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THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be,
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
For the tender faces, unforgot,
Of the little children that are not;
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward and will not stay;
And He who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight,
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
Violet-heaped, in the sweet grave-ground,
Twenty years have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head:
And, oh! I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead; only grown and gone away:
The hair of my darling is turning gray
That was golden once in the days so dear,
Over for many and many a year.
Yet I know—I know—
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright, brave boy is a grave-eyed man,
Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again;
And so I know
I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the father and into life,
Back to his breast from the endless strife,
And the finished labor, I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,
And I know, that so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back—with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is:
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my father's knee;
For so, I know,
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place,
Where yet their angels behold God's face,
And lo! we know
That only the children can see Him so.

—*Adeline T. D. Whitney*

UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

I was coming out of the mountains to the north of Virginia City with a lot of miners' mail strapped on my back. There was no regular mail route there then, but about once a month some one took the letters down and returned with any mail found at the Postoffice. I was on snow shoes. The winter had been severe, and the snow was five or six feet deep on the level. The 27th of January had been a very balmy day, with a warm sun and wind, and on the morning of the 28th I started.

I had to make my way along the base of a range known to us then as Bill's Thumb, and for this twelve miles there was only one settler. He was an old bachelor who had built himself a snug, stout cabin under the eaves of the Thumb. He was hunter, miner, prospector, taxidermist, naturalist, and I don't know what else. Some of the boys who had met him had an idea that he had soured on the world, and come out there to live a hermit life, but he was a chap who kept to himself and would not allow any one to question him. I got along very well for the first five miles, but then realized that I was in danger from snow slides. The thaw had continued through the night, and it needed only a jar to send the great masses of snow lying on the mountain rushing down the slope with a force which nothing could stand. One took place behind me which brought down hundreds of tons, and as I pushed my way forward all my senses were on the alert for the first signal of danger.

When I had approached within pistol shot of the hermit's cabin I saw the man himself about a mile down the valley. He was coming toward the house, but had a burden on his shoulder and was moving slowly. Therefore, as I reached the cabin I stood at the door to wait for him, thinking he might wish me to take a letter or do some errand. He was still half a mile away when I heard a dull, fall away up the mountain above my head. I knew it was a mass of snow tumbling off the rocks, and that it was the seed of an avalanche. The sound had scarcely reached my ears when I wheeled to the door, lifted the latch, and the next instant was inside. I was none too soon. Almost every pound of snow on a mountain side a thousand feet high and a quarter of a mile long was in motion for the base. It came with a terrible roar and a succession of crashes as rocks and trees were caught up, and I held my breath for what was to happen. The house trembled and rocked, a thousand empty wagons seemed to rush over the roof, and then all was midnight darkness, and the stillness of the grave settled down upon me.

The house had been buried under an avalanche. It was God's mercy that it had not been swept away and torn log from log. There was only a small fire on the hearth, and before I moved I struck a match to see my way. After looking about a bit I found a candle, and then I began to investigate the situation. On opening the door I found the snow packed solidly in front. Going to the single window I found every ray of light shut out. In the room was a bundle of rods about as large as my finger and nine feet long. There were six of them. I seized one and thrust it upward from the door, but it did not go through the drift. I lashed another to it, and yet the length was not sufficient. I lashed on a second, and now had at least twenty-five clear feet of pole to probe with, and I believed the upper end found daylight. In front of the cabin, and about 200 feet away, was a great mass of bare rock forty rods long by fifty feet high. This would stop the avalanche, and it was more than likely that a solid mass of snow forty rods long and twenty-four feet deep lay above me.

