

Mrs. Barry's Hearing.

"My!" exclaimed old Mrs. Barry, as with the freedom of one privileged, she walked without knocking into the bright, cozy kitchen of Miss Mora Minturn. "Whatever does smell so good? Seems," with another sniff, "as if it might be chili sauce."

Miss Minturn, in a trim gown of dark blue print, protected by a great "bib" apron of turkey-red calico, nodded and smiled as she placed a chair for her unceremonious visitor.

As a rule, people in Tattleton were averse to exercising their lungs for the benefit of Mrs. Barry. It was almost impossible to make her hear, and if you succeeded in doing so, you were more than liable to be misunderstood. "Air you goin' to eat all that yourself this winter?" demanded the newcomer with her blinking eyes fixed on the big granite kettle two-thirds filled with the pungent, crimson, appetizing mixture.

Miss Minturn felt that a nod and veracity would not be at variance, so she turned toward her questioner and called out loud and clear:

"No. Most of this is for a person who has such an attack of rheumatism she could not pick the tomatoes and onions and peppers and put them up herself."

Mrs. Barry continued to look at her blankly and inquiringly. Mora Minturn went up close to her.

"Part of the sauce," she exclaimed close up to the ear of her guest, "is for Mary Ann Cotter, who lives in the Hollow."

I should think his help could do that much cookin' for him!" declared the old lady. "He keeps enough of 'em. I allus wondered, Mora—seem' as how the talk has kinder got round to it—what for was the reason you and Marion Potter, of the Hall, didn't get married years ago, seem' you was sparkin' so long."

Mora smiled as she noticed how the old woman had confounded the two names, which until this moment had never struck her as being similar.

"I said Mary Ann Cotter, of the Hollow, Mrs. Barry!" she shouted.

"I'm a little hard o' hearin', I allow, but I ain't so deaf that I ain't heered what you said. Some o' that there good-smellin' chili sauce is for Marion Potter, of the Hall. Now you see."

Miss Minturn smiled as she went back to the stove and fished her net bag of whole spices out of the thick, red compound. It was useless to impress the truth—to attempt to impress it, rather—on convinced Mrs. Barry. But she made her a cup of tea and brought out some snowy tea cakes for her delectation, and listened patiently and with apparent interest to her babble, until the prosy soul took it into her head to depart and noddled off down the white, winding road.

A serious look came into Mora Minturn's face as she went on sealing up her chili sauce in the little wide-mouthed jars she had saved for the purpose.

Marion Potter! So people had not forgotten about her engagement to him twelve years ago. What was the foolish trifle about which they had quarreled? And she had sent him back his ring with a few bitter words expressive of her satisfaction at having discovered her mistake in time.

She had been wrong—all wrong. She had other suitors after that, to be sure, but she had found herself comparing them to Marion Potter, invariably to their detriment, and had discouraged all such attentions. And now that her mother was dead, and the boys were gone and married she lived alone in the cozy little homestead with only the orphan nephew she was bringing up, she found it lonely at times—very lonely.

Walking across the kitchen, she regarded her reflection in the little walnut-bound mirror that hung near the window. The face that looked back at her was fresh, unwrinkled and pink-cheeked, despite her thirty-six years. Her simple, active, kindly life had kept her youthful in mind and body. But she sighed as she turned away.

At that hour Marion Potter, stalwart, brown-bearded, gallant of bearing was riding his huge black horse slowly homeward through the mellow sunlight. Many a maiden had sent him shy glances of admiration—many who would have been honored by his homage since those old days when he was known as the lover of Mora Minturn. But he was not the man to give his heart twice nor to do a woman the injustice of offering her mere affection, surrounded by his books and dogs.

Look out!" he cried, suddenly. "By George, but I rode over you!"

Old woman coming toward him, and so unexpectedly darted forward almost under his horse's hoofs, lifted a complainant countenance, framed by an antiquated poke bonnet, as she demanded:

"Don't you want to hire my sister Jane's Eliza, Mr. Potter?"

"No!" roared Marion Potter, who was aware that she was a little deaf than the proverbial post. "Why should I? I have three servants now."

Mrs. Barry comprehended, for she went on persistently:

"But Jane's Eliza can cook, Mr. Potter. An' if you take her, you wouldn't have to be havin' your chili sauce made out by Mora Minturn."

Mr. Potter gave a start.

"Eh? Steady, Kate! What were you talking about, Mrs. Barry!"

Mrs. Barry did not hear him. She mumbled on, however, and he listened.

