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SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or the fancied wrong;
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,
You'll find that the busy rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
That the sun will follow the blinding rain;
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;
That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends
From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
You'll see that the singing will make you strong;
And the heavy load and the rugged road,
And the sting and the stripe of the torturous goad
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;
That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
That the world is bad when you are sad,
And bright and beautiful when glad;
That all you need is a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you trudge along!
—Rufus McClain Fields, in Nashville American.

IALI'S PERIL.

PUNDA-TSANG was an innkeeper. He was sole proprietor of the Ballawari-Dak, which is a very big name for a very small native hotel about sixty miles north of Penang, and on the high road to the hunting steppes of the Bakit, or hill country. Punda was a good sort of Malay, which means a bad sort of anything else. That is, he would plunder only on the securest principles, and never quarrel with a bigger man or a better armed one than himself. In this he differed from other Malays, who would plunder and knife upon no principle or provocation whatever, if they thought there was a ten-anna piece to be gained thereby.

But a deeper reading of this prosperous Boniface of the jungles revealed the fact that he was capable of love—yes, even a tender, human affection; and that little Iali, his five-year-old daughter, was the object of a worship in his heart even more fervent than that which he bestowed upon the five home-made clay gods before which, in a dark corner of the Dak, he burned a vast deal of ill-smelling incense. The second year of Tsang's married life had hardly begun when his beautiful wife was bitten by a yellow viper while gathering healing herbs down in the valley. When they found the poor creature she was dying—with her new born babe in her arms. This calamity the bereaved husband regarded as a direct visitation of the clay gods in the corner; only the day before he had robbed a Kling hunter of his rifle, leaving the poor fellow to make his way unarmed down to the sea, where he ran upon a pair of half-starved kukangs, a vicious species of Malay chimpanzee, in fleeing from which he fell over a cliff and was dashed to pieces. And Punda-Tsang always felt that that yellow viper was sent direct from the land of the judging gods to avenge the blood of the poor Kling hunter. But there was one thing that mitigated the harshness of this vengeance—the presence of the little child, whom he tenderly cherished, and whom he had called Iali, which is to say, "forgiven."

One day two officers of H. M. ship Scorpion stopped at the Dak on their way down from a hunt in the hill country. We were seated under the palms before the bungalow after tiffin, smoking cheroots, while I listened to their exploits with interest. Suddenly four native Malays approached, wheeling a live tiger in a clumsy wooden cage, and halted before the Dak. They were going to dispose of him to a naturalist down on the coast, who had a method of killing and stuffing animals by which the marvelous lustre of their skins was preserved. The forest king was certainly a magnificent specimen, and the officers evidently thought so, too, as they concluded to buy him, perhaps to swear that they had captured him. They bought the animal for a good round sum, sent the natives back rejoicing, and started down toward the coast, while Punda-Tsang, not contented with exacting fifty per cent. commission from the poor fellows for using his Dak for a tiger mart, committed the meanest act of his life. He slyly sawed one of the hind bars nearly through in four places. Then he went to work planing to waylay the tiger on his way back to his haunts after he should break loose, which he knew would happen before the purchasers could get many miles down the valley. He quietly pursued his planning until late that night, when he heard from good authority that the tiger had broken jail, and nearly killed one of his owners. Then he prepared to put his plans into action.

Punda knew well enough that the instant a tiger smells blood he will drop flat, and, even if the feast is a mile away, will begin a slow, creeping journey toward it, wasting hours, perhaps. When he has approached within twenty feet of the prize, quivering with desire and terrible with greed, he will leap into the air like a cannon ball and plunge down upon his victim. Punda-Tsang knew all this; so he dug a pit down the valley, constructed a network of branches over it and laid a quarter of a bullock upon it. Then he waited for the tiger to scent the blood and make his slow, crawling journey, knowing that when he made the grand twenty feet leap he would go crashing through the network into the pit below. Then Tsang planned that he would starve the beast, let down a cage baited with more fresh meat, and, sliding the bars from above, haul the captured tiger out and sell him over again. All of this might have happened, but events somewhat stranger and more terrible for Punda-Tsang interfered, doubtless as another direct visitation of the vengeance of the little clay gods in the bungalow corner, half concealed in clouds of punk smoke.

