Grandpa as a Masher.

Chicago Herald:

Gran'pa's locks are white as snow,
Thos he still possesses,
Ghosts of years of long ago,
Wraiths of boyhood's tresses.
Wrinkles o'er his features thin
Zigzag without apply,
Like the streets and alleys in
Famous Boston City.

Time has bent his form with years,
And his legs are thinner
And less comely than the shears
Used by any sinner,
Lonely was he once and gay,
Full of manhood's graces,
But of that long vanished day
There are now few traces.

Yet he in his youthful pride
Pleased the fair sex greatly;
Many lassies for him sighed,
Many ladies stately.
Hearts once throbbed and ached for him,
Tears wet silken lashes,
But those eyes in death are dim
And those hearts are ashes.

Gran'pa has one sweetheart yet,
Daintiest of creatures,
Whose two eyes of deepest jet
Still approve his features.
Nellie is her name, you see,
And if I remember
What her age is, she was three
Some time last December!

Oft her hand, so chubby fair,
O'er his face she passes
Tenderly, and with great care
Not to touch his glasses.
Oft his form I've seen her scan
And I've caught her saying:
"Gran'pa's such a handsome man"—
Thus her love betraying.

Faces and Faces.

Chicago Post:

What a study are the faces
One may see in busy places,
Some are like a gleam of sunshine, others like a cloud of care.
Some are filled with joy and gladness,
Others wear a shade of sadness:
Pretty photographs of pleasure, ragged stockings of despair.

This is sweet as budding roses,
That a withered hope discloses,
Who can guess why some are sunny while the others are forlorn?
Who can tell if an expression
Sad and deep is a confession
Of a broken heart, or piety, or just a painful corn?

The Political Procesh.

Washington Post:

A long and oft-repeated yell,
Some torches all in line;
Some speakers who have paused to tell
Of prospects wondrous fine.
Some red fire making things look gay—
The glee club's glad refrain,
And then we may take breath and say
"The country's safe again."

A Very Odd Girl.

In school she ranks above her mates,
And wins the highest prizes;
She bounds correctly all the States,
And tells what each one's size is;
In class she will not prompt a friend,
For she doesn't believe in telling;
She heeds the rules from end to end,
And never fails in spelling.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!
Say all the school of Esther Lee.

She keeps her room as neat as wax,
And laughs at Peter's mockings;
She mends Priscilla's gloves and snoques,
And darns the family stockings;
She dusts the sitting-room for Kate,
She cares for baby brother;
She fashions balls and kites for Nate,
And runs for tired mother.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all at home of Esther Lee.

For little crippled Mary Betts
She saves her brightest pennies;
She never sulks or frets
If she doesn't win at tennis;
With happy words she is sure to greet
Children in lowly byways;
She guides unsteady aged feet
Across the bustling highways.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the town of Esther Lee.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS":

A Tale of the American Revolution.

PRELUDE.

That portion of the State of Maryland embraced in the peninsula which separates the waters of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and which is known as the Eastern Shore, has shared the usual fate of slave-holding communities since the emancipation.

Many parts of the low, flat country lie untilled in the present labor difficulties for lack of farm hands, the negroes, as in many parts of the South, having flocked to the neighboring cities. Numbers of the proprietors, the old families, have left their impoverished plantations to be cultivated on shares by tenants of the overseer or poorer white class.

Stately homesteads, dating from colonial times, are found here and there, deserted and dismantled, sad reminders of days of past prosperity, when these isolated and now obscure counties were noted for an elegant and hospitable society.

In Queen Anne County, at the mouth of the Chester River, stands an old, square brick house, high above the shelving shore, down to which slopes what was once a terraced garden. From here, looking westward, past two capes of meadow-land, jutting on either side where the salt water tide ourls over the placid shallows, the water stretches out and meets the blank horizon, relieved sometimes by a far-off sail or a faint cloud of smoke from a passing steamer. Deserted by its present owners, the house, its bricks discolored with time, its grass overgrown with rank weeds, stands, which it has become merely a useless appendage.

In the large dale before the eastern front, crows have nested, rising in flocks above the gable roof, mingling their harsh caws with the scream of an errant sea-gull. The woodwork of the porch has rotted into gaps, where toads and snails abide; the shutters have fallen, and blank windows yawn like eyeless sockets.

The upper terrace is stiff with untrimmed and straggling box bushes bordering the walks, grown up with weeds, and blurred into an indistinguishable mass of decay. Above the tops of the other trees, a tall Lombardy poplar reaches its dead branches upward, standing sentinel through all the changing seasons. Spring rains beat upon the yellow weed-stalks, summer suns caress the roses that bloom unseen in the rank greenness, and ripen the apples in the orchard, and in winter the winds wail around the dead home.