"Says I to her, when I happened in there just now. 'Be you goin' to eat all that chili sauce yourself this winter?' An' she 'lowd that she was

makin' some of it for you. Now, if your help ain't able to do that much 'thout your givin' it out, I jist think it 'ud pay you to have Jane's Eliza to do your cookin'."

Mr. Potter nodded leniently. He averted his horse to one side, smiled back at Mrs. Barry, and rode on, Mora Minturn unconsciously filling all his thoughts.

Of course there was a mistake somewhere. But chili sauce! He could not remember when he had tasted it. To be sure his housekeeper was not an adept at preparing table delicacies.

Why he turned his horse's head out of the road leading to the Hall and rode down that which led to the Minturn homestead he could not have told to save his life. Indeed, he was not aware that he had done so until the tempting odor of sliced tomatoes assailed his nostrils, and at the same second he caught sight of Miss Minturn in her garden, snipping away at some belated blossoms of marigold, phlox, honeysuckle and mignonette.

So familiar the scene! So sweet and peaceful the place! So suggestive of home the trim form moving among the withered bushes! Could it be that twelve years had elapsed since he came here to visit his sweetheart? He swung down, secured Kate to the gatepost, and walked up the path.

"Mora!" he said as he neared her.

She straightened up. Her garnered spoils fell from her apron. The pink in her cheeks deepened. She felt distinctly glad that she had put on her new maroon house gown.

"I met old Mrs. Barry a little while ago," he went on hastily. "She said you were putting up some chili sauce for me."

"Oh, did she say that? I could not make her understand that it was for old Mrs. Cotter—Mary Ann Cotter, of the Hollow."

"I say!" called a boyish voice, "that you, Mr. Potter? Never knew you to come up here before. Say, that setter you gave me is a daisy! Are you going to stay to supper? Is he, Aunt Mora?" coaxingly.

"If—he will."

"Of course he will," decided the unconventional nephew of Miss Minturn. "Come and see my safety."

He dragged his captive off in triumph. Such a supper as Mora got up in a short space of time "might tempt a dying anchorite to eat." The crisp broiled chicken, with the tiny transparent rolls of bacon surrounding it; the brown French fried potatoes, piping hot; the light, spicy ginger bread; the feathery biscuit; the old-fashioned strawberry preserves; the fresh-brewed, fragrant tea.

Dick did most of the talking at supper—there was no doubt of that. But when Mora walked down to the gate with Mr. Potter, about nine o'clock, he had two jars of chili sauce, which at supper he had so praised, under his arm.

"Mora," he said, "I've seldom seen you for several years, although we have lived so near together. I am glad of this chance to say how sorry I have often been for my dictatorial tone that time, years ago. I was wholly in the wrong."

"No—I was too self concentrated. It was I who was wrong."

"Mora, is it too late to forgive, forget and amend now?"

She held out her hands to him. He had to put the two jars of chili sauce down on the gate post to take them. Kate neighed impatiently. Dick called from the lighted doorway. Around the reunited lovers door the darkness, sweet with a thousand delicious autumnal scents.

"Guess, Aunt Mora," grunted Dick, disdainfully, next morning, "Mr. Potter didn't care much for your chili sauce, for all he begged for it so much. He went last night and left the jars standing on the gate post."—Vick's.

Remember Summer Boarders.

Remember that the boarders are with you in the country for their own pleasure, and not for yours, and try and adapt yourself to them, rather than demand that they should adapt themselves to you," writes Caroline Benedict Burrell on "Keeping Summer Boarders with Success," in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "One of the simplest ways of making them comfortable is to give them their meals by themselves and at their own hours. As your family is accustomed to early rising you can have an early breakfast, and have it all over before the guests will wish to rise. So with the dinner and supper. This may seem to entail a great deal of trouble on the farmer's wife; yet a trial will convince her that it is the most satisfactory arrangement all around, the extra trouble not worth considering. As to the food, city people expect certain things on a farm—good drinking water, plenty of milk and cream, fresh eggs and butter, vegetables in abundance and fruit in season. If these are all that they should be it will be found that allowances will be made if the meat is not of the quality to be had in city markets, and if there are few fancy dishes of any sort."

A convict in Sing Sing prison who was in the bird business in New York and has made the taming of birds a study has, while temporarily engaged at work outside the north prison wall, caught and tamed a young robin, which comes to him when he whistles to it and fearlessly perches itself upon his finger. Sometimes it goes with him to his cell at night and perches on his bookshelf. It is entirely at home in the prison. It goes out with him in the morning and stays near while he is at work.

