NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE STREAMERS ON HER HAT.

Here she comes—the sweetest maid
Ever seen;
Note the happiness displayed
In her mien;
See the smile she cannot hide,
See her nose upheld with pride—
One would think she was a bride
Or a queen.

See! Her eyes with huge delight
Must inspect
All the big shop windows bright
Which reflect
Like a mirror those who pass;
That her glances at the glass
Most immensely please the lass,
We suspect.

In ecstatic bliss she treads
Through the throng;
Women at her turn their heads
(Which is wrong)
And with pangs of envy gaze
At the glory she displays;
Dudes behind her, all a-blaze,
Trot along.

Don't you wonder why the miss
Is so proud?
Why she can't conceal her bliss
From the crowd?
Why the women eye her clothes,
Why she's followed by the beaux—
(Which should never, goodness knows,
Be allowed.)

Well, we'll tell you. Don't you see,
Don't you know,
Don't you understand that she
Isn't slow
In the fashion? From her hat
(Like herself, a little flat)
Gorgeous ribbon streamers pat
Make the show.

Yes, the streamers, extra long,
Lately grown,
Turn the heads of all the throng
And her own.
As they flutter in the breeze
We the reins would like to seize
Just to drive her where we please
All alone.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

LITTLE BILLY.

[Original.]

WHEN consumption took ol' Mis' Sanders off she left a pore, little, sickly baby boy, not more'n two year ol' fur her husband to raise. It was a turrible trial to a man workin' like Bill Sanders had to work, to hev a puny, cryin' baby on his hands. Ef it had a' be'n one o' these great big strappin' childern thet kin knock about anywheres, it wouldn't a' be'n so bad; but it looked purty hard to be hampered with one thet needed tender nussin' all the time.

To a' looked at Bill Sanders, you'd 'a' thought thet he couldn't be tender enough to nuss a sick elephant. He was a great big rough-lookin' feller with a voice like a foghorn an' hands as hard an' horny as a weather-beaten rock.

But somewhere, away down under all the rough shell, he had a heart brimful o' gentleness and kindness. He didn't take no great flarin' way o' showin' it, but you didn't hev to know him long to find it out.

There's some men thet hev to do big things to show how much heart they've got, but he didn't; a body jest naturally seemed to feel it. Fur two or three days arter his mother's death, the little boy didn't do nothin' but holler an' cry all the time, until you'd 'a' thought Bill's soul was almost worried out o' him.

When the fun'l was over an' pore Sally Sanders laid away forever, the women folks gathered to decide which o' 'em should take the boy. Wall, you know how women are when there's any good act to be done, they all want to be the one to do it. An' so there was several willin' to take the child. They couldn't decide which of 'em was to hev him, an' so it was agreed thet the offer should be made to Sanders fur all of 'em an' left for him to choose between 'em.

Bill was touched by their kindness, but shook his head in answer to the offer. "No," says he, "Sally told me allus to keep little Bill with me 'cause he

IT WAS A KIND O' FUNNY SIGHT.

was sickly, an' I promised I'would; I couldn't break a promise made to my dead wife fur no reason in the world."

"But you can't give the pore little feller the care he orter hev," said Tim Hodge's wife, who hed be'n sent to do the talkin'.

"I'll do the best I kin," answered Bill, "an' thet's all anybody could do."

It wasn't no use to try to shake his determination; what he said he meant an' stuck to. He made the child a little cart in which, wrapped up warm, he hauled him to the mines every day, an' then, stowing him in a safe place he would go on to work, runnin' back every little while to see thet he was gettin' 'long all right.

In spite of all the toys an' things thet Bill raked up, it couldn't help but be lonesome an' tiresome fur the child; but the little feller seemed to know thet his father was doin' the best he could fur him an' he didn't make much trouble.

At first it was a kind o' funny sight to see the great big man goin' to his work every mornin' draggin' the cart with thet little peaked baby in it. People said that a man wouldn't stand anything like thet very long an' prophesied thet it wouldn't last.

But it did, an' big Bill haulin' the little Bill to work growed to be a common sight. An' how the women went on about him, holdin' him up as a model to their husbands an' pointin' him out as the only true man thet ever lived.

