MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset-lit.
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie.
And purple shores encompass it,
A little slender silver boat
Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft unstayed by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar;
Through rosy ripples soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers,
And Love, and Hope, and Happiness.
Will aught of what she brings be ours?
Ah me! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.
—The Spectator.

AN ABORIGINE.

"Sally, you are a saint to help me out in this way. If I had not known your angelic disposition do you think I should have dared to send for you at the eleventh hour? Of course, it is that wretched Mrs. Parker who has given out."

"Of course I knew it when your note came. Who has been suddenly carried off this time? Not the grandmother, I hope, for that poor woman has died on at least six different occasions this winter to my certain knowledge. Oh, Kate, what a blessed thing it is to have relations living out West! Well, here I am clothed and in my right mind, but I never dressed in such a hurry before. It was good practice in case of fire. Do you see any errors or omissions about my gay and festive attire?"

"No, it is charming—perfect, as usual. I believe if you wore your gowns hind side before you would look better dressed than any woman in town, you witch! Now prepare for a treat. You are to be taken in to dinner by a very distinguished person, Algernon Godwin, son of his father, who is a real live lord. He brought a letter to me. He has only been here two days, and this is his first taste of American society, so you will represent for him the typical American girl on her native soil."

"My dear, you are too good." Sally's blue eyes sparkled with fun. "Depend upon me. I will do justice to the role. Has the conquering hero come? In a hasty survey of the room, as I came in, I didn't notice anything startlingly new."

"Here he is this moment. See, his godlike form advances. Oh, Sally, he is an Apollo. Look out for yourself. Good evening, Mr. Godwin. I was very sorry to miss your call yesterday. I shall not begin our acquaintance by asking what your impressions are of America, but by presenting you to Miss Emmet, who has undertaken to pilot you through an American dinner. She will remind you of Mrs. Micawber, I dare say, for, though her form is fragile, her grasp of a subject is inferior to none."

"Does that refer to a British subject, Miss Emmet?" said the honorable Algernon, glancing down from the altitude of a grenadier guard upon the self-possessed young woman beside him, and conscious of an entirely new sensation. Instead of being crushed at a blow into blushing confusion, she was smiling back at him impersonally, apparently not a whit overcome by either his pedigree or his good looks.

"I cannot answer for that," returned she. "My experience with British subjects is very limited. I have only met one Englishman and he was a peddler. He used to come to our house when I was a child; and when I saw his red wagon crawling up the hill I always flew down to the kitchen as fast as I could go, just to hear him drop his h's. He seemed to me the embodiment of English literature. I hope you drop your h's Mr. Godwin."

"Can't say I do as a rule. You see, I'd no idea that sort of thing would be popular over here, or I'd have taken some lessons. It's considered most awfully bad form at home, don't you know?"

"O, is it really? We have always heard that the royal family never use an H when they could help it, but these stories will get about. Mrs. Wendell's butler puts on with an artless grace that has made her the envy of every woman in town. Did you notice him as you came in, by the way? Isn't he a dream? So English!"

Mr. Godwin laughed and offered his arm to his pretty partner, for the dream had at that moment announced in deliciously cockney accent that dinner was served.

"Do you know this is all so different from what I expected?" said he involuntarily. "Where is your local color? I might easily believe myself back in London except for a few trifling customs of your people."

"Local color? Ah, you mean the Indians, I suppose. Boston has become too civilized in the last few years to offer you much in that way. Did you expect that braves in war paint and feathers would come out in canoes to take you off the ship in the harbor?"

"Something like it I confess. But I have not seen an Indian since I arrived. Where do the noble red men keep themselves?"

"O, when the electric cars were introduced they fled to the suburbs. Now, in Ponkapog, where I live—have you ever heard of Ponkapog?"

"Never. Is it near Tchickago?" His pronounciation of that celebrated city was so new and original that Miss Emmet glanced up from her little-neck clams admiringly, feeling obliged to own that a handsome guardsman in a Poole dress coat is a pleasing object to contemplate.

"I should like to see Ponkapog Ca- commonly. I dare say it is not at all like one of our English villages."

"Oh, not at all. At least, it is not like one of Anthony Trollope's. The wigwams would be sure to amuse you."

"Are there really wigwams?"

"Yes, certainly! I live in one [illegible] self. Should you think I had Indian blood in my veins?"

