BLOOD AND THUNDER.

Stunning Texas Yarns—Old Reese A Friend of the Bandits and a Man Always Ready to Shoot—His Trouble With A Gambler—A Little Bill That Was Squared—A Very Bad Man's Story.

Texas Correspondence of the Phil., Times.

"I met "Old Reese" here for the first in 1874 and renewed the acquaintance yesterday. I thought him dead long ago. He is the typical Texas bad man and his record as a slayer of his fellow-men extends over a period of twenty-five years. Only once has he been in prison for these killings, but then only for a few months. Although his enemies are legion he has also many powerful friends, and they stand by him whenever he gets into a difficulty. His history for the last quarter of a century if written out would fill several good-sized volumes and be more interesting in a blood-and-thunder sense than the average dime novel.

"Old Reese" was born in Kentucky and is now a man of fifty-five or thereabouts. He was one of Quantrell's men during the late unpleasantness and rode with that doughty guerilla until the bitter end. He knew Frank and Jesse James; kept up his friendship for the latter until his death and is still Frank's big man. I am afraid those two chaps of doubtful heroism—the Ford boys—would meet with rough treatment if they should ever cross the path of "Old Reese." When I first met "Old Reese" Texas was full of bad men. They were divided into three classes. There was the fugitive from justice, whom necessity ruled; the outlawed robber, ruled by circumstances, and the rustler, who knew no rule, but killed men simply to "see them kick." John Wesley Hardin, now in the penitentiary, and the subject of this sketch were men of the latter class. Sam Bass and his lieutenant, "Arkansaw Johnson," were fair representatives of the middle class. The first mentioned produce no distinguished example. They were the larger class and killed men only to save their own lives. Sam Bass never took human life unless it was absolutely necessary. "Old Reese" is one of the shoot-at-the-top-of-the-hat-and-drop-the-hat-himself-sort of men.

The first time I met him the following incident occurred: I was in a casino here, kept at that time by a discharged soldier named Nunnelly. A baile of Mexican ball, was in full blast, all the games were running and business at the bar was flourishing. Suddenly a hush fell upon the room, the dance stopped, the gamblers ceased playing and the freshly-ordered drinks remained untouched. I looked around to learn the cause of this unusual quiet and saw "Old Reese" standing in the doorway. I had never met him before, but I at once recognized him from descriptions given me by his admirers. He did not look the desperado. His eyes were blue, large and sensuous. He had a dimpled chin and his mouth, although firm and resolute, was guarded by full, red lips, and the under one drooped, which is, according to physiognomists, a sure indication of weakness in a woman and effeminacy in a man. Contrary to the usual fashion on the frontier his hair was cut close and it absolutely curled. He was dressed very quietly in sober black, and aside from the rakish sombrero which shrouded his face might have passed for an indolent divinity student, with more soul for things carnal than spiritual. He stood in the doorway for a minute and then advanced into the centre of the room. His blue eyes roamed around the apartment and finally rested on a long-haired fellow sitting at one of the monte tables. They burned now with a new fire and a cruel line closed about his mouth. The long-haired fellow shifted about uncomfortably, but did not offer to draw one of the numerous six-shooters which bristled in his belt. Finally "Old Reese" spoke, enunciating his words slowly and with great distinctness.

"Sam Sturgis," he said, and the long-haired fellow started, "if I thought you were half the man you claim to be I would kill you where you sit." He paused a moment and then continued: "When I kill a man I want him to be a good one. You are a dirty thief and contemptible coward to sit there and take it."

There was nothing of the bully in this declaration, or rather there was no bravado in his way of making it. One could see that he meant what he said and the long-haired fellow seemed to be so convinced, for he never raised his eyes and his hands hung listless by his side. He rested uncomfortably under the steady blaze of "Old Reese's" eyes, however, and finally raised his head. Old Reese pointed to the door.

"Git!" he said. "And if you don't want me to forget myself and kill a coward never get in my way."

The long-haired fellow rose to his feet and slunk away. His master's eye followed him to the door and when it closed behind him he walked to the bar and invited everybody up to drink. All responded, for it was well known that old Reese considered it a mortal insult to refuse his hospitality and would be pretty apt to shoot the man who was reckless enough to decline his invitation. I noticed that he drank only water himself, and the friend who introduced us afterwards told me that old Reese was strictly temperate.

"He has no small vices," said his admirer. "He neither drinks, chews, smokes nor curses; but if you think he ain't old h—l on the shoot just try him once."

I had a long conversation with him that night, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He had a charming manner, was a good conversationalist, had read some, observed more, and never "talked shop," that is he spoke about himself and his many daring deeds with a great deal of diffidence and modesty. His friend gave me the history of his trouble with the long-haired fellow.