What had become of the hermit? There was not one chance in a thousand that he had escaped. The avalanche would block the trail for weeks, and at the very best it would be some days before any one at our camp would know that I was in the hut. If the hermit escaped he would carry the news. If he was buried under the snow, I might as well make up my mind to remain a prisoner until spring. I was in a bad box, and for the first half hour I quite lost my courage. Then, having every reason to believe that I must be a prisoner for many long days, I began to take an inventory of stock, as it were. There was a good bed of skins and blankets, several cooking utensils, a table and several rough stools, a clock, a dozen or more books, about thirty candles, with tea, coffee, sugar, pork, and flour in quantities to last me several weeks. I could not have been better provided had I planned for the avalanche to come. There was a lean-to at the back end of the hut, and I looked into this to find it full of fuel. I felt much more hopeful after I had taken the inventory, for I could not help but feel that it would be long before I saw daylight again.

For several hours after the accident the cabin sent forth suspicious sounds. The snow was settling and packing above it, and rafters and logs cracked and snapped in a way to keep me on thorns. If the weight on the roof proved too great I should be crushed or smothered the moment it fell in. It was after 3 o'clock in the afternoon before I felt safe. But very little snow had come down the chimney. I reasoned from this that it had been covered by rocks or limbs. If such was the case and the fire refused to burn, I should be hard pressed with plenty of raw provisions at hand. I felt all the gravity of the situation as I threw on some light wood and made a blaze. It was a hard fight for half an hour. Some of the smoke certainly found a way to escape, but some was driven back. However, after a time the heat of the fire brought down a great deal of water—so much so that I could hardly keep a flame going.—and about 4:30 o'clock the cabin was cleared of smoke. While I could not for an instant believe that the chimney showed above the snow, I was satisfied that some way had been opened for the smoke to drive away. I may explain here that a great mass of tree tops lodged on the roof before the bulk of that snow came, and these held the snow up so that the smoke went sailing about in a hundred channels.

I got myself some supper, wound up the clock, and sat down for a smoke and a think. The hermit had two pipes and a large stock of tobacco, and lonely as was my situation a feeling of gratitude to God for the comforts at hand was uppermost in my mind. I was now perfectly satisfied that I was buried deep under the snow, and that my rescue would be a matter of weeks. The first move was to write out a statement of the accident, and this I placed where it would be preserved and found in case of my death. Then I began a daily journal, and mapped out a programme to be followed. A week's imprisonment would be nothing, but after that it would not do to let the mind dwell on the situation. You see, the horror of it was the stillness. The idea kept coming up that I was buried alive, and it was an awful thing to think of. The hermit's clock was an old fashioned one, with a loud tick-tack, and after the cabin got through settling under the weight of the snow every tick sounded almost as loud as the blow of a hammer. It was so warm that I needed only the smallest fire, and when I went to bed at 9 o'clock there was no need of even a single blanket for cover.

I was up at an early hour next morning, having slept like a log all night, and while eating breakfast was startled by sounds which I believed to be the voice of a human being. I thought I could hear groans and moans and cries for help, and when I opened the door the sounds came to me more distinctly. It might be that the hermit, caught under the snow, had succeeded in tunnelling his way to a point from which I could rescue him by digging, and I had no sooner despatched my breakfast than I set about making me a shovel to dig with. I found a hatchet, and with this sharpened a board, and the snow I dug from the doorway I heaped up in the fuel room. I had not been digging over half an hour when I made the discovery that the first rush of the avalanche had brought down a great lot of small trees, bushes and rocks, with here and there a large tree. They had been piled up helter-skelter, but they held up the mass of snow so that with a little digging I could run a tunnel in almost any direction. Great care was necessary, however, as the burden above was very heavy, and the displacement of a support might bring down a great weight of snow.