Her voice was low, as she made her confession with a sigh. "Shall you despise me if I tell you I am a down east Yankee?"

The son of his father felt a sudden chill at being brought into contact with anything so aboriginal. Yet she was as fair and sweet to see as a hothouse flower, with a skin as white as his own.

"I don't remember that Cooper speaks of that tribe at all," he said presently after an embarassed pause. "But I had no idea that the Indian races had become so highly civilized. Would you think me very rude if I ask whether or no they are all like you?"

"Well! You see, I have had exceptional advantages. My father is a medicine man, who made a corner in pork, and he sent me away to be educated. So I learned the paleface ways, but at heart I am a Yankee still. Oh, I have seen many a stirring time in Ponkapog, I assure you."

The honorable Algeron was lost in wonder. Nothing but admiration was possible in connection with that charming creature, full of refinement and intelligence. Her voice alone was a patent of good birth, gentle and carefully modulated. He had to admit that the honorable Misses Godwin, his sisters, decended from Edward the Confessor and, kept unspotted the plebeian world, would have cut a pretty poor figure if set down beside the little squaw, who, according to her own account, had no better antecedent than a copper-colored savage daubed with gaudy clay.

"But I have understood," he said presently, determined to get as much information as possible in this interesting case, which was certainly quite as characteristic of American queerness as anything he could hope for, "I have understood that the Indians were comparatively quiet now and that they are so few in comparison with the whites that they realize the folly of opposition."

"True. You never hear of great general uprisings now, such as there were in the time of King Philip of the Narragansetts—peace be to his memory! But the Indians fight among themselves, and the warhoop is still heard in the land. I have seen too dreadful work done with tomahawk and scalping knife even to mention them without a shudder," murmured Miss Sally, picking the truffles daintly out of her pate de foie gras.

"What, do you know any one who has been scalped?" Algy grew excited. Perhaps there was rarer sport in store than the buffalo hunting he had promised himself, especially after the depressing information of the cowboy he had met on the ship, to the effect that there was only one herd of buffaloes left in the West, and only one buffalo in that herd.

"Mercy, yes, indeed! Scores of people. Look at Mr. Wendell, across the table. Can't you see that he has on what they call a scratch? He is very sensitive about it, but when he knows you better he may tell you an interesting tale. (Poor Mr. Wendell had a very bald head and a very young and pretty wife, hence the scratch). "And I myself I was scalped when a child, so that I am forced to wear a wig."

Never was there such a successful wig before. Its bright chestnut curls and ripples would have deceived a hairdresser.

"By Jove," cried Mr. Godwin, "it's an uncommonly good imitation of the real thing."

"Yes," agreed Sally. "Paris, you know, the Rue de la Paix. I really don't mind at all, because I have them to match all my gowns, which gives me a great advantage over the other girls, and in summer, when the mercury boils over at the top of the thermometer, as it often does in this climate, I can take it off altogether and be delightfully cool and airy. I always say that I have as nearly as possible realized Sydney Smith's idea of taking off one's skin and sitting in one's bones. Besides, it is considered quite a mark of aristocracy here—like a strawberry mark on the right arm with you."

"It must have been very painful," mused Mr. Godwin, "the scalping, I mean. I should like to hear how it happened, if you don't mind."

"I hardly know. I was not more than 3 years old at the time, a little papoose by my mother's side. We were picking up fagots in a wood when a band of Wampanoags fell upon us from an ambush and walked off with our scalps at their belts, shouting the battle cry of freedom. I have only a confused recollection of the fray, but my mother often speaks of it as the most unpleasant surprise of her life. But there! let us change the subject. I do not care to talk about those harrowing experiences. You must come out to Punkapog and see for yourself what aboriginal existence is like. My father will lend you a mustang and we can ride over to Chicago some afternoon to give you an idea of the prairies. Now tell me something about England. You are very intimately connected with Queen Victoria, I hear. What size shoes does she wear?"

"Number 11s," said Algy, with another of his jolly laughs, which to hear was to adore. "We are descended from Edward the Confessor."

Miss Emmet gasped.

"In my history," said she, "Edward the Confessor was a sort of monk and never married."

"Can it be possible? There, you see, is an instance of the way in which stories get perverted across the Atlantic. In England it is a matter of history that he had four wives—a good deal of a mormon, in fact. By the way, I should like to see a mormon."

