

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher is entitled to the name of whether he is a subscriber or not.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's wife,
With its care and worry and doubt;
Of the shabby gentils of his seamy clothes,
Of his diamond pins, and his calm repose,
His happiness, his peace, and his joy.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife?
Of that silent, unobtrusive, war,
With a blending of sentiment, beauty and still,
With temperate know-ledge, with tact, and will,
The whole of his labor can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn
By the editor's hand and eye;
Who dresses with elegance and neat,
And trimmed up with tides and ribbons sweet,
Which once was so poor and so bare.

If the editor's sick, or away, or behind,
In need of more hands and more haste,
She directs his wrappers so they can be read,
And writes the letters straight out of her head,
And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers, and books,
As the cradle she softly rocks;
While the editor sits in his easy chair,
With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair,
She quietly reads his notes.

Then she reads the ads, with the editor,
Of that silent, unobtrusive, war,
"But the column ad. of the jeweler, there,"
So he says, "and the harness, and human hair
Must be taken out in trade."

She wears the corsets he gets for ads,
And rattles his sewing machine;
She uses the brush and eye and all things,
The country subscriber so faithfully brings,
With a cheerful seldom seen.

But her life is full of merry delight,
As one dark cloud, alas!
Though she shares his ticket to circus and play,
To lecture, and to merry minstrelsy,
She can't use his railroad pass.

When time hangs heavy on his hands,
She begins the hours away,
With joke and laughter, music and song,
And pleasant talk, and this ripples along
The whole of each leisure day.

O, who would exchange this sweet content,
This simple and trusting life,
For that of a great city and its throng,
For the happiest woman on all this earth,
In the country editor's wife.

—Margaret O'Leary, in N. Y. Sun.

O'SHERRY'S TRICK.

How Captain Dallimore Lost His Whiskers.

How many men enter the army solely on account of the uniform? How many of those who are supposed to be enamored of the adventures and perils of a soldier's life are enamored only of the tinsel and trappings of a soldier's coat? It would be interesting to know, but owing to the unaccountable reticence on the part of those so influenced, it is impossible to discover.

Still, occasionally there occur cases where, though no confession is made, a shrewd guess may be hazarded that aesthetic considerations had much to do in inducing the gallant warrior to choose a military career.

Captain Dalton Dallimore was one of these. Captain Dalton Dallimore was not a very adventurous, nor a very courageous, nor a very ambitious man, but he was unquestionably a very conceited one. His conceit, however, referred only to his appearance. He never imagined that he was clever, braver, or more high-minded than his fellows; in fact, his private opinion was that in these qualities he was rather below an average man. But when it came to his looks, and every time he glanced in his glass, and that was pretty often, he felt, with a thrill of pleasure, that there he had the advantage of most people.

He had a rather long bad-looking fellow. He had a rather long face, possibly good features, and fair hair, and he wore a mustache, large mutton-chop whiskers, and a *pinus-res*. He was very tall and very slight; and his clothes—which is not always the case even with military men—were obviously made for himself.

His appearance was better than his manner; that was affected and insipid to a degree. He could be induced to manifest nothing but the most languid interest in a subject or an object. No matter what was the subject which was occupying the attention of the rest of the company, his attention was concentrated on himself. While the others were jesting, chaffing, or disputing he was engaged examining the fit of his jacket or the crease of his trousers, or else stroking his mustache and passing his fingers affectionately through his whiskers.

These latter bizarre appendages were the cause of much mockery and heartburning in the regiment. His brother officers strongly disapproved of them. They could understand and sympathize with his devotion to his mustache—they all wore mustaches themselves, which they carefully nurtured and tenderly cherished—but he was the only man in the regiment who sported whiskers, and the officers regarded his indulgence in them as an unwarrantable license, not to say breach of discipline.

"Dolly, my boy," one would say, "why don't you shave and look like a Christian?" "I prefer to look like a goat," another would growl.

"You see," a third would put in, "he's not very energetic, and the whiskers save him a good deal of work; with them he has only to wash half of his face."

"If I were the Colonel," a fourth would declare, "he should either shave or leave the regiment."

But Captain Dallimore would only laugh languidly at all such coaxing, bullying and admonitions. He loved his whiskers, and was determined not to lose them. Besides, he suspected that envy had something to do with his fellow-officers' disapproval.