To the left, shut in by a crumbling brick wall overgrown with the periwinkle, is the family burying ground, in which no one now is interested save an old woman, who comes once a year to visit the grave of a baby buried fifty years ago.

The graves are hidden by a network of vines; but in one corner, side by side, are portions of two marble slabs, each broken, and connected by a cross-piece, running from one to the other. On this cross-piece, with some difficulty, the following inscriptions are deciphered:

"THOMAS WHITEHEALL ROZIER,
Died, aged 24 . . . 177—.
"ELIZABETH VAUGHAN,
Died, aged 19 . . . 17—.
"In their deaths they were not divided."

A hundred years ago, then, two lovers walked through this garden. The roses bloomed then as now; the same sun shone on them over a hundred years ago as it shines on us now, and will shine, God help us! when we in our turn shall have become mere conjectures—names half effaced from broken slabs.

Let us pick up that slide of Time's magic lantern which goes by the name of the eighteen century, and live for a while in the days of cocked hats, powdered hair, and sedan chairs, hays of incipient revolution, pregnant with Declaration of Independence, when the colonists, protesting against the unjust taxes imposed by a good, stupid German King and a body of short-sighed legislators in knee-breeches, were in the throes of impending conflict.

CHAPTER I.

Late one evening in the early part of November, 1774, the road between the corner of the Vaughan meadow and the lights of the little village of Kingston stretched out bare and lonely amid the dusky setting of the fields, before the swift steps of a girl hurrying through the cool twilight, and facing the west. The curtain of gray clouds, torn just above the horizon, showed the crimson after-glow of sunset, against which stood in silhouette the roof and chimneys of a large mansion.

A chill wind blew from the marshes, flapping her mantle about her and tangling her hair across her face. To Elizabeth Vaughan, walking rapidly toward the lonely house, it seemed some old, haunted scale of romance, to which her dog, an evil, dark familiar, disappearing now and then in the bushes, was luring her.

Entering the gate, the night deepened under two rows of mulberry trees arching above the carriage-way. At home here, she relaxed her pace with a feeling of security.

Dry leaves rustled under foot. Above, the clear sky shone through a lattice-work of naked branches, to which a few near leaves shiveringly clung. Before her was the front of a square brick house, from which a glow of warmth was diffused through red curtains in two windows on the ground floor. Here she paused and drew a long breath, with face uplifted to the stars, drinking in the peaceful darkness and silence, unbroken save by the irregular tinkle of a cow-bell and the twitter of birds in the ivy covering the front of the house. The garden gate clicked behind her, and a figure came slowly across the lawn toward the right, where the barn and negro quarters were massed in shadow. Suddenly the figure paused, and she heard a low, agitated whisper: "Who's dat?"

"Well, Uncle Moses, is that you?"

"Oh, Miss Betty, yer gimme a big scare. Leastwiss, for a minute I 'spictioned it might be a sperrit, for the Scripture' is dat Satan goes about like a roarin' lion, seekin' fur ter devour."

"But you didn't hear any roar."

"Dat's de truf, dat's de truf, honey. I didn't hear de roar, but a man ain't argyin' wid hisse'f when he's skeered. 'Tain't often I does forgit ter arguly; fur w'at; sez de Scripture? Man hes got ter live by reason an' de law. Chile, dere ain't a day or a hour dat I ain't watchin' fur de debil."

"Have you ever seen him, uncle?"

"Honey, I hes cotched an' seen him dis day, fur ef he ain't possessin' dat ole black Charlotte, I ain't got no right ter exhort an' preach."

A tap on the window called her attention. One of the curtains were lifted and Aunt Barbara appeared, beckoning her to enter. She hurried toward the house, calling out, "Good-night, Uncle Moses."

Deprived of the pleasure of describing the nature of the particular "sperrit" possessing his better half, whether it was the arch-fiend himself or only a wandering, insignificant "supe," Uncle Moses mumbled something, probable an exorcism, and shuffled off disconsolately across the grass.

As Betty entered the dining-room, Miss Bab threw up her hands.

"Goodness gracious, Elizabeth Vaughan!" she cried, "the idea of your standing there in the night air! Do you wish to die of a rheum?"

"Do I look like the victim of an untimely grave?" laughed Betty, throwing off her mantle and large hat, and displaying her slender figure, that was graceful even under the ungraceful *negligee*, a loose sacque over a full petticoat. A mass of waving red-brown hair was drawn back from the oval face, which had irregular, expressive features, and a clear complexion, slightly freckled. Her greatest beauty was her eyes, large and of a changing gray, fringed with black lashes. The red lips were sensitive and variable, and her smiling, furtive dimples and white teeth belied her grave and dreamy eyes.

