

"A step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated food and drink Blue Ribbon Beryl Tea.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Autumn Styles.

Coral is to be one of the most fashionable colors this fall. It is to be used for the neck and belt, and also in dress trimmings.

Although few people will welcome their advent, fringes are to be worn this coming season. With the over-skirt drapery they can be used to good effect.

Plaids in skirts are already seen, many of them worn with shirt waists, which are matched in color. Later, according to the fashion magazines, we shall see them used for the polonaise as well.

Tailor-made suits are to be worn as much, if not more than they have been this summer. They fit the figure with such good grace that women are unwilling to give up this useful as well as trim-looking costume.

China silk hoods for evening are quite in vogue according to Paris styles. They are made large enough so that the hair need not be disarranged in adjusting them, and in some places they are displacing hats and bonnets almost entirely.

Nothing is prettier for the first-needed thick waist this fall than a stylish shirt waist. If the collar is made adjustable, this will give an opportunity for a great many changes in neckwear. Nowadays this is as important as to have a good many changes in the waists themselves. The belt worn should be narrow, of silk or beads.

A Significant Utterance.

Coming as it does from Mrs. Ellen Heron, for four years the chief of American club women, this recent utterance is significant. "The older I grow, and the more I see of the world, the more firmly I am convinced that it is inherent in the divine order of society that the highest intellect among women, the best she has to offer, should be given to the home."—Bertha Damaris Knott, in the September Woman's Home Companion.

Sewing in Schools.

Ninety thousand children were instructed in sewing in the public schools of New York city last year. The value of such teaching, in inculcating neatness, precision and economy, can be seen by a single contrast. "What is that sharp thing with a hole at one end?" recently inquired a girl at a vacation school. She had never seen a needle before. "What does your mother do with your clothes when they have holes?" asked the patient teacher. "Throw them away, of course. What else could she do with them?"

Longfellow's Advice.

Madame de Navarre gives some charming pictures of Longfellow in "A Few Memories." She says that every conversation with him led to some good result. His first advice to her was: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or on canvas—bear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself."

"Longfellow was a great lover of music, and Wagner appealed to him strongly. We heard several operas together in Boston after my engagement there. He generally appeared before us, armed with flowers, and full of delightful anticipations. On one of these occasions someone sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor, I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so."

"Put down my simple flowers," he said, "and take up the beautiful flowers. It will satisfy the giver, who is no doubt in the house. Try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure; it will make you happier and better."

"Kindness was the keynote of his character. No inconvenience to himself was too great if it did turn to anyone else at the end of it."

Luncheon Pancakes.

A good recipe for tea or luncheon pancakes is as follows: Take three eggs, one pint milk, small teacup level full of flour, sifted, and a saltspoon of salt. Beat the eggs, then add to the milk which has been mixed with the flour, and beat well. Drop by small

MR. JOHN R. SMITH,

A well known gentleman of Lake Stream, N. B., speaks willingly of the good effects of Laxa-Liver Pills.

Week by week and month by month the demand for Laxa-Liver Pills steadily increases.

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spoonfuls into boiling fat, and when cooked place upon common wrapping-paper to drain. Serve on dish covered with ornamental paper, dropping a spoonful of jam upon every cake.

The Art of Carving

A saddle of mutton should be carved in long slices, half lean half fat. A cut should be made down the whole length parallel with the backbone, and slices cut diagonally from the center of the back to the end of the ribs. A leg of mutton should be held with the fork, so that the inner side is toward the carver. The knife must be inserted near the thickest part, but must not cut through to the bone. The slices should not be too thin, but rather wedge-shaped, the first one not being removed until two or three incisions have been made. The knuckle end is more glutinous than the other, and is consequently regarded by some as a delicacy. When the center of the meat is insufficiently cooked to please a guest, the knuckle end will often be found in much more suitable condition. In carving a loin, a chop should be given to each person.

A shoulder of mutton is as easy to manipulate, once the right side to cut is decided on; this can easily be ascertained by trying where the fork goes through on the forepart, the meat being then cut in rather thick pieces. The under or inside should be carved in thinner slices, lengthways.

A sirloin of beef, having two qualities, requires different treatment, the upper part being cut lengthways with the rib, the undercut being sliced across. Some very delicate fat will be found at the end of the undercut, a tiny portion of which should accompany each helping.

A loin of veal should be cut across through the thick part in very thin slices, and a small piece of the kidney and its fat should be sent to those who like it. The fillet is carved in thin slices horizontally, like a round of beef. When carving a tongue, cut straight through the thickest part, leaving, however, sufficient to keep the two parts together. The slice should not be too thin, and a wedge of fat should be cut from the knuckle end (which should be turned to the carver's left hand) in thin slices, sloping toward the right.