As little Iali was the innkeeper's constant solace and companion, she went with him to the pit digging, her father explaining to her the manner of capturing the "four-footed jungle god," which facts, instead of frightening the child, only helped to increase the stock of her play gods and demons, which she moulded deftly from the red clay of the ravine. For two days nothing was heard of the tiger, and Punda-Tsang began to fear that he had gone back to the hills by another route.

On the afternoon of the third day I sat on the cliff's edge, watching the mists rise from the roaring river bottom, a phenomenon which always accompanies the closing day. Suddenly there was a great shuffling of sandals about the compound, and I knew something extraordinary was taking place. I turned quickly; the big form of Punda-Tsang, the inn-keeper, burst upon me suddenly, his flat face as pallid as a demon's, ferocious, but with the ferocity of nameless fear.

"Iali!" cried he hoarsely. "Have you seen Iali!"

"No!" I replied, almost in a whisper. He did not wait, but sped toward the so-called bullock sheds, which were really caves cut in the solid rock beyond the Dak. I had become attached to the child, whose marvelous beauty had charmed and whose weird ways mystified me.

The coolies were flying hither and thither, making the air ring with their loud wails. Such agitation on the part of these vagabonds roused me to a realization of the child's danger. Suddenly I turned my eyes and thoughts in the direction of the ravine where the tiger trap lay. I recalled vividly the child's interest in the "jungle god" who was to be captured in the deep pit; and knowing the little creature's absolute fearlessness, thought that acting upon some childish impulse, she might have strayed down the narrow path to the pit. Meanwhile the wailing about me increased.

I dropped over the ledge, soon reaching the pathway by a short route. As I penetrated the jungle, now suffused with mist in the ruby glow of the expiring day, I realized with what risk to myself I was entering this dangerous spot, all unarmed. I was still debating whether or not to return for a weapon of defense, when, as I leaped over a soft spot in the red clay, I saw two footprints that shot terror into my heart; one was that of a mammoth tiger, the other belonging to a little child. I dropped down beside them. No. There was no mistaking them, so clear and fresh were both. Then I crept forward, scarcely daring to breathe, my heart beating faster and faster with apprehension.

The distance to that tiger pit seemed to be doubled, and the time that elapsed before reaching it everlasting. The crackling of the leaves and twigs on the moss beneath my feet added to my trepidations. Almost before I realized it I had reached the big trap, and then halted short, thrilled by the sound of something human. Looking ahead through the deepening mists and intervening boughs I saw the little child figure of Iali creeping out upon the withered branches over the pit. For the instant I had no power to move, nor dared I speak, lest, overcome with sudden fright, the frail little one, might lose her foothold. Suddenly a new horror disclosed itself. What were those two glaring, cold, yet fiery points just beyond the pit, burning their way through the shadows? It was the tiger.

In moments like these one's reasoning powers become superhuman. I saw that in all probability either Iali or I was to be sacrificed, which one depended merely upon the caprice of the wild beast. I had heard that the calm, steady, fearless stare of a human is more terrifying to wild animals than guns that kill. On the instant I resolved to practice it; it was my only expedient. So I stared at those two coldly bright and glowing points of light like a madman.

Suddenly I saw the little figure waver on the dead branches over the mouth of the pit, and then, with a weak little cry poor Iali had lost her foothold and slipped slowly through the yielding boughs into the cave beneath. For a moment all was silent. Then I heard her childish prattle. The soft sand had broken Iali's fall and saved her life, while I was brought face to face with the most awful problem of my life. For what seemed hours I stood like a pillar of stone, the perspiration pouring down my neck, my tongue hot and parched.

Suddenly, as I stood like one in a trance, facing this growing problem, I was conscious of a stir in the reeds and underbrush at my right hand. Though the sound caused me to tremble, I dared not take my eyes from the crouching monster beyond. The next instant a strange, huge shape crept stealthily out of the underwood and advanced into the clearing toward the pit—a ponderous black monster. It was a mammoth orang-outang!