"Sturgis is a gambler," he said, "and when he first came here everybody was afraid of him, and he sorter run the settlement. Old Reese was away then. He came back here about two months ago. The day he returned he was passing along the street, when he met a little boy crying. Old Reese is very fond of childien and they all like him. He picked the little fellow up, dried his tears and inquired the cause of his trouble. Between his sobs the boy told his story. He was the only son of a poor widow woman who lives down by the river and does washing for the gamblers. Early in the spring Sam Sturgis had employed him to attend to his horse, promising to pay him two dollars a week for his services. Glad to be able to help his mother, the little fellow took charge of the gambler's caballo and groomed and fed him for sixteen weeks. Then Sturgis sold the animal and his services were no longer required. He had just been in to ask Sturgis for his pay and the gambler had not only not paid him, but had pitched him out of the casino.

"He kicked you, did he?" said Reese, and those blue eyes of his snapped.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy,

"And he wont pay you your money?"

"No, sir," whimpered the boy; "and mother needs it."

"I think he'll pay," answered Reese. "You run right home, now, and I'll be down to see you presently and bring the money."

Sturgis was pretty flush then and was running a big game. Old Reese went down to see him. Well, sir, its only about a week ago that he recovered from that interview and was able to be about."

Old Reese walked into the saloon, called for a pen and paper and made out the following bill:

LAREDA, TEXAS, Aug. 4, 1874.

SAM STURGIS,
To THE WIDOW WHITE'S KID, Dr.

To herding pony, 16 weeks, at $2 per week	$32.00
To kicking said Kid when he asked for his money	50, 00
To cost of collection	50 00
	$132.00

Rec'd payment.

He walked up to the table where Sturgis was dealing monte and laid this bill before him.

"Sturgis," he said, "pay this little bill and I'll receipt it."

The gambler glanced at the paper, jumped to his feet, jerked out his six-shooter, and said, "I'll be d—d if do!"

"I think you will," cried Reese, and he knocked the fellow down.

Before he could regain his feet old Reese was upon him. He jerked the six-shooter out of Sturgis' hand and beat him over the head with it until he cried for mercy.

"Will you pay the bill?" asked Reese, raising the six-shooter to hit him again.

"Yes." And he paid it,

But Reese was not through with him yet There was a justice of the peace in Laredo at the time, a recent institution. Old Reese knew that the gambler would have him arrested for the assault and compel him to pay a fine. He told two men to come forward as witnesses and in their presence made Sturgis swear that he (Reese) had never struck him.

"I was in the 'squires office that morning," continued my informant, "and knew nothing about the matter until Reese walked in. The 'squire didn't know him and I introduced them."

"Squire," said Reese, after the formalities were gone through with, "how much do you fine a man for assaulting another?"

"Well, that depends," said the Justice.

"Suppose you beat a man's head into jelly with your six shooter, for instance?"

"Well, that's a serious case, and I should be compelled to impose a heavy fine."

"But," continued Reese, "suppose I can call two witnesses to prove that the dirty coward swore in their presence that I never struck him, what then?"

The 'Squire laughed and Reese told the story. Of course there was nothing done about it, for public opinion which on the frontier has great influence on the decisions of justice, was overwhelmingly with Reese.

Old Reese is a very polite man and especially courteous to ladies. So was John Wesley Hardin. A friend of mine, now living at the capital of the state, is sometimes spoken of as the boss bad man of Texas. He is one of the most cordial and entertaining fellows I ever met and has thousands of devoted friends. He has been in several unfortunate difficulties, but they were none of them of his seeking; he has killed several men, but always in self-defense and after the other party had fired the first shot. Recently he killed a notorious character at San Antonio. The man was a bully and had threatened my friend's life repeatedly. He was the proprietor of a low vaudeville and was shot down in the doorway of his dive. A jury of twelve leading citizens pronounced the killing justifiable. Then the late prisoner returned to Austin he was met at the depot by a large concourse of citizens, headed by a brass band. They took the horses out of the carriage in waiting for him and dragged it through the streets as a testimony of their admiration for the occupant. I have been in company with this man many times and I never knew him to offer insult or affront, and many times he has allowed insults to himself to pass by unnoticed rather than provoke a quarrel. Not all of the bad men are of this character. Some are great boasters and continually parade their bloody deeds. I met a fellow once who had killed twenty-seven men. I was in his company less than one hour. During that time he boasted of the number of his victims no less than twenty times. Yet he was a brave man, and on more than one occasion had taken desperate risks. He was shortly afterwards hung by a vigilance committee. When the rope was placed about his neck all his valor seemed to leave him. He begged piteously for mercy and continued crying for his life until the tightening of the rope shut off his wind. I once witnessed the legal execution of a most brutal and cowardly monster. He ascended the gallows with a firm step, bowed monchalantly to the crowd in front of the platform, called several acquaintances by name, bade everbody goodbye in a firm voice and gave the signal for the trap to fall.