To free leaves from insects plunge the vegetables, stalk endmost, into a strong brine.

LIGHTHOUSE AND THE BIRDS.

Beneath the tall, white lighthouse strayed the children, in the May morning sweet; About the steep and rough gray rocks they wandered.

For scattering far and wide the birds were lying.

Quiet, and cold, and dead, That met, while they were swiftly winging northward.

The fierce light overhead, And as the frail moths in the summer swooned.

Fly to the candle's blaze, Rushed wildly at the splendor, finding only

Death in those blinding rays. And here were bobolink, and wren, and sparrow,

Veery, and oriole, And purple finch, and rosy crossbeak, swallows,

And king-birds quaint and droll; Gay soldier blackbirds, wearing on their shoulders

Red, gold-edged epaulets, And many a homely, brown, red-breasted robin.

Whose voice no child forgets. And yellow birds—what shapes of perfect beauty!

What silence after song! And mingled with them unfamiliar warblers

That to far woods belong.

How many an old and sun-steeped barn, far inland,

Will miss about its eaves The twitter and the gleam of these swift swallows!

And, swinging mid the leaves, Theoriole's nest, all empty in the elm-tree.

Will cold and silent be, And never more these robins make the meadow

Ring with their ecstasy. Will not the gay swamp-border miss the blackbirds,

Whistling so loud and clear? Will not the bobolink's delicious mustb

Lose something of its cheer? And all the beauty of the fair May morn-

ing Seem like a blotted page.

—Celia Thaxter.

Early Marriages.

Judge Dellenbough of Cleveland, who is in the divorce division of the Court of Common Pleas in that city, says that the number of divorce cases coming before his court is appalling, and he attributes much of this domestic unhappiness to too early marriages, or marriages on too short acquaintance. He says:

"Two-thirds of the divorce cases that come before me are due to early marriages. I believe that the same would hold true in all divorce courts. Young people marry before they are old enough to form sensible views on matrimony or on the character of those they marry. There have been young wives here weeping for divorce who must have been so young at the time they were married that spanking would have been more appropriate. Young men are as great fools as young women."

"There is another class of foolish marriages in which matrimony is contracted before the parties have been acquainted long enough to know each other thoroughly. These hasty and unfortunate marriages are usually contracted by very young persons, so that it comes back to the same proposition of too early marriage. When the injudicious marriage has been made there is nothing left but a life of misery for each of the parties to it or the divorce court, and so the divorce record keeps growing. It is shameful, and the lessons of the divorce court ought to teach young people who are in a hurry to get married to go slow."

Production of Tea in the United States.

Secretary Wilson, in his forthcoming report, will say: In my last report attention was called to the efforts being made by the department in the production of tea. For several years Dr. Charles U. Shepard, a public-spirited citizen of Summerville, S. C., has been experimenting with a view to obtaining information as to the practicability of producing American tea, and his efforts promised so much of value that it seemed proper for the department to render assistance in certain directions. To this end arrangements were made with Dr. Shepard whereby certain machinery, etc., were to be furnished in order to settle some questions pertaining to the commercial production of tea. Throughout the work the question of labor has been an important one; but through Dr. Shepard's efforts there has been adopted a method for utilizing the labor of colored children. What Dr. Shepard has accomplished in this matter in his region could undoubtedly be brought about in other sections of the South, where much idle labor is awaiting proper utilization. Dr. Shepard has established schools on his place, and in these the children are received and educated, and at the same time are taught to pluck tea and perform other work in connection with the production of the crop. For such work fair wages are paid, and in this way interest is maintained. The experiments so far conducted have shown that tea may be produced in the United States in two ways: (1) By families in their gardens, as was demonstrated years ago to be entirely feasible; and, (2) on a commercial scale, after the manner followed by the British East India tea establishments and the beet-sugar industry. The work at Summerville was started with a view of ascertaining whether under favorable conditions tea plantations could be made to yield as much as the average oriental production, and whether the crop could be marketed at a fair profit. The results obtained have been affirmative, the crop of 1900, although not so large as expected early in the season, exceeding that of any previous year by at least 12 per cent, and the entire product being sold before it was all gathered to a prominent Northern distributing house at a price that gave a fair profit.