"Next but one to you, at this very table sits one in the flesh. Mr. Phillips. He has only two of his flock here to-night."

Mr. Phillips moved uneasily in his chair at the prolonged and deliberate survey which the honorable Algernon proceeded to take. He was Boston's most unmitigated bachelor.

"Poor old chap! I'm sorry for him. Half a dozen sets of milliners' bills have apparently seamed his noble brow with care. I know what it is to have a crowd of women in the house."

"Have you six sisters? I believe every Englishman has."

"No."

"What a glorious exception to the general rule!"

"Glorious indeed, for I have nine."

"How dreadful! Are you appreciating this dish? It is our famous terrapin, imported from Baltimore for your benefit."

"Ah, yes! The terrapin is the bird of freedom. I remember that well. I like it. Its praises have not been too loudly sung."

At this point pretty little Mrs. Cartwright, who occupied the seat next to Mr. Godwin on the other side, could no longer restrain her impatience to get in a word with the handsome stranger. She plunged madly into the conversation, and, skillfully leading the way, returned to Piccadilly and Pall Mall, with which she showed herself to be perfectly familiar. Miss Emmet's neighbor gave her hand a sly squeeze under the table. He was Mrs. Wendell's brother and well known to be fast in the bewitching Sally's toils. You would not have called this misfortune if you had caught the momentary tenderness of the sidelong look she cast upon him.

"Have you been listenining, Dick?" she murmured demurely.

"Yes, but I will never betray you. I should like to read his first letter home."

Sally shook her curls. "He has gleams of intelligence," she said, with a long-drawn sigh.

"You won't forget to come to Ponkapog," said she. "Mrs. Wendell has promised to bring you, and I will see if we cannot get up a war dance for your benefit. Good night. Give my love to Queen Victoria when you write."

And off she went. Half an hour later Hon. Mr. Godwin and the young man called Dick went out into the bright avenue together.

"I say," broke out the former involuntarily, as they neared the public garden, "do you kow that Miss Emmet at all?"

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"Is she a down-east Yankee?"

"She is, indeed, if there ever were one, but an uncommonly nice girl for all that. Here I must leave you. Don't forget you are to lunch with me at the club to-morrow at 2. Good-night."

"Good-night." Algy reached his hotel in a brown study, which no amount of brandy and soda would dispel, and while the midnight bells were ringing he got into bed, still shaking his head dubiously. "Most extraordinary!" said he.—Boston Herald.

Vast Coal Supply in Japan.

For agriculturists the Japanese island of Yezo, though nearly the size of Ireland, does not appear to offer much attraction, but its coal mines seem likely to prove of more and more importance. Fifteen years ago it was estimated by the American engineers who made the first surveys for the government that the workable coal beds of Yezo contained 150,000,000,000 tons, or about two-thirds as much as the coal beds of Great Britain.

This starling estimate has just been more than confirmed by official government surveys. Of the Yezo coal nine-tenths is found in one district, that of the valley of the Ishikari River, near the west coast. The first coal mined in the island, at Iwanai, in the Province of Shiribeshi, belongs to the smallest of the six coal fields, containing barely 2,000,000 tons. As regards quality, although it is uneven and none of it stands in the front rank even of Japanese coal, it is still declared by our Consul to be "all marketable."—London News.

"Writing on the Clouds."

This much-talked-of-feat has at last been accomplished in England. Capt. Ronald Scott has succeeded in adapting the search-light apparatus to the purpose of advertising. The experiment was made at the Acton Hill Electrical Works. Unfortunately the night was absolutely clear, and there were no clouds at all on which the rays of light could be thrown. However, the practicability of the scheme was fully proved by directing the search-light on a cloud of steam and on other material objects—such as a bank of trees, a house-wall, and the grass lawn—when in each the words stood out clearly and well defined in letters of light. Even at a distance of full half a mile the words did not appear to lose any of their distinctness. The effect of directing the beam of light on a cloud of steam was very curious, the letters being repeated again and again, one behind the other, increasing in size as each puff of steam drifted away into the distance.

Suspicions Confirmed.

A bell boy was found this morning at the Great Northern who does not believe in going beyond his literal instructions. A guest rushed to the cashier's desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the depot and board his train.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 18, and see if I have left my toothbrush and sponge. Hurry; I've only five minutes now."