Wall, the air must 'a' done the child good, fur it commenced to grow stronger lookin'. It was wonderful how it filled out, an' Bill got as proud of him as a peacock of his tail. He hed allus be'n kind an' gentle to him, but he hedn't be'n so powerful affectionate.

With his sole care of the child, it hed kinder growed around his heart. His eyes would take on the softest look an' his voice would sink so low an' lovin' when he talked to little Billy thet every action showed how he was bound up in him.

When the boy was seven or eight years ol' a thing turned up thet showed thet Sanders' feelins hedn't changed a bit. A gang o' youngsters broke into the tool house an' stole a lot o' the men's tools. They wasn't found for a long time, but arter awhile some boys was traced into a cave which was dug in the side of the hill. Two or three men followed an' raided the place, an' there was the tools, every one of 'em, an' about a dozen young shavers layin' around.

Among 'em was little Billy, big as anybody.

Wall, they bagged every one of 'em an' marched 'em into camp, pretendin' they was a goin' to try 'em. They was as bad skeered a set o' boys as ever you seed 'cause they knowed what happened to thieves when they was ketched 'round there. They was most all a snivelin' an' pleadin' 'cept little Billy. He was game an' went along with his mouth shet as tight as wax.

They hed to come right up past a place where a lot o' the men was standin', laughin' at the sight. In the crowd was Bill Sanders; as his eyes fell on little Billy he jumped for'ard, sayin': "What's the meanin' o' this?"

"Oh, these are the fellers what stole them tools from the tool house an' we're a goin' to take 'em up an' try 'em," says Hank Simms.

"Didn't steal no tools, dad," little Billy bawled out.

His father went up to him and takin' his arm drawed him away from the crowd. Turnin' to Hank he says, in a low, dry voice: "I don't want no such darned foolishness with my boy. He didn't help steal them tools; he says so, an' I'd believe his word again' any of you; there ain't a drop o' lyin' or stealin' blood in his veins."

"Why, it's only fun, Bill," said Hank.

"Fun or what not, I don't like it," and Sanders took little Billy an' went home.

Mebbe Sanders was a little too particular, but every hen knows best how to cover her own chickens.

Boys in them days struck out soon fur themselves, an' when little Billy was about sixteen he left the camp an' went somewheres where he thought he could do better an' make more money. For a time Sanders heerd from him reg'lar an' he was allus a gettin' along well; but by 'n' by the letters commenced fallin' off. An' as he got further an' further away from the ol' man, they got slacker an' slacker ontil they quit entirely.

Not a word could be heerd from him; nobody even knowed where he was. But Sanders didn't worry or take on as you might 'a' expected he would. He was allus calm, for he said he knowed wherever little Billy was he was safe an' doin' well, 'cause he was honest an' willin' to work an' he hed hed good raisin'.

I tell you he hed lots o' faith in thet boy, a good deal more than anybody else hed, fur there was several times when he was in camp thet purty mean tricks was laid at his door, an' thet upon good proof, too; but he always managed to get out of it somehow or other, an' knowin' how his father doted on him, most everybody hated to press a thing against him. There's be'n more boys than one saved trouble thet way. But arter while, little Billy was furgot an' even Sanders himself hed stopped tellin' every listener the good points "o' thet boy Billy." Fact is, we hed to furget everything in them rushin' times. The minin' camp hed growed into a town with reg'lar gov'ament an' a court an' jedge thet got in his work on offenders, whenever his flourishin' an' expeditious rival Jedge Lynch giv him a chance.

An' there was plenty of work for both of 'em, 'cause every kind of thief under the sun was layin' 'round, waitin' fur a chance to nab the dust o' some onsuspectin' miner. An' now, hoss thieves hed be'n added to the list. Several valuable animals belongin' to different folks in the town hed walked off in a very mysterious manner.

Now, you know, thet is our sore point—hoss thieves!

We hate 'em worse 'n' murderers, 'cause they're sneakin'er about their work. Wall, this yere thief was about the cutest one that ever laid fingers on hoss flesh; didn't leave no tracks, seemed to jest pick the animals up an' fly away with 'em.

