her that she had been the old commander, himself, called several times daily to ask after him. This knowledge was sweet to his soul, and he felt supremely happy. Gradually his senses grew more and more in- active, and he soon sank into a sweet, refreshing sleep that first night he was brought into the hospital. The surgeon bent over him and noted his strong, regular breathing, and softly felt his pulse.

"Excellent! Excellent!" he said to himself. "Brown, my brave boy, you are worth a whole regiment of dead men yet."

When Col. Sanford found his daughter once more safe in her home, he acted in a manner that at times almost made her fear he was losing his reason. He would call her many times

a day to come to him, and clasping her closely in his arms, as if he feared she might again be taken from him, would weep like a child and mutter praises and thanks to Heaven for her deliverance from death. The old man's heart was filled with joy immeasurable, and the light of love was never before so bright as now as he gazed upon her lovely face.

The day following her return he called her into his business office and said:

"Sunshine, that young scapgrace saved you from God only knows what fate, and I must reward him. I want you to tell me all you know of him from your first meeting to the present time."

"Papa, dear, may I not give it to you in writing?" she asked, a slight flush suffusing her face.

"Yes, daughter, that's military. Make a full report to me in writing and place it in my hands at the earliest possible moment. Give your old bear of a father a kiss and get to work on your official report at once, dear."

She kissed him once, twice, thrice, and ran away to her room. Her pen flew over the paper with great rapidity as she fully, freely wrote down every detail of her relations with the private, and she placed it in his hands until the present moment. She told of his enlistment, being ignorant of the fact that the colonel had gotten a full report of that from Private Lannan, told of their many meetings, of mutual love and of her urgent appeal to Brown to go to her father and tell him all, and ask his sanction to their engagement. Nothing was withheld, and when the statement was completed she took it to her father's office, laid it on the desk before him, kissed him passionately and ran away to her room, her young heart throbbing with anxiety.

That afternoon he sent for her, and when she came in he softly said:

"Sunshine, I have just written a detailed report of your capture and rescue to the secretary of war at Washington, and, of course, I have written to the young profligate's action in the matter. He has made certain recommendations regarding him, which I trust will be considered favorably. My orderly is away on an errand, and I thought you

might like to take a hand in the proceedings by yourself in writing the report. Take it to the post office, dear."

He had never spoken to her more tenderly, and in the knowledge that he had read her paper and was fully cognizant of all that existed between herself and Brown, his kindness of tone and tender expression as he looked into her face filled her heart with a great joy.

"Did you recommend his discharge from the service, papa?" she asked.

"That is no affair of yours, little chatterbox," he replied. "You should not try to pry into official business. If I will get the matter out of your service, it is nobody's business but my own. Go mail the report and then come back to me. I want to talk to you."

When she returned she found her father sitting on the porch reading a paper. She sat down near him and waited for him to open up the conversation, her heart throbbing wildly. Furtively she glanced at his face, but it was as calm as a summer day. Finally he looked up and said:

"Sunshine, I have just been reading a story here in a young girl about you, and I like it very much. It is a noble, heroic venture successfully accomplished."

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FACTS ABOUT PRICES.

Democrats Opposed to Artificially Created Inflation.

Some of our republican contemporaries have taken occasion to criticize democratic newspapers that have expressed gratification at recent advances in the prices of many commodities.

This shows only how easy it is to misrepresent an opponent's position, and how naturally this becomes the resort of those who make an injustice question squarely without suffering discomfort. The sort of high prices which democrats chiefly oppose are those artificially produced. Democrats believe in the free play of economic forces, so that each man may get what he wants at the price that the market expects so far as may be necessary to provide revenue for the government.

They contend that when the government intervenes to advance the price of one set of commodities and to lower the price of the exchangeable value of another, it perpetuates an injustice. Without such interference by the government or others, prices will rise or fall in proportion to supply and demand.