Captain Dalton Dallimore never regretted his choice of a profession. The Lancer uniform exactly suited his taste and figure. His duties he found light, and, in the whole, agreeable; while the effect of his lace, spurs and charger upon the ladies was all that could be desired. The only drawback he ever found was the fact that his regiment was so frequently ordered to leave the village, where he had little company and little opportunity of receiving what he felt was his due of feminine admiration and attention.

His delight, therefore, can be imagined when his regiment received orders to leave the village of Braxby for the publicity and gaiety of the Irish metropolis. He had been in Dublin before, and knew what he had to expect there—not an occasional dinner at Lord Broadacre's or Squire Cherry's, or a dance every six months at the lower hall, but a succession of banquets, receptions and balls, and the admiration and devotion of scores of the prettiest women in Europe.

The gallant Captain was not doomed to disappointment. Dublin proved every thing that he expected. All that was wealthy, beautiful and fashionable in the city received the Lancers with open arms. Cards of invitation from the castle, Merrion square, and Old Trinity came in scores to every officer's quarters. From Colonel to Lieutenant they were all in demand everywhere, but none of them seemed to be quite so great a demand as Captain Dalton Dallimore.

It was about a month after the regiment's arrival in Dublin, that Captain Dallimore was, alone of all the Lancers, present at a dinner given by Mr. Justice McMurtry in his fine house in Fitzwilliam square. Judge McMurtry was famous for his dinners, and though Captain Dalton Dallimore knew that there would be no ladies there—the host was a bachelor—and that he would be acquainted with few of the guests, he gladly accepted the invitation. And he did not regret it. A better dinner he had never eaten, and the wines were simply incomparable. The only thing, besides his ap-

pearance, in which Captain Dallimore took an absorbing interest, was his stomach.

The company, like dinner, was the best Dublin could supply. It consisted of some members of the viceregal household, two peers resident in the neighborhood of the capital, three judges and several of the most distinguished lawyers, doctors and capitalists in Ireland. Captain Dalton Dallimore, however, knew very few of them, and the two between whom he sat at dinner did not seem to take much interest in him or his conversation. When, then, Judge McMurtry led the way into the drawing-room, the gallant Captain sat down in a corner, there to digest his dinner in silence.

He had been sitting by himself some time when a servant happened to call on him that one of the guests was a gentleman he had met before, a distinguished lawyer, Sergeant O'Sherry. The learned sergeant had dined on the previous night at the mess, and his conversation had been most clever and interesting. Captain Dallimore resolved to renew the acquaintance.

He made his way over to the sergeant, and, holding out his hand, affably said: "I think I have met before, Sergeant O'Sherry."

The sergeant rose quickly to his feet, and, bowing very low, said: "I have that honor, sir."

Captain Dallimore was surprised and pleased at the lawyer's very deferential manner.

After a slight pause Sergeant O'Sherry spoke again: "I was not aware, sir," he said, "that you were of the company of a gentleman who had paid my respects sooner."

"O, I suppose," answered Captain Dallimore, "you mistook me for some other person like myself. I did not at first recognize you."

"Ah! that," replied the sergeant smiling, "is not strange. That you should forget so humble a person as myself is not wonderful, but that I should forget you is."

"Really, I don't see it," said the Lancer. "We only met once before."

"Yes; but one in my position rarely forgets meeting one in yours."

"In mine?" repeated Captain Dallimore. "I really don't understand you. My position is not so important as yours."

"Well, really, Mr. Kilpatrick—"

"Kilpatrick?" repeated Captain Dallimore.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, looking very much surprised. "I understood I was speaking to Mr. Kilpatrick, the Scotch gentleman who is chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant."

"Well, really," said Captain Dallimore, laughing, "I assure you I'm no such exalted person. I'm plain Captain Dallimore, of the 8th Lancers."

"You don't mean it?" cried his lawyer, amazed. "It's wonderful—marvelous! I never saw such a striking resemblance! As like as two peas! Same eyes, nose, chin, complexion, mustache, whiskers—especially whiskers! I'm almost a maniac!"

"Did you take me for Mr. Kilpatrick?" asked Captain Dallimore, greatly amused.

"Take you for him," said Sergeant O'Sherry vehemently. "Why, his own mother would take you for him! I never saw any thing like it before! I remember meeting you, now. It was last night, at mess. Strange that the resemblance didn't strike me then! Perhaps it was the uniform made the difference."

"Upon my word, you make me laugh," said Captain Dallimore.