We come to the conclusion thet it wasn't no gang, but jest one powerful slick man by hisself. No gang could 'a' moved so quiet an' mysterious an' be'n quick at the same time. We tried every way to ketch him, but he was too slick fur us. But at last we got desp'rate an' vowed we'd ketch thet feller ef it took every bit o' dust we hed an' our lives to boot. We studied an' studied to think how we could fix it, an' at last Bill Sanders hisself hit on a plan which we all agreed to.

So the next night seen in his own stable the finest hoss thet a heavy collection taken up amongst us could buy, an' a score o' determined men hid 'round in the dark. Now a really fine hoss draws a hoss thief like a magnet does steel, an' we knowed thet we hed the chap dead sure.

Wall, not a leaf stirred the first night an' we was considerable disappointed, so durin' the follerin' day the horse was driv' around the town to show him off to any watchers thet might be lurkin' about, an' we watched thet night in hopes, but it was like the first, no go. Fur ten solid days we watched without success, an' then the men began to drop off, ontil the guard hed be'n entirely broken up.

We believed thet the hoss thief hed left us an' for good too. But I reckon thet chap was even slicker then we thought; fur one night arter we'd growed keerless, Sanders, who was a mite more keerful then the rest of us, heerd the hoss whinny. He was out to the stable in a minute. There was a man beside the hoss; at sight of him, Sanders darted in but the feller vaulted into the saddle an' lettin' drive a shot thet took Bill in the shoulder, dashed out o' the back door.

Furgittin' the pain of his wound, Sanders was on a mustang an' arter him like a flash, alarmin' the town as he passed through, cryin': "Hoss thief, hoss thief, hoss thief!" Them thet looked out *seen* two hosses gallopin' past, but *heerd* only one. The first hoss must 'a' hed his hoofs padded heavy.

It wasn't long before about twenty-five or thirty men hed jined the chase an' went gallopin' arter the sound o' the second hoss. But the thief hed a purty good start ahead, an' it was two good hours before even Sanders was sighted. In another hour the crowd overtook him. His face showed pale in the moonlight an' he looked like he could hardly keep his saddle, an' his hoss was purty nigh wore out; but there was a sullen determination in the way he urged the pore beast on. Away off in the front a shadow could be seen movin' whenever the foremost rider passed between the moon an' a cluster o' rocks; an' now an' then the sound of a hoof strikin' the stony ground could be heard. The hoss hed wore through or throwed off one of his pads.

The sight o' the prey made the men more eager 'n ever an' they spared neither lash nor spur. The hosses staggered an' stumbled under the strain, but thet wasn't the time fur pityin' brutes, with a subject fur lynchin' a mile ahead.

So clatter an' dash over short spaces o' level land an' longer tracts o' hilly road, we went; up an' down over the bowlders thet blocked our way an' gainin' not more 'n' an inch in a hundred feet. When day broke, we was still a-goin'. Steady; steady. A foot at every hundred. Two feet. Three. But our hosses was gone up; they began to slow down. We would lose

"GO 'WAY, GO WAY!"

the gained ground, but we were in shootin' distance. Bill Sanders, who is still in the lead, raises his gun. It is our only chance, so a number follow suit. A report; twelve bullets fly on their mission. The man in advance throws up his arms an' falls back out of his saddle an' the hoss droops away riderless.

We ride up to where the body lays, face upward.

Bill Sanders glances at it an' then gives sech a cry as I never heerd before, an' God grant may never hear again.

"My God!" he screams. "My son; my little Billy!" an' flingin' himself from his hoss he drops down beside the body.

How, in one glance, he ever recognized his son Billy in thet bronzed, scarred man, I can't see. I reckon mebbe there's sympathetic chords in the hearts o' parents an' children thet throb when they're brought together.

Like a brute thet laps the wounds of its injured young one, so Sanders fondled the body of his dead son, callin' him by name an' kissin' the bearded face. But the eyes were fast glazin' an' the lips were closed in the last silence.

We would a' taken the body up, but, springin' up, he stood over it like a tiger at bay. "Go, 'way, go 'way, leave me alone with the son I hev murdered." An' we hed to obey.

We stood to one side as alone he strapped the sad load to the back o' the stolen hoss, then, mountin' his own an' leadin' the other, silent he led the way into town.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

FINEST OF OLD CARPETS.

