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LAFAYETTE, - LOUISIANA.

ABOLISHING CAR STEPS.

It Has Been Done by a Leading Railroad with Complete Success.

The cars used on the Illinois Central railroad for carrying passengers between the world's fair and Chicago had side exits and no steps, the depot platforms being built on a level with the car floors. After the close of the fair it was decided to inaugurate a through express suburban service on the tracks over which the world's fair trains were run, and to use the regular suburban cars for the purpose. Before these cars could be used, however, either the car or depot platforms had to be changed, and it was decided to remove the steps from the cars and extend the end platforms, without making any changes in the depot platforms. The cars so changed have been running in the service mentioned all winter, and give such excellent satisfaction that it has been determined to make a similar change in all the cars used in the regular suburban service.

There are some excellent reasons for abolishing steps from suburban cars. Probably the most important is the time saved. Suburban passengers are always in a hurry, and an unnecessary delay to a suburban train of one minute will always call forth impatient exclamations from the passengers. In a heavy suburban traffic the greatest cause of delay to trains is in loading and unloading, and it is surprising how much quicker a crowd will pass into or out of a car having no steps than one so equipped.

To a certain extent these remarks apply to all passenger cars as well as to suburban cars, but there is another reason which applies equally to all cars, based on the question of expense. Platform and steps, as used at present, are expensive both in construction and maintenance, being merely attachments tacked to and not a part of the car body. It is difficult to make this attachment with sufficient strength to stand up to the work it must do. It must carry a part at least of the weight of the coupling and buffing apparatus, and is bound to receive many racking strains. In fact, there is no part of a passenger car exposed to more severe usage than the platforms. A comparatively light blow from a collision will usually result in the platform being knocked off and completely wrecked. If the steps were done away with, all the sills of the car could be extended to form the platform, and, allowing that a platform is a necessary appendage, it would be as strong as any portion of the car. These timbers would have ample strength for carrying all the weight ever placed on them, and there would not be so many sagging platforms as at present. With such a framing the end sills would be in the proper place for receiving the draft appliances and buffing arrangements, and these attachments could be much lighter, more simple and consequently cheaper.

In designing the modern vestibules the opening in the platform for the step has been one of the most annoying obstacles in the way of making a satisfactory construction, and the designs of all of them could be greatly improved by the removal of the steps. The latest design of Pullman vestibule, which is the best-looking one yet brought out, is marred by the presence of a trap-door on the inside, which must be lifted in order to gain access to the steps. Of course, this trap-door does not mar the appearance of the vestibule, but it is an unmechanical arrangement, and reminds one too much of an outside cellar door to be a part of a sleeping car with all its elaborate finishings.

One of the most serious features, however, of the steps, where vestibules are used, is the manner in which they weaken construction. The platforms are in themselves usually too weak to carry their own weights, and when the weight of a vestibule is added this weakness is even more apparent. If the side sills could be extended for the full length of the platform they would furnish an ample and firm footing for the vestibule and give sufficient strength for carrying it.

The convenience of passengers must always be considered in all matters of passenger car construction, and in this one it is safe to say that the great majority would unquestionably prefer to have the steps abolished.—Philadelphia Record.

THE BAZAR OF GUGERAT.

Strange Oriental Scenes That Greet the Eyes of the Traveler.

Between richly-carved houses and fantastic bazars with their oriental mixture of splendor and squalor, we join the throngs which stream through sunlight and shadow in moving ribbons of gorgeous color. Stalls of pottery, beads and bangles jostle shops filled with the elaborate paraphernalia of Hindu worship.

Brown faces peer across golden piles of plantains and scarlet mounds of pimentos, hedged by spiky vegetables of purple hue and unknown species. Betelnut sellers crouch in the shade of overhanging gables, with baskets of deep green leaves, smearing them with lime as they wrap every mouth with vivid vermilion. The shops of gold beaters and braziers, with their flaming crucibles and deafening hammers, flank stalls of dusty and worm-eaten scrolls in Persian and Sanskrit, presided over by turbanned Mohammedans, who smoke their bubble-bubbles undisturbed by customers.