Asparagus Soup.—Boil the tips and stalks separately, and when the stalks are soft, mash and rub them through a sieve. Boil and season with butter,

a pint of rich milk thickened with a tablespoonful of flour. Pour over the water in which the asparagus was boiled, add the tips, a gill of cream and season with salt and pepper. Boil all together for a moment and serve with toast or crackers.

Haricot Beans.—A variety of dishes may be made of beans which have been soaked over night, boiled until tender, and then strained through a sieve and seasoned with salt and pepper. They may be made into a plain loaf, sprinkled with bread crumbs, dotted with butter, and baked, or mixed with a cream sauce and similarly treated, or made into a plain croquette, dipped in batter and fried.

Beet Pudding.—The following recipe is credited to Juliet Carson: Boil the beets until tender, peel and cut into dice. To a pint of beets add a pint of milk, two or three eggs well beaten, seasoning of salt and pepper and possibly a trace of nutmeg. Place in an earthen dish and bake until the custard is set.

Ringed Potato.—Peel large potatoes, cut them round and round as one one would pare an apple, fry in very hot lard until brown, drain on a sieve, sprinkle with salt and serve.

Breakfast Veal.—Thoroughly butter an oval baking dish, and fill with cold stewed bits of veal seasoned with pepper, salt and a little nutmeg and alternated with layers of bread crumbs; moisten with gravy, put bits of butter over the top and bake for 20 to 30 minutes. Turn onto a hot platter and serve. If not too moist it will keep its form when placed on the platter.

Cocoon Jumbles.—One scant cup of butter 1½ cups of pulverized sugar, 5 eggs, 1 cup of flour, 1 pound of grated cocoonnut, drop on tins with tablespoon.

Reversion to Old Types.

Darwin, in his observations upon the variations of swine under domestication, has the following touching the tendency of domesticated animals to revert to their feral (wild) type:

The common belief that all domesticated animals, when they run wild, revert completely to the character of their parent stock, is chiefly founded, as far as I can discover, on feral pigs. But even in this case the belief is not grounded on sufficient evidence; for the two main types of *S. scrofa* and *S. indicus* have never been distinguished in a feral state. The young re-acquire their longitudinal stripes, and the boars invariably re-assume their tusks. They revert also in the general shape of their bodies, and in the length of their legs and muzzles, to the state of the wild animals as might have been expected from the amount of exercise they are compelled to take in search of food. In Jamaica the feral pigs do not acquire the full size of the European wild boar, never attaining a greater height than twenty inches at the shoulder.

In various countries they reassume their original bristly covering, but in different degrees, dependent on the climate; thus, according to Roulin, the semi-feral pigs in the hot valleys of New Granada are very scantily clothed, whereas, on the Paramos, at a height of from 7,000 to 8,000 feet; they acquire a thick covering of wool lying under the bristles, like that on the truly wild pigs of France. These pigs on the Paramos are small and stunted.

The wild boar of India is said to have the bristles at the end of its tail arranged like the plumes of an arrow, whilst the European boar has a simple tuft; and it is a curious fact that many, but not all, of the feral pigs in Jamaica, derived from a Spanish stock, has a plumed tail. With respect to color, feral pigs generally revert to that of the wild boar; but, in certain parts of South America, some of the semi-feral pigs have a curious white band across their stomachs; and in certain other hot places the pigs are red, and this color has likewise occasionally been observed in the feral pigs of Jamaica. From these several facts we see that with pigs, when feral, there is a strong tendency to revert to the wild type; but that this tendency is largely governed by the nature of the climate, amount of exercise, and other causes of change to which they have been subjected.

Curiosities in Studying the Dictionary.

There are two words in the whole range of the English language, says Tit-Bits, that contain all the vowels in their regular order. They are abstemious and facetious. The following words each have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unobjectionable, unequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious. It is usually said that there are but seven nine-lettered monosyllabic words in English, viz.: Scratched, stretched, scrunched, scranched, screeched, squelched and stannched.

Here are some of the shortest sentences into which the alphabet can be compressed: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills," 33 letters.

"Quack, glad zepphyr waft my javelin-box," 31 letters. "Phiz, styx, wrong J., buck flame, quib," 27 letters. "Jove, quartz pyx, who fling muck-beds," 29 letters. "Fitz J. quick! land! hew gypsum box," 27 letters. "Dumpty J. quiz! whir! back fogs next," 28 letters. "Export my J. fund. Quiz black whigs," 27 letters. "J. get nymph, quiz and brow, fix luck," 27 letters. In more sober English, the last one would be, "Marry, be cheerful, watch your business."