A Marvelous Piece of Handiwork Over Four Hundred Years Old.

The holy carpet of the mosque at Ardebil, a marvelous piece of handiwork of the year 942 of the Hegira—1535 of our era— is well worth taking a long journey to see; so, when it is laid down almost at our doors, so to speak, it is no wonder that the visitors to view it have been legion. Messrs. Vincent, Robinson & Co., of Wigmore street, have afforded Londoners an opportunity of examining what may well be considered the finest example extant of old Persian carpets. The ground color is a rich blue subdued with a light floral tracery of quiet tints; this is surrounded with a band of crimson, next comes a band of cream, on which is a charming pattern—a variation of the "cloud," then a broad border of cartouches, red, green and yellow, filled with floral designs on a brown ground, and, to complete the whole, a band of tawny brown, with scroll in light blue. The center decoration comprises a medallion of pale yellow terminating in sixteen minaret-shaped points, from which spring sixteen cartouches and two representations of the sacred lamp of the mosque. In a cream cartouche at one end of the carpet is an interwoven inscription, which, when translated, read: "I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold, my head has no protection other than this porch-way. The work of the slave of this holy place, Maksoud of Kashan, in the year 942." As a harmony of coloring it is simply perfect, the tone is exquisite, years have but enhanced its beauty. The dimensions of the carpet are thirty-four feet six inches by seventeen feet six inches. If space permitted, we should have liked to describe some other specimens of antique Persian carpets in the collection; more especially a small one of silk, sixteenth century, with center of deep red, and for design, forest trees connected by a stream with wild flowers on the banks. The border is of a lovely shade of light red with floral designs. There are bands of pale green introduced. It has 776 hand-tied knots to the square inch.—London Queen.

—The gray rat came to Europe from India by way of Russia and is now popularly known as the Norway rat, from a mistaken tradition that it came from Norway to England and from the latter country to America.

—A Commercial Girl.—Hunker—"I was engaged to Grace just three days when she threw me over." Spatts—"She must be the three-days Grace we hear of at the bank."—Detroit Free Press.

ATTRACTIVE DRAPERIES.

Nottinghams and Embroidered Muslins Now in Demand.

The changes in drapery and curtain materials are almost as marked as those in wearing apparel, and fashions in these goods are quite as arbitrarily followed. A few seasons ago, the showy and bright colored Madras draperies were all the rage, and manufacturers were often taxed to supply the demand for them. By one of those curious caprices of taste, the fancy for this sort of goods died out very suddenly, and now Madras is rarely called for by the best trade except for summer cottages and inexpensive chamber furnishings.

Even more short-lived was the fancy for certain novelty stripes which were brought out a few seasons after the Madras goods were first put upon the market. All of these fancy draperies have given place to the more moderate-price grades of Nottinghams of various qualities, and more recently to dotted or embroidered muslins with four or five-inch ruffles of plain material to match, these ruffles being elaborately fluted after the old-fashioned style of skirt and dress ruffles. The Nottinghams are made is such exquisite qualities that at a little distance they can scarcely be distinguished from the real tamboured goods.

There are combinations of Nottingham with scrim, also some very attractive antiques, and combinations of these with scrim and braid and lace insertions and edgings.

A very attractive design is shown in scrim with a two-inch edging of Russian lace. These, for fairly good quality are among the choicest designs of the season. In higher grade goods, the net tamboured laces are shown in the usual variety of pretty and stylish patterns. In this grade of goods there is but little change: the same general designs are shown from year to year, the variation being largely in quality, width, length and occasionally a bit of combination which is added to give variety to this altogether useful and handsome standard material.

Among the finest curtain draperies in the market are the Russian lace draperies. These are surpassingly elegant and expensive, quite beyond the reach of all but those most favored in this world's goods. Several hundred dollars a window is quite a price to pay for draperies, but there is nevertheless a fairly good demand for such materials. A single window with lace and outer curtains may cost six or eight hundred dollars, or possibly a thousand dollars.

Comparatively few heavy stuffs are used at the windows of the fashionable houses. The present fancy seems to be for very light and delicate effects. In moderate grade and inexpensive materials, those which interest the masses of the people, there is nothing more attractive, useful or manageable than the dotted or embroidered muslin curtains with the fluted ruffles as previously described.—N. Y. Ledger.