"Do I look like dying yet?" she asked.

"Mercy! child, looks don't count. I'll bring you a draught of Jesuit's bark after you get to bed, and you may escape."

Miss Babb's plain face, patient and marked by those lines which sickness and sorrow stamp upon the countenances of many middle-aged women, labored under some unwonted excitement; so Betty refrained from questions, knowing that the secret would give additional pleasure to her aunt by being thus suppressed.

The room was cheerful, with a blazing fire of logs in the wide fireplace. A branched candlestick shone on the polished surface of the long mahogany table, which over here, Mistress Rozier asked me to deliver the invitation."

"Really?" asked Betty, opening her eyes and flushing with interest. "Will I go, Bab? Did you ask Aunt Clem?"

"'Tis going to be truly grand; besides Jake and Sam, the negro fiddlers, there are two men coming from Annapolis to play the horn, and a real hairdresser will be over Mr. Piddleman's store to dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair in the latest mode."

"Of course Aunt Clem will let me go; won't she, Bab? What will I wear?"

"And what do you think the bride was dressed in?"

"Aha.

And what do you think the bride was dressed in?"

A green-green frock and a new gold breastpin,

Aha!"

she sang, lifting her frock and dancing along the floor. "Just see me take my steps for the minuet."

"Child, child," said Miss Bab, "you've got to get old too. Ask Clementina if you can go when she comes in, if she is in a pleasing frame of mind."

(To be Continued.)

Home-Returning Chinamen.

Forward, between decks, are more than a hundred Chinese steerage passengers,—mostly reposing in their rude wooden bunks, since it is too cold and rough upon deck for them. Some chat, some sleep, many smoking opium;—a few are gambling. At a low table covered with a bamboo mat, the game of *fan-tan* is being played by the light of three candles. A silent ring of watchers and wagerers presses closely about the table;—from surrounding bunks, others look down; and the yellow candle glare, coloring all these impassive faces, makes their placid race-smile seem as the smiling of gilded idols in some mysterious pagoda.

Deep in the hold below, sixty square boxes are,—much resembling tea-chests,—covered with Chinese lettering. Each contains the bones of a dead man—bones being sent back to melt into that Chinese soil from whence, by nature's vital chemistry, they were shaped. And those whose labelled bones are rolling to and fro in the dark below, as she plunging steamer rocks and shudders, once also passed this ocean on just such a ship—and smoked or dreamed their time away in just such berths—and played the same strange play by such a yellow light in even just such an atmosphere, heavy with vaporized opium.

Very silent the playing is. Scarcely a word is uttered despite of losses or gains. From the deck overhead, an odd chant echoes loudly down—the chant of the sailors over the anchor. First one utters a snarling sharp cry, like a cat's cry of anger—*Youyee!* Then all the others shrill together *Yo wo!*—as they pull at the ropes.

"Joss paper" has been strewn about—doubtless to propitiate the gods of that most eastern East to which we westwardly sail. Perhaps those ancient gods will hearken to the prayers of their pastor worshippers, and make smooth the menacing face of this turbulent sea.—From "A Winter Journey to Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn, in "Harper's Magazine" for November.

A Game and Fish Commission.

In pursuance of the recommendation of a Select Committee of the Legislature appointed last session for the purpose of considering certain proposed amendments to the game laws, and the deference to suggestions from various quarters calling for a more effectual protection of fish, the Ontario Government has just issued a royal commission to inquire into and report upon the whole subject in so far as this Province is concerned. The commission is directed to Richard Allan Lucas, merchant, Hamilton; Robert G. Harvey, railway manager, Brockville; John H. Willmott, Beaumaris, in the district of Muskoka; G. A. McCallum, M. D., Dunnville; Walter I. Pulford, carriage manufacturer, Leamington; John Mitchell, accountant, Guelph; Alex. H. Taylor, Ottawa, and A. D. Stewart, agent, Hamilton. Dr. McCallum has been appointed chairman and Mr. Stewart secretary of the commission. They are instructed to consider the advisability of dividing the Province into districts for fish and game protection purposes, and to report what, in their opinion, would in such case be the proper close season for each district. In the event of a district system not being thought advisable, the commissioners are to suggest such changes, if any, in the present close seasons as are necessary or advisable, making special reference to the spring shooting of game or any class or classes thereof. They are also to ascertain how far deer are in danger of extermination under existing laws, and to report the approximate number of deer roaming and where found in the Province, with such suggestions of a practical nature as may be thought advisable, having regard to the more effective protection of that game. In their report reference will be made to such game laws of the neighboring States as have a bearing on the interests of game or fish protection in this Province.