After I had run the tunnel straight out from the door about twenty feet I turned to the right, made my way under a lot of rubbish, and after going about thirty feet came upon the body of an Indian. Here the limbs and sticks made a sort of bower, under which he lay, and I knew that it was his voice I had heard calling. There were no Indians about us except hostiles, and just before the snow came they had killed two men belonging to our camp. We had no fear of them after winter set in, knowing that they stuck close to their villages. Here was a redskin, however, in full war paint; but I had no sooner found him than I saw that he was dead, though his body was still warm. He had been mauled in a terrible manner, both legs being broken, his head all bloody from an injury, and his right arm doubled under him as if broken. I could see the butt of his rifle sticking out of the snow, but when I pulled at it I found the barrel missing. It had been wrenched off. I got his tomahawk and knife, however, together with powder horn and bullet pouch, and when I had pulled the body along and crept beyond it, I caught sight of a moccasin in the snow and dirt. It took me an hour to unearth the body, which was that of a second warrior. The life had been crushed out of him in a second. The mass of rock which had come down with him had broken every bone in his body, and a great share of his face had been ground off. His rifle I could not find, while both knife and tomahawk were broken. While searching his cold and battered body I found a buckskin bag containing about $300 worth of small nuggets of gold, and this gave me a hint to overhaul the other. I also got from him about $200 worth of dust and nuggets, and in the search I found attached to his belt a white man's scalp, which had not been off the victim's head over two days. They must have been in ambush part way up the mountain, intent upon taking the hermit's scalp, and but for the avalanche they might have had mine as well.

The day had gone by the time I had overhauled the second Indian's body. Being at work the hours had passed swiftly away, and I had not given myself any time to brood over the horrors of the situation. After supper I sat in front of the fire for awhile, then wrote up my daily journal, and when I went to bed I left the door wide open. It seemed to me that the air was getting foul down there, and by opening the door the room was greatly purified. It was midnight, as I afterward came to know, and the fire was all out, when some noise in the room startled me. I sat up in bed and was soon convinced that some one or some living thing beside myself was present. I could hear a labored breathing, together with sounds, as of some one pulling himself along the floor, and I climbed over the foot of the bed and lighted the candle. What was my amazement to find a third savage in the cabin! He had quite reached the side of the bed, and had I got out that way, as usual, he would have at least wounded me, for he had his naked knife in his hand and was bent on murder. The hatchet was at hand, but I did not need a weapon. The warrior had been dreadfully hurt, and, as an investigation proved, had been buried just beyond the other two. When I left the bodies he had dug his way to my tunnel, and then pulled himself along to the door, intending to have my life as I slept. When baffled in this, he glared at me with all the hate a human heart can betray. He was crushed at the hips, and none but a savage could have accomplished what he did. I could have killed him at a single blow, but the horrible work was spared me. Death was already beside him, and as I stood and looked down upon him, candle in hand, he uttered a faint war-whoop and fell over dead. When I was sure that life had departed, I dragged him into the tunnel and shut and barred the door, and so upset had my nerves become by the adventure that I did not sleep again that night.

In the morning I excavated a hole near where the two bodies lay, and pushed the three into it, and packed the snow over them. Then I began running a tunnel for the ledge in front of the cabin, and had gone about twenty feet when the second night came. Early in the third day I had to abandon this tunnel on account of a cave-in which nearly smothered me. Then I turned to the right to come out down the valley, and I was still at this work when the first week closed. Early in the second week I was stopped by a bank of rocks and earth, and when the second week closed I was drifting a tunnel to the left. It was slower work than you would think for. The snow was packed very solid, and all I dug out had to be thrown behind me, and eventually carried off and scattered in some hole under the tree tops. Every few feet I met with a big rock or the trunk of a tree, and it was hard work to get around such obstructions. Again a cave-in would take place to hinder further progress for a day or two, and I finally came to the conclusion that I could never get out by tunneling.

I started in on the third week more to be at work than from any hope of escape. All that week I tunneled to the right again, and at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon I broke into my own tunnel. In other words, I had done as a man does when lost in the woods. I made a half circle and came back on myself, while all the time I felt sure I was going straight ahead. The fourth week was spent mostly in the house. I was now becoming much weaker, and was ready to give up. It was on the thirty-fifth night that the cabin began groaning and racking again, and I knew that the snow was settling down around it. The noises continued all night, giving me many a fright, and at seven o'clock next morning, when I opened the door, I found my tunnel filled up. I was lamenting this when I noticed that the fire was drawing better than usual. Going over to the fireplace, I took a look up the chimney and saw the dark sky of heaven. At the same moment three or four drops of rain fell upon my face, and then I understood that a great thaw had set in and was reducing the snow around me. It was three days more, however, before I got daylight through the window and could force my way out of the door.

