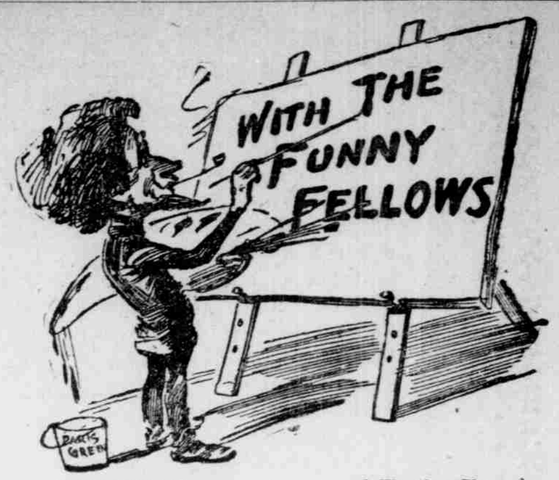


A Critic Silenced.

A bishop who was traveling in a mining country, and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off, and the sun poured down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked at the clergyman.

"Do ye think I'd be doing this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and then gave the handle another turn.—Tit-Bits.

The Feminine Way.

"I left the planning of our new house entirely to my wife."

"How did she go about it?"

"She had the architect make provision for the necessary closets first.

"I see. And then merely cut up what was left into rooms."

"That's what she intended to do, but there wasn't anything left. When she had laid out the closets the entire building space was gone."—Chicago Post.

The Reporter Scores.

Senator Treacle—Did you tell that reporter I had nothing to say?

Servant—Yes, sir.

Senator Treacle—I suppose he was very much disappointed.

Servant—I hardly know, sir. He said he was aware of the fact that you never said anything, but was under the impression that you never missed an opportunity to talk.—Chicago Daily News.

Her Deduction.

Mrs. Bings—Mrs. Nexdoor told me you once wanted to marry that Miss Upton. She wouldn't have you, I presume.

Mr. Bings—Did Mrs. Nexdoor say Miss Upton refused me?

Mrs. Bings—No, she merely remarked that Miss Upton had always been a very sensible girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Pays the Bills.

I've heard that women purchase naught
When they go out to shop—
That all they do is price the goods
Where'er they chance to stop.
The rule may be that women scorn
To purchase tucks and frills.
But my wife isn't built that way;
I know—I pay the bills.
—Ohio State Journal.

WISE ICEMAN.

Lady of the House—This little bit of ice won't last an hour. Why don't you give me a large piece these hot days?

The Iceman—What for? It would only melt.—Chicago Journal.

She Was His'n.

He started with: "O Dora, please—"
She did not stop to listen.
He meant to flop down on his knees,
But she hopped up on his'n.
—Philadelphia Press.

Clever Little Boy.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night — and nobody told me, either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"

"Why, George Dont! I heard her say: 'George Dont' in the parlor four or five times running. That's what his name is!"—Tit-Bits.

An Arbitrary Rule.

Mr. Nupop—Why isn't little Robert out with his nurse? Perhaps the nurse I sent you from the employment agency didn't come.

Mrs. Nupop—Oh! yes, she came, but she didn't suit at all. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and you know blue is only for girl babies; pink's for boys.—Philadelphia Press.

Sparing His Feelings.

Hettie—Now that you have broken your engagement with Fred, shall you return to him the diamond ring he gave you?

Minna—Certainly not, Hettie; it would be cruel to give him a thing that would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

Another Friendship Broken.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me a kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.—Tit-Bits.

Cheering Him Up.

"I can safely say that no man ever atttempted to bribe me, gentlemen."

Voice in the Crowd—Don't be downhearted, old chap; your luck may change.—Tit-Bits.
—Chicago American.

A Fleeting Glance.

Maud—Did you notice who that lady was who got out of the train and stared so hard at us?