Miss Slattern.

The girl who goes round the house in a soiled skirt and slouch waist, slip shod and hair tumbled, need not expect to be the darling of a man's heart for any length of time. A corset is a necessity to a pillow-figured woman and a blessing to the one who loses plump without a rival. Cottons and wash fabrics may be bought for 6 cents a yard, had at the dress makers for a few paltry dollars, and the woman who cannot fashion a pilgrim skirt and sailor blouse in a couple of days ought to attend an industrial school for a week. Two or three dimes invested in ribbons and colored cambric will brighten the collar and belt, and the wife, sister or niece who cannot look fresh, sweet and pretty in it deserves the neglect she will get. Men love white gowns, blue ribbons and fluttering lace. Wish muslin a dime a yard and pink, blue, cream and crimson ribbon a dollar a bolt, why can't the fancy be humored? Brace up, Miss Slattern! Take a reef in at the belt line, keep your hair dressed, your shoes laced, your skirts pulled back, and let the rose be your model of sweetness and simplicity.

Coronets of Nobility.

French counts have nine equal pearls in their coronets.

The British baron is entitled to a coronet of four big pearls.

The English viscount has a coronet of seven pearls of equal size.

The earl's coronet shows five small pearls and four strawberry leaves.

The English marquis is entitled to three strawberry leaves and two pearls.

French marquises bear three strawberry leaves and two clusters of three small pearls.

French viscounts are entitled to a coronet containing three large pearls and two smaller ones.

French barons are not entitled to a coronet, but to what is called a bortil, a circle of gold having a necklace of tiny pearls turned three times around it.

The German prince's coronet is very peculiar with its graceful curves of pearls, its ermine circlet and the globe and cross, indicative of an imperial grant.

An Awkward Change of Vows.

The change of one little letter of the alphabet in even a short word has caused many a ludicrous and awkward mistake. Here is a case in point in the shape of a story about a curate, a rector, and a telegraphic clerk. The curate had come up to town on a short holiday from a country parish, when, on the last day of his leave of absence, he was invited by a clerical friend to accompany him to the Church Congress, which was to open on the next day. He telegraphed to his rector: "I should like to attend the Congress if you can spare me a few days longer. Kindly wire whether you wish me to return to Little Poplington to-morrow, or to go on to Hull." The rector, who is a man of few words, promptly wired in reply, "Go to Hull." But, whether through the carelessness on the profanity of the telegraphist, the "n" was transformed to "e" in the message.

Justice Duffy to New York saloon-keeper violating the Sunday law: "Every saloon-keeper for the past fifteen years who has been arrested and brought to the Essex Police Court has said that he was only cleaning up. I'm tired of it. Why don't you invent a new excuse? Say that you came down to feed the canary; that your old tom cat was having a fit behind the bar; that there were rats in your bottles; that the water was leaking; that the gas was escaping—anything but cleaning up. Now you are discharged."

—He—Why did your pastor object to your going to the ball game? She—He said the umpire wasn't a Christian.

Customer—I want a pound of quinine and two quarts of whiskey. Druggist—I'm sorry to say, sir, that we're just out of quinine. Customer, brightening up—Make is three quarts of whiskey.

—Doctors take but little physic.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug! Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one seven years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cosy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year write as does E. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7th, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably will ever be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Curious Condensations.

The Michigan University has twenty-five Japanese students this year.

A Wisconsin packing company has paid out $36,000 for encumbers this fall.

Over 6,000 men in the United States struck during the month of September

There are thirty-one millionaires in Denver, and thirty-five men worth, on the average, $500,000 each.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable.

A western cowboy committed suicide because a 13 year-old girl refused to marry him.

A Georgia man has raised a Mexican cucumber weighing 35 pounds. It resembled a green citron.

The name of Wayne is the title or part of the title of more places in the United States than any other.

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a well and stayed there fourteen days before his owner found him. He was taken out and is doing well.

A Michigan country farm, which exported 20,000 barrels of apples last year, did not produce enough for home consumption this season.

The sixteenth child of a Wisconsin couple arrived the other day and preparations were immediately begun for the reception of the seventeenth.

A Michigan hunter attempted to use his gun for a cane. He will neither hunt nor walk for some time to come, although the doctors expect to save his life.