The tiger crouched lower. He seemed to be as nonplussed, as stunned by the intrusion of this huge interloper as I was. In motionless silence he transferred his burning gaze to the mammoth monster.

Advancing to the very edge of the pit, the huge ape slipped, but he recovered. He saw that the branches were only a blind. Then he walked around the edge of the trap and knelt down like a human being, slowly, deliberately reaching out his long, hairy arm till his giant hand clutched that bullock bone. Then, to my intense relief, the orang slowly dragged the great mass of flesh off the network of branches upon the solid ground.

For a moment longer the gleam of those two terrible eyes, now like peepholes into a fiery furnace, followed the unsuspecting pilferer. Then came a rustle, a strange shriek like thunder, a bound and a roar, and the "jungle god" had sprung into the air and come down like a flashing avalanche full upon the broad body of the kneeling orang. A single paw struck the mammoth ape in the back, and with an almost human groan the rescuer of my life and hers gave up the booty, together with his own life. Then the tiger, with a final flash of eyes full into my own, snatched up the carcase of the bullock in his flaming jaws and slid off into the thick of the jungle.

After that, when he knew all, Punda-Tsang burned incense harder than ever, for he avowed that the gods had at last forgiven his former crime; and, generally speaking, Punda became a better sort of a Malay than before.—London Mail.

SCALING WITHOUT A LADDER.

A Pyramid of Soldiers Enables Men to Surmount a 31-Foot Wall.

Corporal Leary, the limberest man at Fort Sheridan, took the chance of breaking his neck and tumbling the storming pyramids of forty-one soldiers in a bruised heap Saturday as he sprang upward from the shoulders of Private Miller, caught with three fingers of his left hand the top of the high wooden wall behind which lurked the enemy, hung for one perilous instant, and then gallantly pulled himself to the top, seized his rifle, and sprang into the midst of the foe on the other side of the improvised parapet in the Coliseum gallery.

The human pyramid swayed, but held its sturdy place while gallant infantrymen swept up the stalwart shoulders and over the thirty-one-foot wall to Corporal Leary's support, while a platoon of twenty-five men kept the enemy away in front of the wall.

It was at this point that the regular army officers, who were watching the fray from the Coliseum gallery, led the applause, for Corporal Leary and his comrades had broken the world's escalading record by three feet. As a partial reward for his daring feat Corporal Leary will be recommended by Lieutenant Percival G. Lowe, in command of the camp, for promotion.

When Corporal Leary climbed to the apex of the pyramid and stood on the shoulders of the men in the top row, the tips of his fingers lacked five inches of reaching the top of the wall. The highest wall that was ever escaladed before was twenty-eight feet, and the men who climbed over that in the military carnival at New York broke the world's record then. The wall at the Coliseum was thirty-one feet high, and it took just four minutes to scale it.

Eighteen of the heaviest and strongest men in the regiment formed the base of the pyramid, ten mounted on their shoulders and leaned against the wall, six stood on the shoulders of the ten, four on the shoulders of the six, and three on the shoulders of the four. Corporal Leary scrambled up this escalading pyramid of blue, and stood on the shoulders of the top three, braced against the wall.

When he stretched out his arms, and found his fingers would not reach the edge of the wall, he crouched, and then, as the human mountain swayed dizzily beneath his feet, with the mighty and yet delicate effort of the trained athlete he sprang boldly five inches upward at the edge of the barrier. He tried to grasp the top of the parapet with both hands, but only three fingers of his left hand went high enough. The pyramid under him was still swaying. He held to the hazardous edge by the three fingers for an instant, and then, with a heave and a twist, pulling his whole body up, caught the wall with the other hand. An instant after he was on the enemy's side of the barricade. —Chicago Tribune.

Bicycles in the German Army.