Mabel—Do you mean the one with the open coat with silk facings, red bolero, blue trimmed hat, gray gloves, striped flounce with diamond stitchings, with an umbrella and a red-backed book and a mole on her left cheek, and frightfully ugly?

Maud—Yes, that's the one.

Mabel—No; I hardly caught a glimpse of her.—Chicago American.

The Good Old Kind.

The wireless mouse-trap fellow's plan
We herewith beg to question.
But know the mouseless mouse-trap is
A practical suggestion.
—N. Y. Times.

QUITE SEVERE.

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Nothing.

She —Isn't that rather egotistical?
—The King.

Preference.

We praise the girl that's tailor-made,
For figure most divine.
But when it comes to marrying,
The ready maid is mine.
—Brooklyn Life.

A Household Hint.

"'I shall never permit myself to become a household drudge,' said the young woman. "I shall endeavor to improve my mind."

"'That is a good idea," answered Miss Cayenne; "but don't let your literary pursuits monopolize you. Remember there are times when currant jelly appeals to a man a great deal more than current fiction."—Washington Star.

Following the Usual Course.

"Did you call on her father?"

"Yes. He treated me well, too. I asked him for Maud, and he said it would be just as Maud wished. I thanked him, and then he said it was always customary for Maud's suitors to take him out to dinner. And he somewhat unpleasantly added that a dinner was about all there was in it for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sure of Him.

Tess—If you really love him, why did you refuse him?

Jess—Goodness! You don't suppose I'd be so unmaidenly as to accept him the first time?

Tess—But he declares he'll never propose to another girl as long as he lives.

Jess—Of course. I'm not "another girl."—Philadelphia Press.

He Had Speculated.

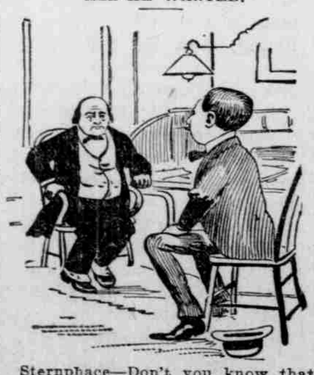
Lucas—Did youse ever speckalate on Wall street?

Timothy—Yes, I uster stand around the stock exchange an' wonder where my next meal wuz comin' from.—Ohio State Journal.

The Old, Old Wish.

We wish it were to-morrow
What time we work away,
And, later, think with sorrow:
"Ah, if 'twere yesterday!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

ALL HE WANTED.



Sternphace—Don't you know that you can't support my daughter until you go to work and earn a salary?

Lawrence—Oh, I don't want to support her, I only want to marry her!"
—Chicago Daily News.

Gladness.

These are the gladdest days of all,
The loveliest of the year;
The cherry season's over, but
The watermelon's here.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flattering Truthfulness.

Mrs. Fortysummers—I told Mr. Beach I was 28, and he said I didn't look it.

Her Loving Husband—Well, you don't; you haven't looked it for 15 years.—Tit Bits.

Disturbed the Peace.

"She disturbed my peace of mind."

"How?"

"Gave me a piece of hers."—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Maker—"Here is a cynic who says that poetry is a disease." Raker—"That may be true in some cases, but in yours it is merely an hallucination."—Indianapolis News.

Daughter—"The man I marry must be a brave man." Father—"He will be if he marries you while your mother is living."—N. Y. Press.

"Do you know of a good tonic for nervous persons, Simpkins?" "No; what I want to find is a good tonic for people who have to live with them."—London Tit-Bits.

Hoax—"I suppose it's pretty hard to write a really trustworthy history of politics." Joax—"Yes; the principal dates in it are bound to conflict. How do you mean? What dates? Candidates."—Philadelphia Record.

Careless Girl—"Such carelessness is little short of criminal," thundered Dr. Price-Price, angrily. "Oh, doctor," sobbed Mrs. Sassiety-Lieder's nurse girl, "do you blame me for the baby's illness?" "Most assuredly. You should know better than to leave it alone in the care of its mother, even for a moment."—Philadelphia Press.