Two centenarians have died in Barry county, Michigan, since the census man started on his rounds, but Miss Anna Demmund, 102 years old, and the oldest of the lot, still lives.

One of the sights near Nebraska City is a massive stone temple built by the Mormons in honor of Joseph Smith after their expulsion from Nauvoo. It was also used as a fort.

Social Laws for Girls.

You think the laws of society are severe. You do not believe that conventionality is a great sword held up, not to strike you, but to protect you, and you shrug your pretty shoulders and say, "I know I was doing nothing wrong, and I don't care what people say." Now, my dear, you must care what people say; the world is a great judgment court, and usually the innocent and the ignorant are protected by it, though occasionally, some one falling into the mire of scandal and gossip, is brought into the court all bedraggled and disfigured, and the judge, not being able to see the virtue that is underneath, decides against the victim, and all because she did not care what the world said. I wish you would think even of the most innocent things.

Sometimes I fear you think I am a little bit severe, but I have known so many girls who were so thoughtless, yet so good, and who only found protection in the sword of conventionality. It may hang over your head, as did that of Damocles, but it is as a warning. It will protect you from evil-speaking, from the making of injudicious friends, and it will insure you much more pleasure than if all the world ran helter-skelter and became like a wild Irish fair day.

Conventionality protects you, as does the best mother, frowning at and forbidding not only that which is, but also that which looks, wrong.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Peculiar Manitoba Indians.

In Manitoba and the western parts of British America, where I spent some time this summer, I came in contact with a very peculiar race of Indians. They belong to no particular tribe, and in fact, to no particular race, having Indian, Scotch and French blood in their veins. They are the descendants of the old Scotch agents of the Hudson Bay company and their Indian wives, with a dash of French blood from the Canadian woodsmen. Their hair is frequently of a light brown and wavy. They speak bad French and all have the broad Scotch burr. They hold themselves aloof from the full-blooded Indians and the French half-bloods, and are the best carriers to be found, for no other Indians can compare with them as runners. Sixty miles a day is no uncommon journey for them. By constant intermarriage they have preserved and strengthened their peculiarities, and consider themselves a separate tribe. They number about 5,000.—*Winnipeg Interview.*

WINNING ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

Tom Loates still continues at the top of the list of winning jockeys on the flat in England. Here is the list up to Oct. 31st:

Jockey.	First	Second	Third	Unpl.	Tl
1—T. Loates	134	110	65	228	537
2—G. Barrett	100	85	99	217	501
3—J. Watts	80	54	51	160	345
4—S. Loates	71	59	63	151	344
5—F. Bickaby	71	48	49	190	348
6—J. Fagan	65	56	39	95	257
7—T. Cannon	63	55	39	99	256
8—T. Calder	63	55	39	157	314
9—R. Woodburn	49	49	50	198	346
10—T. Weston	47	40	42	86	215
11—A. White	39	35	41	190	305
12—F. Barrett	35	36	36	113	211
13—J. Osborne	37	30	31	121	219
14—G. Chaloner	36	35	28	157	256
15—S. Chandley	36	34	34	160	264
16—M. Cannon	36	30	45	158	269
17—J. Liddiard	36	30	28	95	189
18—F. Allsopp	35	40	45	200	321
19—T. Brackshaw	29	34	11	87	159
20—— Pinlay	21	20	18	68	127

—Buffalo Bill is on his way home, having sailed from Havre on Saturday. He has made half a million dollars in Europe.

A WORD OF WARNING!

Young man, if you've two sweethearts, one of whom you mean to wed,
Oh! change your mind, we pray, and take the other one instead.
We tell you this in kindness, for your own contentment, brother,
For mind, if you wed one of them, you'll wish you'd wed the other.

Mayer, who took the part of Christus in the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, received $200 for his share in the presentation of the religious drama.

The Duchess of Fife is a fine butter maker, and it has become the fashion of young English ladies whose fathers own farms to learn butter making and, if possible, obtain a prize at a county fair and sell the butter at a very high price. The fashion in America differs from this in the important particular that the butter is sold for the highest possible price, regardless of any prize in the matter.

Penelope (who is reading aloud one of Howells' novels)—This chapter is superb! Phyllis—Yes; one almost expects the characters to stop talking and do something."

THE LUSCIOUS BIVALVE.

Half a Dozen Excellent Ways for Cooking and Serving Him.