Brilliant silks and cottons are drawn from dyers' vats and hung up to dry on lines stretched across the side streets, the wet folds overhead dripping on the passing crowd, apparently unconcerned by additional splashes of carmine, yellow and blue on their rainbow-colored robes.—All the Year Round.

BOUNCING-BET.

Won't you tell me, Bouncing-Bet, What it was you did, Flower near the highway growing, Sweetly budding, sweetly blowing, That the neighbors chide?

That they passed you, prim and proud, In that far-off day, Stared you down so chill and haughty, And declared you rude and naughty, With your laugh too gay.

Did it vex you, Bouncing-Bet, Such a name to wear, Did you tell your kossies funny, Bied and we and Frolic Biddy, That you did not care?

Yet you blushed, my wayside pet, Just a tender blush, And your sweetness grew the sweeter, And your nods a bit disreeter, In the vesper's hush.

Never mind it, Bouncing-Bet, Bloom near the way, Sweet things need not care for flaming, Need not heed an idle shaming, Nor what neighbors say, —Harper's Young People.

THE GILA MONSTER.

Tragic Experiences with the Strange Animal in Arizona.

Its Bite Always Fatal—How a Young Man Who Went Into an Abandoned Mine to Escape the Law Met His Death.

More deadly than the rattlesnake, more dreaded than the mountain lion, the Gila monster has at least this merit—he never seeks man out, and is quite content to keep within his own lair, but when this is intruded on none knows better than he how to resent invasion, and in a manner that usually leaves no tongue to repeat the story. The very appearance of this strange creature inspires a horror which the most venomous serpent is incapable of arousing, and to stand and gaze into the lidless, unblinking eyes, even when iron bars interpose, is to experience an uncomfortable sensation along the region of one's backbone, and set one wondering if it was not just such a creature that originated with the ancients the belief in an animal whose very gaze was death. The Mexicans and Indians of Arizona will tell you that the monster kills by its breath everything approaching near enough to inhale the sickening effluvium, this belief arising from the horror with which they regard it, and from the fact that it is usually found only at the bottom of some old mine shaft or mountain cavern, where the heavy, mephitic air serves to overcome the luckless being who ventures in, and who falls the reader victim to the monster's bite.

It is a popular fallacy that this creature is of the lizard family, an overgrown chameleon, but its small, snake-like head, its slimy body of a hideous brownish gray, with a smooth white belly, suggests rather the serpent, but the tail is short and stumpy. My first introduction to the Gila monster was a tragic one. I was spending some months in Phoenix, A. T., and had in my employ a young Mexican named Leander, who served me as body servant, groom and cook in the modest menage I had set up, preferring to dictate my own table fare to eating the peppery messes which are the sole diet of the Mexican population, and which are gradually adopted by Americans dwelling any length of time in this climate. To such an extreme is this love of red-hot pepper carried by the foreign element that it is said with truth that even the carrion eaters of the region will not touch a dead Mexican.

This boy Leander was a timid, affectionate lad, whose only vice seemed to be that of gambling. At this he spent all his spare time and his entire wages, often playing all night, though performing his duties next day as usual. I reasoned with him in vain, and he would promise me again and again that he would cease the uneasy life his propensities caused him to lead, but he had always an evil angel at his side in the shape of a big pock-marked half-breed named Francesco. This man, taking advantage of the boy's weakness, was always at hand to tempt him to the small gambling hell frequented by men of his class, and though I forbade him hanging about my premises, he would waylay Leander and work on his love of sport until the boy would fall again.