It is altogether different in the case of artificially high prices. This is very well illustrated by the outcry about the recent advance in beef. If this were due to an increase in the supply of cattle, and the advance in beef corresponded with the better prices received by the raisers of cattle for animals on the hoof, there would be no just grounds for complaint. It is because the people believe that a great combination, which plunders producers and consumers alike, is putting up prices, that they complain. If this is actually the case, there is good ground for the excitement that exists on the subject. If, on the other hand, it is due to the unrestricted operation of supply and demand, prices will remain until the supply is increased, or the demand falls off. The same may be said of the price of petroleum. If the wells are really failing, as the trust magnates insist, then we have seen the last of cheap oil until new sources of supply are discovered or an acceptable substitute provided.

The advocacy of prices that are as low as supply and demand dictate involves no approval of panic prices. There is no controversy about the fact that we have had a disastrous panic, however we may differ as to the cause of it. Panics involve a large falling off of demand, because they diminish the purchasing power of the people. Large quantities of goods are forced upon the market and sold low to attract buyers. It is not a healthy, but a morbid condition. In a normal state of trade prices do not go below the cost of production. Here they do there must be either an excessive supply or an inadequate demand. When we have a rally of commodities from panic prices, due to an increase of demand, which, in turn, is due to better business and the increased purchasing power of the masses, of course, a subject of congratulation. Thus the advance in cotton and wheat, which had been abnormally low, was welcomed both as affording better remuneration to producers and as a symptom of better times.

That cheapness is desirable in itself cannot be disputed by anyone who observes the whole trend of our civilization. The ultimate measure of value of all commodities is the labor required to obtain them. The more of the necessities of life a man can obtain for a day's labor the cheaper they are to him. Now, the whole tendency of this present-day industrial and commercial age is to increase the product of a day's labor. Where the old hand- looms of less than a century ago produced only a few yards of cloth to the operative, hundreds are now produced. The effect of this, of course, is to make things cheaper. Hence the improvement of machinery, and the various inventions and discoveries have cheapened enormously many articles of prime necessity. The reduction of price has in turn led to an immense increase in consumption, so that more laborers are employed than before. The laborer, earning more, has received higher money wages at the same time that the purchasing power of money has increased enormously. Thus the standard of comfort for all classes has been raised, and the masses have been greatly benefited.

The protectionists try to make the supply of certain goods artificially small by shutting out foreign competition by the tariff, and domestic competition by combinations. Their object is to put up prices above the level of those that will afford a reasonable and just profit upon the capital embarked. As improved machinery, however, diminishes the cost of production of some goods faster than the tariff can increase the price, they impudently pretend that it is the tariff that has cheapened commodities, though all intelligent people know that they have simply become cheaper in spite of the tariff.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—Ex-President Harrison proposes to take no chances of "putting his foot in it." He refuses to make any political speeches.—Chicago Post.

—Tom Reed has gone to wearing ready-made clothing. It is a flank movement on McKimley's to get nearer the workingman?—St. Paul Globe.

—"Republican economy?" It is chiefly the very economical use of truth, and the extraordinarily economical performance of pledges.—Albany Argus.

—No republican ever gets defeated for office. He is always "counted out." Oh, those long suffering republicans who submit so tamely to this counting out business!—Utica Observer.

—The republican position on the tariff question is so obscured that not an orator, not a newspaper, can tell the people what is the republican rule for constructing a tariff.—Hudson Register.

—Did Gov. McKinley or any other republican ever hear of such a general advance in wages in so many different industries in the same period as followed the repeal of the McKinley law in the past seven months?—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

—The democratic tariff which struck off the duties on raw wool and by the same act removed the handicap on American woolen manufacturers has only been in operation about seven months, and this period has witnessed such a revival of woolen industry as has not been seen in this country in a quarter of a century.—Plattsburg Register.

HIGH PROTECTION IN STATES.

Effects of the McKinley Tariff on Locally Applied.