Several years ago I met one of the most desperate men the west ever produced. It was in a post trader's saloon. The bad man 's sometimes rival, now his friend and henchman, was of the party. I admired a magnificent breastpin which the bad man wore. The design was a spar, and it was heavily set with diamonds of the finest water.

"Yes," said the bad man, "it's a fine pin. Jim," meaning the lesser bad man, "gave it to me. Do you know what for?"

I replied in the negative.

"Well," said he, "Jim's a bad man—one of the worst you ever saw—and he gave me this pin because I am a worse man than he is."

The first time I saw "Colorado Charlie," "Wild Bill's" old partner was in a casino at El Paso. A drunken admirer of his called my attention to him. He was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth and his curly, yellow hair fell far down on his shoulders.

"D'ye see that feller?" said the drunken man, pointing toward Charlie, who was at the bar drinking with a friend.

"Oh, yer," I said, "I see him."

"Notice his long ha'r?"

"Yes."

"An' that big hat?"

"Yes."

"Know what they mean?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Wall! That big hat means 'cheat ye at kyads' an' that long ha'r means 'shoot ye ef ye kick!"

When "Wild Bill," whose real name was Hickok, was killed at Deadwood, "Colorado Charlie" took charge of the body and erected a splendid monument over the grave of his deceased friend. The inscription reads:

Here lies J. B. Hickok, "Wild Bill." Good-bye, old pard. We shall meet in the happy hunting-grounds. Erected by "Colorado Charlie" (C. U. Utter).

The Sun's Heat.

In a recent lecture on Solar Physics, at the Royal Institution, Sir William Siemens gives his reasons for setting the temperature of the photosphere of the sun at about 2,800 degrees, where C., instead of about 10,000 degrees, where Rosetti and other late investigators put it. He agrees, in this lower estimate, with Violle, St. Clair, Deville (?), and Sir William Thompson, and thinks the solar temperature cannot much, if at all, exceed that of the most powerful electric arcs. He recognizes fully the fact that a temperature higher than 3,000 degrees C. would be absolutely conclusive against his theory that the solar heat is due to the recombination or burning of compound gases at the surface of the sun. He bases his estimate of the solar temperature upon three foundations: First, the behavior of a carbon rod and a small gas flame in the focus of a reflector exposed to the sun; second, on a comparison between the spectra of various lights, for instance, the Argand burner, an incandescent lamp, the electric arc, and the sun itself, as observed by Langley on Mt. Whitney; third, upon experiments on the relation between temperature and radiating power, made by means of a long platinum wire heated by an electric current.—New York Independent.

MRS. GARFIELD AT HOME

Her Quiet Life and Improved Appearance—Molly and the Boys.

From the New York Sun.

Mrs. Garfield has made her home in Cleveland, and selected her surroundings in so quiet and careful a manner that comparatively few of the late president's more intimate associates, have any knowledge of her plans and of her daily life. Her house is a plain brick structure, situated on a small lot in Prospect street. She paid $50,000 for it, and regards it more in the light of an investment than as a permanent home for herself and children. The affections of the Garfield family are evidently centered in the cottage at Mentor, and there is an impression that their residence at any other place will be temporary. The occupants of the city home at present are Mrs. Garfield, the late president's mother: Mrs. Larabie, his sister, who is in failing health; Miss Molly Garfield, and the younger boys, Irwin and Abram. The solemn-looking footman who ushers the visitor into the drawing room is the only ceremonious person to be found in the house. In consequence of Mrs. Garfield's withdrawal from all society the family usually dine alone. Grandmother Garfield seldom sits a dinner through, and when the desert is served she takes whatever she fancies in her hands and adjourns to the library, She is the one occupant of the house who is always visible. With her white hair and white cap, she can be seen at the window, in a little wicker rocking-chair, busied with her knitting or the daily papers.

Miss Molly is now a charming girl of 16, and to her has fallen a greater share of physical beauty than to any other member of the family. She is pursuing her studies at a private school, and has few acquaintances outside of her school associates. She is a bright scholar, and her mind is but little given to society matters. Irwin is like the Rudolphs, his mother's family. His mind is keen, and he possesses a shrewd mother wit. For a long time it was thought that the children were ignorant of the fact that they were the subjects of public comment, but one day, after Irwin had been corrected by his mother, he astonished her by repeating word for word, an extract from an eastern paper in which he was made to appear the very model of juvenile excellence.