It is usual to carve the under side before commencing the upper side, and the slices, though cut thinly, should be less so than those from the top. Cut right down to the bone, very straight, leaving no holes or ridges, a portion of the streaky fat or thin end, being given with the meat from the upper side.

The carving of a fowl is not quite such an easy matter, and a certain amount of practice is required before complete success can be obtained. Insert the fork into the breast of the bird and pass the knife between the legs and the body, pressing the former outward and dividing the joints. Cut along the breast, a little way down the side, leaving some of the white meat on either side of the breastbone; then cut down until the joint is reached, and take off the wings. Now remove the merry thought by inserting the knife across the breastbone, sloping it outward, and cut the slices on each side the central bone. In carving a capon, a succession of slices must be cut from the breast, taking the first slice from near the wing.

Pheasants should be carved in like manner, but smaller birds, such as partridges, pigeons, snipe, etc., should be divided down through the center, unless, of course, the partridge is large, when the leg and wing may be taken off and the breast divided.

Do not forget to give a portion of any accompaniment sent to table with the various dishes, such as stuffing, sippets of toast, fat, etc.

Boys and Girls.

The Artist.

Miss Dorothy Dot, with her pencil and slate, Climbed on Grandpapa's knee, as he sat by the grate.

Saying, 'I've drawn a picture as well as I can, Of the Japanese screen and Aunt Charity Ann.'

Grandpapa took the slate. "Here's the screen, I declare, With the dragon so fierce, he quite gives me as care."

"But I can't see Aunt Charity." "Certainly not, For she's 'hind of the screen!" cries Dorothy Dot.

Mr. Green's Garden.

Next to the small red cottage where Archie and Nellie King lived there was a large vacant lot with a high fence around it. The only yard the Kings had was a narrow strip back of the house, and as they had once lived in the country this seemed very small to the children, and they used to peep through the cracks in the fence and wish they could get over there among the weeds to play.

Archie was nine years old, but a hurt received when he was a baby made him lame, and Nellie, who was two years younger, was almost as tall. Their father was dead, and Archie was very anxious to help his mother, who had to work hard to support them; but there did not seem to be anything for such a little boy to do except to be useful at home, and he tried to be that.

On the other side of the vacant lot there was a shop that had been uncoccupied for a long time. One morning when the children passed on their way to school, the door was wide open, and a tall, rosy-faced man stood there superintending the carrying in of a quantity of lumber. He nodded pleasantly to them in a way that said quite plainly, "I like the little people. I was young once myself."

It was not long before they found out that his name was Green, and that he had rented the shop for some sort of carpentering work. One day when they were at play in the back yard, the children discovered some men cutting down weeds in the vacant lot.

"Why have you got to do it, aise, but then, flowers would have to be weeded and watered. So without saying anything to anyone, Archie slipped over to the shop next day. When he was fairly inside the door his heart almost failed him, and when Mr. Green looked up from his desk, where he was writing, and exclaimed, "Hello! Where did you come from?" he was startled to find a young boy standing before him. He didn't, however, but went bravely up to the desk.

"I've come to see if you don't want a boy to weed your garden, sir. I know how to do it, and I am anxious to find a place, because I am no one else to help mother. Nellie would help, too, and we'd be very careful."

Mr. Green looked down at him with an odd expression in his eyes, as he said, "So you want to weed my garden, do you? Well, I may need a boy by and by, when my crop begins to grow."

The children went away for several weeks and came home late one evening. Early next day they ran out to see how Mr. Green's garden was coming on, and behind instead of potatoes and cabbages, or even flowers, there were two rows of gaily-painted swings! There were single swings, and double swings, and the children were kept off the sun. The ground was covered with tan-bark, except around the edge, where there was a border of grass, and the board fence on the street had been replaced by an iron one with a gate, above which was the sign, "The Automatic Swing Company."

While the children were gazing at this surprising sight, Mr. Green came walking down between the rows of swings and asked them how they liked his garden. They liked it very much, indeed, but Archie knew how to help. "I'm disappointed until Mr. Green said, 'I have to be in the shop most of the time, and I want someone to stay around here and let me know when customers come in. Do you think you and Nellie could do this?' Of course, I expect you to swing a good deal, for that will help to advertise."

So it happened that all through the summer, in pleasant weather, sashers by saw two blue-eyed children in a swing near the gate, and if anyone entered, he was met by Archie with, "Do you want to look at swings? We have some very nice ones. I'll call Mr. Green."

The Automatic Swing Company did a good business that season, and every Saturday the children dropped a silver quarter into their bank, and even Archie came to the conclusion that for town a swing-garden was better than a vegetable garden.