From inquiries I made, I learned that Francesco made a practice of regularly cheating him out of his wages, but Leander could not be brought to see this, but played on, hoping to regain some of his losses. But one night he saw an unmistakable false play on the part of his enemy, and with the quick fury of his race, had leaped across the table and had driven his knife into the breast of Francesco. The big half-breed dropped like a log, and thinking him dead, the boy broke out of the shanty and ran for the mountains. Next morning I was told of the occurrence, and while I deprecated what he had done, I could not but think he had done some excuse for his anger, and after ascertaining from the surgeon Francesco's wound would not prove serious, I resolved to protect Leander from the law. This was easily done in those early days, and fearing lest the boy would perish in the mountains of hunger and exposure, I engaged a small party to go with me in search of him.

After some trouble we learned from a herdsman that Leander prevailed on him to promise that he would bring him food every day to the mouth of a shaft which had been the entrance of an old silver mine. Here Leander proposed to hide himself until the consequences of his deed had blown over. The herdsman had kept his promise, and the day after meeting the boy on his way to this place of concealment had carried some provisions to the shaft and had called to the fugitive. But he had heard nothing in reply, and so had gone away, thinking that after all Leander had abandoned his plan. I proceeded at once to the spot pointed out by the Mexican, and with one of my men entered the shaft which

had been sunk at a sharp angle into the mountain. Our torches burned badly in the foul air of the place, and not seeing it I stumbled presently over an object that lay across the path. I leaned forward to see what it was, and had just recognized with a thrill of horror that it was the body of a man most sickeningly swollen and discolored, when the man with me suddenly jerked me to one side and discharged his pistol at a dark, gliding shape that was making at me. "Back, back, senior!" he cried, dragging at me. "It is the black death!" Impelled by him, though not understanding the danger, I backed out of the place, and was then told that I had narrowly escaped a bite from a Gila monster, and that the man we had seen in all probability my poor servant, though I would never have known that ghastly, battered shape for him.

I could scarcely prevail on the man to go back with me into the shaft, but at last he consented to walk behind me and to hold the torch that I might kill the deadly creature and bring out the body of the poor boy for burial. We found the monster that the Mexican had fired at writhing about, evidently wounded by the shot, and, quickly dispatching him, we stooped to lift the dead boy when my nostrils were smitten by a fresh whiff of indescribably offensive odor resembling that of decaying raw meat which filled the place. The Mexican and I sprang about to see crawling out of the gloom at the far end of the shaft a second monster. Aiming carefully I fired at the moving form, but must have missed the reptile, for with incredible swiftness of movement it reached me and seized my left foot. Fortunately I had on thick hunting boots reaching to my knee, so that as far as I was concerned the creature was harmless, but the Mexican with me was barefooted, and cried out to me to kill the monster before it could turn on him, so leaning down I placed my weapon almost to the thing's head and blew its brains out.

During the same year of this occurrence a young mining engineer from the east ran away with the daughter of a wealthy Mexican ranchman, who objected to the marriage on the score of the young man's poverty. The couple, pursued by the angry father, a man who had the reputation of being swift to kill, made for Fort Grant, but were obliged to cross the mountains. A storm was coming up, and their driver sought shelter in a deserted adobe hut, where they were kept all night. To this place they were traced by the father, but he found only three dead and swollen bodies in the hut with two Gila monsters. These showed fight, but were killed, and the heart-broken father returned home.

On the river from which these reptiles take their name are the remains of an extensive dwelling house which in its day was a marvel of architecture and elegance to the Mexicans. Its owner was a Sig. Mesilla, who had been educated in the east, and who had brought home a bride from some northern state when his college days were over. But for all his adoption of American manners and customs the revengeful nature of his race lived in him. A short time after his marriage he grew jealous of a friend who had been a classmate of his and who had accompanied him home to see something of the country. To the suspicious Mexican it seemed that his young wife looked with too smiling a countenance on her countryman, and in his dark mind he planned a revenge unique in its way. He procured a pair of Gila monsters and promised his ranchmen a rare treat, something letter and more novel than a bull-fight. Monarch of the country for miles about, there was no one to interfere with his grim pleasure, so one day without warning he caused his guest to be stripped of his clothing except one light garment and shut in the court of the place formed by the blank walls of the four connected buildings that formed the ranchhouse. The victim was provided with a knife and then the monsters were let into this improvised arena. Mesilla and his men sat upon the low roofs and watched the combat with shouts of laughter and cheers as the reptiles and the man fought. The American was unaware of the deadly character of the creatures he was arrayed against, and while bitten again and again, thought he was fighting for his life, and succeeded in finally killing one of the reptiles, though the poison was fast rendering him blind and sick. At last he fell dead on the body of the monster he had slain, while the other, though wounded, fastened itself upon the corpse.

