



COOKING VEGETABLES.

How to Avoid Mistakes Which Very Frequently Render Them Absolutely Tasteless.

A great many cook-books order all fresh vegetables to be placed in an abundance of boiling water and cooked slowly for a considerable time.

Young summer cabbage should be cooked in an abundance of boiling water. When it has cooked for 15 minutes take it up and cool it in cold water.

The best way to cook beets is in cold water. Wash them well, being careful not to puncture them or break off the tips.

Carrots should be scraped and washed, cut in slices half an inch thick and cook in salted water for 30 minutes.

LADY MICHAEL HERBERT.

American Wife of the New British Ambassador to Lead in Washington Society.

The new British ambassador to the United States, Sir Michael H. Herbert, is not a stranger in diplomatic circles at Washington, nor is his charming American wife, who for years was one of the leading society women of the capital.

Mrs. Herbert is an American woman. She was Leila Wilson before her marriage, one of the famous daughters of R. T. Wilson, who were noted for their wit and beauty and the splendor of their matrimonial alliances.

The marriage of the oldest sister to Ogden Goelet was a coup which set the pace for the Wilson family. Her brother,



LADY MICHAEL HERBERT.

er, Orme Wilson, married Caroline Astor, daughter of the Mrs. Astor who has long held the scepter over New York society.

When Grace Wilson married Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., two continents became interested in the alliance. It was full of romance and millions, and a girl with a quick wit and a pretty face outwitted the oldest and strongest branch of the oldest and strongest family in New York society.

Mrs. Leila Wilson Herbert possesses that beauty and magnetic charm that have lifted the Wilson family to their present prominent position—and the end is not yet! In London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York she has conquered, till the best houses in those cities include the Herberts on their lists.

The return of Mrs. Herbert to Washington to rule over the embassy where she formerly appeared as the wife of its secretary accurately measures the distance these two have traveled upward in the diplomatic and social scales in a very short space of time.

Next winter three reigning families in American society will be attracted to the capital—the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Ogden Goets. Which means not only an addition of three great lights, but of all the lesser lights that follow in their wake.

A WOMAN MINE BOSS.

Miss Mollie O'Bryan Does Her Own Prospecting and Also Acts as Expert Adviser.

Miss Mollie O'Bryan, of Cripple Creek, Col., is one of the few successful women of the west. Her election to the presidency of the Teutonic Consolidated Gold Mining company has placed her in the foremost ranks of those whose profession represents the pick and shovel, the tedious, patient toil, the unquenchable hope and bitter disappointments, the isolated life of a western miner.

Miss O'Bryan is one of the conservative and substantially wealthy representatives of the enormous gold mining industry at Cripple Creek. The secret of her phenomenal success in this unique calling for women is best expressed in her own words. "To make a success of mining," she says, "one must be patient, persistent and never without hope. What most people term



MISS MOLLIE O'BRYAN.

luck is usually the result of having closely followed up these three attributes, which must eventually yield golden results to the faithful."

Miss O'Bryan came to Cripple Creek with her father, who was also interested in mining in the early '80's, when Cripple Creek was yet a mere tented village. The trip was then made by stage coach. Miss O'Bryan, who was then an expert stenographer, did not abandon her work on coming to Cripple Creek, but at once set up an office, and with the advent of the gold excitement came such a flood of work as to overwhelm a less industrious woman.

"The very air of Cripple Creek suggested mining," said Miss O'Bryan, in describing her initiation into the camp, "the atmosphere breathed it, everywhere talked mining, the air was contagious with it. When the excitement first started I invested my meager savings in a small way. The excitement grew with the hours, and I soon saw to my great astonishment my poor little investments rolling up into thousands of dollars. I shall never abandon mining. As soon as I dispose of one of my claims at a good price I immediately invest in other mining properties."

Miss O'Bryan has an office in one of the prominent down-town business buildings, but spends most of her time "over the hills" looking after prospective and operative claims. She is regarded as one of the best judges of gold ore in the district, and on account of her accurate and honest judgment in quickly analyzing newly discovered ore or still newer mining projects she is usually confronted by a flood of appeals from all sources, asking for her opinion.