Irwin and Abram, the youngest boy, together, form what might be called a team. They are regular young athletes, and are the prime movers in the boyish sports of the neighborhood. Harry and James are in the transition state—neither men nor boys. Harry is somewhat romantic, being fond of painting, poetry, vocal and instrumental music. He draws very cleverly, has a pleasant tenor voice, and is unusually skillful at the piano for one of his age. While he is a creditable student, his mind is given up to such a variety of subjects that he does not perfect himself in any one of them. James is in all respects Harry's opposite. He leads in his classes, and is much given to outdoor games.

Mrs. Garfield herself is a changed woman, and one who saw her two years ago, burdened with the responsibilities of a life she never cared for, would scarcely recognize her so much has she improved. The deep lines that once marked her face are gone, and in their stead is an expression that belongs only to one who is well content with the world. She manages her affairs seemingly forgetfull of the past and unmindful of the future, and yet to one knowing her it is apparent that she has a regard for both. When asked by a visitor who was paying her a visit of condolence if she was not comforted by the fact that the entire world mourned with her, she replied: "Yes, when I think about it."

To her friends Mrs. Garfield seldom speaks of her late husband as dead, but makes use of the present tense in her allusions to him. In her surroundings there is but little to denote the sad tragedy of his death, and all things pertaining to his sickness in the way of pictures, busts, resolutions of respect, and the like are placed by themselves in a memorial room. In her drawing-room is a fine portrait of Gen. Garfield, taken in his uniform; on the piano rests the picture of Queen Victoria, which she sent to Mrs. Garfield, and on a table are a few books, mostly classic authors.

It is understood that no member of the family will go to Washington during the present administration, and Mrs. Garfield doubts if she can ever bring herself to visit again the scenes of the saddest moments of her life.

A Speech by John Bright.

The postscript to the great oration of John Bright before the Glasgow University pleased the students greatly. After speaking for peace and justice, with eloquence approaching the sublime, Lord Rector Bright took his seat amid universal and enthusiastic cheering. When quiet was restored he rose again, and said:

"I am about to tell you a very small anecdote. It bears upon a little business which requires to be done. About sixty years ago, I suppose I was the youngest and the smallest boy in a very nice school, in the town in which I lived; and a most venerable and admirable old lady, the mother of the master, sometimes was specially friendly to me, I suppose on account of my youth; and I was commissioned by the boys on more than one occasion to make my way into the parlor where the good lady sat, and to ask her if she would be kind enough to grant the boys a holiday for the afternoon.

"Well, I see that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the school-boy of sixty years ago and the student of to-day have perhaps an equal anticipation and pleasure from the cessation of their labor even for a day or for an afternoon.

"Perhaps our respected principal of the university will allow me to ask him, or to suggest, if it be not out of order, that he will be as kind to you, as my dear old friend was to me sixty years ago" (loud cheers), "and grant you a holiday, which I now venture humbly to ask of him." (Loud cheers).

Principal Caird replied, "I have an official claim to represent the senate. I do not know whether I have any claim to represent the old lady mentioned by our Lord Rector; but whether or no, if not in the name of the latter, certainly of the former, I gladly concede the request which our rector has done us the honor to make." (Cheers.) "To-morrow will therefore be kept as a holiday."

FIELD AND FARM.

Notes for Farmers.

Sugar made from beets is only two-thirds as sweet as that made from cane.

Wisconsin cheese factories report an active season. There is a general increase in the amount of milk delivered.

The asparagus bed will also be considerably benefitted by an application of this compost; or, if this is not at hand, scrapings of rich earth from the barnyard or from where a manure heap has stood will answer as well, if spread on from three to four inches (or more) in depth.

Colman's Rural World: Just before the last plowing or cultivating of corn scatter rye at the rate of about a bushel and a peck to the acre. It will give admirable fall, winter and early spring pasturage, and put all kinds of animals in first-rate condition. We have practiced this method of seeding to rye for years with the greatest benefit, and recommend it. The same land can be put in corn next season, and the green rye turned under in spring is a great aid in fertilizing the soil.

TO CURE BEEF.—For one hundred pounds of beef, nine pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpeter, two ounces of black pepper, and one pint of molassess. Pack your beef in a cask and put all of this mixture over it, then pour boiling water on the beef until covered, cover tight, and you will have corned beef that will keep a year.