The German military papers have just published the report of the Minister of War regarding the results of the introduction of bicycles into the army and the training of a bicycle corps during the year 1896, says the Philadelphia Record. A large number of experimental runs were made and the bicycles were also employed in maneuvers to advantage. The average of the runs was about thirty-five miles, with an average speed of nine and one-half miles per hour, including stops. The greatest speed obtained was twelve miles per hour in a run of thirty miles. The greatest distance covered in any one run was one hundred and thirty miles an hour, including stops. The soldiers attached to the bicycle service were given practical training on the wheel, but also received instruction in reconnoitering, reading of the map, etc. Not long ago Lieutenant von Puttkammer tried to dispatch a message by relay bicyclists going and coming a distance of twenty-eight miles. He had placed four relays of three bicyclists each at points six miles apart and three dispatches were taken each way, the cyclists' speed exceeding thirteen miles per hour. It is estimated by the Minister of War that after forty days' training a company mounted on bicycles should be able to cover one hundred and twenty miles a day with full arms and equipment. The present weight of the military bicycle, which is of the folding type, is thirty-two pounds, but the new type, of which a large number has been ordered, will weigh six pounds less. The principal economy will be found in the abandonment of chain gearing and the substitution of a cog-wheel driving gear.

RAISES SHARKS TO SELL.

THE QUEER OCCUPATION OF A NEW JERSEY FISHERMAN.

Disposes of Steaks in the New York Market and There Are People Who Pronounce Them Good Eating—How He Discovered This Fact—A Shark Pond.

Wilson Fastnet, who lives on the beach at Seaside Park, over in New Jersey, summer and winter, and makes his living in fishing, knows more about sharks than any other dweller along our coast, and during his off-days, when fish are not plentiful or the weather is too inclement for sailing, he spends his time in "sharking." This does not mean, in his vernacular, what the ordinary reader might suspect; it has nothing to do with Wall street "sharking," or killing sharks upon the high seas by means of various lines, hooks and harpoons. It implies a peaceful vocation that is unique in this country of strange employments and trades. To understand the "sharking" of Mr. Fastnet it is necessary to go back a little in history.

About five years ago, while fishing off the coast, Mr. Fastnet caught a huge shark on his line. Thinking he had a gamey fish of unusual size on his hook, he began to play with him, giving the creature more line as it swam from him and hauling it gently in as it approached nearer. In this way he induced the shark gradually to swim toward the shore, where there was a possible chance to hook it with a gaff. The shark, blinded probably by the pain of the hook in his stomach, permitted the fisherman to get him across the sandy bar, where at low water a small inland pond formed. Once inside the pond the shark was at the mercy of its captor. As the tide went down the shark was soon stranded in the shallow water.

Mr. Fastnet then, with the help of others, succeeded in getting a rope around the monster's body. They dragged him up on the beach, and by means of several other ropes they made a regular harness for the shark. Then he was turned loose and allowed to swim about in the deep water off the shore. For several days the shark was kept a prisoner, and at regular intervals he was hauled up for exhibition. Many people went down to see the huge monster, and Mr. Fastnet charged ten cents a head from the spectators.

Finally it occurred to the fisherman that it would pay to make the shark a prisoner in some inland pond of water where he could be unharnessed. On the Barnegat Bay side of the beach there was a small cove, which was protected by the beach on three sides. A strong dam was built across the neck of this cove and the shark was transported across the beach by a team of horses and dumped into the water. In this prison the old shark thrived mightily and seemed gradually to lose his ferocious temper. It took all the small and useless fish from Mr. Fastnet's net to keep the creature from starving.

It was while watching the growth of this captive shark that the fisherman conceived the idea of raising other sharks in his artificial pond. Now sharks' eggs are easily found along the Jersey coast. They are contained in capsules or horny matter resembling seaweed. They are popularly known as "mermaids' purses," and the shells are gathered by visitors to the seashore for ornamental purposes. Generally they are empty of all eggs, but in the breeding season one can easily pick up these shells full of eggs.

Mr. Fastnet collected a number of these eggs cases and threw them into the pond which he had formed, and in a few months he was agreeably surprised to find young sharks swimming around. The old shark in his greediness devoured these little creatures about as fast as they were hatched. Then a portion of the pond was shut off from the rest and new eggs were placed in the water. Here the young sharks could live and develop without danger from the old one. When they became half grown they were turned loose in the main pond. Immediately there was a combat of extraordinary ferocity. The old shark pounced upon the youngsters and commenced to devour them as fast as he could.