Miss O'Bryan has a charming personality, which is in quite refreshing contrast to the prosaic surroundings of a grim mining camp. She is one of the leading spirits in matters concerning the welfare and development of the town, and has always been one of the first to suggest and carry out merited improvements, which have made Cripple Creek something a little better than a mere western mining camp.

WOMAN'S CHIEF CHARM.

To Keep the Hair in Good Condition Demands Exquisite Attention and Care.

Woman's chief charm is her hair, demanding the most exquisite attention. It is well to lay the foundation of a good head of hair in infancy, keeping the ends clipped, hair thoroughly brushed every day and the roots carefully washed with tepid water. One of the best recipes to prevent the hair from turning gray is moderation in living and frequent washings in cold water. Grievous and prolonged grief hasten gray hairs. The use of curling-irons, long kept up, also hastens the ravages of time. Many persons make the sad mistake of using preparations for softening the hair containing oils or greasy substances. This is a great error, as they only obstruct the pores, preventing its growth, the oils gathering every particle of dust, thereby clogging the pores of the scalp. Too frequent shampooing the hair or washing it with soap and water is very destructive. Soap, if often used, changes the color and tends to fade it, although ordinary yellow kitchen soap keeps blonde hair from having the usual dingy appearance. A fine way to remove dust or oil from the hair is to dissolve a small quantity of white soap in spirits of wine, rinsing well with tepid water. The hair should always be perfectly dried and well brushed. Fanning thoroughly separates the hair, rendering it soft and pliable.—Pilgrim.

Agreeable Sauce for Fish.

Cucumber juice as a flavor to whipped cream makes an agreeable sauce for fish.

GETTING TOGETHER.



The alliance of Russia and Turkey from this distance resembles an American Thanksgiving Day Celebration.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The livers of between 90,000,000 and 100,000,000 codfish are used for the yearly supply of cod liver oil.

The French industry of raising flowers for the manufacture of perfume has been greatly injured by the chemical odors and artificial etheral oils produced in Germany, as the latter sell at a lower price and are hardly distinguishable from the genuine.

Hugo Jone, a chemist in the city laboratory of Chicago, has devised a battery for the production of electricity directly from coal. The city is paying the expense of the experiments which Mr. Jone is carrying out. The new battery is said to be in practical and convenient form.

According to the New York Sun, John W. Bookwater refused \$1,000,000 for the patent rights of a new steel process which he has invented. By means of this process it is possible to remove impurities from iron at the side of the converter instead of at the bottom. It is said that less power is required and that a steel of greater purity is obtained.

Casks of corkwood, the recent invention of a resident of Algeria, are claimed to have important advantages. Cork being a bad conductor of heat, liquids are protected from freezing on exposure to cold, and perishable substances are preserved from heat in warm climates. An interior coating keeps the contents from contact with the cork. The staves do not warp, and an 11-gallon cask weighed only 30 pounds instead of the 80 pounds that would have been its weight in ordinary wood.

When the days are longer than the nights, more heat is received by day than is lost by night. Heat gradually accumulates in land, sea and air, so that the hottest part of the year is not in June, when the days are longest, but considerably later. From many observations, Dr. J. Schubert has shown that the soil in northern Europe reaches its highest temperature in September and its lowest in March, air and water being warmest in August and coldest in February. The sea takes up 20 to 40 times as much as the land, the heat penetrating much deeper. The sea may be two degrees warmer than the air in October or November, but its average for the year is but half a degree warmer.

BLAMING THE ENGINEER.

He Is Held Responsible for Most Accidents, But His Life Is Also at Stake.

The railroad man does not lead a very romantic life, for the responsibilities amount to more than the charms. A few weeks ago an accident occurred on the Pittsburgh & Western road. The coroner's jury decided that the engineer was to blame. The engineer will answer to no court of inquiry, for if he is responsible he has already paid the penalty. He went down with his engine. Whatever may have been the mistake in disregarding orders or neglecting to assure himself of the safety of his train, no man was more affected than he, says the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Times.