To detect dampness in a bed, warm it and then place a hand mirror under the covering. If a mist is observable on the mirror and the vapor is condensed into drops, it is a sure sign of the presence of moisture.

THE SENSITIVE KETTLE.

"I don't feel well," the kettle sighed. The pot responded, "Eh? Then doubtless that's the reason, marm. You do not sing to-day."

"But what's amiss?" the kettle sobbed. "Why, sir, you're surely blind, Or you'd have noticed that the cook is shockingly unkind."

"I watched her make a cake just now— If I'd a pair of legs I'd run away—oh, dear, oh, dear, How she did beat the eggs!"

"Nor was that all—remember, please, 'Tis truth I tell to you— For with my own two eyes I saw Her stone the raisins, too!"

"And afterward—a dreadful sight!— I felt inclined to scream— The cruel creature took a fork And soundly whipped the cream!"

"Now can you wonder that my nerves Have rather given way? Although I'm at the boiling point, I cannot sing to-day."

—Felix Leigh in Family Herald.

Items of Interest.

Li Hung Chang's wife, the Marchioness Li, is reckoned a great beauty in China and is also one of the cleverest women in that country. Though close to—perhaps over—60 years old, she does not look a day over 35. Her wardrobe is something tremendous, including between 3,000 and 4,000 garments, of which 500 are of the finest fur.

One of the unexpected uses of the refrigerating machine is found in mining. At great depths or at comparatively shallow depths in some mines work on valuable veins of metal or coal has been abandoned because of the heat. But engineers declare that with the use of modern refrigerating apparatus to cool the air it will be possible to go several thousand feet lower in case a rich vein of precious metal or even coal warranted the additional expense.

The beautiful forest known as the Wild park, the property of the Kaiser, at Potsdam, will probably be closed to the public in a short time forever. For this the rowdy Berliners have only themselves to thank. Against the regulations the woods are made hideous with paper in which provisions have been wrapped and the deer are continually being frightened by the catcalls of the holiday crowds. The respectable few who love the forest for its rare beauty will have to suffer for the rough doings of the mass.

South Carolina cotton mills which have heretofore been devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture of coarse goods are now preparing to turn out finer grades because the war in China has curtailed the demand for the coarser goods. This may prove to be a fortunate circumstance, giving the southern mills an opportunity to demonstrate their capabilities in the matter of competing with other mills in the manufacture of the finer grades of cotton goods.

A queer action at law has been begun in Jasper county, Missouri. A woman has sued her divorced husband for \$2,000, which she alleged she has expended in providing food, lodging, clothing and schooling for his four children since he abandoned her and left the children to her care. The petition sets forth that they were married Feb. 24, 1880, and had four children; that he abandoned her in 1889, and that she secured a divorce in 1895; that he has done nothing in support of the children since he left her.

The Cultivation of Oysters in the Netherlands.

One of the most novel and picturesque ways of raising the bivalves is that of the people of the Netherlands. The center of this industry in Holland is the little town of Goes, on the island of South Beveland, in the province of Zealand. Nearly every one in the town gets his or her living from the fisheries, and the greatest feature of them all is the oyster industry. Whole families are engaged in it all the year round, and if the pecuniary results are not very large a comfortable livelihood is the result, says the Baltimore American.

The most important part of the work begins in April, when the collectors are placed in position. These are rounded tiles, about a foot long, which are covered with mortar. On these the white spat, or ova, of the oysters find lodgment and from 300 to 400 larvae will become attached to a single collector. The larvae are about one-one hundred and fiftieth of an inch long and float on the surface of the water until they stick to the collectors. The latter are gathered in boxes about eight feet long and two feet wide, and are so arranged as to admit of a free circulation of sea water. By August the collectors have generally become pretty well covered, and they are then taken ashore to be cleaned.

This job is attended to by the women, who wear a picturesque and serviceable costume, consisting of tightly fitting red flannel knickerbockers, black stockings, a shirt waist with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and an odd-looking sun bonnet.

Their duty is to cleanse the young oysters from all kinds of impurities, as well as to remove the small shells, which might interfere with the oyster's growth. After this separation the tiles are replaced in the boxes, where they remain until the autumn. At this season they are taken out again, and the oysters have grown to the size of a silver quarter and are old and strong enough to take care of themselves without anything to cling to, and they are consequently removed.