The boy [illegible]. He returned in four minutes out of breath.

"Yes, sir," he panted. "[illegible] them there."—Chicago Mail.

GREAT PUGILISTS DIE POOR.

Money Won and Lost by Many Noted Fighters.

The recent purchase of about $50,000 worth of real estate by Champion Jim Corbett and the statement that he aspires to be the richest pugilist in the world, remind us that many of the best fighters have come at last to poverty and violent deaths. Few pugilists, no matter what wealth they may have accumulated in the golden days of youth and fistic supremacy, ever have enough of this world's goods to render comfortable their declining years. John Morrissey of America, and John Gully of England, were probably the most famous pugilists of their time, and in after years acquired wealth and legislative honors. Gully became a member of the English Parliament and won a fortune on the turf and in speculative enterprises. He lost the greater part of his gains, however, in the latter part of his life, and was constantly haunted by the fear that he would "die in the workhouse." He was saved that untoward fate, and patrons of sport were highly gratified in consequence. John Morrissey "picked up," to use a sporting phrase, more money than any gladiator who ever lived, not excepting the renowned John L. Sullivan of Boston. Yet he died without a solitary silver dollar to glisten before the expiring light of his eyes. At one time Morrissey was worth $2,000,000 and conducted the greatest gambling houses in America—one at No. 818 Broadway, New York, and one at Saratoga Spa. The latter was world famous as the "Saratoga Club House." His wife, who once wore $300,000 worth of diamonds, is now working in a Troy collar factory and earns about a dollar a day.

John C. Heenan, the conqueror of Tom Sayers, the champion of England, for a time rose to the crest of the wave, but he ultimately sank beneath the billows of poverty and despair. Sickness followed in the trail of poverty, and forgotten, forsaken, and in need, Heenan died of consumption in Colorado. By a strange coincidence his wife, the gifted but erratic Adah Isaacs Menken, the most beautiful actress of her day, died shortly before her husband in the most abject poverty, at Paris, France. She was buried in Potter's Field.

Tom Hyer, Mike McCool, and Joe Coburn, all champions of America, died without as much as a shroud to cover their bodies. Subscriptions were taken up by friends to bury them. Of these two Coburn had at one time the most money. Millionaire George Law was his friend and backer and gave him many a thousand dollar note, besides "placing" him in advantageous business spots.

The history of the English ring is replete with even more heartbreaking incidents. Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," for many years champion of England, died in the poorhouse at West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

Tom Sayers, Perry's conqueror, and John C. Heenan's subsequent opponent, died in great poverty at Camden town, near London. In his lifetime he had squandered $60,000. The last $15,000 he possessed, a purse given him by his admirers after his battle with Heenan, he lost by investing in a country circus.

Billy Edwards, once light-weight champion of the world, had at one time $70,000. He made it in "lucky turns" in Wall street. The bulk of it has gone back there. Arthur Chambers, Edwards' great rival, at one time could proudly point to an $85,000 bank account. Now he is "broke." The horses got it.

Of all the active pugilists before the public—Corbett, Sullivan, Jackson, Goddard, Choynski, Maher, Mitchell, Slavin, McAuliffe, Griffin, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, and Hall—but three have money. These are Corbett, Mitchell, and Fitzsimmons. This is a thrifty trio. They "hold the coin." They let their admirers spend it. Every dollar these cute gentlemen capture remains a prisoner.

Height of Waves.

That ocean waves run mountains high no one ever believed unless he was very credulous indeed. The phrase is a highly exaggerated figure of speech. But the observations of keepers of lighthouses in every exposed situations have proved that waves run high enough, in great storms, to make very respectable hills. Some time ago the steamer that carried supplies to the lighthouse on Tillamook Rock, on the coast of Oregon, was able to make a landing and establish communication with the light-keepers for the first time in six weeks. It brought away the chief light-keeper who had a thrilling story to tell.

The waves of the Pacific tore away the wharves and other constructions on the rock, even carrying off timbers riveted to the rock. As yet, however, the lantern remained untouched. But the storm increased; the waves rose higher, and presently dashed against the lantern, 100 feet above the level of the sea. Finally the water dashed clear over the top of the beacon, coming in at the ventilators in the roof.

