

Washing a Fine Art.
Love of pretty things is natural to every woman. From the classic robes of Agnes to the rich dresses of Elizabeth, these to the wedding gown of Puritan Priscilla, we see the attractiveness of dress. While any woman of taste can supply herself with becoming gowns, it is not every one who understands keeping them in good order; this is especially true of summer gowns, so easy to soil, and so expensive to launder; therefore every woman should learn the art of washing her own muslins. To do the work fill a tub two-thirds full of warm water, dissolve a cake of Ivory soap (which will not fade the most delicate colors), add it to the water, wash the garments through it; rinse first in clear water, then in blue water, wring, dip in starch, shake and wring in the shade. When dry, sprinkle and iron on the wrong side. A gown laundered in this way will remain fresh and pretty all summer. —ELIZA R. PARKER.

Largest of All Reservoirs.
Lieutenant Crittenden, the government engineer detailing to the Colorado and Wyoming, has inspected and selected the great natural basin lying near Laramie, Wyo., as the Wyoming site. This great basin lies in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and is ten miles long by two miles wide. Its maximum depth is 150 feet, and the government engineers estimate that it will hold 20,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. The walls of the basin are perfect without a break. The bottom is of rock, and is impervious to water. The Big and Little Laramie rivers will be tapped, and it will take between five and six years to fill the basin.

Preventing Babies.
A doctor residing in the East End of London has discovered a solution which renders clothing absolutely impervious. "By this discovery," he says, "the appalling loss of life in babies by being burned will be minimized." The formula represents a prescription of 5 per cent. alum and 5 per cent. phosphate of ammonia, which renders the substance absolutely nonflammable. All that is necessary is to steep the clothing in this solution, and the tissues so treated will resist the flames, even if they have previously been rubbed with gunpowder.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired. If you use Allen's Foot-Ease, it cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, 205 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Oklahoma's Great Wheat Crop.
Oklahoma's wheat crop this year will be very large. Washington (formerly R. County) will ship 3,000 cars of wheat. A great deal of the wheat has been threshed and all that has been threshed over 21 bushels to the acre, while most of it amounted to from 30 to 42 bushels. C. F. Kliney, a farmer living near Kildare, recently purchased 225 bushels of wheat, which tested 62 pounds to the bushel. It is selling at from 48 to 62 cents a bushel.

Try Grain-O.
Ask your grocer to try to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food-drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O is that rich seed-brown of Mocha or Java. It is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. Price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Glucose may be manufactured by the action of sulphuric acid on starch, the acids being afterwards removed by the action of powdered chalk or some other form of lime.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

Scientists say that no negro has ever tamed an elephant or any wild animal, though negroes frequently perform with wild animals after they have been cowed into submission by white men.

Thirty-first Annual Encampment at Buffalo.
One cent per mile via the Nickel Plate Road August 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. Tickets good on any one of our Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains.

Mental activity is better than mental fullness. An inquiring mind is worth more than a mind that is satisfied with its attainments.

ALL THE WAY FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO BUFFALO, THE WABASH RAILROAD OPERATES TRAINS OVER ITS OWN TRACKS.
Having leased the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway between Detroit and Suspension Bridge, and those of the Erie R. R. from Suspension Bridge to Buffalo, the Wabash R. R. will run its own trains from Kansas City, Mo., to Buffalo, N. Y., via St. Louis, Quincy, Hannibal, Keokuk and Chicago to Buffalo, being the only road from Missouri and Mississippi River points having its own tracks in this case running into Buffalo. Through cars from Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago to Buffalo without change.

Excursion Rates to Vermilion, Ohio.
August 23d to 25th via the Nickel Plate Road, account of Religious Meetings at Linwood Park Assembly Grounds.

Weighty Words for Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
"I lost my wife and two children from the effects of hereditary scrofula. My third child was born afflicted with scrofula. He was unable to walk, his left foot being covered with running sores. Physicians having failed to relieve him of my family, I decided to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was pleased to say the trial was successful, and my boy was restored to health. I am confident that my child would have died had he not used Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Jas. M. Dyer, Minotville, Ky., Aug. 5, 1895.

TYPEWRITER'S EXERCISER.
Device Intended to Prevent Paralysis of the Fingers.
Typewriters everywhere, be they pretty or otherwise—of course, none are otherwise—will be gratified at learning that they need no longer suffer from that bothersome complaint known as typewriters' cramp. Robert Barclay, an inventor, residing in the quaint old city of Green Bay, Wis., has contrived a simple little machine which, when used by the typewriter, counteracts the effect of the work on the machine, and so prevents that form of paralysis, of which cramped fingers and a numbness of the hands are the first invariable symptoms.

Many a pretty typewriter, otherwise a perfect type of womanhood, bemoans the fact that her daily work over the keyboard of the machine has apparently ruined the shape of her fingers and given to what was originally a long, slender, well-formed hand an unnatural thickness and blunted the fingers, so that she is unable to do her work.