"That fellow up there," said the talkative passenger to the stranger beside him, "is the worst cynic you ever saw; always pointing the finger of scorn at other people's work." "That so? I wish he'd do that at my work." "You do?" "Yes. I make circular saws."—London Answers.

Frightful Thought. — "Suppose—" "Well?" "It's terrible to think of, but just suppose—" "Well?" "Suppose the historical characters who have recently figured in the historical novels had really been the many different kinds of persons that each one has been made to appear, and had really done all the contradictory things that—" "For heaven's sake quit! Don't lead us to further horrors."—Chicago Post.

WAR AND THE BIRTH RATE.

National Strife Has Its Effect in This Way as Well as in the Death Rate.

War not only influences the mortality of the army in the field, but has a maleficent effect on the birth rate and death rate of the country which is fighting. A low birth rate may be explained, to some extent, by the fact that when a nation is at war her people at home are less prosperous, and consequently marriages are not so frequent, says the Medical Record.

The increase of the death rate occurs, probably, for the reason that food is scarcer, and also because at a time when a country is engaged in a disastrous war, the minds of its inhabitants are adversely affected. Those who are in delicate health, or who are attacked with sickness, succumb much more readily when the spirits are low than when in a normal condition. It is, indeed, the reaction of the mind upon the body.

The returns of the registrar general of Great Britain of births, marriages and deaths for the year 1900 demonstrate the potency of the influence of war upon the birth and death rate.

The births in 1890 numbered 927,062, or a rate of 28.7 per 1,000, this being the lowest on record and 1.8 per cent. under the mean rate of the past decade. The illegitimate birth rate was also the lowest on record.

There were 587,830 deaths, or 18.2 per 1,000, as against 17, 17.4 and 17.5 in the previous three years. The number of deaths directly due to alcoholism was 3,683, while the death rate from this cause was 132 males and 95 females per 1,900,000. These rates constitute a highest on record. Tuberculosis claimed 61,302 victims, or a death rate of 10.4 per cent. of the deaths from all causes. The death rate of the army was 27.6 per 1,000, as compared with 10, 12 and 10.5 in the preceding years. The mortality rate in the army abroad was 36.1 per 1,000, as compared with an average of 14.5 in the past five years, and the death rate at home was 8.2, as compared with an average of 4.3 in the previous five years.

Thus it will be seen that war drains the life blood of the nation. Nothing is said in the above returns as to the action war is asserted to have on the production of sex. On the authority of German scientists it has been declared that the females of a nation at war are apt to give birth to a much larger number of males than is ordinarily the case.

Shopping in Peking.

The Chinese are "peculiar" for many other things than those set down by Bret Harte in his immortal chronicle, and among them is the extraordinary custom among the merchants of Peking. A Japanese correspondent has been recently explaining to his businesslike countrymen the great waste of time in shopping in the Chinese capital. Frequently a whole day is wasted in trying to find a small article of daily use. This is largely due to the fact that trading is despised by the higher classes in Peking, and the merchants are scattered over the city and over a space of three miles outside the city wall. In order to purchase a quire of paper the Japanese had to go to Ling Chang, three miles outside the city, and had also to get out of the city to buy beef. Hours a day were spent in going from shop to shop, often several miles apart. In what seems to be the shop, very few articles, and they of the lowest quality, are kept, the goods being upstairs, and will be overlooked unless the customer is aware of that peculiarity. The shopkeeper is quite ready to detain a customer in gossip in the lower shop for several hours. The shops are open from eight or nine o'clock in the morning until five or six in the afternoon, and at night all are closed except restaurants and drug stores.—Japan and America.

Helping the Lord.

Pension Commissioner Ware, who was at the capitol the other day, is very much interested, as all new officials are, in his correspondence. One of the letters which he received amused him greatly. It was from a widow out in Illinois, and this is what she said:

"Dear Mr. Ware: I am trusting in the Lord to get my pension, but as I need the money, I do hope you will give a little help yourself."—Washington Post.

