

MAKING GOOD COFFEE.

New York Hotels Have a Man Especially For That Purpose.

If there is one particular branch of the culinary art in which the average housewife prides herself, it is her ability to make good coffee. As far as compounding the favorite breakfast beverage is concerned, she nine times out of ten does not delude herself, but ask any man who is the least bit of a bon viveur and he will tell you that not one woman in a hundred can make after-dinner coffee that is fit to drink.

The coffee that is set before him at the family table is as different from the clear, brown-black stimulating liquid that is served in the clubs, restaurants and high hotels as is water from wine. He wonders why this should be, but were he to pay a visit to the precincts sacred to the stewards of our large hotels, and there learn just how much time, care and money is devoted to the preparation of this one concomitant of a well-served dinner, his respect for the housewife's efforts would probably increase, while his enjoyment of the post-prandial nectar would doubtless be augmented.

One of the most important officials in every large hotel and restaurant in the city is known as the "coffee man." His sole duty consists in buying, blending and making the gallons of coffee that are consumed daily by the guests. He is very apt to have pronounced ideas regarding blends and mixtures, but his fond preference is the particular kind of coffee pot or urn to be used in concocting the beverage.

The views of the Waldorf coffee man differ from those of the superintendent of the Imperial; at the Fifth Avenue another blend and another mode of compounding are adopted, while at the Arena the method of coffee making is peculiarly their own.

At the Waldorf the blend favored for breakfast coffee is two-thirds of a pound of Mocha to one-third of Java. The Waldorf coffee man does not favor coffee that is finely ground, soaks it in cold water for a full hour before it is put in the large sieves of the countless huge silver urns of the establishment.

For breakfast he uses about one pound of coffee to five quarts of water; this is poured through the sieve and strained, which are arranged in the urn in the regulation French coffee-pot fashion, four times. The result is a clear, amber-colored liquid of excellent flavor and strength.

For the after-dinner coffee he prefers a blend that is composed of rather more Java than Mocha, and but four parts of water are allowed to the pound. The process of making is the same.

At the Arena coffee is made on the tables in Vienna coffee pots, by what is known as the steaming process. There the mixture consists of equal parts of Mocha and Java. About one ounce is allowed to each individual pot. The pots themselves are quaint-looking affairs of hammered brass, porcelain lined, and with a glass chimney in the body of the pot is placed a sufficient quantity of cold water, while the allotted ounce of Mocha and Java is put, perfectly dry, and very finely ground, in the glass top.

When the water boils the steam slowly ascends through a tube, and as it penetrates the dry coffee, drop by drop the pure coffee essence falls into a receiver, with the result that a perfectly pure, full-flavored coffee of the richest strength is obtained. This process is also used by many of the quaint restaurants affected by the foreign element, but the coffee used is the strong black blend popularly known as Turkish.

At both the Imperial and the Fifth Avenue the Mocha and Java mixture is favored, but at these hotels both French and Viennese pots are taboed, and the old-fashioned method of straining the coffee through a flannel bag prevails.—New York Times.

A Valuable Franchise Secured. The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medicine—can be secured by any person wise enough to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to promote the health of those who are afflicted with the various ailments of the stomach and bowels.

Although a needle has an eye in its head, it is not able to see its own point. You may not know it but there are large numbers of people who have made fortunes in Wheat and Corn during the last few years. There are good opportunities now. Why should you not do so? Henry Jennings & Co., 37 Centre Street, New York, make a specialty of advising their customers on the condition of the market. Write to them for full particulars. All orders filled on Board of Trade Floor. Bank References.

I can recommend Pills for Consumption, which suffer from asthma, Dr. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

COMMUNITY OF ZOAR.

Old World Organization That is Flourishing in Ohio.

Among the communistic societies of America none are more interesting than this one of Zoar, located about fifteen miles southeast of Massillon, Ohio. It owes its existence to a religious society not unlike that of the Friends, founded in Germany 100 years ago and driven from that land by religious persecution. In 1817 about 250 of the sect left Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, and after many weary days of travel reached one of the most beautiful places in Ohio, where they decided to locate.