It had been raining for three days and nights, and the creek below me was a mad torrent. The snow on the trail was yet very deep, and I was compelled to wait two days before I could get away. Then the weather changed to colder, and I got down to Virginia City. It was nearly a month later before we could get at the bodies I knew were under the snow. The hermit had been caught in the edge of the rush, and killed by being dashed against the rocks. His body was carried across the frozen creek to the edge of a thicket, and such clothing as still clung to it were in shreds and tatters. They had known of the avalanche both above and below, and had given me up for lost. As near as the men could judge the snow above me was forty feet deep, and no one had any idea that the cabin had been spared. That I came out of it alive was simply the luck which strangely enough saves a man now and then from the open jaws of death.—*New York Sun.*

Coldest Night Ever Known in America.

The other day there was in the city quite a distinguished young man, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. His celebrity consists of his having recorded the lowest temperature ever observed within the bounds of civilization. His name is George A. Carden, and he was on his way from Lama, Mo., to Chicago, where he will act as Assistant Observer in the Signal Office. It was on New Year's morning, 1885, that Mr. Carden, then Signal Service Observer at Poplar River, Montana, sent on the solitary telegraphic wire that connected him with the world outside this brief but startling announcement: "Temperature 62.1 degrees below zero." "I tossed about all night trying to keep warm," said Mr. Carden. "The big stove I kept nearly red hot, but still the little room would not get warm. It seemed as cold as the outer air. Upon me I had piled covering equivalent to twenty thicknesses of blankets. Army blankets, buffalo robes, buffalo coats, cloth coats, everything in the shape of protection, was heaped upon my little bed, yet still I shivered under it all. No one can form an idea of the cold that night. I had to wear the heaviest mittens, and my sealskin cap was pulled down over my ears. Once, when I reached my bare hand out of the bed to throw another stick of wood on the fire it was so benumbed that I had to drop the stick. Mind you, all this time the fire was burning and crackling."

A SHORT TALK ON GEESE.

INTERESTING BIRDS THAT ARE A BY-WORD FOR STUPIDITY.

How An Expert Plucks Live Geese—Too Stupid to Cry When Hurt—They Can Foretell Rain.

A New York dealer in live geese-feathers said to a New York *Sun* reporter:

"Everybody knows that a goose hasn't the slightest idea of its height, breadth, or depth. The statement that every goose that passes through an open barn door, no matter if the door is twenty feet high, ducks its head is as true as true can be. And, while a goose can't be made to believe that there is no danger to its head as it passes over the sill of a barn door, it is equally positive that it can creep through a two-inch auger hole or a knothole in a fence just as easy as it can go through the door, and with more safety to its person. I have laughed myself sore more times than once at the persistence of some old goose in trying to enter an enclosure through a hole in the fence hardly big enough for her to get her head through, while a gate big enough for a team of horses to pass through was wide open within three feet of the hole.

"Maybe you have often noticed that some farmers keep geese year in and year out, let them have the run of the farm, and seem to show them all kinds of consideration, yet are always swearing that they are the biggest nuisances that it could be possible to have around. If you have noticed that peculiarity in the daily rounds of the husbandman, you have doubtless also wondered why the farmer kept such nuisances around his premises. I used to wonder why it was myself, but I never found out the reason until one day last summer. I was out on a Jersey farm spending my vacation. The farmer had a big flock of geese. One day I sat on the farmer's piazza talking with him. The geese were placidly cropping grass down along the road, a great big gander leading them on.