"Well, let me tell you, Captain," said the sergeant, lowering his voice in an impressive way, "it's no laughing matter. I wouldn't be in your shoes for something."

"Why?" asked Captain Dallimore, opening his eyes in amazement.

"Why? Don't you know?"

"Not I! I'm rather pleased than otherwise to find I'm like so distinguished a man."

"Are you? Well, I suppose you're a soldier and don't care, but I'm only a civilian, and for my part I wouldn't take one thousand a year and run the risk you do."

"Run the risk I do? Really, sergeant, I do not comprehend."

"Don't comprehend! Why, don't you know that there are dozens of men about Dublin looking out for a chance of putting a bullet into Kilpatrick? Now, what would happen if they made the same mistake as I did, and took you for him?"

"By George," exclaimed Captain Dallimore, thoroughly startled. "I never thought of that."

"Perhaps you will soon have reason to do so," said the sergeant, gravely. "It's all right for Kilpatrick himself; he never goes out unguarded—he takes good care of that; but what if you were to get a bullet through you any day?"

"Upon my word," said Captain Dallimore, seriously, "that's quite true. Am I really very like him?"

"Very like him! It's no name for it. You're just himself over again. Of course you're a soldier and a brave man, and so laugh at danger; but if I were in your shoes I'd pretty soon make a change in my appearance."

"How could I do that?"

"How? Why, as easily as possible. Shave off your mustache. Captain Dallimore thought a moment, and then shook his head. The sacrifice was too great.

"Well, yes," said the sergeant, in reply to the motion, "I forgot you're a military man, and so wouldn't like to part with your mustache. Well, let us see. Why not shave off your whiskers? That would be nearly as good."

Captain Dallimore writhed under the suggestion, but nevertheless he considered it. "That wouldn't be quite so bad," he said at length. "But do you think it would be enough?"

"Well, it's hard to say," answered the lawyer; "but I'm inclined to think it would. You see, you wear your whiskers exactly as Kilpatrick does. They no doubt do much to produce so striking a resemblance. If you took them off I dare say it would be scarcely noticeable."

Captain Dallimore and Sergeant O'Sherry continued talking earnestly until the time for departure arrived. They left together, when the lawyer showed how deep and sincere his concern was for the risk Captain Dallimore ran by insisting on accompanying the officer home the whole way to the royal barracks.

"Even my presence," he said, "will add something to your safety, and so I feel it my duty to go with you."

All night long Captain Dallimore tossed about, unable to sleep. He was tortured by the prospect of a dreadful alternative. If he shaved his whiskers he would lose the respect of the Bonbons. This association meets at the Palace Mazarin, Paris. His chief officer is its secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. He receives a salary of 12,000 francs, the society being allowed by the Government 85,000 francs a year for the payment of its officers and the care of its library. The Academy is always to consist of forty members, all vacancies being filled by the votes of those already composing the body. To belong to it is regarded as a high honor, the members being spoken of as "the forty immortals." Ambitious authors, therefore, employ much social diplomacy to secure the favor of members, and no doubt the choice of new academicians is often made on the basis of personal admiration or complacency of sentiment, rather than of pure merit. But for all this, no other mode of selection could probably be devised that would enable the body to sustain, decade after decade, the same character, purpose and standards.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

History and Purpose of the World's Most Exclusive Literary Society.

The French Academy is a society or club made up of forty of the most gifted as well as famous of the literary men of France. It had its origin in a literary coterie which held meetings in Paris during the time of Louis XIV, and it was Cardinal Richelieu that gave it its unity and purpose. His object was to have a fixed standard of grammar and rhetoric given to the language, believing that this would lead to the unification and peace of France. The duties which the great Cardinal imposed upon the members of the Academy were "to purify and fix the national tongue, to throw light upon its obscurities, to maintain its character and principles; and at their private meetings to keep this object in view. Their discussions were to turn on grammar, rhetoric and poetry; their critical observations on the beauties and defects of classical French authors, in order to prepare editions of their works and to compose a new dictionary of the French language." The Academy at present preserves little of its original character of a mere coterie of grammarians, and as for the dictionary, it is, after all these years, not yet completed. The original Academy was swept away in 1793. In 1803 Napoleon partially restored it, but not under its original name, which, however, was revived with the restoration of the Bonbons. This association meets at the Palace Mazarin, Paris. Its chief officer is its secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. He receives a salary of 12,000 francs, the society being allowed by the Government 85,000 francs a year for the payment of its officers and the care of its library. The Academy is always to consist of forty members, all vacancies being filled by the votes of those already composing the body. To belong to it is regarded as a high honor, the members being spoken of as "the forty immortals." Ambitious authors, therefore, employ much social diplomacy to secure the favor of members, and no doubt the choice of new academicians is often made on the basis of personal admiration or complacency of sentiment, rather than of pure merit. But for all this, no other mode of selection could probably be devised that would enable the body to sustain, decade after decade, the same character, purpose and standards.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

ABOUT CROCUSES.