A self-conscious passenger once stood by a locomotive as the engineer was awaiting a signal to start. The passenger advised care in running the engine over a dangerous bit of road. The engineer responded somewhat impatiently that, if he was not interested in his own safety enough to try to get the train through all right he would hardly be interested enough in anyone else to make an extraordinary effort. The engineer is the first man to meet danger if it arises on the road. If he gets through without harm the man who rides in the cars will follow safely as a rule.

There is no likelihood that the man on the locomotive will ever be more careful. Public condemnation or the displeasure of the law cannot make his punishment for neglect any more severe than the neglect itself does. An engineer may cause a wreck, but something inexplicable must always remain as the responsible factor. No sane man invites death knowingly, but when his faculties go astray it is one of the mysteries that mark the working of the human mind.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

He—"I believe you are making a fool of me." She—"Why should I?"—Somerville Journal.

Politician—"Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated." Sarah (with delight)—"Honestly?" Politician—"What difference does that make?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Side—"Knowing my husband's tendency to gossip," said Mrs. Strongmynd, "I never tell him anything I am not willing everybody should know."—Chicago Tribune.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Miss Diehl. "Aw—aw, now, really, I—I—" "Not worth a penny? Ah, well, if you think I'll be cheated, I'll withdraw the offer!"—Baltimore News.

"My father's the switchman," said the little girl in the depot, proudly. "Huh!" remarked the small boy, "mine ain't; he makes ma punish us when we're naughty."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mrs. Tower—"Frankly, John Tower, I think you are the meanest man I ever saw." Mr. Tower—"I wouldn't say that 'Gussy'; you know you've said hundreds of times that you have been the making of me."—Boston Transcript.

Young Man—"The wife I am looking for must be young and pretty." Coy Maiden—"Do you think you will have to look very far?" Young Man—"Confound it, I can't look at all. I'm dreadfully nearsighted and I've left my glasses at home."—Chelsea Gazette.

"I think," said the first business man, "I'll go home to lunch to-day. A new cook arrived at our house just after breakfast, and she has the reputation of being a good one." "Why not wait for your usual six o'clock dinner?" "She may be gone by that time."—Philadelphia Press.

Crushing a New Sect.

The sultan of Turkey has ordered the extirpation, by as severe methods as can be devised, so as to teach a lesson, it is reported, of a new religious sect that has made great headway in Damascus. The new religion is not Jewish nor Mohammedan nor Christian, but a sort of medley of all three. It teaches that neither Mohammed nor Christ was a Divine person, though their existence is admitted. They were simply great philosophers who were endowed with powers to perform certain miracles. More interesting, however, is that the members, having admitted some belief in Islam, are allowed a plurality of wives, while as a recognition of Christianity they are not forbidden to be total abstainers from strong drink. It is an enticing religion to those who have no desire to place too great a curb on their passions, and such are common in the land of the Turk; hence, probably, so great a number of recruits that the attention of the sultan and the sublime porte was attracted to it.—London News.

Inefficient Puget Sound Forts.

Naval officers think that the forts that defend Puget sound would be almost useless in case forest fires or thick fog prevailed at the time of an attack from the sea. Difficulties of navigation experienced during the most of the smoke haze caused by the recent tremendous conflagrations and the delay of the battleship Oregon in departing for Panama because of danger attendant on making the ocean through the smoke are responsible for the theory that the forts are efficient under these conditions. The gunners in the forts would be unable to see to aim, even in the unlikely event of the discovery of the attacking force.—Chicago Chronicle.

Automobile Speeds.

The regulation of automobile speeds is likely to prove an increasingly serious matter. In a late instance careful measurement for two furlongs showed a speed of 18 miles an hour, yet the driver testified that he was not exceeding a rate of six miles. Perhaps some inventor may supply police authorities with a cheap continuous speed recorder whose attachment to motor vehicles may be made compulsory.—N. Y. Sun.