Oysters should be kept in a very cold place before they are opened, and should be will washed before using. They should be opened on the deep shell, so as to better preserve the liquor, then laid on finely chopped ice for a short time—too long destroys their flavor. While they should be kept as cold as possible, says the New York *World*, they should never be allowed to freeze, therefore they must only be opened shortly before they are needed, for once frozen they quickly turn sour. The proper way to open them is to place the deep shell in the palm of the left hand and break them on one side. A stabbing knife is preferable for this, but if there be none handy use a small block that the oyster can fit into and stab it on the edge; or—use a chopping block and chopping knife may be employed in case of necessity. Serve six oysters for each person, nicely arranged on oyster plates, with quarters of lemon.

Oysters *a la* Alexandre Dumas—Place in a sauce bowl a heaped teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of very finely grushed white pepper, one medium-sized fine, sound, well-peeled and very fine-chopped shallop, one heaped teaspoonful of very finely chopped chives, and half a teaspoonful of parsley, also very finely chopped up. Mix lightly together, then pour in a light teaspoonful of olive oil, six drops of Tobasco sauce, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and lastly one small gill or five and a half teaspoonfuls of good vinegar. Mix it thoroughly with a spoon; send to the table, and with a teaspoon pour a little of the sauce over each oyster just before eating.

Fried oysters—Procure twenty-four large, freshly opened oysters, or thirty-six of medium size, dip each one separately in flour, then in beaten egg, and lastly in powdered cracker dust. Fry in very hot fat for four minutes, drain well, and serve on a hot dish with a folded napkin, sprinkling over a very little salt and garnishing with fried parsely leaves.

Broiled Oysters—Dip twenty-four large and freshly opened oysters in half bread crumbs and half cracker dust. Fasten them with the hand and broil them in a well-greased broiler for two minutes on each side, then salt them lightly and serve on six pieces of toast.

A Good Way to Serve Oysters—Place twenty-four freshly opened oysters in a stew-pan with their own juice. Season with a very little salt and one half pinch of pepper. Parboil for two minutes. Take six skewers and pass them through the oysters, separating each one by a small square of cooked bacon—that is, alternating each oyster with a piece of the bacon—sprinkle with grated fresh bread crumbs and broil for one and one-half minute on each side.

Oysters Cooked With Spinach—Chop an onion very fine, place it in a stewpan with one ounce of butter and let it get a good golden color, then add a tablespoonful of cooked, finely minced spinach, also a small glassful of white wine. Have eighteen medium-sized oysters, chopped exceedingly small, and seasoned with a pinch of salt and the same of pepper; place these in the stewpan and let them cook for fifteen minutes. Put in one egg, also a bruised clove of garlic, stir; then take six large, clean oyster shells, fill the bottoms with three parboiled oysters, cover them with the spinach mixture and sprinkle with fresh bread crumbs. Flatten the tops with the blade of a knife, pour a very little clarified butter over them and put them for three minutes in the oven. Serve on a folded napkin, garnished with parsley leaves.

Hints for Home Dressmakers.

Skirts of walking dresses are still out walking length, that is, just escaping the ground. Especially is this necessary for the proper effect of the circle or habit skirt, which is especially ungraceful when clutched in the back to raise it from the sidewalk, or even when shortened by tapes. There are various devices and arrangements of tapes for shortening the skirts of dresses intended for both house and street wear, but the more simple is always evident, and betrays the necessity for economy. A short skirt can be worn in the house with perfect propriety on any occasion; but a skirt resting upon or even touching the ground is entirely out of place on the street, excepting in passing to or from a carriage; hence those versed in less convenances, even though a longer skirt may be more becoming, have their walking costumes made walking length. With the clinging skirt, the perfect fit of the foundation skirt is absolutely essential, and it requires as careful fitting at the waist. Always guard against having the front drawn too closely, by holding it full in mounting to the belt; and try it sitting as well as standing before adding the drapery. Fit over the hips by taking out small gores rather than by laying plaits, if a very smooth fit be necessary. A favorite finish for the bottom of the skirt, instead of braid, and much more durable, is a velvet covered cord or a narrow piping of velvet or velveteen set in between the outside and the inner facing. A good plan is to make two slashes in the bottom of the front, about two and a half inches deep, and where the feet touch the skirt in walking. This gives more ease, and the friction on the shoe is reduced. All bodices are cut to give a slenderer, long-waisted effect, and to this end side forms seams are straighter and reach almost and sometimes quite to the shoulder-seams. For the same purpose the back seams of the side gores are placed as far back as the figure will allow, which gives roundness to a flat figure, and makes the waist appear more slender. Shoulder seams reach only to the tips of the shoulders, and are made to appear even shorter by having the fullness of the sleeves caught up over them. For street wear the modestly high, straight standing collar is worn, but modifications of the Medici collar are more fashionable; for house dresses, collars more or less flaring are almost universal, although a high, straight collar edged with a narrow puff of white or a color is still considered stylish. A frill of lace falling over the hand is a favorite and very becoming finish for the bottom of the sleeve for a house dress; or the wrists and collar are finished with a velvet-covered cord, or one of silver or gilt.—*Demorest.*

Facts About Royalty.