Mesilla had forced his wife to witness this horrible scene until she had fainted, and now that the man was dead the cruel husband had her lowered into the yard. As she reached the stone paving of the place, she recovered consciousness and, seeing the dreadful form of the monster crawling toward her, hastily snatched from the dead man's hand the knife with which he had fought and plunged it in her breast, falling lifeless beside her countryman. Mesilla wishing, however, to satisfy himself that both of them were really dead, now descended into the courtyard himself, and was stooping to examine his victims when the wounded and dying reptile, which he had forgotten, raised its evil head and fixed its fangs in his foot. Mesilla died before it could be detached from it, and it was necessary to cut it away before Mesilla could be placed in his coffin.—Philadelphia Times.

A Specialist.
Nubbin—I've a dreadful summer cold. Cobb—In the head or chest?
"Head. What's good for it?"
"I decline to answer."
"Well, you needn't get huffy about it. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"
"I'm the one man in the world who doesn't know how to cure a cold."—Detroit Free Press.

The annual rainfall of St. Louis is said to be 49 inches; of London, 25; of New York, 43.

PATRIOTISM NOT DEAD.

But a Patriot Makes a Mistake If He Rushes the Season.

"Say," he began, as he tip-toed up to a policeman between the depots on Third street the other night at midnight, "the dawn of American liberty is breaking in the east! Whoop! I am here to greet her!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer as he backed off to have a look at the man.

"Matter with me? Why, sir, the fires of patriotism are burning in my breast and I—whoop! Hurrah for the goddess of this great and glorious bond of unity!"

"You want to quit that," said the officer. "It's against the law to be howling around the streets like this."

"Howling! Sir, 'tis the clang of the proud old bell of Liberty which is borne to your ears on the midnight air! I will now give one yell for the land of the free!"

"If you do I'll collar you."

"Isn't this the land of the free?" "It's the land of the free right enough, but we don't want any Fourth of July business around here. You go home and go to bed, and do all your yelling with the rest of us."

The man leaned up against a telegraph pole and solemnly and steadfastly gazed at the officer for a long minute. Then he huskily queried:

"Shay, can't I rah jes' once fur ole Bunker Hill?"

"No, sir."

"Hip, hip!—Can't I whoop 'er up fur George Wash'ton's Valley Forge?"

"No, sir. I can't have no disorderly conduct here."

"Waz'er disorderly conduct fur my gran'fazz'er to fight'er British at Lundy's Lane?"

"That's nothing to do with it. You'd better go on and keep quiet."

"Waz'er disorderly conduct fur my gran'fazz'er to shed his blood at Monmouth? Now then—altogether—hip, hip!"

"If you don't keep quiet I'll run you in!" interrupted the officer.

"Can't I holler jes' once fur Yorktown?"

"No, sir."

"Can't I give one lizzle yell fur Cowpens an' King's mountain?"

"No, sir!"

The man looked around in a helpless way for a minute, and then began to remove his coat.

"Here, what are you doing?" asked the officer.

"I want to deliver an address to 'er Goddess of Liberty. Best—address you ever heard. Allus makes everybody go home happy."

"You can't do it!"

"Can't I shing shong 'bout George Wash'ton crossing 'er Delaware?"

"No, sir."

"Can't I shing shong of 'er Star Spangled Banner?"

"No, sir! You must go on or I shall have to lock you up!"