The keepers were compelled to work desperately all night long to keep the lamp lighted. They were continually in fear that the panes of glass looking seaward would be broken in by the force of the waves, and that they should themselves be washed out into the sea to certain death. But the iron lattice work outside the windows saved the glass.

The light-keepers, who were old sailors, affirmed that no experience on shipboard could be so horrible as this long struggle with the storm at the summit of the lighthouse. They would have been glad to take refuge even in a frail ship.

The Tillamook light has [illegible] but [illegible] completely over by the waves. The same thing has happened to the Eddystone Light off the coast of England, and to the light at Fleaux-de-Brechot, off the the coast of France, both of which are upwards of 150 feet in height.

It seems very well established, therefore, that the waves may mount to a height of 150 feet above the general level, where there are rocks or other obstructions to break. On the ocean they would hardly rise so high above general level: but as each wave is accompanied by a depression of corresponding debth, the vessel which is carried from the wave may truly be said to climb a great hill of waves.

Why He Returned.

Some years ago many stories were circulated in regard to the "Free Grant" district in the northwest of Ontario. These stories were of two quite different styles, those told by the Dominion immigration agents to the British emigrants, and those told by the British emigrants who returned to their native land. One of the most striking examples of the latter style was given by a man who had intended to settle in that region, but had changed his mind.

Having been hospitably entertained on the day of his arrival by the man who was to be his nearest neighbor, the intending settler in company with his host, who was an old resident, sat on the stoop after dinner, admiring the really majestic scenery.

The house dog, who had been making a fine meal of scraps, finally seized a particularly large and tempting bone, and galloped with it down the valley, and finally disappeared over the summit of a lofty hill that bounded the prospect.

"Why, what's the matter with your dog?" asked the new comer.

"Nothing's the matter with him,' said the old resident. "I calculate he's set out to go and bury that bone."

"Bury that bone!" ejaculated the other. "Why, man alive, he must be miles away by this time. He was running like a steam-engine."

"Yes," replied the old resident, "I noticed he was going a pretty good gait; but you see, the soil round here is kind of rocky, and he knows he's got to go a matter of eight or ten miles before he finds a good earthy place to bury that bone, and he calculates to get back before dark I presume!"

A week later the intending settler returned to England.

King George's Goldfish.

George II. was sometimes a hard King to manage, as Kings go, and had to be indulged in an occasional concession. On the occasion of the opening of Parliament, during one of the years when Pitt was Prime Minister, the Lords and Commons were greatly perplexed by a reference to the goldfish at Windsor Castle, which was introduced into the King's speech as read by Pitt.

The reference was in the way of a comparison, but the introduction of the matter was so odd that several members of Parliament could not refrain from expressing their mystification to Mr. Pitt.

But the minister refused to make any explanation of the matter, insisting that the use of the comparison was his own affair.

It was not until after both Pitt and King George were dead that the explanation came out. The Prime Minister, it is related, had come to the King at the palace with the speech from the throne fully prepared.

He found the King seated at the edge of the basin of a fountain, earnestly regarding the goldfish sporting about in the water. Pitt read the speech.

"Does your Majesty approve the discoure?" asked the minister.

"I will approve it, but only on one condition," said the King, "and that is, that you introduce into it some reference to the fishes."

The King was obdurate, and refused his authorisation of the royal speech until Mr. Pitt had promised faithfully to say something in it about the royal goldfish.

Only Imagination.

People who are trembling at the possibility of a cholera epidemic, may read a lesson in the following: A Scotch professor commenced a course of lectures on the heart. After his second lecture he had just sat down to dinner, when a servant came in and said Mr. Jones, one of the students, wished to see him. Hurrying into the next room he found Mr. Jones wearing a most anxious look. "Oh, sir, I was obliged to call; I am suffering from an acute attack of heart disease." The professor sounded him forthwith, but could find no trace of the alleged mischief. He had scarcely dismissed Jones with this comforting assurance when Mr. Smith, another student, was ushered in. It was the same story, with the same result. In fact, every member of the professor's class, with two exceptions imagined himself to have heart disease; and it was not, as might be imagined, a preconcerted plot to play a joke on the professor; it was simply imagination, which has as many victims as disease itself.

Where He Composes Music.

Time spent in traveling is not wasted by Sir Arthur Sullivan. There is no place in which he has so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron and in the whirring of the wheels which seems to excite his imagination and supplies material for a host of harmonies.