The Czar of Russia is getting so fat that he is at present engaged in chopping down trees to reduce the surplus.

When Prince Albert Victor of Italy, was at school his money ran short and he sold a letter from his grandmother to an autograph-hunter for 30 shillings.

The negus of Abyssinia has just ordered a new crown of pure gold, weighing three pounds and containing 800 precious stones. Why should not the negus of Abyssinia be happy?

Victor Emanuel, the Italian heir apparent, assumed, while travelling in Russia and Germany last summer, a fictitious title that happens to belong by heredity to an impecunious Italian, who sues the Prince for the use of it. He wants to know, not what's in a name, but how much.

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor, I'll never smoke again," and he has kept his word.

Ex-King Milan is one of the few persons who find it profitable to make a nuisance of themselves. The business of his recent trip into Servia was to make himself so disagreeable that the Government would offer him a handsome sum to stay away. He was offered 200,000 francs a year, but his figure was 360,000 francs. Milan is now studying up some new combinations of devilry, and the chances are that the Government will come to his terms.

Bricks impregnated with tar are said to be hard, durable and perfectly water-proof. The process of impregnation is extremely simple, ordinary bricks, or, still better, machine brick being boiled in coal tar for twenty-four hours. Bricks thus treated are claimed to be especially well adapted for paving work, rooms, depots, etc. They are also recommended for the construction of sewers, cesspools, the insulation of foundation walls and similar purposes.—*Builders' Gazette.*

When Mr. Blaine was asked what he thought of the woman who mounted the stump to make a political speech he said: "I hate that sort of a woman." Perhaps that's the reason Mrs. Blaine is not more of a politician."

—The saying that "figures cannot lie" doesn't apply to feminine figures.

If men would only act on the good advice they keep on tap for others the world would not be half such a bad place to live in.

TONGUE CUT OUT.

A Most Remarkable Operation in Surgery Successful.

Through an Incision Under His Jaw a Septuagenarian Has His Tongue Taken Out—One Hundred Arteries and Veins Cut.

Surgeons in New York are marveling over the seemingly successful but very intricate and difficult operation performed at Roosevelt Hospital recently. The case was one of cancer of the tongue, and the operation was for the complete removal of that organ. The patient was a man 65 years of age. The surgeons were Professor Charles McBurney of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Dr. Frank Hartley, of Roosevelt Hospital. Invitations had been sent out to prominent members of the profession, and over 100 spectators sat on the benches.

The patient, who had never been addicted to the use of either tobacco or alcoholic drinks, and who remembered no possible cause for the cancerous growth, had in six months suffered a tumorous growth that invaded the entire right side of the tongue. While ether was administered to the patient Dr. McBurney explained that in such a case removal of the cancerous parts and enough of the healthy tissues surrounding these was the only way to save the life of the patient. The operation was done the better. In the patient's case death would almost certainly occur in less than six months were the cancer allowed to run its course. A second dose of ether having been administered to the unconscious patient the surgeon made a final examination with his forefinger, and discovered that the disease was more extensive than he had previously supposed, and that the removal of the tongue through the opening of the mouth would not be possible. He determined, therefore, to remove it by the "Rocker method"—that is, by making an incision under the jaw and getting as the root of the tongue first. He made an incision parallel with the lower border of the lower jaw from just below the right ear to the chin, thus forming a curved line. The surgeon found that the sub-maxillary gland was affected by the disease and was much enlarged and hardened. Dr. Hartley deftly removed it with a few cuts of his surgical scissors. It now became necessary to cut across the great artery that supplied the tongue from the left side. The surgeons applied ligatures to this vessel, then boldly severed it and proceeded with the cut, which was now quickly made to enter the cavity of the mouth. The bleeding points were then caught with artery forceps, and ligatures were applied. In all several hundred ligatures were thus applied before the work of removing the organ could be proceeded with. The incision was now quickly enlarged, and Professor McBurney, with a sharp hook, caught the diseased tongue and pulled it down through the wound. Then, with deliberate cuts, he severed it from the hyoid bone and larynx—commonly called its root. He then cut away from the œsophagus behind, and disseccted it from the roof of the mouth, thus completing the removal.