Palilian Festival at Rome

A Twentieth Century Picture of Caesarean Splendor.

THE Palilian festival, which is observed annually at Rome with imposing ceremonies, commemorates the founding of the eternal city. It derives its name from the old Latin divinity, Pales. Originally the festival was of a purely bucolic character; shepherds and cattle jumped over a straw, fire for purposes of purification, and cakes and milk were offered as a sacrifice to the goddess. Nowadays more elaborate customs prevail, the name being the only feature that has been retained. This year's festival, which was observed on the 4th of May, exceeded in sumptuousness anything that has been seen of recent years. On the heights of the Urbs quadrata was inaugurated a historical procession which took astonished sightseers from abroad back to the days of imperial Rome. The procession was led by Numidian horsemen, mounted pretorians and bodyguards on foot. They were followed by mimes, dancers and acrobats, a group of Dacians clothed in wild animal skins and the cohorts of legionaries. Gladiators in white, red and blue tunics were grouped in picturesque tableaux. A palanquin, carried by four Moorish slaves, housed Signora Millotti, the famous Italian artist. It was followed by gay groups of patricians and their ladies in elaborate Roman and Grecian gowns with gold and jeweled trimmings, and dainty dandies, accompanied by slaves and beautiful pages. Pompous freedmen filled the space between the first

GROUP OF PATRICIAN LADIES IN PALILIAN PROCESSION.

and a second, still more elegant, palanquin in which reclined a noble matron, accompanied by a page who wielded a magnificent peacock fan. Two steers with gilded horns drew the carriage of the imperial family, which was preceded by a detachment of slaves and a troop of Gallic guardsmen. Then followed the emperor, clad in consular robes, reclining in a carriage drawn by Ethiopian slaves. Next came more pretorians and the ephebes, who were to take part in the festival games, children with wreaths and flower baskets, shepherds and peasants, and finally the young steer and sheep set apart for the sacrifice, priests and their attendants, vestals in white robes and the lictors, bearing the axe and fasces, the insignia of their office. A motley crowd brought up the rear. After marching twice around the stadium the procession approached the center, where an altar had been erected. The imperial family and the senators were then seated in a semi-circle upon curules, chairs of state, the children scattered their flowers among the patricians, and the high priest with the Vestalis Maxima approached the steps of the altar and lighted the fire, amid the applause of the gaping multitude. A chorus of 300 voices accompanied the sacrificial ceremony with the song of Horatian Carmen Saeculare, which had been set to music by Maestro Cellini especially for this occasion.

From an artistic as well as spectacular point of view the Palilian festival of 1902 was not only a perfect success, but a lesson as well. It demonstrated that nowhere outside of Italy and Greece can classic spectacles of antiquity be reproduced in a satisfactory manner. Englishmen, Germans and Americans have tried it, but always without success. They spent more money on their productions than the Romans, but gold could not supply the mercurial temperament and ancestral pride which are essential to the effective representation of historical scenes.

The War Dogs of Germany

They Are Taught to Carry Messages and Ammunition.

THE natural instincts of the dog, his docility, watchfulness, endurance and reliability, have induced the German war office to use him for military purposes. The raising and training of the so-called war dogs has been entrusted to the sharpshooter branch of the service, with a commissioned officer in charge. It is his duty to train the dogs especially for picket duty. The prime essential in the canine educational scheme is to develop the faculty of watchfulness so that the pupil will give warning of the approach of a stranger by a subdued growl, instead of a loud and dangerous bark. Next, the dog must learn to carry messages from one point to another with absolute precision. Reports entrusted to him by advance pickets he must carry to headquarters without loss of time. As soon as he has delivered the message he must return to the place from which he was dispatched. The picture shows how the canine messenger carries his papers—in a small leather bag attached to the collar.