STARVING THE TEETH.

Our Food Deficient in the Elements That Make Bone.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give to their children is of the variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthly salts which nourish the bony tissue and build the frame up.

If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. These flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partake of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth.

Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children, never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran which contains the minute quantities of lime is present, is best. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and teeth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on your table, hot or cold, three times a week. In brushing the teeth, always brush up and down from the gum instead of across. Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surface of the teeth.—American Analyist.

Training Baby's Ears.

The day for the ear that stands at right angles to the head is over. There's been a clever little arrangement patented for correcting the tendency some babies' ears have to stand out. It is a close-fitting cap made of white tape that holds the ears close to the head and ties under the chin. It is really merely the framework of a cap, and so it is less troublesome and less heating than a muslin cap would be, and can be worn day and night. There are few less pardonable disfigurements than outbranching ears, and they are less often the result of a natural tendency than of the careless handling of a baby. Few mothers and fewer nurses notice when they lay a baby down whether the soft little ear is crumpled under or lying close back to the head, and they rarely take the trouble when they hold a baby to see that its ears are in the natural position, but will hold it for the longest time with the head pressed against their bosom and the ear turned forward instead of back. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," applies with as much force to the physical as to the moral growth of a child. Babies, when nursed constantly by the one person, often suffer from being always carried on the same arm and in the same position.—Washington Post.

A Considerate Husband.

Husband—I never rebuke my wife except in two cases.

Friend—What are they?

"In the first place, I am rude to her when she reproaches me."

"And under what other circumstances are you rude to her?"

"Well, when she doesn't reproach me."—Texas Siftings.

A LESSON IN CIVILITY.

"Getting Even" With an Unobliging Street-Car Conductor.

The street-car conductor was inclined to be disagreeable and unaccommodating, and only got what he deserved. He had some bills, but when the passenger tendered him a five-dollar bill, apologizing for so doing, he carefully counted out four dollars and ninety-five cents in small change and handed it over. There were two or three quarters, a few dimes, twenty-five or thirty pennies and any number of nickels.

Of course the passenger protested.

"I don't mind taking some of your small change," he said, "but I don't want it all. You have something larger."

"You can take that or nothing," retorted the conductor. "It's all you'll get."

Now that didn't tend to make the passenger feel kindly toward the conductor, but he apparently had no redress except to report him for incivility. A moment later, however, he recalled that the road sold tickets and he smiled.

The conductor didn't wish to sell any tickets to this particular passenger, but he had to. He hesitated, but a prompt threat to report him induced him to sell twelve tickets for twenty-five pennies and five nickels.

Then a man sitting next to the passenger leaned over and said:

"I need some tickets. I'll give you half a dollar for those."

He got them and then the conductor was called back.

"I want some more tickets," said the passenger.

The conductor grew red in the face as he saw everyone in the car smiling, but he gave twelve tickets for ten nickels and then hurried to the rear platform.

"I'll take those tickets," said a man across the aisle to the passenger with the small change.

He got them, and the conductor was called back again.

Everyone in the car was interested by this time, and some even laughed aloud at the conductor's discomfiture. Moreover they took the tickets off the passenger's hands as fast as he bought them from the conductor. When the latter had sold four dollars' worth he swore he had no more, but under threat of being reported he discovered enough to exchange for the remainder of the change he had given the passenger.

He was mad, so mad that he added to his discomfiture by making a mistake in ringing up fares, but he had afforded the passengers some amusement, and—well, he had learned to be more obliging.—Detroit Free Press.

A GREAT WOMAN.

She Demonstrated Her Fearlessness of Ferocious Animals.

"Yes, gentlemen," remarked the advance agent of the only big show on earth, "notwithstanding the fact that in the past we have ransacked the globe from pole to pole, have penetrated the jungles of South America, the deserts of Africa, the ice-locked fastnesses of the Arctic region, and the sacred lands of India in our determination to secure everything weird, worthy and wonderful under the sun, we have still been enabled to stamp improvement on the wings of time, and this season we present a bewildering array of attractions totally eclipsing the mildest imaginations of wonderland; a whirlwind of marvels, sweeping all our would-be imitators away with an irresistible impetuosity!"