Feller-patriots, you see how 'er is!" said the man, as he looked around at a pedestrian who had come up. "Your gran'fazz'er an' my gran'fazz'er poured out 'er blood on a dozen battlefields of 'er revolution that you an' I might be free. Poured out 'er blood. Wasn't bit stingy wif 'er blood. Starved, an' suffered, an' died that we might be free an' have fun. But are we free? Can I hip-hip-hur—?"

"I see I'll have to take you in," interrupted the officer, as he seized his arm.

"Didn't I tell you sho?" asked the patriot, as he looked about him. "Our gran'fazz'ers poured 'er blood, but it was no use. Blood all wasted. No good. Tyrant right here wif his heel on 'er neck of liberty jus' 'er same!"

"Come on!" said the officer.

"Goin' take me to 'er stashun?"

"Yes."

"Goin' to lock me up?"

"Yes."

"All rize! Thought there was 'er bird of liberty, but there isn't. Thought there was Star Spangled Banner, but there isn't. Thought there was patriotism, but there isn't. All a mistake! Gran'fazz'er poured out his blood fr nozzing. Wash'ton crossed 'er Delaware fr nozzing. Boston throwed tea overboard fr nozzing. No use—all gone—take me away!"

And as the officer led him to the signal-box to summon the patrol wagon he wiped his weeping eyes on the loose end of his necktie and murmured:

"Good-bye, old bird of liberty—farewell thou Star Spangled Banner! You see how it is, an' I hope you'll 'scuse me. I'll see you later—shee you next Christmas!"—Detroit Free Press.

KEEPING HOTELS CLEAN.

Waging War Against Dirt on the Scientific Plan.

There are expenses connected with every first-class hotel that the average guest knows not about and cares nothing for, but the landlord groans in financial agony every time he thinks of the ancient and truthful adage, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." A dirty hotel is damned—a clean one is sure of patronage. The table may have its weaknesses, the bar its high prices, the building may be old and the furniture antique, but all is forgiven if the linen crinkles with cleanliness and the rooms smell sweet and wholesome.

To keep two or three hundred rooms in perfect condition requires constant work on the part of a small army of women and men. The work of cleaning cannot be done all at one time, for the hotel must be open for business the year around, so each room has its day to retire into obscurity and suffer untold agonies at the hands of strong-armed scrub women.

The larger and better class of hotels manage to give each room a thorough cleaning at least twice a year. The carpets are removed, washed and dusted, the floor, walls and wood-work scrubbed until blisters are raised, and the furniture cleaned and the necessary repairs are made.

To do all this costs money as several gangs of cleaners are required. The housekeeper notifies the room clerk that certain rooms are to be cleaned the next day, and he checks them off. Then the workers go at it, and it takes a marvelously short time to remove

every trace of dirt. Even when repainting is necessary it does not prolong the agony to any great extent.

By using the modern and tried inventions for cleaning, the work is both hastened and lessened, and four women and two men can thoroughly clean an average of three rooms a day. This method of doing the work keeps the hotel in a constant turmoil of house cleaning, but so well is the work systematized that the guests are rarely aware of what is going on.

This thorough cleaning of the rooms is made in addition to that done every day in every room that is occupied. Each morning the housekeeper is furnished with a list of the rooms occupied the night before, whose guests have departed. Then every piece of linen is removed and sent to the laundry, and fresh, clean bedding provided, after the room has been thoroughly aired, swept and dusted. This work requires about one chambermaid to ten rooms.

The upstairs cleaning is done early in the morning, but it is at night that the office and public apartments are relieved of their day's accumulation of dirt. Just after midnight the scrub women put in an appearance, and the marble tiling, wainscoting and pillars of the office and lobby are given a thorough scrubbing. By five o'clock this work is all done, and the guests, when they come in, find the place as neat as a pin.

The laundry forms a very important adjunct to a modern hotel, and the use of machinery has cheapened and facilitated the washing of the bedding, towels, napkins and other soiled things used in large quantities. The washing and the greater part of the ironing are done by machinery, and each hotel has its linen room, where the clean linen is carefully mended and kept until needed.