This settlement was named Zoar, and is still in a flourishing condition, although they have not increased in numbers, as many of the younger members, dissatisfied with this small world, have cut loose to make a name and fortune for themselves. Those who separated themselves from the colony cannot claim to a share in the property. The society, however, usually makes a voluntary gift, which is sufficient to establish the deserters in business. Until recently there were no difficulties, but some of the younger people urged a division of the property and that each one be allowed to manage his own for himself.

The original charter, however, provided that the property could not be divided so long as three members wished to hold together. The place has the atmosphere of the old country from the garden, with its old-fashioned hollyhocks and hovers covered with grape vines, to the old Dutchman sitting at his back door on a high, straight-backed wooden bench, smoking his pipe. There is an air of cleanliness and comfort about everything, for each has the same pride in the whole as in the spot where he abides. The society at present owns 7,000 acres of land. On the whole the co-operative system has been a great financial success, although last year the society was somewhat in debt. The crops have been exceptionally good this year, and so enough may be realized to cancel the debt and the balance laid aside for rainy days. They have about 200 acres of wheat, 100 to rye and 200 to oats, and this year the wheat yielded 50 bushels per acre. Toward evening one may see about 200 fat cows wandering toward the stables and filling into their stalls in the most perfect order. Each stall has the name of its occupant painted above it, and as the names become duplicated a number is added to the name, as Daisy 1 and Daisy 2. Each cow knows her own stall, and always walks into the right one. The milking is attended to by the women, each woman having a certain number of cows to milk. After this task is finished the milk is carried to one of the cleanest dairies, where some is apportioned to the different families, and the remainder kept at the dairy for butter and cheese.

Besides the farm conveniences the people have their own flour mill, saw mill, woolen mill, and dyehouse, tannery and brewery. Their woolen mill produces cloth for their clothing, blankets for their beds and also for their horses. The surplus from their mills flows a stream through the eastern fields. The Tuscarawas River flows through their land, and furnishes power to run the machinery of the several mills which they operate. About fifty herds are hired from outside the colony to help run these different mills.

Formerly these people were governed by a "general agent," who lived in a large mansion, that is still standing. At present the colony is governed by three trustees chosen by ballot. The colony is divided into two classes, one consisting of those who are competent to vote because of their good behavior and age, and the other of those who still enjoy the benefits of the colony but have no voice in its government on account of their questionable character.

While all speak both English and German the foreign language is spoken almost entirely in the homes. In the village school English is taught three days a week and German two.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher. Hand-grenades, the simplest form of fire-extinguisher, can be made at home cheaply and easily. And it is well to have at hand a simple contrivance for extinguishing a small fire at its start.

Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (nitrate of ammonia, to be had of any drugstore), and dissolve in seven gallons of water. Procure quart bottles, of this glass, such as are ordinarily used by druggists, and fill with this, corking tightly and sealing, to prevent evaporation.

The breaking of the bottle liberates a certain amount of gas, and the heat of the fire generates more, thus working its own destruction.

Ran No Risks. The boy hung back when the visitor spoke to him, and his mother was naturally annoyed.

"Don't you go to Mrs. Brown, Willie?" she asked.

"No," replied the boy, shortly.

"Don't you like me?" asked Mrs. Brown, good naturedly.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Married Now—Only Enough For Two—Her Advantage—How You Can Tell—Too Personal—Consideration—Admires the Sentiment—Intimation—A Burst of Speed—Street Car Conductor (to driver)—Intimation—Consideration—A Useful Art—Endowed With Reason—Computation—Expensive Diet—What He Needed—A Sure Thing—A Bee in His Stomach.

Landlady—"What part of the chicken would you like, Mr. Hardy?" Hardy—"Either."—Puck.

How You Can Tell. "You can tell how old a tree is by its rings." "Yes; and that's the way you can tell how young a girl is, too."

The Terrors of Baldheadedness. Gadsby—"Your hair will be gray if it keeps on." Woolf—"Oh, well, if it keeps on I'll be satisfied."—Roxbury Gazette.

Her Advantage. "Your daughter has an angelic disposition." "Yes; we always let her have her own way about everything."—Chicago Record.

Too Personal. "What a singular nose the new boarder, Miss Perkins, has!" "Yes; she looks so much like a parrot that I didn't dare pass her the crackers."