We do not know of any practical method of ridding land of cutworms and wire-worms. Applying insecticides is too expensive, and catching by hand rather laborious and tedious work, because the game sought is not only small but usually keeps out of sight. Wire worms will in most cases be exterminated, or at least disappear, after the land has been cultivated a few years; but the cutworms are more likely to increase.

Liming Eggs.

At a recent meeting of a western dairy an egg association the following directions were indorsed: To make a pickle use stone lime, fine salt and water, in the following proportions: One bushel of lime, eight quarts of salt, twenty-five ten-quart pails of water. The lime must be of the finest quality, free from sand dirt; lime that will slack fine, white and clean. Have the salt clean and the water pure and sweet, free from all vegetable or decomposed matter. Slack the lime with a portion of the water and salt. Stir well three or four times, at intervals and then let it stand until well settled and cold, Either dip or draw off the clear pickle into the cask or vat in which it is intended to preserve the eggs. When the cask or vat is filled to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches, begin to put in the eggs, and when they lie, say, about one foot deep, spread around over them some pickle that is a little milky in appearance, made so by stirring up some of the very light lime particles that settled last; and continue doing so as each lot of eggs is added. The object of this is to have the fine lime drawn into the pores of the shells, as it will be by a kind of inductive process, and thereby completely seal the eggs. Care should be taken not to get too much of the lime in; that is, not enough to settle and stick to the shells of the eggs and render them difficult to clean when taken out. The chief cause of thin, watery whites in limed eggs is that they are not properly sealed in the manner described. Another cause is the putting into the pickle old, stale eggs that have thin, weak whites.) When the eggs are within four inches of the top of the cask or vat, cover them with factory cloth, and spread on two or three inches of the lime that settles in making the pickle, and it is of the first and greatest importance that the pickle be kept continually up over this lime.

Practical Hints Regarding the Care of Children in Hot Weather.

From the Cleveland Leader.

With the arrival of the extreme warm weather cholera infantum has again made its appearance. Four deaths from this disease were reported at the health office yesterday, and it is probable that the number will be increased from day to day until the last of August. No malady is more dreaded by mothers, and none is perhaps more rapid in its action and so universally fatal in its results. During the heated term the little ones are never safe, and mothers cannot exercise too much care regarding their children's food, clothing and bodily condition. "Cholera infantum," said Dr. J. F. Isom yesterday to a Leader reporter, "is as much like Asiastic cholera, as it is possible to imagine. It is caused principally by extreme heat. When the temperature at night ranges from 70 degrees upward many cases of the disease may be expected, but if the nights are cool there is not so much danger, no matter how hot the days. During the day, let the weather be ever so warm, a child will not be so much affected by the heat as while sleeping, and for this reason the warm nights cause most of the trouble. Extreme heat in a child's body, will arrest the process of digestion, diarrhea ensues, and if this is not checked it will eventually run into cholery infantum. The disease is sometimes rapid in its action, the little sufferer dying within a few hours after being attacked, while in other cases a child may be sick for weeks with summer complaint before chhlera infantum ensue. The discharge in cases of summer complaint is filled with particles of curdled milk, which can not be digested, but in the last stages of cholera infantum the discharge is clear and colorless, like rice-water, and is filled with albumen. This discharge is nothing but the watery portion of the blood which leaks through the intestines. Many children die just as if they had bled to death, but in most cases of cholera infantum the patient's are seized with cramps and spasms, dying in great agony. Teething children are more apt than others to be afflicted with this disease, for the reason that the nervous system is in a constant state of irritation, and the reflex nervous action generally affects the stomach first.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "in the great majority of cases children die from neglect: not that parents do not try to save their lives, but because they do not know how to take care of the little ones. During the warm months the babies should be kept as quiet as possible. During the day it is a good idea to give them plenty of fresh air. They should be permitted to play out of doors in the shade all day, and before they are put to bed at night a cool bath would reduce their temperature and fit them for a good night's sleep. Mothers who nurse children should avoid heating their blood, and the bottles from which youngsters drink should be scalded daily and kept perfectly clear of sour milk. No child suffering from diarrahea should be permitted to go a day without medical attention. These directions if followed, together with a proper attention to dress, will doubtless save the life of many an in fant.

Giving the Eggs Rest.

One might very naturally suppose that an article so common and abundant as the eggs of our domestic fowls would have long since been thoroughly investigated, and everything about them worth knowing found out. But it appears that there is still much to be learned even about eggs, for it is a mooted question as to whether in attempting to preserve eggs the y should be treated as living organisms requiring air to sustain life, or whether it should be excluded by coating the shell or immersing them in some liquid. A French scientist says that in eggs submitted to incubation immediately after a railroad journey the embryo very generally died, but a few days before incubation obviated this. From this experiment we would conclude that an egg is not only a living organism, but possesses a sensitiveness that is readily injured by any severe shock or ill usage.