Several of the states are dealing with the bounty question during this legislative season in a manner to serve as a useful object lesson, whatever may be the result as to systems directly interested, Nebraska and Wyoming have enacted laws imposing a tax upon all those subject to taxation, for the benefit of those who raise beets to be used in the manufacture of sugar. The governor of Nebraska did not support the measure and interposed his veto, but the legislature was strongly in favor of the policy and passed the law despite executive declaration against it. Utah is not yet in the union, but the time of her admission is soon at hand, and she has also provided that her people must contribute of their wealth to the support of the sugar-beet raisers.

In Minnesota there was an attempt to favor the iron industries under this same bounty policy. The method proposed was more indirect, the scheme being to so change the constitution of the state as to locate the payment from the treasury for the financial assistance of those engaged in the smelting and reducing of iron ore. The strongest point urged in favor of such a law was that by stimulating these industries the number of men employed in them would be increased, and the farmers of Minnesota would have an improved home market for their products. But the granger is a wary statesman where his own interests are at stake, and did not take kindly to the plan. As a result, the representatives in the legislature from the small districts who voted in the measure, and the farmers propose to raise supplies for the market they have without taking the risks involved in trying to buy a better one.

The states first named have practically applied the principles of protection within the limits of their own territory. The desire to encourage the "infant" industry of raising sugar beets causes a tax to be levied upon farmers who do not cultivate the beet, upon merchants, ministers, lawyers, doctors, carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers and all districts who vote under the laws of the state. They must pay tribute to the beet raisers just as the McKinley laws forced the masses to pay tribute to the coal barons, the oil monopolists, the beef trusts, the iron princes, the lumber kings and the others who were enabled to amass fortunes by the tariff. The people and the vast majority of its people were being crowded toward pauperism. The people of Nebraska and Wyoming are only taxed to help the beet farmer. The people of the country have been taxed to help on in its greatest plutocracy.—Detroit Free Press.

THE TRADE REVIVAL.

Business Is Booming Under the Tariff Reform Law.

It seems very odd that republican editors should have the evidence of reviving trade with doleful countenances. They are indeed hard to please. In 1898, when the importations were light, the depression of our trade was treated by them as a misfortune, and attributed to the election of a democratic president. Now when importations are increasing, and the outcry of "a deluge of foreign goods," and lay the blame to "free trade," the "free trade," by the way, being represented by an average tariff of 50.16 per cent. on dutiable imports last year!

The value of dry goods received at this port since 1898 has been \$2,045,010,136, against \$2,903,945 last year. That our people should actually feel able to buy more clothing this year than last seems a positive misfortune to the organ of McKinleyism. Even the consideration, from its point of view, that the foreigner has paid an increase of 80 per cent. in taxes for the support of our government falls to console it. The "inundation" of warm or serviceable garments is a calamity. The importations represent "a debt for cloth."

The idea never enters the dense McKinley head that to take the tariff trade; that trade means mutual profit; that profits are the life of trade; that both we and our customers are benefited when we exchange products which we do not need, or even money which we can spare, for products that we do need, and can buy to advantage. To the Chinese-wall patriots all trade is loss, all commerce is calamity, all prosperity rests on monopoly and taxes.

The interesting feature of the present situation is that while foreign trade is reviving domestic industry is increasing. If the complaining editors will read their own news columns they will find a refutation of their childish theories. The comical notion that woolen manufacturers have been injured by relieving their raw material of taxation is exploded by increased activity and advancing wages in the mills. In iron, woolen and cotton the improvement is noticeable. From Philadelphia and Chester there are dispatches announcing an increase in wages in woolen mills. In the Lawrence cotton mills an advance was posted. In the Globe Iron works at Cleveland last year's 10 per cent. increase in wages was revoked, and the big ship-building company resumed work.

Similar encouraging facts are reported every day. Political calamity howling ought really to take a rest.—N. Y. World.