Admires the Sentiment. "That man singing 'Only One Girl in the World For Me' has been married three times." "Well, that's all right; he means only one girl at a time."—Chicago Record.

A Burst of Speed. Street Car Conductor (to driver)—"I wonder what that man is running so hard for?" Driver (looking back)—"Mebby the girl wants ter git on."—G'lang!—New York Weekly.

Intimation. "This newspaper says that a young woman ought not to sit at a piano more than fifteen minutes at a time." "Here, out that out and let's send it to that family in the next flat."—Chicago Tribune.

Consideration. "Which would you rather have around a flat building—a dog or a baby?" "That would depend entirely on which one of them was mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sure Intention. "By George, Mrs. Monger must be telling our wives the most awful scandal." "What makes you think so?" "Why, they are both listening without interrupting."—Life.

A Useful Art. "Of course," said one old farmer to the other, "your boy is learning Latin and Greek at college, but is he getting any practical?" "Oh, yes. In the last letter he writes he tells me he is taking lessons in fencing."—Detroit Free Press.

Endowed With Reason. Professor—"Where did you acquire the information that microbes possess a high order of intelligence?" Student—"It is a deduction of my own."

Computation. "What I want," said the man who was talking about taking a flat, "is some place where the rooms are big enough for me to turn around in." "Certainly," replied the agent.

Expensive Diet. "No, I can make you no contribution. I don't believe in sending out foreign missionaries." "But the Scriptures command us to feed the hungry."

What He Needed. Mr. Woodware—"That young fellow you have in your office is the most conceited puppy I ever ran across." Mr. Queensware—"Yes, I know; but you must remember he is young yet, and his character is not fully formed. He has never been tried by fire."

A Sure Thing. A man dropped his wig on the street and a boy who was following close behind the loser, picked it up and handed it to him. "Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."—Roxbury Gazette.

Grass Taving Blocks. Paving blocks made of meadow grass are now manufactured. Their inventor was a clergyman, and the meadow grass, impregnated with oil, tar and resin, is pressed into blocks and finally bound with iron straps. The advantage claimed for these blocks is that they are noiseless and elastic, resist wear well and are impervious to heat and cold.

A Place to Avoid. More men have died and are buried in the Isthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The paths to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.—From the Persian.

A soul's rays, looking Godward, must blend with all other rays thus tending. It is the only thing nearness.—Trinitarian and Sanitarians.

The regeneration of the world will begin when humanity fully realizes that its humanity is divine, and that life, in its true sense, means simply and always divine life.—Lillian Whitting.

Pleasant retrospections, easy thoughts and comfortable presages are admirable opiates. They help to assuage the anguish and disarm the dispenser and almost make a man despise his misery.—Jeremy Taylor.

Solitude is a good school, but the world is the best theatre; the institution is the best there, but the practice here; the wilderness hath the advantage of discipline, and society opportunities of perfection.—Jeremy Taylor.

The needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate the interest and affections of our life, center them with a thoughtful heart, serve them with the will of duty and reverence them as the benediction of God.—James Martineau.

When God sends darkness, let it be dark. 'Tis so vain to think we can light up with candles, or make it anything but dark. It may be because of the darkness we shall see some new beauty in the stars.—George S. Merriam, in "The Story of William and Lucy Smith."

Glory is the crown woven by the self. A soul in which the spirit of a divine purpose is at flood glorifies everything it touches, endows every place and act, lifts the meanest thing to be divine, sends the thrill of its energy through the dullest, puts life into that which means death, and sends soul transmitters, if it may not transmit, everything it comes in contact with.—J. F. Ware.

The loftiest test of friendship—understood as companionship—is the power to do without it. And in this world of external confusions and separations there is often such a need. We do not yield the friendship, but we must again and again forego the companionship. Then comes the proof of our capacity for sacrifice, our loyalty to the Highest of all.—Lucy Larcom, in "As it is in Heaven."

The Great Ribbon Muddle. He entered the shop hurriedly, with the air of a man whose mind was filled with a weighty commission. The shop girl, who was passing at the door behind him, mumbled under her breath a formula, which he seemed to fear might slip away and be lost. He approached the counter like one who wishes it were well over.

"I wish to get," he said, boldly, "some ribbon for a red baby." The shop girl's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something lacking.