Profits of Pork.

It takes seven pounds of corn on the average to make a pound of pork, as is no doubt the case, the farmer begins to see the economy of exporting one pound of pork, bacon or ham, instead of seven pounds of corn. The difference in cost of freight makes a fine profit of itself; besides, the pound of meat is usually worth more than seven pounds of corn in the foreign market. The production of pork should be encouraged on the further consideration that it carries less of the valuable constituent of the soil than beef. The fat pig contains only three-fourths as much mineral matter per cwt. as the fat steer, and only two-fifths as much nitrogen per cwt.; and therefore the production of a ton of pork on the farm will carry off only a little more than half the fertility carried off by a ton of beef. Besides, a ton of beef will require nearly 50 per cent. more to produce it. This gives in round numbers the comparative effect of producing pork and beef. It is thus evident that the pig should have a high place in our agriculture; should be fostered in every way; his capabilities studied and pushed; his diseases carefully noted and prevented, for he is the most profitable meat producing animal on the farm. The pig is an excellent adjunct to the dairy, turning all refuse milk and even whey into cash. As he is king of our meat exports, so let us treat him with great consideration.—Chicago Herald.

Hints to the Household.

Sago, prepared like custard and then baked, with apples or other fresh or canned fruit, is a nice dish for a convalescent.

To give consistency to a pie-plant pie, allow to one coffee-cupful of pulp one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, then mix with the yolks of three eggs, and use the whites for a meringue.

A pretty way to brighten a willow chair is to tie two bows to the back of the chair, a blue one at the top and a pink or cream colored one below it, at about the centre of the back, or have both of them of scarlet ribbon; tie them so that loops and ends are about the same length.

If a straw hat has been wet and the stiffness has departed, rub a little white of egg mixed with cold water over it; on with a flannel cloth.

Spiced plums are delicious. To eight pounds of plums allow four pounds of sugar, one-teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one small cup of vinegar. Cook until they are thick as jelly.

A dish which may tempt a failing appetite or be relished by a convalescent is this: Take two or three sardines from the box, drain all the oil from them and broil them, then lay them on slices of watered toast.

If you have occasion to use cloths wet in hot water about an invalid, do not try to wring them out of the water. The best way to prepare them is to steam them; they can be handled then with comparative ease.

Bananas sliced and served with ice-cream are very delicate and dainty. They should be sliced and have a little powdered sugar scattered over them for about half an hour before serving. Set them in the refrigerator for that length of time.

A good way to warm over cold potatoes is to first chop them, not too fine; heat some butter in a frying-pan, and put the potatoes in. Just a few minutes before taking them from the fire stir in some well-beaten eggs. Serve hot.

A pretty ornament for a bracket or shelf in the dining-room is made by gilding, or purchasing already gilded, a little easel which will hold a panel of plush about ten inches high and five or seven wide. To this is to be fastened a small pitcher of china or some fancy ware; it is fastened by having a ribbon put through the handle and then having this tied to the easel itself. A little white china pitcher with a spray of flowers hand-painted is very effective.

A pretty way to vary orange jelly is, after making the jelly in the usual way, to fill the mould half full with the jelly and lay slices of orange in and cover with the rest of the jelly. Pineapple jelly is also very nice with grated pineapple put in this way.

A very nice way to make a cornstarch pudding is to put half a peach in the bottom of a cup and then pour the cornstarch blanc mange over it. When ready to serve turn from a cup into a saucer. Slices or quarters of oranges may be used in place of the peach. A thin custard for sauce is recommended to go with the pudding.

Newspaper Honor.

From Col. G. A. Pierce's Address at Fort Wayne.

A short time ago a discussion arose in Chicago as to the relative duties of lawyers and newspapers, and the following query occurred to me: What would be said of any respectable journal that should take a fee for trying to make black appear white—that should undertake the defense of a notorious murderer, for instance. Not secretly, and while pretending to be impartial—that, of course would be intensely hypocritical and dishonorable—but openly and notoriously? The accused party would say, for instance: "I want defenders. I will hire Lawyer Such-a-One and Newspaper So-and so." What an outcry would go up, and yet what is it that makes such an act highly dishonorable on the part of the newspaper and perfectly permissable and proper on the part of the attorney? Is newspaper honor held too high? or is legal honor held too low? I believe a time will come when a lawyer's duties will be confined to seeing that murderers and highway robbers have a fair and just trial according to law, and when no amount of money will be allowed to convert them into paid eulogies of dangerous men.