THE TWO ROADS.

Oh! the road to Healthy, Wealthy and Wise Runs by night through the Gates of Sleep. Straight over the Slumberland Beach it lies, Where Sandman gathers the sand for your eyes, That he shakes when the Sun has left the skies And the gray evening shadows creep. But to reach this Land by the Road of Morn, You must rub the sand from your eyes, When you leave the Country of Drowsy Yawn, Just follow the path that the Sun has gone, And pass through the gateway of Early Dawn Into Healthy, Wealthy and Wise. —Alice Van Leer Carrick, in Youth's Companion.

FUN IN THE CORNFIELD.

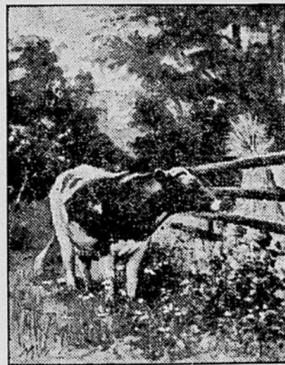
How Country Boys Enjoy Themselves in the Happy Harvest Days of Indian Summer.

"Indian corn forms by far the largest cereal crop of the western hemisphere. In the United States the amount raised is greater than the sum of all our other grain crops, and doubtless considerably exceeds the total maize crop of the rest of the world. The place of maize in the western hemisphere is similar to that of rice in the far east. . . . In further token of the importance of maize to our country, it has been proposed to have this plant adopted for our national flower."

This is what Frederick Leroy Sargent says of the agricultural importance of Indian corn or maize in his excellent book entitled "Corn Plants." And I am positive that our country boys and girls will agree with me in adding that, of all crops on the farm, it is first in importance in the happy days connected with it.

No other occupation blends so harmoniously with the bright days of spring as dropping the corn, while the brown thrasher sings from a favorite perch in the near-by shrubbery a bewitching mocking bird song that has been almost literally translated by Thoreau: "Drop it, drop it—cover it up, cover it up—pull it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Then there is the riding horseback astride old strong-bitted Charles drawing the cultivator. "Whoa, now, I tell you—keep off that hill! Don't you know this is the end of the row?" Did ever a general lead an army with more dignity and importance than Julius on that horse? You country boys and girls all know Charles and



WAITING FOR THE PUMPKIN.

Julius. Perhaps you call them by some other names.

Then there's the hoeing and hilling, and the pumpkin vines crawling across from row to row, in spite of the cultivator.

And, speaking of vines—don't tell anyone—there's a watermelon patch hidden in about the middle of the field. The apple tree is the landmark. You can find it by that, even when the corn is full height. But those Skinner and Crocker boys can't. That's why we have it in the center of the corn field.

What fun cutting the corn and putting it into shocks! Then later carting it to the barn. And the mice—how they jump from underneath the shock as it is draggingly lifted to put on the wagon!

Riding home on the old corn wagon! Fifth avenue carriages can't equal it for real pleasure! Ask some of the grown-up occupants who may have spent youthful days on "the old homestead."

Then the cornstalk fiddles! Two strings were all that were needed, and in case of an old-time one, Paganini-like, we did very well with one.

And then of the other part of "the golden harvest," I wonder which had the most pleasant anticipations, "Old Spotty" waiting for the pumpkin to be chopped with a spade, or the chopper, eager to finish that task and have a pumpkin for a "punkey moonshine lantern?"

For you know the farmer boy scrapes out the interior of the pumpkin, cuts holes in one side in imitation of eyes, nose, and mouth (even with teeth!), and then sets a lighted candle in a hole cut in the bottom of the inside.—From the Nature and Science Department, in St. Nicholas.

Hoboken Rat Chews Gum.

The gum-chewing habit has evidently been acquired by the rats which nestle in the Hoboken station of the Lackawanna railroad. They steal large quantities of the chewing gum that arrives there.