"That is," he said, "I would like some baby for a red ribbon one." The shop girl, who was standing broadly in the doorway, a shop walker and seven lady customers gathered and smiled in unison. He began again:

"That is—of course—you know—I mean—some red ribbon baby for one—that is—some red ribs for one baby—some one's red baby's ribs—some baby for one red rib—some—thunder and gnat! Where's the way out?"

"He started on it to run." "I understand," said the shop girl, thoughtfully, "an hour or so afterward, if he could have meant red baby ribbon?"

Odd Death of a Sparrow. A little English sparrow met a tragic death one day last week. A number of teams are stationed in Root street to help the passing street cars across the railroad tracks. Two or three of them are at rest most of the time in the cool shade of neighboring buildings where their drivers lounge and talk.

Now, a sparrow thinks nothing is quite so nice for nest building as long horse hairs. A number of them visited the corner every day, and gleaned the hairs from the ground. Of course, this was slow work, and one of the birds, more ambitious than the others, finally concluded to go to the fountain of horse hairs, and so he tried to pull a hair from the tail of one of the sleepy horses. No doubt the horse thought that a fly was biting him, and switched his tail vigorously. In some way, no one knew just how, the sparrow was caught, and when the driver came back he found the poor little bird hanging quite still and dead, with one of the long hairs twisted around his neck.

Uses of Emery. For many years most of the emery has been brought from Turkey and the Greek islands. Its value for cutting and polishing has been known since the beginning of history. Very crude methods are in use for obtaining this substance for market. Enormous fires are built on or against the rocks, which are then cracked or broken by throwing jets of cold water against them. Emery has many uses, among which is its employment in polishing and cutting. Being so unmanageable for a long time defied the efforts of man to put it into available shape, but at length it was cemented into usable forms and it was molded into wheels. Emery millstones are a later-day improvement. They are the most practical of all stones, because they are not affected by heat and the face is always sharp. As cutting and polishing powder, emery is of great value, and emery sandpaper is an important article of manufacture.—American Optician.

Pneumatic Trousers. One of the most novel uses to which compressed air has been put is that of pneumatic-sealed trousers patented by Moses R. Isaacs, of Philadelphia. These trousers will, when ready for use, have in their lower middle portion an air cushion, and a suitable tube connector extending up the back portion, whereby the owner of such pants can at will inflate them to his comfort and convenience. When he desires to mount a horse, bicycle, merry-go-round, or anything with a job in it, he simply pulls from his pocket a handy pump and churns air into the cushion ad libitum.—The Pathfinder.

A Bee in His Stomach. While Peter Carson, of Kalama, Wash., was eating his dinner a yellow jacket got into his mouth and was swallowed, and at any rate so the Western chronicler, according to the stomach, it took a physician's services to give the bee its quietus. Carson described his sensations as those of a man might feel who was blown up by dynamite just as a house fell upon him.—New York Sun.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Gallant Servant.

When Professor Virchow was in Russia, a few weeks ago, he was waited on by a deputation of female physicians, who came to thank him for having thrown open his lecture room and laboratory to a Russian woman at a time when the German universities did not yet admit female students.

Education of Women. Mrs. Robert E. Park, of Macon, Ga., who has been spending a week in New York, was a leader in a recent fight in her State for the university education of women. To a Tribune reporter she said: "It is university progress we seek: not co-education. If Georgia can sustain a woman's university, well and good. But that is practically out of the question, since she does not properly care for the one she now has.

Our correspondence has been extensive on the subject of co-education in universities, and the testimony everywhere, but especially in the South, is emphatically favorable. The dire results to morals and manners are predicted and feared by many of our educated and Chaucerian society. 'Only those who seek co-education who have not tried it.' This is the testimony of a Southern man—a Virginian."—New York Tribune.

The Season's Big Muffs. The muff of the season is big. It is drawn up at the top into a satin bow and a cascade of lace. Inexpensive sweater capes are made entirely of mink or sable or Persian lamb paws. These are lined with broad and finished with lace or ribbon. Ruffle collars in mink, twelve-tailed neckties in the same fur and white-tipped fox hosiery to set over dark coats are among the most novel fur accessories.