To keep a hotel in running order costs a great deal of money. Beside the cleaners and chambermaids, there are porters, electricians, laundrymen, engineers, carpenters, plumbers and upholsterers. The electrician looks after the lights, the plumber sees that the bath rooms are in condition, the carpenter is constantly busy fixing recalcitrant doors, broken furniture, etc., and the upholsterer has all that he cares to do in arresting the wear and tear and the ravages of time.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A PALACE OF GHOSTS.

Haunted by Spirits of Women Who Poisoned One Another.

In the midst of all the ruins and palaces of Italy, stained with countless deeds of blood, it remains for one modern structure to be known particularly as the home of ghosts.

Above Agerola, which itself is almost directly above Prajano on the southern side of the peninsula, stands an enormous palace, visible from the sea at a great distance. It is known as the Palazzo degli Spiriti (the palace of the ghosts), and it once took the trouble to climb up from Prajano, and go all over it. It is entirely deserted, and has neither doors nor windows, a building almost royal in proportions and plan, standing on a vast terrace overlooking the sea, by no means ancient, and in some parts decorated with frescoes and stucco work, which are fast falling a prey to the weather.

It was built by a personage known as Gen. Avitabile, who came to a tragic end before he had completed his magnificent residence, and whose heirs are, I believe, still quarreling about the division of the property, while the building itself is allowed to fall into ruins. It would be hopeless to attempt to disentangle the tales told about the family by the simple hill folk. There were women in the case, who poisoned one another and the general, and whose spirits, venomous still, are believed to haunt the vast halls and corridors and staircases and underground regions of the palace.

Whether they do or do not, a more appropriate place for hobgoblins, banshees, ghouls and vampires could scarcely have been created by a diseased imagination in a nightmare. Even at midday, under the southern sun, the whole place seems as uncanny as a graveyard on St. John's eve. Bits of staircase lead abruptly into blank walls, passages end suddenly in the high air, without window-railing or parapet. Lonely balconies lead around dizzy corners to dismal watch-turrets whence a human voice could hardly find its way to the halls within. The most untaunted explorers of the Society for Psychical Research might learn what "goose-flesh" means in such a place as this.—Marion Crawford, in Century.

Cruelty to the "Little Crabs." A comical misunderstanding was that which occurred at a private residence just back of Louisville. Several visitors from the city had brought out their children with them, and one of the oldest boys was appointed to superintend the games and plays of the little ones. He grew tired of this, and finally came into the house, throwing himself on a sofa.

"What have you done with the other boys?" inquired his mother.

"Why," he said, "they're out in the barn shooting crabs."

"Oh, how cruel," cried the mother. "You ought not to shoot those little things; whereupon the boy broke into Homeric laughter.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A woman who has gone abroad for the summer has left her carriage and pair at the service of some hospital nurses in an institution with which she is connected. At the hours when they are off duty, in turn the carriage takes them by twos for a long drive, and how much this will mean to these workers shut away for the most of the time from any change of air and scene can hardly be estimated. If there were more such breaks in the lives of these women pursuing a hard calling, the startling average of life which, according to Prof. Tyndall, is theirs, might be raised. He stated not long before his death that hospital nurses only attain, on an average, the age of twenty-five years, while non-nursing women reach the comparatively mature point of fifty-eight years.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

Cheese Cakes.—Two eggs, beaten light; a bowlful of well-salted cottage cheese; sugar, vanilla and nutmeg to taste; and milk or cream to make a stiff paste. Bake in cups and eat cold.—Home.

A small lump of sugar added to turnips when cooking will correct the bitterness which sometimes spoils this vegetable. If to be served mashed, it will greatly improve them to put them through a colander.

Green Gooseberry Tart.—One quart green gooseberries; sugar to taste. Top and stem the gooseberries and cook in a double boiler until tender. Sweeten abundantly after taking them from the fire. Line a pie plate with pastry, fill it with the stewed fruit, and lay strips of pastry across the top. Bake to a delicate brown, and eat cold.—Harper's Bazar.