The practical value of Mr. Barclay's invention having been demonstrated, the wonder is it was not thought of before. In appearance this "exerciser," as the inventor calls it, resembles a small, oval-shaped rubber bulb, which just fits into the hand. A short rubber tube extends from one end of the bulb to a rubber band, which is fastened about the wrist. This band is double, and the outer band is punctured with numerous small holes which allow the air within the bulb to escape when the hand is closed. When the typewriter opens the air is withdrawn into the bulb, and the exercise consists in opening and closing the fingers of the hand, the muscular action required to force the air from the bulb giving the necessary exercise.

Oldest College Men.
Samuel Ward Chandler of Philadelphia, and the class of 1822, now nearly ninety-four years of age, is Harvard's first-possessed oldest. He is the father of Francis W. Chandler, professor of architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dartmouth's oldest living graduate is Mark Wentworth Fletcher of Wayne, Ill., class of 1825, who is within a few months of being as old as Harvard's oldest. Emily Kitchell Sayre of Monticello, Mo., who is in feeble health in his eighty-eighth year, is Amherst's oldest; he was in the class of 1828, of which he is the sole survivor. The oldest Williams graduates of the same class of 1828 are Joseph Lyman Farridge of Brooklyn, and Charles H. Hovey of New York. The oldest of Branchport, N. Y., the oldest of Bowdoin College is Frederick Waite Burke of New York City, ninety-one years old, of the class of 1824. Wesleyan's oldest, and indeed her very first graduate, is Daniel H. Olson, who lives at Middletown, and now and then attends the morning chapel service. Melvin Fitch of West Newton and the class of 1826, now ninety-two years of age, heads the list for the University of Vermont. Lawyer Albert Ware Palmy of Bangor, Me., at Waterville, Me. Dr. Benjamin D. Sherman of Brooklyn, N. Y., holds the seniority for Yale.—Boston Journal.

How It Came to Be Victoria.
The primate had been told by the priest that he had good historical English names that every one could understand. What better name, he thought, than Queen Elizabeth's. He mildly suggested "Elizabeth." "On no account," said the priest, "Charlotte, after your royal mother and the child's name." "Victoria," answered the Duke of Kent. But his intervention was met by an irate look from the regent. The Duke of York, seeing that the christening must be hastened forward if it was to be got through with all, took on himself to say, "Alexandra Victoria." And so the christening ed being known in history as Georgian, a fitting name for the last of the Georgian dynasty, but less suitable for a glorious reign of sixty years than Victoria.—Contemporary Review.

Do the Clouds Really Burst?
The expression "cloudburst" is rather indiscriminately applied to an unusually heavy precipitation. Rain is caused by the meeting of two currents of air, one warm and saturated with water, the other cold and dry. When the currents come in contact the moisture of the warmer is condensed and falls in the form of rain or snow. When the condensation is rapid the precipitation is heavy, and when the currents meet in the comparatively small area, such as a canyon of the mountains, and the rainfall is exceedingly heavy, the water is collected by the steep slopes and carried off at the bottom of the gorge with a force whose destructiveness is sometimes very great. A cloudburst in a level country would simply mean the flooding of the entire area to a depth of an inch or so, but the damage done in this case would be small when compared with that effected by a large quantity of water suddenly collected and running down the steep declivity of a mountain gorge.

A man is a good deal more apt to take his wife to a French ball than to take the woman he intends to marry.

When the Regiment Passed.
There was din in the street, there was rushing of feet,
At the drum and the thrum of a far-away drum,
Every eye in the town watched a road winding down
By meadows of ripening, yellowing wheat,
Every being was filled with the beat that had thrilled
And whirled as it stirred like the wings of a bird
Through the sunny air clear, growing near and more near,
Till all other sound in creation was still:
Then swift came the gleam of a moustache-side
Which quivered and grew like the stars, like the dew,
Like the sun's darting glance where little flowers dance,
Like a glittering river that wound from a dream.

O it broadened and spread till a vibrating tread
In unison beat through the dust to our feet!
O it drew every hue, from the heavens' blue
To the poppies' red blood through the wheat field shed!
Then a plume floated white, and they broke on our sight
With a lugle note clear, they drew near, and a cheer
Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the drum
As they reached us and touched us, and dumb with delight,
We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts throbbing high,
(O the thrill of joy in the heart of a boy!)
Women crowded about, and a flag floated out,
And we uttered a shout that rang up to the sky!
(Ay, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget
That and that joy in the heart of a boy?)
Then, a barefooted trooper, we marched proudly along,
Knowing naught of farewells or of eyes that were wet,
Hearing only the beat of the drum and the feet
Treading onward to war, growing faint,
Then, and that joy in the heart of a boy!
Seeing only the track, dust enclosed, whence back
Looked never a man to that village street!
How we lingered around, listening low for a sound,
Till the thrum of the drum was a clover-leaf hum!
How they marched a retreat through the mill village street
And followed the footprints which covered the ground!
And when weary at last, how we happily
Ourselves down in the wheat, talking out of defeat,
Heeding not the wild where crushed poppies were shed,
Or the thunder and dread closing round,
But that by the rim of our dim mountain glasses
We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed,
While for us was the hour—when the Regiment passed!