The Shaker Doctrines.

The Shaker doctrines, as now formulated, present the following points: Belief in a God who is over all. That in the Godhead are the male and the female principles, Father and Mother. That created by Him, and sent forth by Him, are many spirits who will guide safely those to whom they were sent. The highest of these spirits is the Christ; first descending upon Jusus, who was the son of Mary and Joseph, and then upon Ann Lee. The direct guidance of every believer by the Christ order of spirits. The rejection of the books called the Holy Scriptures as containing all the word of God. The consequent disuse of the sacraments commanded in the Bible. The enforcement of virgin purity, abstinence from marriage, and from all that offends against chastity. A community of goods, of affection and interests. The following of the moral virtues, love, peace, justice, holiness, goodness, truth. An open confession of every known sin. Temperance, non-resistance, freedom from worldly ambition.

THE PRINCE'S FAVORITE.

The Coming British Belle Who is to Outshadow all Others.

A letter about the Ascott races in England, in the San Francisco Argonaut, contains the following:

Besides well-known faces, there were those of some new aspirants to "beauty" fame, who attracted much attention. Among them Mrs. Francis Baring, Lady Isabella Phuster's daughter, a tall, dark, strapping young woman of nineteen, much in the style of the "Gypsy Gladys," even to her prominent nose and mannish stride; Lady Edith Curzon; Lady Hermione Duncombe, Miss Lane-Fox, and Mrs. George Powell. Though I have put Mrs. Powell's name last, she should really rank first, for I predict that she is the coming beauty who is to outshadow all the others. Unquestionably, she was the most admired, and Miss Chamberlaine's already declining star sank several more degrees below its former zenith. But four-and-twenty, tall, slight, with black hair and eyes, a marble-white complexion and bright scarlet lips, she is a perfect type of the style of the beauty which "fashion" has lately decreed, shall in future be the fashion. Add to that classically chiseled features, the whitest teeth, a willowy figure, a small, rounded waist, hands that take five and a half in gloves, and feet that wear one and a half in boots, and what more can you want? Her dress was a short costume of embroidered white cambric, a small black straw bonnet trimmed with white flowers, and black stockings with white dots. Nobody I spoke to seemed to know much about her, till I met a friend in the Rifle Brigade who had come down on the regimental coach of the Blues. She was a Miss Walsh, before she married, he told me, and her father a clergyman, who for some years was the depot chaplain of his battalion at Winchester.

As she is destined to occupy a prominent place in the gallery of English beauties, a few other things he told me about her may be of interest to repeat in a general way. Five years ago, when but nineteen, she married Captain Powell, a retired army officer of sixty, whose income, from well-invested funds left him by an aunt, and a pretty country place down near Southampton, made ample amends for the disparity of ages. Prior to her marriage, her beauty, handicapped by economical dressing and provincial-made clothes, failed to attract the notice it deserved. But once she got command of the ancient captain's checkbook, Redfern's tailor-made gowns, costumes from Worth and Pingat, bonnets from Errington's and boots from the Burlington Arcade, soon wrought such a change that she began to gain attention in the surrounding country. But at last she tired of dazzling the eyes of the very young and equally old army and naval officers she met at dock-yard and garrison balls at Portsmouth and Winchester, to which her aged husband occasionally took her. She had grown to have higher aspirations than the callow admiration and gouty devotion of beardless subalterns and hobbling admirals. So this year she persuaded her husband to take her up to London for the season, and, have her presented. At the second drawing-room, in a Worth-made white satin court-dress, which fitted her like a glove, she made her appearance. That she caught the Prince of Wales's eye at once goes without saying; and an invitation to the first state ball at Buckingham palace, and cards of admission from Mr. Ponsonby-Fane, the Deputy Lord Chamberlain, to the royal enclosure at Ascot, seem but natural sequence. "I wasn't at the ball myself," added my friend; "but I am told the way Wales 'went for' her valses was only equaled by——Just look over there only equaled by that, I should say."

Following his nod and eye, I looked over to where Mrs. Powell's unhorsed victoria was in position. Standing by its side was the Prince of Wales, bending over the door in earnest conversation. Then he opened the door, and, helping Mrs. Powell out, the two sauntered slowly across the lawn together, with—I might almost say—the eyes of Europe upon them. As my friend and I passed on together, in quest of some champagne-cup in the Guards' Club tent, my eyes fell on two women's faces. One was that of the Princess of Wales, and the other Miss Chamberlaine's. The Princess was talking smilingly to Lord Charles Beresford and the Honorable Oliver Montague, but there was an expression in her eye that told me she wished she wasn't the Princess of Wales—just then. As for Miss Chamberlaine, there was an overdone vivacity in her manners as she conversed with three or four titled young heiress-hunters in green veils anh white spats, and despite her assumed look of her mouth, and the verdant-hued glitter in her eyes, as they flashed a side-glance at the promenading couple, told what her real feelings were.