While the speaker paused for breath his hearers prepared themselves for the worst.

"Our gigantic universal aggregation of consolidated wonders was the first show on earth to introduce a female lion tamer. The first year she performed with one lion, the next year with two, and so on till the tenth year, when she played with ten of them at once. Then she began that very hazardous proceeding, which might be termed mixing her drinks, by bringing tigers, leopards, etc., into her family of brute monarchs. Finally, during last season, she appeared in a mammoth inclosure and played with a number of lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, crocodiles, boa constrictors, wild cats and rattlesnakes all at one and the same time. The public unanimously declared that woman could do nothing more to demonstrate her utter fearlessness of the animal creation, but she has."

Everyone held his breath awaiting the startling revelation about to be made.

"Yes, sir; recognizing the fact that the press and people demanded something newer and more startling every year, Mme. de Slambanggio has this season discarded lions and tigers and everything old and now actually enters a cage containing three live and unfettered mice!"

It required the combined efforts of the strong men of the party to rescusitate the weaker members who had fainted away.—Chicago Times.

THE THOUGHTLESS DARLING.

She Blocks Street Traffic While Buying a Few Lilacs.

A pretty young girl stopped a cab in which she was riding in front of the New York entrance of the Brooklyn bridge to buy a bunch of lilacs from a street vender. The cab came to a standstill just at the bridge entrance, with the hind wheels across the tracks on which the Avenue B, Third and Fourth avenue cars run and blocked traffic for half an hour. There were about twelve cars and fifty vehicles of all kinds tangled up in an almost hopeless blockade.

The bridge policemen, in their efforts to make the vehicles move on, seemed to forget the fact that the little girl in the cab was still in the way, and apparently unconscious of the trouble she had caused, fumbled in her pocketbook for change to pay the vender, who hung on to the open cab door.

The cabby, fearing that his cab would be damaged and the swinging door torn off by the angry drivers of wagons and trucks about him, whipped up his horse. Then the little girl put one dainty foot out on the step and swinging her body out of the doorway, berated cabby for his carelessness.

"Don't you see that I am busy?" she said. "How rude of you to start up before I tell you to go!"

Then a big policeman came along, drove the vender away and closed the cab door. At the same time another policeman took the cab horse by the bridle and led him away. The weeping lilac vender overtook the cab containing his little customer and received the money in payment for the flowers. It was fully twenty minutes after that before traffic on the thoroughfare was resumed.—N. Y. Recorder.

—Fogg suggests that the reason why fish is brain food is because fish go in schools.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—The proposition of the Thomson-Houston Electric Co. to run trains through the Belt Railroad Co.'s tunnel in Baltimore by electric motors, was accepted by the latter company, and the details of the necessary contracts have been made.

—At Gilbreath, N. C., the other day a fifteen-year-old lad named Fletcher was standing under a tree which the lightning struck. It entered the lads coat at the neck and went down his spine, making a blister all the way. Yet it is thought he will recover.

—The Haywards electric railroad of Oakland, Cal., has been opened for business. When the first car was run the wildest enthusiasm prevailed all along the line, and at San Leendro bonfires were lighted, and half the town turned out to welcome the arrival of the first train.

—The new telephone company in London is receiving substantial support. It has already obtained two thousand five hundred subscribers to its service, and proposes to start operations immediately with underground metallic circuits, promising satisfactory service to all customers.

—Inventor Edison received in one instance a fee of $10,000 for his opinion as an electrical expert. He was employed by the company organized to bore the Niagara power tunnel to examine the ground, study conditions and plans, and give an opinion as to the feasibility and practicability of the work.

—An electrical metal twisting machine is one of the latest applications of electricity to the arts. The square rods or blanks to be twisted are heated by the electric currents which heats from the inside instead of from the outside as in ordinary fire methods, and then twisted by sections in succession.

—There is not to-day a horse or mule in the street-car service of Austin, Tex. At the intersection of two of the principal streets of that city twelve double trolley tracks cross each other, using one of the most intricate systems of frogs and electric switches ever made. Arc and incandescent lights are used to a large extent.