The young are determined to find out for themselves how many thorns grow [illegible]; the old [illegible] that as well quit talking.

POOR BEAR.

He Was Sick and Wanted Help from the Man Who Trapped Him.

"One bitter cold mourning not long ago," said a hunter of Eastern Pennsylvania, "I started out with a huge bear trap which I was going to set. In my pocket I had a sponge and a bottle of chloroform for, after setting the trap, I was going to kill an old hound. I set the trap and sat down on a log in the shadow of a tree. Suddenly I heard behind me a great panting and wheezing and, looking around, I spied a huge black bear. He came toward me still panting and seemed very curious as to what I was. I sat like a thing of stone, with my legs crossed, and in a few minutes the bear waddled down and began to sniff at my coat. He wheezed like a porpoise, and I could feel his warm breath on the back of my neck, but I didn't move a peg, and the bear drew back three or four times, as though he had found out enough and was going away. But he soon sniffed at my coat again, and in a little while he clambered over the log at my right, wheezed in my ear a second and circled around to his left, as though he wanted to get a front view.

"As he did so his right foot came down in the pan of the trap, the jaws caught his foot like a flash, and of all the bawling and snarling and thrashing around I ever heard or saw those of the bear beat them all. There was no clog on the trap, and the bear picked up his foot and started off on three legs after he had recovered from the first shock, howling and wheezing till I felt sorry for him. I was afraid the bear would lug my trap where I would never be able to get it, and I followed him around for two hours and tried to get a crack at his head with a club.

"Finally I came up to him and then he wheeled about, waddled toward me, held up his trapped foot and whined and wheezed, as though he was begging me to take the trap off his foot. The bear's pitiful appeal took all the starch out of me and I threw away the club and took hold of the trap. The bear yelled with pain when I attempted to pull the jaws apart, but he didn't offer to bite me. I found I could not open the trap without aid, so I put his foot down, pulled out the bottle of chloroform, filled the sponge full of it and held it to the bear's nose. The bear sniffed and wheezed and acted as if he liked the smell, and I kept the sponge filled with chloroform till he dropped on his side, when I cut his throat with my jacknife. He was fat and his fur was prime, but I found when I cut him open that his windpipe was full of ulcers and I knew then why he had wheezed so hard."

Simple Sauces.

To make a sauce Tartare, chop some capers very fine and a clove of garlic or some onion and stir in a mayonnaise, and you have a Tartar sauce which is delicious with boiled or fried fish.

One of the simplest and most palatable of sauces, and one that is used with more dishes than any other, is a maitre d'hotel sauce. It is made by placing a tablespoonful of butter in an earthenware bowl. Over this is squeezed the juice of one large lemon or two small ones. A tablespoonful of chopped parsley, an eighth of a teaspoonful of red pepper and a little salt should be added. Stand the bowl back on the range, where it will keep hot until ready to serve.

A drawn butter sauce or gravy is made by putting a pint of milk in a stew pan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Place it on the range and when it comes to a boil thicken with two large tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with milk.

Caper sauce is made by adding to this drawn butter sauce as many capers with the vinegar from the bottle as one desires. Tastes differ about capers. Some like many and others only a few in sauce.

An egg sauce is made by adding to the drawn butter some hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine.

Poulette sauce, which is delicious with oysters, partridge or quail, is made by adding to the drawn butter the juice of half a lemon, semi-chopped parsley, a little mace, a bay leaf, two cloves of garlic cut fine and two whole cloves. Let this simmer gently a half-hour and strain before using. Then powder with finely chopped parsley or serve without.—New York Herald.

The Duty of Telling.

There is nothing more productive of mischief than the "carrying of tales," the telling from one to another of little things that may excite jealousness or ill-feeling of any sort. On the other hand, there are few things more conducive to happiness and general good-feeling than the telling of pleasant things. If Mrs. Smith has praised Mrs. Brown's taste in the furnishing of her parlors, we should not forget to tell Mrs. Brown. If Mr. Orangeman has found something to like in the speech of Mr. Wearing-of-the-Green, we should lose no time in letting the latter know of the fact. It should never be forgotten that the golden rule requires of us that we should repeat every pleasant thing that we hear about people to themselves or to those interested in them.—Harper's Bazar.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill pen maker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Tribune.