—When the new tariff bill was under consideration in the senate last summer the finance committee of that body estimated that it would yield revenues from customs amounting to an average of \$14,937,505 a month. The collections in March were \$14,929,788. That was a tolerably close guess, and indicates that the democrats in congress had a much better understanding of the subject than the republicans who passed the McKinley law, and predicted that the new measure would cause a deficit of anywhere from ten to twenty millions a month.—Kansas City Times.

—How vividly the past is brought before us by the announcement that a gentleman named McKinley recently passed through this city on his way to Connecticut to deliver a lecture on the tariff! If Mr. McKinley is making a specialty of ancient history he should take up the subject of the Peloponnesian war or something in which the people are interested. The American people are not reading the back numbers of the political magazines at present, or to any great extent.—N. Y. World.

—McKinley is undecided as yet whether he will visit Ohio this year or not.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Grated Apple Fudging: One pint of grated apple, one pint of cream, four eggs well beaten, sweeten and flavor to taste. Lightly butter a pudding dish, pour in the mixture and bake in a water bath. —Good Housekeeping.

—Dessert Dishes: May have a grant or almond put in place of the dates, and the date rolled in coarse granulated sugar, or dipped in thin frosting. Prettily arranged, they will be found attractive alike to the eye and the palate.—Good Housekeeping.

—English Toast: A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast. Take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; lay the beaten whites around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, salt and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven pour a little melted butter over the toast.—Frasier Farmer.

—Date Meringue: Is a delicate dessert, and may be quickly made in a case of unexpected company, if one has at hand the six eggs. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonsful of sugar, and one-half pound of dates, sliced and cut up fine. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Serve, as soon as cool, with thick, sweet cream, or a custard made with the yolks.—Good Housekeeping.

—Some one asserted that the best cup of tea ever drank was made at a railroad station. The superior flavor was a making. Whenever someone else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water used in making it. Whereupon some one else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water ordinarily used, in order to soften it. The result was a tea that was made, though fine tea water that has just reached the boiling point, and an infusion of from three to five minutes, produces a result that leaves little more to be desired.

—Carpets and Oilcloth: Beat a carpet on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side. Be ware of using sticks with sharp points lest they tear the carpets. A stair carpet should never be swept down with a long broom, but always with a short-handled brush, and a dust pan held closely under each step of the stairs. Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept it should be cleaned by washing with a large soft cloth and lukewarm or cold water. On no account use soap or hot water, as either will spoil it.—Leed's Mercury.

—Greys, or Carrot Soup: Take five or six large red carrots, wash and scrape them and slice them off in thin slices the outer part, leaving the yellow center. Then peel and slice a large onion and a small piece of turnip. Put them in a stew pan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a few sprigs of parsley and two bay leaves. Fry the whole in light yellow oil until perfectly done. Then add a quart of water, and let them stew till perfectly tender. Rub the carrot through a squash strainer. Add a quart of stock and heat again. Add a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, and pepper to taste, and when hot serve immediately with croûtons.—Boston Budget.

DAINTY SUMMER PILLOWS.

On Which Hot and Tired Heads Will Lie to Best.

The first real hint of summer furnishing is to be seen in sweet, moist, and airy pillows. The materials are various, some being made from Anatolian curtains, some from less expensive cotton stuffs, but in all the fill shows to rare advantage and make a really ideal finish.

So far the display is confined to oriental cloths, and includes only such and similar materials to those mentioned above, but there is no reason why the same idea might not be carried out in a hundred ways.

These new pillows and cushions are made in all fashions, with buttons and button-holes at one end, and can be removed or altered at any time, perfect ease. The striped Anatolian curtains show, some of them, no color, some a hair-line of yellow, but all are finished with a netted fringe. This fringed edge becomes the fringe of the pillow, and is a perfect finish. Their construction allows all sorts of perfect ease, but there is no reason why the same idea might not be carried out in a hundred ways.

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CLOTHES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Don't Lead Them Down, Merely to Make the Picturesque Seem to Present to be Waging War with the Useful, and the children are