For a time the young ones fought back and tried to defend themselves, but they would have been destroyed had not Mr. Fastnet come to their rescue. He managed to land a harpoon in the fleshy body of the old shark and settled his fate in a few minutes. He thought it better to destroy the big monster than to lose all of his young sharks. When he was hauled up on the beach and bled, his body was cut up and while the fat was boiled down for its oil, the meat was cut up into steaks for eating. These proved so juicy and sweet that the fisherman sent some to his friends. A New Yorker who tasted of them thought they were too good to escape more general notice, and he sent some to his friends in the city. Everyone declared that they were more than palatable; that they were unusually delicious.

This was the beginning of the demand for shark steaks. Mr. Fastnet received steady orders for shark's steaks until he nearly cut up all his young sharks to supply the demand. Then he decided to raise sharks to sell. He increased the size of his pond, gathered more eggs and began to breed the savage creature for commercial purposes. He now kills about twenty sharks every summer for the market. Shark's steaks are quite the thing for a big dinner. Mr. Fastnet raises a good proportion of the sharks that are sent to market. He kills them when they are about three feet long. At this age their meat is very tender and juicy. In order to keep up the supply he is kept busy breeding new flocks every summer, and even then he cannot meet the demand.—Philadelphia Times.

A REMARKABLE POND.

What a Hog's Rooting Did on a Kentucky Farm.

Rev. Eli Owen, of the Rocky Hill country, is the possessor of a pond which has afforded him some pleasure and a great deal of uneasiness. A good many years ago a bold spring ran across a part of Mr. Owen's farm and dropped in a hole not far from where it rose. One year Mr. Owen built a hog inclosure on the spot where the spring ran into the earth, and fattened a lot of hogs. Gradually the hogs, in their rootings, filled up the small opening through which the waters of the spring sank into the ground, and the first thing Mr. Owen knew a small pond was forming. As the waters of the spring had no escape they simply backed up, and then backed up some more. Higher and higher the waters rose, from a quarter of an acre to half an acre, then an acre, and then five acres, till the alarmed owner was seriously perturbed as to whether the pond owned him or he owned the pond, or whether he was eventually to be the owner of a farm or a lot of water. Finally Mr. Owen, by laying a pipe in the pond and piping off the water, saved himself from further encroachments, and now he has, if properly cultivated, one of the finest sheets of fishing territory in the county. In some places the waters are from ten to fifteen feet deep, while several acres are still submerged. Carp, sun-perch, black-perch and other varieties of fish stock the pond. A short while ago Mr. Owen set out a trot-line, with which the fish had great fun, but from which a large majority of Mr. Owen's returns were broken hooks. Fish weighing as high as twenty-five and thirty pounds were hung on it, and one or two captured. The history of this body of water is somewhat remarkable, as showing what a hog can do when it turns itself loose to root in dead earnest.—Glasgow (Ky.) Times.

A New Bait for Mice.

One observant housekeeper has found out that mice and croton bugs do not invade the same premises at the same time. The mice scare away the bugs. In a consideration of the two evils it is rather difficult, from a housekeeper's point of view, which to choose. This same housekeeper, says the New York Evening Post, finds that the ordinary round, many-holed spring traps, baited with something soft, like a piece of suet or pork, which will cling to the hook and resist efforts of the wily little creatures to dislodge, is the best means of getting rid of them. With this method should be practiced also the starvation plan, which is to have every crumb of food, every dust of sugar, oatmeal or other farinaceous substance, anything, in fact, that could afford them opportunity for satisfying appetite, kept carefully away from them. The holes by which they find access to closet shelves should be filled with pieces of gum camphor. With patience and the perseverance, that is the cost of all success, this pest, even in seriously infested houses, can be exterminated.

Light From Sugar.

A scientist has discovered that light may be procured from sugar. He has succeeded in taking several photographs by the light supplied by sugar only. The sugar was first exposed to a direct sunlight for two hours, and then placed in a dark room. Immediately on being placed in the darkness the sunlight stored in the sugar to glow, faintly at first, but quite brightly after a few minutes. After about twenty minutes, during which time the photographs were taken, the light began to die away, and gradually went out. The photographs taken by sugar-light are quite distinct, though not as clear as an ordinary photograph. The scientist who made the discovery declares that, by exposing a sack of sugar to strong sunlight for two hours, enough light could be procured from it to illumine a small house for the same period.