HORSES IN OUR ARMY.
Perhaps few persons are so more intimate terms with the horse family in general than some old cavalry soldiers. To be the friend of his horse the soldier must be a good one; a horse was never known to take to a man without confidence, for horses are infallible judges of soldiers. An old cavalry captain whom I know used to say, "I judge of the characters of my men by the way they get along with their horses."

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"When Burnside made his mud march out of Fredericksburg we men in advance had some gay times," remarked a veteran of the civil war. "It was a long time before the Johnnies would let us cross the river, but when we did get across we made the fellows who had been shooting at us for the past three hours get right up and dust for safer quarters. The infantry soon followed us and took up their position along the river toward Falmouth, while we skirmished through the town. When we reached the Platters' hotel we were all in and took possession. Everybody had deserted the place and we did just as we pleased. In going through one of the rooms I came across three bundles of Confederate notes. Each bundle was labeled to contain \$5,000, and as I had them all I shouted to the rest of the men, 'I have got money to burn. They laughed and I thrust the notes into my pocket. The Johnnies had taken or destroyed everything to eat and as for liquor there wasn't any in the town.'

Admiral Brown.
Admiral Brown, who has just been retired from the navy, and is said to be the man who fired the first and last shot from a warship during the civil war, will make his home for the rest of his life in Indianapolis. The Indiana town has nominally always been his residence, but owing to his duties he has only been there but a short time since his graduation nearly thirty years ago. Notwithstanding the fact some enthusiastic admirers talk of nominating him for mayor. He cannot be said to have very pronounced political convictions, for he never voted but twice in his life, once for Grant and once at a local election. This does not necessarily mean that he would not make a good mayor, but it does show that any one should think of putting him in such an important position. His long service in the navy is a very honorable one, but it has naturally put him out of touch with affairs on land.

There was a large increase last year in the farm produce imported into Berlin. The increase in butter alone is estimated at over a million sterling, and in cheese at one-quarter of that sum. Baltimore American.

A St. Louis girl baby, born during the great influenza epidemic, has been christened "Cyclonia."

Blue and the Gray.
The drummer from Milwaukee was explaining to a group of interested listeners in the hotel lobby last night a scheme to catch fish.

Brave Men Who Met on the Field of Battle.
Thrilling Stories of the Re-Um—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Recollections of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

Relics from War Days.
Two interesting relics have been sent to the Chicago Tribune by John Henry C. Whitney, of Beaufort, Mass., who was a paymaster in the United States army during the civil war in 1861-65. These are the original pay vouchers acknowledging receipt from Paymaster Whitney by Major General John M. Palmer (since United States Senator from Illinois) and Major General H. G. Wright of money due on salary and subsistence accounts. In addition to their value as war relics these old documents are of interest as showing how the Federal government provided for volunteer officers of high rank during the rebellion. They are yellowed with age and scorched by the marks of especially hard usage. For thirty-two years they have been packed away among Major Whitney's effects, and now that they are no longer necessary for the protection of his accounts with the government he has forwarded them to the Tribune for preservation in Chicago.

Whistling as Punishment.
"It isn't so hard to obey the anti-spit order as you think," said Joseph Boese, an old Arizona soldier. "An old soldier or sailor never spits on the sidewalk. He has learned better in a military post or on a man-of-war's deck. I haven't spit on a pavement for years; it is second nature for me to step to the gutter when I have to spit. That makes me think of a discipline I once had for whistling. I was walking in front of the Colonel's tent whistling. He sent for me and asked: 'Do you like to whistle?' I answered that I had been whistling. He detailed a guard to lead me down to the beach and keep me whistling to the fish till they went to roost that night. The guard was changed every two hours. I whistled every time I knew, and when my repertoire was exhausted I whistled something original. I got fifteen minutes of once to smoke."

Relieved from Command of the Department of the Ohio.
Major General Burnside, appointed as Major General revoked by War Department letter dated March 24, 1863, in consequence of its having been negated by the Senate.

George's Fire Clay Deposits.
Georgia is claiming the possession of the best fire clay in the United States. The State, says the New York Post, has been a producer of clay in a modest way, standing twentieth in a list of the clay-producing States, but it hopes soon to take a much higher position. This hope is based on a report by Dr. G. E. Ladd, the assistant State geologist, who has been testing the Georgia clays for a year, and who has found a bed of the very best clay, extending across the State from Columbus to Augusta. This clay, Dr. Ladd says, is the most refractory in the United States, and is, it will stand a greater heat than any clay I have ever tested in America. The bed varies in width from five to fifteen miles, and follows an irregular line, sometimes running north and again to the south. At some points the clay is very pure and refractory, but at others it is mixed with iron, which is not valuable. The best of it is worth \$10 a ton in the markets. In South Carolina, just across the river from Augusta, there is a clay deposit of the same character, which brings in \$900,000 a year. The clay is shipped to New Jersey for manufacture.

Feeds His Mule Fence Rails.
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