I have seen a few fur-trimmed dresses, green tweed and Persian lamb being one of the best, writes Ellen Osborn, of New York. A theater party that burst into a restaurant the other night for supper brought in some good goods. One of 'old rose silk' was slightly tanned. A band of jeweled lace insertion edged the skirt behind and ran up on either side of the front to the waist line. Across the bottom of the front was a line of sable. The blouse bodice of old rose velvet was cut with a large square yoke of silk outlined with the jeweled insertion.

The yoke was prolonged into panels, edged with sable. There was a high collar of unique shape made entirely of insertion and standing in a flat ruff of old rose velvet. The large hat of old rose velvet was trimmed with feathers.

A second costume was of fawn-colored cloth, with the lower part of the skirt sprinkled with irregular spots of green velvet. A green-velvet blouse, corselet belt and sleeves of cloth and a poke hat of brown felt, faced with green and trimmed with upstanding feathers, completed the outfit.

A pink-fleck cloth dress was charming. Its skirt was trimmed with bands and bands of gold-brown velvet. The bodice was tucked round and round and was finished with a velvet belt and stabbed, collarlike top of brown and pink figured silk. This also had velvet garnitures.—Chicago Record.

Administration Curly Stylish. All the femininity of any consequence in Washington are wearing their hair cropped, curled and held at either side of the parting by the curls. This is because Mrs. McKinley, the first lady in the land, wears her hair that way, and, of course, should be copied. The curls have come to be known as "Administration curls." At the various summer resorts these dames from the capital were gazed at in horror at first, because the fashion is certainly unbecoming to almost every one; but when the "why and wherefore" was learned, the maids and matrons rushed to their curls, and now the Merode curls are on them off. Now the McKinley curls have made their appearance from Maine to the Rio Grande and from Key West to Klondike, and will doubtless hold their own until the arrival of some new social or theatrical star.

Why women should change the fashion of wearing their hair is incomprehensible, because to every face some one style is absolutely suited and all other modes are more or less unbecoming. But let a professional French music hall dancer adopt some curious and wonderful method of arranging her hair and women the world over will make this method "the fashion." It is many years since Mrs. Langtry started the fashion of chopping off all the hair on the top of the head, curling the short ends into little rings and waves and producing what was known as a "bang." The much-abused tresses have had time to grow long, and now they are looking out at the world from behind straight bands of hair drawn down over the ears, because Cleo de Merode, Parisian music hall dancer and favorite of a king, has set the fashion for so doing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fashion Notes. Corded silks and ribbed woollens and velvets will be very fashionably used for all the handsome gowns, entire street costumes, redingotes and wraps this winter.

A gay and pretty coat for a girl of five years is of scarlet cloth, double breasted and ornamented by military frogs of black silk braid. A cape of scarlet velvet, under heavy cream guilache lace, falls from a yoke braided with black. A rolling collar and deep cuffs of the cloth, both braided, complete this pretty little garment.

Some of the new fur capes are made very short and full on the shoulders, and many models show a fur ruffe and standing collar attached to a rounding yoke of deep moss-green, wine-colored or golden-brown velvet. Other peleries have inlaid yokes of jet, bronze or various other Persian beads, and the yoke is nearly covered with rich, heavy-silk cord arabesque patterns on applique.

Facings, revers and vests of white or cream cloth still appear on some of the handsome cloth costumes for special wear. This is an easy and most effective addition to a gown, and always a becoming one. Some of these gowns show the white or cream portions bordered with rows of white and gold braid; others are almost hidden by an intricate arabesque or vermicelli design in hand-brading.

A smart afternoon frock for a girl of ten is of bright blue cloth. The blouse front is a separate piece which is fastened to the skirt by a row of buttons of the cloth. The skirt is of finely plaited bright red satin and sleeves of plaited red satin give a charming touch of color. The edges of the bretelles and of the blouse where it touches the yoke in front are adorned by a fine design in narrow braiding, which also finishes the bottom of the skirt.

Corn as Fuel. A Minnesota farmer insists that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and feed two horses and a cow through the winter.

THE ORDER OF MULLAHS.

REMARKABLE WHITE-BEARDED MEN OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

They are Schoolmaster, Lawyer, Judge and Priest All Combined, and Exercise a Strong Influence Over the Tribes of the Afghan Hills.