Successful Shad Culture.

Fish Commissioner James A. Bill, of Connecticut, has written a letter giving some striking results of shad culture. In Five-Mile River, about nine miles from the mouth of the Connecticut, the Fish Commission in 1889 placed experimentally half a million shad fry. No shad had been taken in the river for years, but four years later, in 1893, more than 1000 were taken. This year the fish have been more numerous there and in the Connecticut River than for any one of many years heretofore, and the best fishing of the season has been done in the smaller stream. Commissioner Bill says, also, that the size of the shad has been materially increased by stripping only the largest shad to obtain spawn.—New York Post.

Electric Roads in Europe.

In mileage of electric roads Germany is foremost in Europe, having 252 miles. France has 82 miles; Great Britain and Ireland, 66½ miles; Austria-Hungary, 44 miles: Switzerland, 29 miles; Italy, 24½ miles; Servia, Russia, Belgium and Spain have from 6.21 miles to 18.64 miles. Of the 111 lines of electric railway in Europe, 91 are worked on the overhead trolley line system, 12 on the underground system and 8 by means of accumulators.

Pitched Headlong by a Thunderbolt.

Ernest Gadboise, a young man employed on his father's farm on the Salem turnpike, in Connecticut, was struck by lightning at Leffingwell, while driving home. The bolt threw him from the wagon into the gutter, and rendered him unconscious. The horse was knocked down and the wagon overturned. How long he was unconscious he is unable to determine, but he was helped into a neighboring dwelling. Neither he nor his horse was permanently injured.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Charcoal for Disinfecting.

No good housewife is without her own special and favorite disinfectant. A simple and effective one may be made of charcoal, mixed with clear water. Speaking of charcoal, it is well to remark that a little of it sprinkled in water containing cut flowers will keep the water fresh for some time.

Cleaning the Bread Pan.

A woman hates worse than anything else the cleansing of the bread pan or bowl after having made up a "batch" of bread. Unless absolutely necessary to put the bowl away at once, fill it with cold water and let it stand for an hour. By that time all the hard particles will have become softened and fallen to the bottom of the bowl. The practice of putting the bowl and molding board away unwashed, in the flour bin, as so many do, is most reprehensible. The tiny particles will work off into the next lot of dough and ferment in the raising, and often spoils a whole baking of bread, while the baker is wondering what possesses the stuff. Absolute cleanliness should always be observed in attending to bread, cake or pastry cooking to obtain the best results.

To Exterminate Insects.

Cleanliness is the best safeguard against insects, fresh air, soap and water being all powerful, if no scrap or refuse be left to decay unnoticed. Floor and shelves of pantries should be wiped with a damp cloth daily. The outside of all utensils kept perfectly clean, the slightest carelessness in this particular being sufficient to bring a whole army of pests.

Covered utensils not in daily use should have their covers left slightly ajar to admit air and prevent mustiness, and ofttimes rust.

The refrigerator should be kept near a window, so that it may be frequently flooded with air and light. In no place is more apparent the housewife's thrift, painstaking and untiring energy.

Camphor will prevent the ravages of mice. For waterbugs fill cracks and crevices with a paste made of two tablespoons of plaster of paris, one teaspoon of sugar and one tablespoon of green tea.

To guard against buffalo bugs the floors should be wiped with water in which spirits of turpentine have been mixed—to a large pailful of hot water add a pint of turpentine. This is a perfect preventive against this pest, so much dreaded by the best housekeepers, and is well worth trying by those whose closets and pantries have been infested by these dreadful vermin.

Outdoor Breakfast Rooms.

At one magnificent summer cottage on Long Island the summer breakfast room has been erected in the form of a nympheum—literally translating this means a resort or playground of nymphs, and it cost a very handsome sum of money, indeed. The chief nymph of this Greek bower gave carte blanche to her architect, who first covered sixty square feet of level turf, overlooking the blue Sound's waters, with a charming mosaic floor, in polished tiles, of white, blue and green.