—Mary F. Leonard.

The Poets.

Play Softly, Boys.

I'm thinkin' av the golden head I nestled to my breast; They're tellin' me, 'He's better off,' And sayin' 'I don't know' feel— But oh, my heart is breakin'! And the wild, wild waves at play Where the golden head is buried low Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the rough eyes Of tender Irish gray; They're tellin' me, 'He's better off,' And sayin' 'I don't know' feel— But oh, my heart is breakin'! And the wild, wild waves at play And my baby's eyes all closed in death Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the little hands That's fastened round my heart; They're tellin' me, 'Have courage, Sure life's to meet and part.' But oh, my heart is breakin'! And the wild, wild waves at play And my baby's hands so stiff and cold, Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the noble boy, The knight in shining armor; They're tellin' me, 'How brave he was— And foremost in the fray!' But oh, my heart is breakin'! And the wild, wild waves at play, And my baby and my soldier dead, Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know you will, Rememberin' I was away— My boy who proudly marched with ye, On last St. Patrick's Day. Play softly, boys, I knew ye will, And the wild, wild waves at play, And your comin' lyin' lonely, Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know ye will, And hush this pain to rest— And soothe the bitter agony, That's tearin' at my breast. How can ye march at all, at all, And the wild, wild waves at play, And the boy who loved ye lyin' cold Close to Manila Bay.

—Teresa B. O'Shea.

In the Twilight.

My hands are growing weary, While from my setting sun The gold is slowly fading, And so much work undone.

Now every passing moment, Some task unfinished brings To hands grown weary doing So many useless things.

My feet are also weary; The ways they walk are hard, The thorns have held and hurt them, The stones have left them scarred.

Here, in the gathering twilight, They falter now and fall, Poor feet that stray so often The straight and narrow trail.

Away off in a canyon I hear a lost sheep cry,

And on the perfect pathway See happy souls go by.

But, O! my soul is weary And as wearily I plod, And all because I've wandered So far away from God.

—Cy Warman.

Fate.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare, The spray of the tempest is white in air; The winds are out with the waves of play, And I shall not attempt the sea to-day."

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim, The panther clings to the arching limb; And the lion's whelps are abroad at play, And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea, And the hunters came from the chase in glee; And the town that was built upon a rock Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

CONUNDRUM LUNCHEON

Young Hostess Got It Up for a Number of Classmates—Each Menu a Tiny Booklet, With Courses To Be Guessed.

Few events of a social nature have been conducive of more genuine amusement and pleasure than the conundrum luncheon given not long ago by a young lady for a number of her classmates, going off to school. As nothing was said in the invitations to indicate wherein it differed from the usual afternoon luncheon, the guests were unprepared for the novel feature which awaited them.

The class colors being lavender and white, the table was decorated with a bow of violets encircled by white carnations.

The violets were tied up in separate bouquets, and after the repast was over one of these was presented to each guest as she left the table.

At each place was a dainty little booklet, the outside being decorated with a tiny bunch of violets, which were passed through a slit cut in the cover and fastened with a narrow white ribbon; in the lower left hand corner was written the date and the name of the guest. Inside was the menu, the different courses being designated by conundrums, each one of which, the hostess explained, must be guessed before it was brought on the table.

At the last announcement the guests looked a little dubious, but they were all bright girls, and, as the conundrums were not so very difficult, no one was obliged to go hungry. Later, when they had adjourned to the next room, very pretty prizes were given to the best guessers.

The following is the menu as it appeared, the answers being put in brackets:

At a dinner or luncheon I'm always first served; The honor, I think, is most truly deserved; I'm made from a fruit often green, often red, But generally best when the latter, 'tis said. [Tomato Soup.]

I'm green when I'm ripe, and I grow on a tree, A favorite fruit of the Spanish grandee. [Olives.]

I'm seasoned and placed before this company, In shape like the eye of a heathen Chinese. [Salted Almonds.]

They bake me and fry me and boil and that; I'm the favorite of Biddy and Michael and Pat. [Potato.]

I am neither a bird, nor a beast, nor a fish, Yet when I am fried I'm a very good dish, And when I am young I am covered with down; I'm fresh in the country, but seldom in town. [Chicken.]

I'm a greenish gray color, all dotted with brown, I am found on the coast, but am forced into town, When I am much frightened I hide in the sand, But I am caught in a net by an unfeeling hand; And as I at present appear on the scene, You'll find me yellow and pinkish and green. [Shrimp Salad.]

Although cold by nature, I am favored by all, And there's scarcely a dinner A luncheon or a party present; At which I'm not present; And I'm happy to say, There is no house in town Where I've not the "entree." [Ice Cream.]