But a truly efficient war dog has still other missions to perform. He should be able to carry ammunition to the sharpshooting detachments at the front. And after the battle he is supposed to assist in locating

SENDING OUT A WAR DOG WITH A MESSAGE.

wounded and disabled soldiers and announce eventual discoveries by short, sharp barks.

Results like these indicated can be obtained only after a prolonged course of expert training, and then only with pure-blooded animals. The breeds most in demand are poodles, pointers and Scotch collies. The latter are preferred, because with marvelous intelligence they combine a hardiness which enables them to defy climatic changes.

Germany is not the only country which employs dogs for military purposes. France has, for some time, used them in connection with the army hospital corps and the army police service. In Italy they are employed for carrying drinking water and light refreshments to detached posts. In the Alpine divisions of Austria they are taught to act as guides as well as messengers.

The officers of the United States army do not take kindly to the introduction of canine auxiliaries, but the wonderful success which has attended their enrollment in the continental armies may work a revolution and lead to the formation of a military dog-training establishment.

Lovers of dogs are not surprised at the intelligence displayed by the German war dogs. They consider their feats merely as a rational development of the wisdom of which every dog is possessed in a greater or less degree.

SINGLE OFFICERS IN DEMAND.

They Are Preferred Because of the Crowded Condition of Uncle Sam's Military Posts.

The overcrowded condition of the residential quarters of the various military posts in this country, due to the return of regiments from the Philippines, is embarrassing the military authorities, reports the Washington Star. The trouble is not so much with respect to housing the officers themselves as with the members of their families. The situation has reached a point where bachelors are favored over benedicts in assignment to stations with limited living accommodations where such discrimination is possible. And it is even asserted that where there is no other choice between two young candidates for a commission it is bestowed on the single man in preference to one who is married. Even then it is recognized, however, that the bachelor appointed is not likely to continue long in single blessedness. The powers that be admit that their authority does not reach to the extent of interfering with subsequent affairs of the heart. It is made plain that there is no official prejudice against matrimony—but just at the present the military posts would afford better accommodations for more officers if it were not for the family attachments of some of them. Congress provided liberally for the army in this respect during the session just closed, but it will be many months before the additional quarters authorized are ready for use.

She Rejected Him.

Ella—Fred is a confirmed bachelor.

Stella—Yes, and I assisted at the confirmation.—N. Y. Times.

TO PREVENT WRINKLES.

Banish Your Bric-a-Brac Is the Advice of the Japanese—Some Worry Don'ts.

The artistic Japanese have solved an important problem and defy wrinkles and crow's feet by relegating bric-a-brac to the background, says the New York Sun.

Bric-a-brac is responsible for more wrinkles and crow's feet than an age of illness.

The woman who is really anxious to retain her good looks to a green old age will take a lesson from the wise and artistic Japanese, who shows absolutely nothing in her drawing room except a lovely flower and a screen and perhaps a beautiful vase.

The Japanese collector of pictures keeps all her treasures stowed away in what is called a go-down, her storehouse, and her pictures are brought up one at a time if any visitor is present or expected. Usually a single picture is brought in and hung up, and you enjoy the beautiful picture by itself.

Does not this tell the whole secret of the almond-eyed beauty's fair, unwrinkled skin and refreshingly placid expression?

Who will found a club for womankind and call it the No Bric-a-Brac club, and at once institute a new order of things, in which rest, perfect rest, can be found, with roseleaf complexions as one of the rewards of membership? Also freedom from worry; for it is worry which is wearing out the nerves of the average American woman.

Englishwomen have formed a club which commends itself to consideration. It is called the Don't Get Tired club. Its main object is the organization, on a hygienic basis, of shopping—as pernicious a habit, if carried too far, as the bric-a-brac habit.

The members pledge themselves on their word of honor as gentlewomen, not to shop the whole of the day "without suitable and proper refreshment." Stringent rules are drawn up of what is and what is not allowed under this heading.