From this spring up a series of thirty white marble Greek columns, to support a roof of glass, so arranged as to slide and fold back, and thus open this lovely room without walls to the blue heavens. Directly in the centre of the tiled floor a sunk basin, eight feet square, holds ornamental fish and water lilies, and out of the centre springs a very charming marble nymph, who stands in a perpetual shower of sparkling water. Water plants and blooming flowers are banked about the edge of the fountain, here and there in bronze tubs stand palms and ferns, and on carved perches are a snow-white cockatoo, with a rose topknot, and a dazzling red and green African parrot.

A home-made nympheum may be built of wire. A dry floor is the prime requisite for one of these fairy apartments, and for that reason a place is selected in the garden, and the first thing is to lay the space with tiles, or have it covered with a beautiful gravel of selected little colored pebbles and snowy sand. Around or over this the wire framework is placed, climbing rose branches and grape vine tendrils wound in and out of the wire mesh, and there the delicate furniture, breakfast tables and chairs are placed.—Boston Herald.

Recipes.

Strawberry Foam—Wash, hull and cut, or mash slightly, one cupful of strawberries. Beat the whites of two eggs till stiff, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the berries, and beat until very thick and stiff. Use a broad bowl and a wire egg-beater. Pile it lightly on a glass dish, and serve with sponge cake.

Deviled Fingers—Cut bread, free from crust, into slices four inches long by one and a half inches in width. Place two of these slices together, with the following mixture spread between: To each finely chopped hard-boiled egg add a tablespoonful of finely minced cold boiled ham and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of grated cheese and a half-teaspoonful of French mustard.

Sheep's Kidneys en Brochette—From three kidneys remove the thin membrane that covers each kidney and split without cutting the cords. Sprinkle each piece with a pinch each of salt and pepper, dip in melted butter and broil over a good fire. Have ready on a heated serving platter a sauce made as follows: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a tablespoonful of minced parsley and the juice of a lemon. Mix well together, lay the kidneys in the seasoning, turning them once. Then serve.

HE TOOK HIS MEDICINE.

But It Got Him Into Trouble and He Wanted It Modified.

There were unmistakable marks of intimacy between his light-colored overcoat and the sidewalk. His right eye was concealed by a handkerchief, and his silk hat had a dent in it.

"Doctor," he said, as he sank in a chair, "I don't blame you. I exonerate you from all responsibility. I don't make any reproaches."

"I should hope not," was the reply. "All the medical profession can do is to cure you when you are sick. It can't be held responsible for earthquakes or riots. Any broken bones?"

"Not that I know of. I didn't come to order any surgery, and I don't want you to think that I am trying to assume to dictate to you in your business. It's a delicate matter and I hope you will take it kindly."

"What are you talking about?"

"That last prescription you gave me."

"Ah, yes. I remember. You complained of being low-spirited and sluggish, and said that you would faithfully obey my instructions in order to get back your old-time form."

"That is what happened. And you said there was no use in my taking drugs and turning my system into a chemical laboratory; what I needed was to laugh three times every day."

"Yes."

"I wasn't to wait till I saw a good excuse for laughing. I was to cultivate a susceptibility to humor, which I do not naturally possess, and let my diaphragm have spasms on the slightest provocation."

"Certainly. That's what I call a common sense cure."

"I tried it. Acted faithfully on your instructions. I was going out to lunch to-day when I happened to remember that I had neglected your medicine. I looked around for something that would give me a pretext, and as luck would have it I saw a man with a market basket get run into by a pushcart. My first impulse was to lend him a helping hand with his vegetables and things, but I thought of you, and I did my duty. It would have rejoiced your soul to hear the merry gurgles that leaped from my throat. I was only beginning to enter into the spirit of the occasion when the owner of the market basket came up and began to interfere. I told him he was likely to ruin my health with his thoughtlessness, but he refused to desist until he had left me as I now appear. I don't look to you for an indemnity for what has happened; but three times a day seems pretty often, considering the risks involved, and I do think you ought to seriously consider the advisability of reducing the dose."