After stopping the bleeding, a dressing of the wound completed the operation. Prof. McBurney says that the patient will not be allowed anything to eat for several days, when he will be fed with liquid food, which will be given through an œsophageal tube passed down the throat without disturbing the dressings. The floor of his mouth will rise into the place formerly occupied by the tongue, and will perform some of the important functions of the removed organ. The patient will be able to talk and at small low his food. Of course the effects of the operation will be very severe, and the result can only be awaited with anxiety.

How to Use Coal Oil Lamps.

To get the best light possible from the burning of paraffin oil, it is necessary that lamp, wick and oil should be of good quality and in good condition. A good lamp is one which produces a bright white light, with comparatively small consumption of oil, little heat and no smoke or smell. There should be no smell from a burning lamp. When the lamp is properly filled there is no leakage of oil from it, and no polluting of the fingers when oil-fount or lamp-stand is touched. Care should be taken when filling not to spill any on the side of the lamp. When a little is spilled outside the reservoir, and then rubbed with a cloth, a film of oil is always left adhering, sufficient to cause the oil inside to syphon over by surface attraction.

The burner must be kept quite clean. In trimming the charred wick must not be allowed to fall down and fill the air-holes. The best oil is often condemned as bad, when the evil is that the lamp cannot get air enough to burn the oil from the air-holes being partly filled up. Get the burner rather more than clean, and boil it occasionally, and thoroughly cleaned and dried. Lamp scissors are to be had that retain the ash and char, and there are trimmers for the common duplex burner that give the wick the right shape at once. Some duplex burners are easily trimmed, but those of other makers are so defective that it is nearly impossible to get a good, large flame free from smoky peaks at the side.

Wicks should be somewhat loosely woven and soft to the touch. Some wicks have an extra preparation to resist the chemicals used in bleaching, or cause acidity in the burner by the decomposition of the chemicals. Good oil is often condemned on account of bad wick. Wicks also must be kept quite clean. If soiled they should at once be thrown away, they are not economical. Soiled wicks cumulate dust and dirt and get clogged up, producing a red light and heating the burner. Wicks should not be put in too long, and should be renewed every six weeks or so. Wicks are hygroscopic, and in damp weather particularly, absorb much moisture from the air. They should be thoroughly dried at the fire before putting into the lamp, and dipped into the oil while still warm. There is a great difference between the light from a dried wick and a moist one. The moisture naturally impedes the passage of the oil to the burner.

It is important, also, that the wick fill the burner completely without being too tight. There should be no free passage down the side of the wick, so as to connect the reservoir and the flame. If there are two burners, both should, of course, be filled with wick. I have heard of ignorant persons who thought it an improvement to burn only one wick in a duplex burner, leaving the other burner empty. This is courting an explosion. Some persons dip the wick in vinegar and other things, but cleanness and dryness is what is required, and all doctoring is hurtful.

As to danger, it requires several things wrong at once to bring about an explosion. If the oil contains chemicals, or if the air holes are filled with wick trimming, or the wick and oil reservoir dirty from long accumulation of dust, the lamp will burn badly, giving a red light and much heat. The burner in such circumstances may get very hot. This may cause the oil in the reservoir to get heated, and if it is of very low flash point, or if there is a badly fitting wick with free air passages down the burner, then on blowing out the lamp the flame may be sent down into the reservoir and an explosion ensue. But with ordinary oil, and with lamp and wick in passable order, there is not the slightest danger.

Lamps should have extinguishers on them, so that they do not require to be blown out. If there is not an extinguisher, turn down the lamp to a small flame, and make a sudden puff across the top of the chimney instead of sending a strong blast straight down.

The only danger from an ordinary lamp is lessing it fall when lighted. If the glass reservoir is broken and the oil dashed into spray and ignited, a person might be suddenly enveloped in flame. If lamps are to be carried, let the reservoir be of metal, or get them of special safety construction.—*Scotch Paper.*

She Was no Turncoat.

Texas *Siftings*: Old lady to butcher—Meat is so dear now I can hardly afford to buy any.

Butcher—Perhaps you had better turn vegetarian, mum.

Old Lady—A vegetarian! No, indeed. I was born and brought up a Baptist, and it's too late to change my religion now.

Cardinal Newman was a great admirer of Walter Scott, and every year he offered Waverly novels as prizes in the oratory school at Edgbaston, and the students were expected to pass creditable examinations in them. To Mrs. Hope-Scott, the novelist's granddaughter, Cardinal Newman wrote: "I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott and it would delight me to see his place. When he was dying I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him, and continually thinking of Keble's words, 'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.'"

FLUTE-PLAYING FOR WOMEN.

Uses of the Art as a Means of Health and Bodily Development.