A delicious way of serving turnips is to scallop them. To do this, pare, slice and boil them in salted water until they are tender. Then drain them out and put them into an earthen baking dish, cover with cream sauce, very slightly flavored with wine, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in a quick oven. Onions and cabbage are also very nice done in this way.—Agriculturist.

Lobster Cutlets.—Mince a pound of lobster small (the canned may be used), season with salt, white pepper, two ounces of melted butter, two beaten eggs and enough fine, sifted bread-crumbs to make it cling together. Shape in the form of cutlets; dip in crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs, and fry in hot drippings. These are very palatable with green peas or tomato sauce.—American.

To Prepare Horseradish for Winter.—In the fall mix the quantity wanted in the following proportions: A coffee-cup of grated horseradish, two table-spoons white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and one and one-half pints cold vinegar; bottle and seal. To make horseradish sauce, take two table-spoons of the above, add one dessert spoon of melted butter or sweet cream and one of prepared mustard.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Imperial Cake.—Cream a scant three-quarters cupful of butter, add gradually two cupfuls of flour in which one-fourth teaspoonful of soda was sifted, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth. Add one and one-fourth cupfuls of powdered sugar to the beaten egg, then combine the two mixtures. Beat well and then pour into a long, narrow and deep old fashioned sponge cake pan. Bake from fifty to fifty-five minutes.—N. Y. Independent.

Spanish Ragout.—Fry in butter a minced Spanish onion or an equal amount of white onions; add a green pepper minced fine without the seeds, and sprinkle these over six large tomatoes that have been sliced and fried. Put a poached egg for each person on top and pour around a cream sauce, made by adding cream or milk thickened with flour to the butter in the pan in which the tomatoes were fried. There is no more delightful hot-weather appetizer than this.—American Agriculturist.

Huckleberry Cake.—One quart huckleberries, ripe and fresh; three cups flour; four eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking-powder; one cup butter; one cup milk; one scant teaspoonful each cinnamon and grated nutmeg. Add the beaten yolks of the eggs to the creamed butter and sugar. Stir in the milk, the flour, spice and the whipped whites. Dredge the berries, stir them in lightly the last of all, and bake in a loaf or in muffin-pans. Do not eat this until it has been baked twenty-four hours, if you wish to find it at its best.—Harper's Bazar.

Canning Berries. The process of canning all berries is varied but little, except in the quantity of sugar to be used, the acid varieties, of course, requiring a larger amount than the sweet. Only the most perfect fresh fruits are suitable for canning. They should not be too ripe. Berries are best sugared an hour or two before being put on to cook; a little powdered alum may be added to the sugar to aid in preserving the color and shape of the berries. They should not be allowed to cook long enough to destroy the natural flavor, but only brought to the boiling point. Put, while very hot, in air-tight glass cans, and seal immediately. The jars should be thoroughly heated before filling, and the tops securely screwed on afterward. If preferred, berries may be canned without sugar; they will keep quite as well. A quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit is the usual proportion for raspberries and blackberries, while double the quantity should be used for currants and gooseberries. All canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Water Toast. Toast thin slices of bread. Put into a shallow pan a pint of water with half a teaspoonful of salt. Dip each slice quickly into the water, place into a covered dish and spread with butter, piling one slice above another. Do not let the bread soak in the water; endeavor to keep a suggestion of crispness in it, for sippy, sodden toast is not palatable. Serve hot with apple sauce, sweet baked apples or tart jelly. Water toast is delicious if care is taken to have it hot. It can be eaten with relish much longer than milk toast.—N. Y. World.

Dressing the Neck. The stock collar and the stiff linen collar which so many women affect, although quite unbecoming in some cases, yet are ruinous to the beauty of the neck. Low collars of soft frills and stand-up ruffles of plaits, which stand off as well as up, instead of hugging the neck so closely as to exclude all air and interfere with the free circulation, are greatly to be preferred if a woman wishes to preserve her neck fair, smooth, and shapely. A neck trimming can be worn high without being made close fitting.—Chicago Tribune.