Their Intimate Connection with the Saffron of Commerce.

None of our yellow crocuses are of European origin; they came to us from the East, and appear to be comparatively recent importations. "Cloth of Gold," for instance, is a native of Turkey and the Crimea, while the original home of the large yellow crocus is Asia Minor. Many other kinds have no doubt been produced by the ingenuity of the Dutch gardeners, always skillful in their treatment of bulbs. The chief interest of the crocuses, however, in the fact of its connection with the saffron of commerce. Twice in the course of history this latter drug has enjoyed a popularity which seems strange to us—once under the Greeks and Romans and again in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Saffron itself is nothing more than the dried stigmas of a certain purple crocus which blossoms in the autumn. It seems originally to have been brought from the East. Its name in any case is Eastern, being, it is said, merely a change of the Arabic word *zafaran*. The Greeks and the Romans, it is true, knew nothing of this name, but always used the term *crocus* for saffron. The undoubted fact, however, of its having, on its reappearance in Europe, been imported from the East, confirms the tradition or notion of its Oriental origin. It was, strangely enough, the scent which formed its chief attraction for the ancients. They regarded it as the most delicious of perfumes, and endeavored to introduce it on every possible occasion. The doors of their halls and mansions, as also of their theaters, were strewn with it, and Pliny in one place recommends that the saffron should be bruised, in order the better to diffuse its fragrance. Its flavor was also greatly appreciated, and Beckmann says that "in the oldest work on cookery which has been handed down to us, and which is ascribed to Apicius, it appears that saffron was as much employed in seasoning dishes as for a perfume."—*Chamber's Journal.*

WRITING A SERMON.

A Distinguished Chicago Clergyman Tells How He Does It.

You have requested me to tell you how I make my sermons. I hardly know what to answer, as, in my judgment, nearly all preachers prepare substantially in the same way. How do painters mix their colors? How do brickmakers make their bricks? How do wall builders build their walls; or shipwrights their vessels? In all these cases there are accepted principles on which these artisans proceed, and the same is true of sermon manufacturing. If you are anxious to find out Rubens' secret of coloring, or Becher's art of illuminating an idea, or the charm that hangs over the composition of various men, you will never be gratified; for that is something they themselves can not explain, even if they try. What the public would really like to know of the elaborations of genius can not be imparted, and what remains may be learned in any book on homiletics, with simply the uninteresting addenda as to whether certain mortals write or do not write, or whether they write only notes, or in full. These details are pitifully indifferent. But as you wish them in my case, who have no secret of genius to trouble me or others, I comply with your desire.

Some sermons are born; others, like Topsy, grow. Just as the poet has an inspiration and writes, so at times a thought comes to the preacher, and is almost without effort, it shapes itself on paper. But other discourses are painfully elaborated. They have to be carefully planned, sketched, revised and re-revised before the desired result is reached. My custom has been to read the Bible regularly and studiously, and to note any text that impresses me, appending such ideas as it may have given rise to; and in some instances that is all the preparation given to me, roused my entire spiritual and mental being, has shaped itself, and appropriate words generally are found when the hour comes for delivery. These, however, are exceptional cases. Usually the marked passage in the Bible remains for future use; but, by the daily study of the book, subjects for the pulpit are kept on hand in abundance. Having text and theme, I then, as a rule, pencil a rough outline, jotting down ideas and illustrations. After the plan is drawn up, if there is need for the consultation of authorities, I inform that part of my task.

As I read what I have just put on paper, I am reminded of a story I heard of a celebrated and successful Indian captain. He was asked what plan he adopted when fighting the red-skins. He replied: "I have a very excellent one always, and always mean to follow it, but the red-skins disconcert it, and I have just to let the boys loose on them, with the advice not to miss when they fire." So it is with myself. I have an exalted idea of the way in which a sermon should be prepared, and I intend always to do my best in that line; but circumstances are changing constantly; time can not always be found for close study, and one's battle must be decided on the inspiration of the moment. My rule is to move like the old captain, and if I can only succeed in hitting somebody or something I am happy, even though critics may be shocked, and the old rifle recoil a little more violently than is pleasant.