"There wasn't a cloud in the sky. The farmer's men were working without much apparent vim at raking and loading hay down in a meadow not far away. Suddenly the old gander poked up his head, gave voice to a peculiar squawk, lifted his wings and started off on a run as fast as his big web feet would let him go. All the geese poked up their necks at the sound of the gander's voice, lifted their wings, and with a chorus of noises that only a flock of geese can produce, started after the gander as tight as they could wabble. The gander ran maybe twenty yards, and then, with a wild shriek, he took wing and flew in the direction of a pond a short distance from the road. The geese arose and flew after him, filling the air with their discordant cries. Ganders and geese alighted in the pond, where they all gathered in a bunch, held a consultation or congratulatory confab in a subdued chorus of cackles, and went through all sorts of manœuvres on the pond for a time, when they separated and swam about as placidly as they had been feeding a few minutes before.

"At the first movement of the gander when he broke the tranquility of the feeding flock, my friend, the farmer, arose quickly to his feet, and as he turned toward the meadow, said:

"'There's them hayin' hands workin' as if they had all the rest o' the year to get that hay in, an' here we're goin' to be ketched in a tearin' old shower n less'n an hour, or else there hain't no use in keepin' geese!'

"The farmer hurried down to the meadow, spurred up the men, and lent a hearty hand himself at the hay. Before many minutes had passed I saw clouds banking themselves in the horizon, and presently the mutter of distant thunder was heard among them. The farmer was right. In an hour's time one of the hardest thunder storms I ever saw was raging over that part of New Jersey, and it caught the last load of the old man's hay in transit. After supper that night I questioned my host on the geese, and found that the reason he kept them was to keep him posted on the weather.

"'They hain't never failed me yet,' he said. 'When I git up in the mornin' an' see them geese out on the pond a divin' an' a dressin' down their feathers as if they was gettin' ready to go to some party or other, I know that we're sure of clear, warm, dry weather, an' I make my calc'lations 'cordin'ly. If they hain't a dressin' of themselves much, but act kinder as if it wasn't o' much account a sprucin' up, then I keep my eye on 'em. That's a warnin' that we're in danger of a spell o' weather. If the geese quits the pond an' don't go back much through the day, I know that the danger holds, an' I git ready for a set rain of a day or so. If they feed along a while and wadd'le back to the pond kinder chipper like, and go to dressin' themselves and divin', then I'm pooty sartin' that they won't be no set rain comm'encin' that day. If the geese git up all of a sudden an' tears around like ye see 'em this afternoon, then there's a shower comin', an' it's a comin' fast, ye kin bet.'

"This farmer told me another funny thing about these geese weather signals. He said that when they prophesy a storm the sounds they make are not like their cries at any other time. Consequently the farmers are never fooled by the cries of a flock of geese that may rise in the air from a place where they were out of sight, if the rise has been caused by any fright the geese may have been subjected to. An expert reader of geese signals can tell the frightened cry from the prophetic shriek as far as he can hear it.

"Never saw a goose plucking, hey? Well, it isn't a sight that would give you much pleasure. On the day set for stripping geese of their feathers they are enticed into some air-tight house. The pickers, who are always women, go among the geese with their heads and faces entirely covered with hoods fastened around the neck by a shirr string. There are holes for the eyes, and also little holes at the nose for fresh air. From the neck down the picker is covered with a glazed muslin garment, to which no feathers or down will adhere. The pickers sit on low stools around a large and perfectly dry tub. There is generally a man or boy in the neighborhood who is an expert at getting the goose ready for picking. Everybody can't do that. The wings of the goose have to be locked together by a peculiar arrangement of the two near the shoulders, and while they are not tied or fastened in any other way, the lock is such that no goose can unlock it without aid. The feet are tied together with broad bands of soft muslin. When a goose is thus made helpless it is taken on the picker's lap, and she plucks the feathers out rapidly but with such skill that she seldom breaks the skin or causes blood to flow. The air is kept full of feathers during the process, all of which settle in the tub at last. Before beginning on a goose the picker brushes the feathers back the wrong way, so that she can see the skin. An expert can tell at a glance, by the color of the skin, whether she must exercise more than ordinary care in plucking it, or whether it is not better to let the goose go without plucking at that time. In every case the picker must be careful and not pluck the feathers too close in under the wings. If a goose has been improperly picked in that respect the wings will drop and drag on the ground. As I said before, all through this process of yanking the feathers out of a goose's body, not a sound of complaint or cry of pain is heard from the goose. They submit with a solemnity which would be laughable if it were not for the evident fortitude that goes with it.