—The celerity of telegraphic communications was well demonstrated during the recent Oxford-Cambridge boat race in England. The press boat, as it steamed up the river, paid out a cable during its entire course, and at every point in the race the news was immediately flashed by means of this line direct to London.

—The joint committee of the house of lords and the house of commons has reported to parliament that, after thorough examination of the subject, it considers electricity a suitable and efficient source of motive power, and a recommendation is made that the progress of the electric railway should not be impeded, but that, on the other hand, the construction of lines should be encouraged.

—According to the Western Electrician, visitors to the World's fair will have an opportunity to ride on an elevated railway on which electrically operated trains will be run at intervals of one and a half minutes, at a speed, it is claimed, of thirty miles an hour. Powerful motors and a great power station will be needed, and the installation will, aside from its practical value, form one of the most interesting exhibits at the fair.

—It is stated that the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. is contemplating running a long distance telephone wire from Burlington, Vt., to Bellows Falls, connecting with the Long Distance Telephone Co. It will be built by links. The circuit will be metallic, of course, and Vergennes will probably be connected with Burlington in the near future. Then a line will be extended to Middlebury, and so on until Bellows Falls is reached. This will give Burlington telephonic communication with all the large cities within a radius of 1,000 miles, or as far as it is possible to talk by the 'phone.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

The Housewife's Horror Changed Into One of Her Best Friends.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is entitled to be called a public benefactor, certainly the man who turns an odious stench into a pleasing fragrance has a claim for credit which may not be ignored. The days of necromancy are not past, they are only beginning, and in a dingy red brick house on the East Side of this city a striking example of this fact may be seen at any time.

There is probably no person who regards rancid butter as anything but a highly offensive substance and there are few, outside the uninitiated, who can think of any better use to be made of it than throw it into the ashbarrel. The initiated know better. There are few housewives and cooks who, when they flavor their custards, pies, cakes, etc., with delicious essence of pineapple, do not imagine that tons of that luscious tropical fruit are daily gathered by dusky natives from waving palms and amid scenes of harvest revelry are then squeezed of their fragrant juice for the special benefit of the American palate. But the "trade" knows that the pineapple oil of commerce is really butyric ether.

Now, there is no cause for alarm to the reader who first becomes aware of that fact by reading this article. Butyric ether is a charmingly fragrant, innocuous and delightful substance, and if the genuine pineapple itself were not full of it the much prized fruit would command no better price than turnips; perhaps not as good. The only startling feature is the fact that butyric ether, which tastes and smells so good in custard or soda water, is produced from the most horribly rancid butter. Turning pure water into new wine seems simple alongside this modern miracle.

The miracle-worker takes his rancid butter and mixes it into a soapy lather mixed with potash and sulphuric acid at first. This results in a thin, oily liquid which has even a more persistently rancid order than the butter had at first. It is then called butyric acid. Being destilled with alcohol and more sulphuric acid, the marvellous result is a fragrant and altogether delightful substance known as butyric ether or pineapple oil. Used in moderation it does no harm to the stomach, but it should not be used as a perfume, because when inhaled it tends to cause irritation of the air tubes and intense headache.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Haughty Arthur.

"Arthur is very exclusive," said proud Mrs. Bunker the other day. "He will not graduate with his class this week, but will wait until the autumn, and graduate alone.

And even Arthur, conditioned as he was, went out of doors and grinned.—Puck.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Keeping a pan of water in the oven will prevent fowl from scorching.

—Jumbles.—One cup of butter and two cups of sugar beaten together; one cup of milk with a half teaspoonful of soda, four eggs; add spice of any kind and six cups of flour. Roll rather thin and cut with a tumbler and wineglass to form a ring. Brush over with the white of an egg and sift on a little fine white sugar before baking.—N. Y. World.

—Rice Custard.—One-half cup of rice, soaked. One quart of milk and a pinch of salt. Steam until soft. Add the yolks of four eggs beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, just before the rice is taken from the range. Stir for a short time and boil. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Beat the whites stiff (with a little sugar), pour over the top and brown slightly.—Ohio Farmer.