Light as a snowflake, white as milk, Fit for a princess dressed in silk. [Angel's Food.]

In shape like a cookie, And of me you can make Many things on which an epicure may dine; You can use me in pudding, and also in cake; In any case I think I'm very fine. But when I'm in a drink You sit and sip and think, And then the ladies all my praises sing. And say unto their beaux: Now, dearest, goodness knows, Of all the nectars, this is just the chow. [Chocolate.]

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Of the Heart Sufferer is Not Too Late for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart to Give Relief in 30 Minutes.

One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves the most acute form of heart trouble, when the Grim Reaper has all but counted the sufferer as his. This is not idle boasting. What Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has done ten thousand times, it will do again ten thousand times. It is not a cure-all, but it is a heart cure. Sold by C. McCallum & Co.

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To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for samples should be addressed to ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland.

Please mention this paper.

NUGGETS OF GOLD

Some World-Famous Finds in the Klondike and on the Pacific Coast.

[Leslie's Weekly.]

There is nothing so fascinating to a miner or prospector as the discovery of a placer mine that yields some \$500 and upwards of gold to the pan, unless it is the accidental unearthing of a nugget of the precious metal. Gold nuggets are scarce even in the Klondike; but when the miners begin to search the mountain sides and rip up the rocky basins of the earth, nuggets, stories of rich finds of nuggets will undoubtedly be added to those already circulated concerning the wonderful placer yields. A nugget of itself is a rare sight, and it is little wonder that men have lost their minds in discovering them; but nature has buried quite a number of them at odd and unexpected places in the earth. The past record of mining shows that wherever gold is found in large quantities nuggets of more or less large size are apt to be found.

Dan Hill was one of the unluckiest miners of the Pacific coast; back in the sixties, but one of the luckiest for picking up nuggets of gold. He made two rich finds in chunks of yellow metal that should have prepared a better fate for him. He died in delirium tremens in Los Angeles only a few years ago. In 1866 he dug up a lump of gold in the Ruby Belle claim, near El Dorado, which he sold for \$17,000 cash. This was the biggest amount of money he ever owned, and he lived high on it as long as it lasted. Again in 1871, when down to his last dollar, he made another lucky strike, unearthing a nugget of gold and quartz in Dutch Flats that sold for \$14,200 in San Francisco. This nugget went like the first, and the miner, poor once more, was less than a year, but he never found the third nugget, which he constantly looked for up to the time of his death.

On Aug. 14, 1889, a nugget that weighed 84 pounds, and was worth \$10,630, was found at Magalia, Butte county, by Ira A. Willard. Another was unearthed near Columbia which weighed 84 pounds and sold for \$8,500. Not far from this, in the same county, a nugget was picked up in 1849 that sold for \$7,168, although it weighed only 28 pounds. A \$10,000 nugget was washed up at French Ravine, Sierra county, two years later a second from this same place was found that sold for \$8,000.

Four-and-five-thousand-dollar nuggets were found in considerable numbers in California in the '50s, '60s and '70s. El Dorado County produced one that sold for \$4,700, another valued at \$8,000, a third worth \$5,625, a fourth worth \$2,000 and a fifth valued at \$8,500. Sierra County, besides the big chunks already mentioned, is famous for producing nuggets of lesser size. Some dozen or more, ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in value, have been found in this county. Plumas County has been one of the richest mining sections of the state; but only three large nuggets have been found there. The largest weighed 420 ounces and was worth \$6,700.

To offset these large and small nuggets, Australia, in addition to the first one mentioned, comes to the front with nuggets that are justly famed throughout the world. The "Welcome Stranger" nugget was found at Dunolly, Victoria, in 1869, and weighed 2,280 ounces gross. The "Welcome" lump was found ten years before this in the mines at Ballarat, Victoria, and weighed 2,217 ounces.

After these two big chunks came the "Blanche Barkly" found at Kingover, Victoria, in 1857, weighing a trifle over 1,740 ounces gross. The "Precious" weighed 1,621 ounces and was washed out at the Berlin diggings in 1871. The Berlin diggings also produced the "Welcome" the great lump known as "Lady Hotham." In 1854, weight 1,177 ounces, and the "A. N." weight 1,619 ounces. A mass of gold and quartz was found at Burrangong, New South Wales, in 1858, which weighed 1,286 ounces, and another near Bathurst, in 1851, with a gross weight of 1,272. Outside of Australia and the United States, large nuggets of gold have been rarely discovered. One noted exception should be mentioned. In 1842 a mass was found at Miesk, in the Ural Mountains, which weighed 1,158 ounces.

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