"Yes, it is necessary that the feathers should be taken from geese alive, that is, if we are to study the comfort of people who must have feather beds and pillows. Dead feathers are no better than husks, and are unwholesome. But there isn't one pound of feathers used in beds today, where there were twenty ten years ago. Asthma and hay fever have done a great deal to lessen the demand for feather beds and pillows, for it was discovered a few years ago that feathers and asthma loved to consort, and that nothing would start an asthmatic to wheezing so quickly and with such volume of sound as a couch of geese feathers. The discovery spread, and the goose owes a great deal of its latter day comfort to the asthma."

HEALTH HINTS.

To fumigate a house burn in it sulphur or tar, then whitewash and paint.

Dyspeptics who use coffee will do well to take it in small quantites, black and strong, without milk.

If you are troubled with cramps in the feet, wear a piece of cotton wick around the ankle constantly.

For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag rung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest, often affords relief.

Warts may be destroyed by being rubbed with alum. Carry a lump in the pocket and rub on the wart frequently, wetting it as you do so.

In case of a cut, smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flax seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

The fact that cold is a sedative and heat a stimulant must never be lost sight of in the application of the bath. Just as one shall find his own condition so should he make the temperature of his bath.

For corns put a small quantity of strong vinegar into a teacup and crumble some bread into it; let it stand half an hour, then put a little on a strip of cloth and bind around the toe, with the poultice over the corn; it can be taken out the next morning, but if the corn is an obstinate one, it will require two or three applications to effect a cure.

Big European Armies.

"The bloated armaments of the great military powers of Europe" display their proportions in a very striking manner in Colonel Vogt's work on "The European Armies of the Present." The mobilized strength of France is set down at 2,051,458 troops, exclusive of the territorial army, which is equally large; that of Russia at 1,922,405; Germany, 1,493,690, and Austro-Hungary, 1,035,955. The military strength of Italy has now attained proportions that would have been deemed incredible ten years ago. Including militia, it is alleged to amount to 2,387,332 men. If, however, a similar inclusion be made in the case of Russia, the military strength of that power will probably be found to exceed even that of the French Republic. Compared with these figures, the numerical proportions of the British army is small. Including the militia and volunteers, as well as the Indian army, that nation can just muster 781,679 troops; and these have to serve for the defense of territory distributed over a very much wider area than that ruled by any of the other powers.

The Wind Lifts a Train.

Mr. C. W. Woodward, a traveling man hailing from New York, related an interesting story yesterday of a trip from Buffalo to this city in the storm Thursday night. He is a guest at the Forest City house, and narrated his experience to a small circle of friends. "After leaving Dunkirk," he said, "the wind was so severe that we proceeded along at a snail's pace. At times the force of the hurricane lifted one side of the train several inches from the track, and then it would descend to the rails again with a startling thump. We were asked by the conductor to sit on one side of the cars to balance them. A number of Cleveland passengers left the train at Erie, preferring to remain in that city over night rather than to risk riding any further. It was the first time in seventeen years' traveling that I was ever alarmed in a railway train."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A "Cat Home."

One of the most unique of Philadelphia's institutions is the Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals, more commonly called the "Cat Home," at No. 1242 Lombard street. The "refuge" does an extensive business in providing easy mortuary honors for old, decrepit and vagrant felines, who are daily despatched by the fumes of charcoal. This was thus been supplied by the generous gift of $70,000 by the late Mrs. R. W. Ryerss, who bequeathed that amount to establish an infirmary for animals, which is entirely distinct from the refuge."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

An Excellent Soap.