—Brown Bread.—Scald two teacupfuls brown flour, making it stiff as mush, and when luke warm add half cake compressed yeast or a teacupful of home-made yeast and teaspoonful salt. Let this sponge stand over night; in the morning mix it with white flour a little less stiff than for white bread, add sweetening to taste. When light, bake a little longer than you would white bread.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Fruit Muffins—Mix equal parts of well-cooked graham flour, B. oatmeal and water, and bake in muffin rings for twenty minutes, or until the cakes slip through the rings without sticking. While hot slit in halves; on one half place ripe fruit, lightly sprinkled with sugar, then immediately cover with the other half. When all are thus fruit covered, set in a warm place for ten minutes before serving.—Boston Budget.

—An Excellent Tooth Lotion.—It is generally admitted that the best way to prevent decay of the teeth is to use a good antiseptic lotion. The following is a good formula: Take of carbolic acid, fifteen grains; thymol, eight grains; boric acid, seven drachms; essence of peppermint, twenty drops; tincture anise, two and a half drachms, and water two pints. Mix thoroughly and use every night and morning with a brush, as you would any other dentifrice.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, ten eggs, one nutmeg grated, one glass of rose-water and brandy mixed. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, whisk the eggs till they are very light, then add them to the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Stir in the spice and liquor, and beat the whole very hard for ten or fifteen minutes. Line your pan with two or three thickness of paper well buttered, pour in the mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven for about three hours. Two pounds of dried currants may be added to this cake if you choose.—Boston Budget.

—Lamb chops served with chestnuts en puree go capitally together and make a most savory entree. To make the latter slit the husks of fifty chestnuts and place them in a stew pan with a piece of butter; put the lid on the pan and set it on a slow fire, stirring the chestnuts now and then to equalize the heat. In about twenty minutes the husks will peel off and should then be removed. Put the chestnuts into another saucepan with a ladleful of good stock, and then let them simmer until soft. Then pound them to a paste, add a little sugar, nutmeg and half a pint of rich milk. Let it cool and just before using mix in a small pat of butter and serve hot. It should be stiff enough to keep in the center of the dish with the lamb chops arranged around it.—N. Y. Tribune.

WITH DIRGE AND QUICKSTEP.

The Difference Between Going To and From a Funeral.

The jollity that prevails on many of the funeral trains returning from burials is something which adds a great deal of emphasis to the remark: "What a queer world this!" A Tribune man who has been among the passengers on many of these trains during the last twelve months has seen some emphatic contrasts in the deportment of the outgoing and incoming "friends of the deceased." This contrast is more usually found upon trains where the number of "friends" are made up of the day-laboring class and their families—people to whom a ride in steam cars to the wooded outskirts of the city always partakes more of the nature of a holiday excursion. The license which by some unwritten yet apparently well recognized law permits having a gay time by these home-bound, crape-bedecked passengers is lived up to with a rollicking spirit such as would do liberal justice to the merriest knot of picnickers that ever invaded a wooded dell.

And where's the harm?

Isn't the example for such a time on such an occasion set—to at least some extent—at every notable burial service that includes a band of music in connection with a procession?

Where is the man or woman, whatever the walk or rank in life, who hasn't heard a "funeral band" play a quickstep coming from the silent city? Indeed, it seems to be eminently the thing to do.

Is life so long that the hard working man can afford to spend all of his rarely acquired holidays in sackcloth and ashes? Within the last few days a train load of people whose big, rough hands and browned faces told that they were of the number who did the world's rough work, came in singing in mighty choruses, "Maggie Murphy's Home," "Annie Rooney," "Paddy Duffy's Cart," etc. Going the other way all was quiet, and the dullest observer could not have failed noting that the deportment was above reproach.

It is a way of the world—this world of dirges and quicksteps.—Chicago Tribune.

Very Natural Conclusion.

O'Reilly (being entertained by the cook, who produces a bottle of olives)—You'll excuse me, Norah, but it's me privit apinyin that these plums is shpoiled.

Norah—Shure, thim is not plums: thim is alives, an' they kim from Shpain.

O'Reilly—Be hivins! thin they must have kim in the shteerage.—Judge.

That Spoiled It All.

Hunker—This girl I am going to introduce you to is wealthy, but she can't play the piano.

Skidds—Good enough! That is vastly in her favor.

Hunker—But she persistently tries to.

Skidds—Say no more. Postpone the introduction indefinitely.—Detroit Free Press.