In conclusion, permit me to add that for effective pulpit work a rested brain is the best of all immediate preparations. Had I to choose between a manuscript with a weary head on my shoulders, and a fresh head—not a new one, of course—and no manuscript, I would select the head. This pre-supposes education, experience and the ability to command one's resources in public. Given these general qualifications, and I intend the speaker will find quiet and repose an excellent library and desk for what is before him. But beginners ought not to presume. They ought to learn from this fact not to neglect needful rest for mind and body; but, at the same time, they must not forego careful discipline of thought, life reflection, and conscientious committing of their ideas to paper.—*Dr. G. G. Lorimer, in Writer.*

ABOUT THE MOON.

Facts Concerning Our Nearest Neighbor in the Solar System.

A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon. In its course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation to the dwellers upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellite, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that in bulk, the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth. We can discern, through powerful telescopes, the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that there are visible two craters of volcanoes sixty miles wide; another, ten thousand feet deep; that one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them, that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail"; that it has neither atmosphere, air or water; that, in short, it is "nothing else but a ball of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun." No fires ever issue from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollowed-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary, treeless, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides, and reflects the sunbeams into moonlight; but whirls, like a corpse in cerements of silver-cloth and black velvet, round and round the earth.

The astronomers have carefully constructed a geography of the moon, and have mapped out its region, and given names to its various features. For instance, they have called some of the mountains of the moon, "Copernicus," "Posidonius," "Clavius," after earthly philosophers; others, they have christened by the names of the famous peaks of the earth; and the dreary valleys and waterless bays and lakes have received fanciful but inapposite names, such as "the Bays of Clouds," the "Lake of Nectar" and the "Gulf of Rainbows."

It is doubtful, according to Sir Robert Ball, if any increase of the magnifying powers of telescopes will add any further definite knowledge to that which has already been acquired about the moon. He believes that, when the moon is brought by greater lenses to within fifty (instead of, as now, two hundred and fifty) miles of the earth, as it probably will be in the near future, the result of this improved observation will be mainly valuable as confirming the conclusions already arrived at.—*Youth's Companion.*

A STRANGE TRAGEDY.

A Powerful Sentimental Argument Against Vivisection.

A story of vivisection has been told the Listener, as coming from a French source, which has impressed him as perhaps stating, in allegorical form, the sentimental argument against vivisection as strikingly as it can be stated. Here is the tale as 'tis told to him: A physician, who is also a professor in a medical college, was engaged for a great part of his time in the vivisection of animals. He had a little daughter of whom he was very fond, and who was tenderly devoted to him. He resorted to all sorts of methods to prevent her from learning his chief occupation. She grew to the age of fourteen without any knowledge of the fact. One day she was visited by another girl of her own age, who, with tears in her eyes, said she had lost her white greyhound.

"What shall we do to find her?" the visitor asked.

"O, I know," said the doctor's daughter, "we will go to the college and get papa, and he will help us find her, for you know there's no time to be lost."

The two girls started for the medical college. A careless doorkeeper let them pass into the laboratory where the professor was at work. They saw two students standing over the table, and the young girl's father, the doctor, was engaged in the work of dissection upon a living dog, which was none other than the lost greyhound.

"Leda!" screamed the dog's mistress. The poor animal heard the call, roused itself and sprang away from its tormentors. It was unable stand, and sank again to the floor. The dog's mistress screamed and rushed away from the room. But the professor's daughter remained, as still and pale as death, her eyes wide open and staring at her father. Just as he, looking up, perceived what had happened, he saw his daughter sinking down in a faint. He sprang to her and seized her in his arms. She did not recover consciousness for two days, and was then in a terrible fever. Recovering from the fever, it was found that she had well-nigh lost her reason. She will, the narrator of the story says, probably always be the victim of monomania.—*Boston Transcript.*

INSANE PATIENTS.

An Interesting Chat With an Experienced Asylum Nurse.