An excellent soap may be made from drippings by following the rules here given:

Take one can of Babbitt's Potash, three pints of water, four pounds of solid grease. Melt the grease first. Put in a little water at a time. Add the potash, stir five minutes, add three quarts of boiling water, boil five hours, adding water as it boils away. Add two ounces of borax and boil one half hour longer; pour into a soap box letting it stand a day or so before cutting into cakes.

A Cheap Floor Paint.

Some months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleaning of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage—namely, its sombre color.

Fried Indian Meal Porridge.

Dry a pint of yellow meal in the oven and then sift it. Add to a quart of boiling water a teaspoonful of salt, and by degrees dredge in the meal. Stir constantly and cook half to three-quarters of an hour. Place on back of range until the moisture is well evaporated, then pour into greased bread tins and put away to become cold and firm. Next morning cut it into half inch slices, dust over them a little flour and fry a delicate brown. The object in drying the meal before cooking it is to remove all moisture it may have contracted when in a damp store or closet. Damp meal often ferments, and it is then unhealthy.

Add an ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese to the dish while it is cooking and it becomes Polenta, the favorite food of Italy.

Broiled Salt Codfish.

Cut half of a small codfish into medium sized square pieces, split them in two and soak them over night in cold water. Drain and dry them in a napkin next morning. Rub a little butter over each piece and broil them. Place them on a platter and pour a little melted butter over them.

Drawn butter is sometimes served with this dish. It should be very smooth looking and have a starchy appearance. Divide three ounces of butter into little balls. Dredge them with flour. Put one-fourth of them into a saucepan, and when they begin to melt whisk to a smooth consistency. Now add one more of the floured balls and whisk thoroughly until incorporated with the first. Repeat this process until all are used. When smooth and thick stir in a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and if liked a little chopped parsley.

Consomme Soup

Cut two pounds skin of beef and two pounds knuckle of veal into a kettle. Add two quarts of cold water, heat gradually. Cook three hours, then add a fowl weighing three pounds, cook three hours. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add one half onion cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of chopped carrot, turnip and celery and two sprigs parsley. Cook one half hour, then add to the broth (stock) also add three bay leaves, ten peppercorns, six cloves, six allspice, one tablespoonful salt, a few sprigs of thyme and summer savory. When the chicken is tender remove it. Cook six or seven hours, then strain. When cold remove the fat by laying over a damp clean cloth or brown paper, to which the fat will adhere. Allow the white and crushed shell of an egg to every quart of stock. Put into a stew pan and stir until hot, when it reaches the boiling point, let it keep at that point for half an hour, then strain.

Useful Hints.

The sure preventive for cholera is cleanliness.

Bathrooms should not open into sleeping apartments.

Pine pillows are used on library lounges as inducing slumber.

Keep a separate saucepan for boiling potatoes in if possible.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake, the lighter the cake will be.

Too many trees about a house shut out sunlight and favor dampness, which incites disease.

The water in which codfish has been soaked is very good for washing the zinc under the stove.

Take a bucket of fresh water into your bedroom every night. It will absorb all poisonous gasses.

Bathroom accessories may be simple or elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of all.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

Every one should have eight hours sleep, and pale, thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly, in a well-ventilated room.

To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut off a piece of the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour; then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

When a Mr. Blank, of Buena Vista, Ga., became engaged to his present wife a number of years ago he gave her a yearling heifer in lieu of an engagement ring. This living pledge of their troth has given forth increase until the lady now has a handsome herd of cattle, which the husband is anxious to sell. Mrs. Blank, however, refuses to part with the cattle.

THE SONG OF THE FOOL

Within my sanctum snug I sit,
And watch the world go round and round;
My ink is dry, my pen is split,
My pen and scissors can't be found.

Ah! joy for me, my work is dropped;
For who can work without his tools?
True, as you say, my pay is stopped,
But money is not good for fools.

So foolish here I sit and dream
Within my sanctum's scanty bound;
I touch no pen to thought or theme,
But watch the world go round and round.