Then each member swears to do her shopping systematically, to make out a list of everything she wants to buy and never to toil from shop to shop to see if she can't get it cheaper. A limit is placed on the amount of shopping that may be done in one day—three hours for town women and five for suburbanites. The carrying of parcels is absolutely forbidden, and shopping in a short skirt made obligatory.

Here are some worry don'ts:

Don't start nervously if a child makes a noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for broken bones.

Don't sigh too often over servants' shortcomings.

Don't get wildly excited if Bridget has neglected to dust the legs of the hall table; the welfare of neither your family nor the nation is involved.

Don't put too much of yourself into the ordering of the household, or the management of servants, or the care of ornaments. Let the ornaments of the house be the friends who frequent it.

Don't exhaust all your reserve force over petty cares. Each time that one loses control over herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, just a little physical well-being, and moves a fraction of an inch further on in the path that leads to premature old age.

Don't work when you are not in condition to do so.

Don't go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't eat as if you only had a minute in which to finish the meal, or eat without an appetite.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Don't always be doing something; having intermittent attacks of killing. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen the nerves.

Don't worry others, above all things, by forcing them to share your worries. Worry is called the American national disease and "Americanitis" is its distinctive name.

Don't fret and don't worry are the most healthful of maxims.

Blackberry Froth.

Soak half a package of gelatin in water to cover until soft. Then stir in one cupful of fine, granulated sugar, and pour over it one cupful of boiling water, stir until the gelatin is all dissolved, then add one cupful of blackberry juice, strain it into a large mold, and set on ice. When the mixture begins to thicken, stir in thoroughly the stiffly-whipped whites of four eggs. Let it stand until firm, then turn out carefully, and serve with whipped cream.—Home Magazine.

Trenton Eggs.

Boil 12 eggs for at least 20 minutes; shell and chop them fine and season to taste with salt and pepper, a little celery salt and a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley. Mix well with a pint of rather thick cream sauce and turn out to cool. Form into balls the size of an egg, dip in flour, then into beaten egg, and roll in fine bread crumbs; fry in very hot fat. Arrange them on a bed of mashed sweet potatoes and pour tomato sauce around them.—Washington Star.

Blueberry Pudding.

Beat two eggs light and stir into them one cupful of milk and sifted flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pancakes. Put into the flour three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Butter a mold and put a layer of the batter in the bottom, then a layer of blueberries. Alternate the layers until the mold is three-quarters full, cover it closely and boil one hour. Serve with a rich sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

Corn Boats.

Peel and cut in half lengthwise nicely shaped potatoes of about the same size. Scoop out the inside, leaving the shells about one-fourth of an inch thick. Rub inside and out with soft butter, dust with seasoning and fill with fresh corn seasoned to taste. Cover with cream sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.—Home Magazine.

LATEST IN MILLINERY.

The Peacock and Parrot Shades of Blue and Green Are Much in Evidence.

This promises to be a record season, writes the Millinery Trade Review's Paris correspondent. There has been an uninterrupted succession of novelties, and those who would keep in the very front rank of fashion have had to spend money lavishly. At the present writing there is a perfect furore for hats in combinations of dark blue and bright green. It is only a few weeks ago that one of the wholesale houses placed on the market straw hats made of coarse braids of bright, dark blue straw, plaited with a vivid metallic green, and wings for trimming were also blue and green. Tartan hats, they were called. In a few days the city was flooded with them.

Of course the first houses were not going to follow suit. The tucked arrangement might be all very well for morning and country wear, and, moreover, the combination of this particular blue and green was voted too crude by milliners of taste. Still, the idea in itself was a good one, and susceptible to being improved upon. While maintaining the parrot shade of green, by deepening the blue, a much more tasteful effect was obtained. In its latest developments it therefore becomes a peacock harmony, although the name of "Tartan" has so far been retained, as well as the original style of trimming. This has resulted in an enormous demand for wings, to which have been added birds, aigrette and paradise in one of the two colors, rather than in combinations of the two. Some milliners build up the same harmony with flowers, but certainly plumage is much more suitable. The following will show what is being done in this line by the best houses.