Most of this work is also done by the women, who seem to be more expert than the men. It is not an easy job, for too hasty an attempt to effect a separation may result in an injury to the thin shell of the mollusk. In spite of all the care taken there is a loss of from 20 to 25 per cent of the oysters. A woman holds the collector

in her hand and uses a specially made pair of scissors to remove the young mollusk from the collector. The mollusk's next station in life is what is known as an ambulance, which is an apparatus designed to protect it from its various enemies. The ambulance is a long, shallow box, with wire netting at the top and bottom, through which the water can pass freely, but which keeps fish, crabs, etc., on the outside. The boxes contain as many as 3,000 oysters and are firmly staked down to the bottom of the water.

The oysters remain in these boxes three months, during which time they are well looked after and given frequent washings. At the end of this time they are from two to two and a half inches in diameter. They are then large enough to be sold, but there is not much profit in oysters of that size, so that they are thrown down in the water, now being large enough to take care of themselves, and allowed to remain for two or three years. After they reach the age of three years they do not grow any more, so that there is no object in keeping them any longer, and they are accordingly sold.

Great Egg Yield from Cow Pass.

During the past week, says Southern Planter, a subscriber called on us and in the course of conversation said: "I had a wonderful egg yield from my hens last winter, and I want to tell the farmers how I secured it. I had an acre or two of cow-peas sowed near the buildings. In consequence of scarceness of labor, I was unable to get all the peas gathered—in fact, a large part of them remained. I decided to let vines and peas die down on the land and lie there all winter. The hens soon found the peas and they literally lived on the patch until spring, and gave us eggs in quantity all the time." This report as to the value of cowpeas as a winter feed is confirmed by a report from a gentleman in Maryland who followed the same plan. His hens harvested the peas from a plot of land last winter, with the result that he had eggs when none of his neighbors had any. We have before advised the feeding of cowpeas to hens, as their richness in protein indicates that they should make eggs. If you have no cowpeas, and even if you have the peas, we would advise the feeding along with them of wheat, oats, buckwheat and corn mixed for one feed per day, with a hot mash in the morning during the cold weather.

The cowpeas may largely take the place of cut bone if you have them. Cut bone and meat scraps should, however, be fed twice a week. With such feeding good, dry, warm houses and young, healthy flocks, eggs should be plentiful all through the winter—that is, assuming that you are keeping a good laying variety, such as Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes. We have found that cross bred hens—the product, for instance, of a pure bred Leghorn rooster on Plymouth Rock hens—are better layers than the pure bred.

Suggestions.

Rub the skin with pure white vaseline, cold cream or oil, before using any powder or liquid rouge, as it protects the skin.

Red veils which reflect certain rays of the sun will protect the face from freckles and a red parasol is said to effect the same result.

It is said that if a lump of sugar is dropped into a metal teapot when it is put away after being used, the disagreeable odors and flavors that such a pot is apt to impart to tea will be obviated. The best way to avoid them, however, is to use an earthen teapot.

For the relief of hay fever a contributor to the Lancet recommends the inhalation of the vapor of camphor and steam, the vapor being made to come in contact with the surface of the face surrounding the nose by means of a paper cone placed with the narrow end downward in a basin containing hot water and a dram of coarsely powdered camphor. The treatment should be continued for ten to twenty minutes and repeated three or four times in as many hours.

The following recipe has been given for a bath that will make plaster figures look like marble: Put two generous quarts of water into an agate kettle with an ounce of pure curd soap and an ounce of white bees-wax cut into small pieces; let this dissolve over a slow fire, and when all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed tie the twine around the figure and dip it into the liquid; take the figure out and hold it in the air for five minutes, and then again dip it into the liquid; let the figure dry for a few days, and then rub it with a soft flannel.

Dispatches from Rapid City, So. Dak., state that much complaint is being made with reference to the attitude of the Interior department toward settlers in the Black Hills forest reservation. After the forest reserve was established by Presidential proclamation Congress passed an act for the protection of settlers within the boundaries of the reserve, conferring upon them the right to file homesteads on the lands settled upon and improved by them. A great number of settlers have taken advantage of this act, and made their homestead entries. It seems that many of them did not make entry until after the expiration of ninety days from the date of filing the plat of the township in which their lands were located, and the Commissioner of the General Land office is now calling on them to show cause why their entries should not be canceled, because not made within ninety days after the date of filing the plats.

A room may be kept cool in hot weather by suspending a wet sponge in a current of air and keeping it moist, the lowering of the temperature being due to evaporation. A more rapid method sometimes resorted to in sickness is to dispose wet sheets about the room in such a manner that evaporation will be rapid.