With sweat and struggle, toil and pain,
From dawn of day to set of sun,
With lust of power and greed of gain,
With battles lost and victories won,

With hate and fear and bitter strife,
With treacherous blow and angry wound,
While I, the fool, in happier life,
Just watch the world go round and round.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Risings are treated so summarily in Russia that even yeast is afraid to do its duty.

When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.—*Merchant Traveler.*

How would it work for the women suffragists to colonize and govern the territory of No Man's Land?

Schools of herring are striking in toward the American shore. They obeyed the orders of the swimming delegate.

After all, it is perhaps appropriate that physicians' prescriptions should be written in Latin, a dead language.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

In view of his preference for a "shining mark," it is a little strange that death doesn't capture more bootblacks.—*Danville Breeze.*

When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.

An Illinois man who went fishing with Lincoln fifty years ago threatens to sue the *Century Magazine* for not printing his picture.—*Life.*

Now does each side in Congress
Declare in hot ferment,
That the other eyes the surplus
With burglarious intent.

—*Tid-Bits.*

A burglar in Harlem took, among other things, a cornet belonging to an amateur, and the neighbors are trying to raise a fund of $500,000 to bribe the thief to return some night and carry off the amateur.—*New York Times.*

Oh, sad is the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still;
And sad is the winter without any ice
The ice dealer's house to fill.
But saddest of all the things I know
Is the toboggan slide without any snow.

—*Courier-Journal.*

Chicago Lady (to husband)—"My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal today?" Husband—"Yes." Chicago Lady—"And my shoes?" Husband—"Yes, and" (peering out of the window) "there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the shoes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Why wouldn't it be a good idea if somebody should get up a code of signals showing how people feel, thus saving much wind in asking "How are you?" and kindred questions? There might be a white lapel button for "Pretty well," a red one for "So-so," and a blue one for "I feel like the deuce." They could easily be made quite as trustworthy as the weather signals, and would fill a long felt want.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cannibal Island Currency.

Mr. Walter Coote has described some curious moneys of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. On one of the islands he noticed a neatly-kept house, which he was told was the money house. Entering it, he found a number of maps hanging from the roof, beneath which a fire was constantly kept up, under the effect of which they become covered with a black, glistening coating and adorned with festoons of soot. It was a man's business to keep the fire always burning, and so low as not to scorch the maps. A well-colored map is worth about as much as a well-grown, vigorous boar. This is the strangest of all kinds of money, for it must never be taken from the money house, even when the title of it is transferred from one owner to another. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz Island use for money, rope-ends, about an inch thick, and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist. The traveler could not obtain new coins of this kind, but found them current everywhere. The specimens he bought were already old, and the feathers grown dingy. The money of the Solomon Islands consisted of neatly-worked pieces of shell of about the size of our shirt-buttons. They are strung on strings about four yards long, and are distinguished under the names of red and white money. Dog-teeth are of higher value, and comparable to our gold coins. They are usually worn on a string around the neck. Mr. Coote saw a necklace of this kind that was valued at about $100. Marble rings are also worn for ornaments, and as valuable money.

She Brought the Road to Terms.

The second railway built in this country, we believe, was a short line of twenty miles from Niagara Falls to Lockport, the track made of wooden scantling or string pieces with strap iron laid on top for rails. By the way, these often turned up one end and, catching above the wheel, came piercing up through the bottom of the car. The engines of those days were of course very weak in power. On this railroad was a light grade for a few hundred feet. Near this lived a widow woman who had a large fat hog which one day got upon the track and was killed. The railway people refused to pay her for it, on the ground that the hog had no business on the road. She had the lard tried out, and after failing to get anything from the railway, she spread this lard liberally upon the rails for a considerable distance along the ascending grade. The engine having then no "sanding" arrangement, it was unable to climb the grade; and as often as they sprinkled sand on the track by hand and had passed by, she swept it off and applied more lard. The result was, the railway company paid her all she asked for the hog.—*Prairie Farmer.*