During the spring of 1887 I accompanied an army party which set out from Peshawar to penetrate the country north of the Khyber, and examine such routes as would be available in the event of the press being held by a powerful enemy. During that time I had many opportunities of studying the manners and methods of the Mullahs—those remarkable men who are at present using their fanatical followers to drive them to revolt against the encroachments of the British.

The visitor to the towns of the independent tribes will often see a venerable white-bearded old man, followed by a crowd of young Pathans, who show every sign of respect for their leader. In his right hand the venerable figure carries a staff, and in his left a large volume of the law according to Mahomet. When the procession reaches a public place the leader seats himself; his disciples stand around or sit at his feet, and the general public assemble at the end of the town to hear the words of wisdom.

The Mullahs are collectively known as the Ulama, or learned. They are the schoolmasters, lawyers, judges, as well as the priests, many of them being men of great ability and scholarship; and as they are all passionately devoted to their order, it cannot be said that their influence is altogether evil. They are great peace-makers in a land where fighting is the breath of a man's nostrils. I once saw one of them in Lalporah rush between two bodies of Mohommads who were drawn up to attack each other, and by persuasion prayed to them to remember their common God, and their common country, make these deserts and away as quickly as frightened schoolboys.

The position of Mullah is conferred on such candidates as have undergone a special course of study in the intricate Mahometan law and successfully passed an examination therein. The principal part of the ceremony consists of the most saintly Mullah presiding over the novice with the wide flowing gown of white cotton and the peculiarly shaped turban.

The Mullahs marry and live like the laity in most particulars, though some of them assume the most ridiculous austerity, frowning on the simplest amusements, and even condemning all music except the waflike drum and trumpet, as being effeminate. To such men the merry fiddle or the evening lute are as the horns of the Evil One.

One rich source of revenue with the priesthood is their fine collection of charms and incantations. It is no uncommon sight to see an old man, a Hindu or Mohommad, sitting with a Mullah and vigorously repeating a charm or performing an incantation to enable him to fix the afflictions of some fair lady who is not enamoured of his gray hairs.

A Mullah's most sensitive point is the dignity of his office. When that is outraged there is trouble in the land. He calls the brethren to a council. They suspend all the rites of public worship, denounce their enemy as a dog and an infidel, cover him and his progeny with their maledictions and his people are practically excommunicated. If this does not bring the unhappy man to his senses, the Mullahs don their sacred robes, and carrying the green standard of the Prophet, go up and down through the land proclaiming the faithful to avenge the honor of the apostle of the Prophet. To those who flock to their side they promise eternal bliss; to those who ignore their appeal everlasting torture. The Mullah's voice is not raised in vain. He soon has a frantic army following the green flag, willing to go anywhere and do anything their leader pleases.

When a Mullah dies the place of his death becomes a sacred shrine at which miracles are worked. There is not a village throughout the whole Pathan country which does not have its spot of white cloth, the halt and blind resort for relief.—St. James Gazette.

Sea Water of Many Colors. On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will, perhaps, be some yellow or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color-strips of mathematical precision. To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed, and as a rule are only seen in close proximity to land.

If you see a deep blue or green patch, you may label it deep water, the blue usually being deeper than the green. A yellowish tint signifies a sandy bottom, and, if it is very pronounced, indicates a shoal or sand-bank.

Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or cloud shadows will sometimes produce a similar effect. On the east coast it is no uncommon thing to see a patch of bright red where the sea has reflected the color of the deep brown sand on the surface.

Where the bottom is muddy, as on the Essex coast, a streak of bright silver-gray is often seen. Many people who cannot claim intimacy with the sea imagine these colors are in the sea water itself, whereas it is intrinsic that is bluish-green.—London Answers.

Method For Discovering Forgery. This new method has been devised by Professor M. Bruylants, professor in chemistry in the University of Louvain. The portion of a document which is suspected of having been altered is first moistened, and then, after being dried, is exposed to the action of vapor of iodine. The portion thus moistened, if it has been altered, assumes a violet tint, while the other portion appears a brownish yellow. This action is evident the day after the treatment of a portion of the starch contained in the size of the paper. The same process will even reveal the existence of pencil marks erased by rubbing.—Public Opinion.

Corn as Fuel. A Minnesota farmer insists that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and feed two horses and a cow through the winter.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS.