Why He Ran.

An African traveler says that though he has had many experiences with snakes, he was never frightened by them but once, and then he made his best "record" in running. He thus relates how fear gave him an impetus: "One Sunday afternoon," he says, "I took a stroll in some coffee-fields, and from thence scrambled through the bush along the bank of a small stream. The day was intensely hot, and the bush was most agreeable, as I leisurely worked away amid the creepers of many kinds.

"Coming to a semi-clear space, I was enabled to stand up straight and look around. Some few yards off I saw the dark coils of a huge snake snugly ensconced amid the roots of an old tree, with his head turned away out of sight.

"Having only a little stick in my hand, I dared not attack him, but, without thinking, picked up some stones and began dropping them into his coils.

"Suddenly he awoke, instinctively directing his cold glassy eye upon the offending mortal.

"Another irritating stone, and his eyes were bright with passion, his forked tongue darting in and out, to the accompaniment of an occasional hiss.

"I had sufficient common-sense left to step back a few paces ere again insulting his snakeship; and well it was I did so, as, like the lash of a whip when vigorously used, the fellow uncoiled and threw himself at me.

"At a glance I saw that the ire of a 'mamba had been raised.

"Nine feet of live snake-flesh tearing after one relieves the mind of all hesitancy. I turned, bent my head, and with arms advanced to protect the face, charged the bush.

"A hasty glance back spurred me on; another glance showed a hot pursuit. I dashed on.

"I was nearing the clearing, and at last reached the coffee field; but still the enemy was after me. No doubt I measured that hill in an astonishingly short time; at all events I distanced the pursuer.

"Reaching an open space from whence no danger could be seen approaching, I sank down, feeling rather limp. I think I had the pleasure of shooting my enemy some days after."

The Music of the Locomotive.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I stepped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tipped the keys away up one end just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he was a half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow, I thought it was old '35' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked his keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was "pounding" on the left side and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear me. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, sipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the "special." In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed, and mangled, and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

Wit and Humor.

"I am an agnostic!" remarked a young man in swelling accents. "And an agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman; "but how does it happen that you are sure you are an agnostic?"

"I declare John, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied, "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle, you would have no place to put it, dear."

"I say, Johnny, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old tough one?"—Of course I can."—"Well, how?"—"By the teeth."—"Chickens have no teeth."—"Yes, but I have."—Good morning." "Good morning."

True dignity: In Boston the gnat is known as Nathaniel.

A Sabbath-day's journey: "What is meant by a 'Sabbath-day's journey?" John.—The distance between any place and the nearest good fishing-ground.—Burlington Free Press.

Growth of the great West: "Yes," said the Chicago man, "he's a dude, but he counts in the census, don't let him be killed."

Not a watch: "No," said a bride, "I am not willing that our wedding tour should include the Yellowstone Park. Yellow don't agree with my complexion."—Anon.

A cross-counter: Jack Oldstock—"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." Tom Parvenu—"Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Titled: "You say your daughter is to marry that foreigner I have seen in your house so often; but what do you know about him? What has he got?" "Got?" Why, he has got a title." "Oh!"

Strict Compliance With a Will.

From the Concord (N. H. Monitor.

A few years ago Mr. George M. Marsh died in Portsmouth, and, after some legacies, left the residue of his property for an Episcopal church to be built in a designated part of that city, where was a mill in which were employed a good many English people, who were too far away to conveniently attend the services in St. John's church. [The mill has since been burned down, and many of the operatives have left the town.] At the time of Mr. Marsh's death his property was thought to be about $40,000, or rather the portion of it left for said church, but owing to an unexpected rise in mining and other stocks, in a little while it more than doubled, till the Trustees to whom it was left found themselves in possession of over $80,000. Now that was a large sum to use in building a church in the not large city of Portsmouth, particularly as there was one Episcopal church there already. But what was to be done? The will expressly said all the money must be put in said church. Could not a portion of it be reserved for an endowment for said church to keep it in repair, and to help to pay the salary of the Rector? No; men learned in the law decided that it must all be put in the church building, and the result is the handsomest and most costly church in the Diocese of New-Hampshire. It is built of stone, in the most solid manner, the style being early English pointed.

General Toombs' health has improved and he will not abandon the practice of law, as had been previously announced.

Forty-four towns of the German Empire have introduced the system of street-car railways, and many more are about to do so.