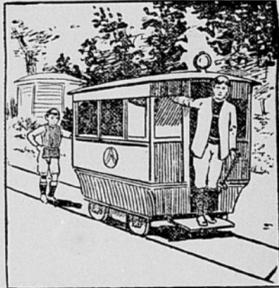
FUNNY LITTLE RAILROAD.

In Japan Two Powerful Dwarf Coolies Furnish the Motive Power on Up-Grades.

Probably one of the smallest and most interesting bits of railroad to be seen in any country runs between the pretty little seacoast town of Atami and Yoshihama, in the province of Izu, Japan, its length being about 20 miles.

On our recent tour through the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms" we arrived at Atami late in the day, after a most interesting 12-mile tramp over the "Ten Province Pass." Our time being rather limited, we decided to start sightseeing early on the following morning by visiting the 1,500-year-old temple of Izu-san, three miles distant, which is regarded as one of the principal points of interest to the traveler in the kingdom of Japan.

Mine host, in flowing kimono, with repeated bows and continuous smiles, informed us that Atami was quite a railroad center and that a train would convey us to the temple in quick time. We accepted his offer, though with regret that after two days' hard walking in search of primitive Japan, with its native customs and scenes remote from the influences of civilization, we had found ourselves on the tourist beaten track, where the civilizing influence of the railroad had undoubtedly robbed the country of its original



JAPANESE RAILWAY CAR.

interest. Happily, however, our impressions were erroneous, as we discovered upon reaching the carhouse and seeing the miniature train back out, ready for service.

The engineer on the front platform gave a long blast on a horn and we were off at a lively pace. Gripping a hand rail on each side of the rear end of the car, two powerful little coolies, pushing and pulling at a great rate, furnished the motive power which sent us buzzing over this remarkable little route, through most engaging scenery.

When under good headway, or going down grade, the "motive power" would jump on to the rear platform and enjoy a period of rest, as the car sped on of its own volition. The engineer's duty, on the front platform, was to apply the brake and blow a warning horn upon rounding curves, or in case anything crossed the track, requiring considerable agility on his part to keep his station, and as we whizzed around the curves it kept him busy trying to hang on.

The first-class cars have doors at the end, while the second-class cars open on the side. The trains, however, are frequently made up of first-class, second-class and freight cars.

This miniature monopoly runs its distance through tiers of rice paddy fields and fine groves, skirting the Sea of Japan, some 450 feet above sea level. In America a trip of this character, which occupies about five hours, with the services of a private car and three men, would cost several dollars, while in Japan, including the tip for coolies' tea, the entire cost was 42 sen, or 21 cents in our money.—Four-Track News.

This Cat Was Ingenious.

Pont Saute Maxence is a small place in the department of Oise, France, but it furnishes a cat tale which is wonderful enough. It appears that a resident in the place, who is an enthusiastic angler, used to keep live bait in a small tank on his premises. The angler also had a cat, who, naturally, was fond of fish, raw or cooked. This being so, the owner covered his tank with wire netting, to keep pussy out of temptation. But the cat knew a trick or two, and went to the nearest refuse heap for some fowl giblets which were providentially lying there. These she took to the tank, let them hang into the water from the netting, and began fishing on her own account. When the fish nibbled at the bait, puss would catch it with a nimble claw! The angler, noticing the trick, threw the bait away, but half an hour later puss was at it again. The ingenuity of that cat is worthy of admiration.

Spiders Travel on Wind.

"It is well known," says the Revue Scientifique, "that certain spiders can be transported by the wind, owing to a very light silken thread that they emit from the spinneret which is blown along by an ascending current of air. A thread a yard long, according to the experiments of M. Favier, can sustain the weight of a young spider. For many years M. Favier has witnessed every spring the dispersion of young spiders from a large number of nests. In a few hours, in favorable weather, 1,000 young ones will set out from the same nest to begin their travels. The spider is not absolutely passive, but can regulate its ascent, both at its departure and during the journey. It is sufficient to increase the length of the string to mount more quickly and to shorten it when wishing to alight. Possibly certain hibernating species may accomplish a sort of periodic emigration by this means."