Women Who Know the Laws of Nature and Obey Them May Live to Green Old Age.

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely. Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth. When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspirations easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and restore woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain.

Here is an illustration. Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, Vt., says: "I suffered with nervous prostration, faintness, all-gone feeling and palpitation of the heart. I could not stand but a few moments at a time without having that terrible bearing-down sensation. "When I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I only weighed 108 pounds, and could not sit up half a day; before, however, I had used a whole bottle, I was able to be about. I took in all about three bottles of the Compound, and am entirely cured; now I weigh 131 pounds and feel like a new woman—stronger and better than ever in my life."

So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

TRUTHFUL LADIES.

SPEAK OUT.

Why He Believes in the Supernatural. A resident of Brazil, Ind., writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "I have read the story of a twelve-foot white ghost that walks at midnight on a dismal Eastern beach. It reminds me of a boy of experience that belongs to my boyhood days. I did not believe in ghosts then and nothing could convince me that supernatural appearances ever stalked abroad in the gaze of earthly vision. My disbelief, however, was dispelled one lonesome night late in November. The moon was not shining, but the star-light filtered down, uninterrupted, through cloud masses and slightly tinged the dark, heavy air so that objects were visible to the steady gaze. On some quest I had gone to the barn alone. Just before reaching it, however, I saw a sight that turned the currents of my blood back on themselves and made the very hair on my head stand up, as it were. Just in front of me, with arms outspread and supporting a thin, substantial vesture of grayish white, loomed a spectre whose head must have been at an altitude of three times my own. There was no doubt about the matter. Rived to the spot I, at first, gazed awe-struck. The spectre moved not nor did it vanish. I disbelieved in ghosts asserted itself, however, and I found myself emboldened enough to question the spectre, after a short spell. I did more. My foot struck a hard substance which, on examination, proved to be the brick-bat I had used to move a pace forward. I deliberately hurled the bat full at the body of the apparition, thinking, if it were a tangible fraud, practicing deceit, I would get even with it. But, true to the aim, struck the spectre, but, to my great consternation, it passed through it and hit the barn beyond with such noise as I thought I had never heard before. I thought I heard a puffing and rustling, but I did not see it. I thought I distinguished a rustle, but I did not see it. There stood the spectre still; but I did not longer tarry, leaving abruptly and in firm faith in the supernatural."

How Berliners "Spruce Up." The men of Berlin have an odd habit of brushing and combing their hair and whiskers in public. In the restaurants and cafes men pull out their implements and "spruce up" while waiting for their orders to be filled. They do not take the trouble to leave the table, either. In the foyers of the Berlin theatres there are many mirrors. Theoretically they are placed there for the convenience of ladies. As a matter of fact they are the principal users. Five minutes before the curtain goes up a man may be seen strutting before every mirror industriously using brush and comb. One minute before the curtain rises all hands place brush and comb back in their pockets, and with a well-groomed appearance and self-satisfied smile they march down to their seats.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Old Silver Dollar. "How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar. When some kind subscriber presents it to view; The liberty bell without necktie or collar, All the odd strange things that are to us seem so new; The wide spreading eagle, the arrows below; The stars and the words with the strange things they tell; The coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it; For some time or other 'twill come in right well— The spread eagle dollar, the old silver dollar, That almighty dollar we love so well."—Exchange.

A Nonsensical Notion. Some folks actually believe that they can cure skin diseases through their stomachs. It is absurd, but true, because his disease stays right there. Stays there till he uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. For Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema and their itchy irritations. Good for Dandruff, too. Sent by mail, 25 cents. Write to Dr. J. C. Shurpeter, Savannah, Ga.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; but this is not the opinion of the bird.

Rudyard Kipling. Has written one of his best stories for the 1898 volume of The Youth's Companion, "The Burning of the Sarah Sands" is its title, and it is a stirring tale of heroism in the ranks. Those who subscribe to The Youth's Companion may now receive the story free for the rest of the year, and The Companion's yearly calendars are recognized among the richest and most costly examples of this form of art. Illustrated Prospectus of the volume for 1898 and sample copies of the paper sent upon application. Address, The Youth's Companion, 207 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, LUCAS CREESE, being duly sworn, depose and say that I