The treatment of patients in an insane asylum is radically different from the mental pictures that are drawn by the families of those who have been so unfortunate as to require restraining. After the first few days the patient overcomes the horror that imagination attaches to mad houses, and through his wandering intellect there comes a gleam of light that makes him contented with his surroundings. Thus he becomes tractable, and the physicians and trained attendants can quickly grasp his case, exposing the vulnerable points of his character, which are said to control the patient in his lucid moments. Of course, where men or women are seized by a paroxysm, inciting them to destruction of themselves or to damage property, there is only one alternative—they must be rendered helpless, so that in those violent moments they can do no harm. Patients become very much attached to special nurses, and this feeling is fostered by the physicians, as it denotes an awakening of the mental energies, and renders the insane person susceptible. You would be surprised to see a slender little Sister of Charity at St. Vincent's Asylum enter the room of a patient who had torn his bedding into shreds, smashed the few pieces of furniture in his room and chased the male attendants like an infuriated beast. It was my first experience of the kind, and I expected to see the poor little thing torn to pieces by the madman. I was deceived. The Sister seemed to exercise a spell over the big strapping fellow, who weighed over two hundred pounds and stood six feet in his stockings. She spoke in the same way that a mother would address a cross child, told him he was very foolish, that he wasn't doing right, and that until he was ready to behave himself she would have to punish him by putting on the "jacket" and "muff," two of the worst devices in an insane asylum. That man could have crushed the brave little woman to a jelly without making an effort, but she went on making her effort, and he submitted. No man, priest, doctor or attendant could have approached a him, and no other Sister could have controlled him. These singular attachments must be of mesmeric origin.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WOMAN AND HOME.

Practical Suggestions for Experienced and Inexperienced Housewives.

Always grease the bars of the grid-iron before broiling with it. Salt mackerel should be soaked in milk all night before cooking. Boiled rice, eaten warm with sugar, butter and nutmeg is often a pleasant dessert. The proper way to eat oranges is to cut them in two and scoop out the pulp with a spoon. Cream toast is an appetizing and economical supper dish, as it uses up stray slices of bread. Curry is pepper seven times intensified, and is used by French cooks to season game, fish, etc. Boiled cabbage should be drained in a colander fifteen minutes and then put in the oven for five minutes to heat again. Boiled meat is much more juicy and sweet if it is allowed to grow cold in the water in which it was cooked. Green tomatoes cut in half and put down in brine make a very acceptable substitute for genuine cucumber pickles. Sweet potato pie, in which sweet potatoes take the place of pumpkin or squash is a Southern delicacy not properly appreciated nowadays. Stewed chicken is made better by being served on toast, or make a pan of biscuit, break them apart, hot, and pour the gravy over them. Pour boiling water upon onions before peeling them and you will avoid the smarting eyes occasioned by the volatile oil in the juice of the onions. Pickled oysters are delicious. Care must be taken, however, not to have the spiced vinegar too strong or to leave the oysters in it more than twenty-four hours. The "pickings" of roast turkey, duck or chicken may be chopped fine, and when covered with salad dressing make a very pleasant side dish for dinner. Moths may be killed, if under the carpet, by wringing a coarse towel tightly from clean water, spreading it upon the suspected parts and ironing with a very hot iron. Ink stains may be removed from carpets by rubbing them with skim milk until they are almost effaced and then washing them with a cloth wrung out of boiling water without soap. Boil fish in salt water. A good way is to wrap the fish in a napkin. Salmon and all dark flesh fish require more cooking than lighter flesh fish. Salmon requires ten minutes to the pound, while cod only requires three minutes. Soak a ham twelve hours before boiling it. Then let it cool half an hour in the liquor in which it was cooked. The next day remove the skin and put the ham, covered with bread crumbs, in the oven a half hour before dinner; it is a most delicious dish. A good relish for snapper may be made in this fashion: Put chipped beef, smoked or dried, on the stove in a frying pan with cold water and let it boil. Then thicken it with flour to the consistency of gravy, and add pepper and butter. This makes a delicious dish and uses up the remnants of dried beef at the same time. Tarts are easily made by rolling out ordinary pie crust quite thin and cutting it with a round cookie cutter. Then, in half the number made, cut four small holes, a thimble is the best thing for the purpose, and bake in pie tins. They are then ready for the filling of jelly or marmalade, and this is simply done. Take a plain piece of the baked crust, which forms the under part of the tart, cover it thickly with jelly or marmalade, and place upon it a piece of crust in which the holes have been cut before baking. A plate of these tarts is a welcome addition to any table.—*Springfield Union.*

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