To begin with, here is one of Mme. Reboux's models. It is a small tricorne in the Louis XV. style, that is to say, bent sharply in a vertical line at the three corners and with the brim curved up between. The hat itself is in fine sewn straw of a very deep navy tone, and the upturned brim is faced with deep green paillasson braids. Against the side, their tips pointing downwards, are placed two peacock-blue wings, and about the crown is draped a piece of navy-blue tulle.

A large plateau hat lifted from the brow in front and tilted at the back, made of fancy chip braids of a metallic green (but not so bright as would be a glazed straw) has for trimming four elongated deep blue wings, two of which are fastened flat on the outside of the brim on the right, and the two others flat on the underside of the brim.

A similar shaped hat, built up of broad, dark blue chip braids, bordered with a single row of bright green paillasson, rests in front on a cockpeigne of green velvet, and is trimmed outside quite on the edge of the brim, with two bright green paradise tails secured by sapphire cabochons.

Bright green velvet ribbon is worked in and out of the edge of another hat in dark blue straw, draped round the crown with dark blue tulle. Fine blue wings, with a few green feathers introduced into the points, form a cockpeigne behind.

The only really appropriate flower for the blue and green combination is the bluet or blue cornflower. It is used to trim hats of green reed or green chrysanthemum straw, and also mixed with grasses to deck blue straw. White flowers, such as clover, lily of the valley or small roses mixed with a good deal of green, wreath some green straw hats into the trimming of which a single blue cockade, a rosette of blue velvet ribbon, or a pair of blue cabochons is introduced. These, however, can hardly come under the head of blue and green combinations.

The special harmony of the idea is the harmonizing of a bright medium green with a deep blue. When turquoise or other light blue is substituted for the latter, it loses its eccentricity. That combinations of light blue and moderately light green will be fashionable, is evident.

Cherry Sponge.

Soak one-half box of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water for half an hour. Put one pint of boiling water into a porcelain-lined saucepan, add one cupful of sugar and stir till dissolved; then add the gelatin and one pint of cherry juice. Strain into a china bowl and flavor with bitter almond and set on ice to cool, stirring occasionally. When it begins to congeal, beat until it begins to harden, then quickly stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of four eggs. Pour in a fancy mold that has been wet with cold water, and set on ice. Serve plain, or with a cherry custard sauce.—Ladies' World, New York.

Currants and Red Raspberries.

To one cupful of boiling water add a quart and a half of red currants. Cook gently till they are soft; you will find it impossible in putting up this fruit to make the currants keep their shape. Add two cupfuls of sugar and simmer a few minutes longer. Just before taking from the fire put in one pint of red raspberries, then can and seal. This makes a delicious preserve.—Good Housekeeping.

Omelet with Fine Cooked Herbs.

Melt one tablespoonful butter; add one tablespoonful fine-chopped onion; cook three minutes; add one gill fine-chopped mushrooms; season with one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper; cover and cook slowly five minutes; then add one teaspoonful each of fine-chopped chives and parsley; stir a minute; then fold and turn on a dish.—Ledger Monthly.

Cream of Chocolate.

Grate one-quarter of a pound of vanilla chocolate into a saucepan, add a gill of cold milk and stir over a slow fire until perfectly dissolved. Then add a pint of cream or custard sweetened to taste and freeze soft. Then place in mold and pack in ice. Cream gives the best result, but egg and milk may be substituted in making this cream.—American Queen.

Wouldn't Gamble.

Clergyman—Will you take this woman for better or worse?

Bridegroom—Yes, if you say so, parson, but I wouldn't bet on it.—N. Y. Herald.