

**Company's Coming.**  
Ma, she's dreadful busy a-hurryin' round the house.  
An' boys are in the way, she says—O, mercy! what a touse!  
I can't sit here, I can't sit there, or even whistle a stick.  
Without I hear this same old cry, "Move out o' the way there, quick."  
O, what a fellow to do, and where's a fellow to go?  
And how can he keep on living with his mother-in-law?  
But she wants me round the house an' keeps me jest a-running.  
On errands o' hers—cause why? Why comp'ny's coming!  
It's awful to be a boy when you're the only one.  
With just a little sister or two—it ain't no kind of fun.  
It's downright mean—that's what it is—to keep me flyin' so—  
Upstairs, down cellar an' out to the barn—  
"Here, Johnnie, shovel the snow!"  
Johnnie, bring in the wood-box full an' run an' gather the eggs.  
Or, "Johnnie, run down to the grocery store!"  
That's his house moves on, now I tell you—an' they're forever running.  
But more especially days like this, 'cause why? Why, comp'ny's coming.

#### VICTORIA ON THE MOVE.

**It Costs the English Queen a Nice Little Sum to Go Visiting.**  
Many times, says a writer in "Frank Leslie's," I have seen items in the American papers which said that the Queen of England travelled very plainly; that her private carriage was no better than any other first-class English carriage. I wish right here to say that these reports are based upon no authentic evidence. An official of the Midland road took me into the Queen's carriage as it stood in St. Pancras station, and I must say it is as fine as any Pullman car ever built—and that is saying a good deal. The walls of the saloon are of satinwood, highly polished. The cushions are of white silk, embroidered in gold thread. A garter, containing her motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," surrounds her initials, V. R. Her large chair—and it is a large one, too—is at the back of the carriage and faces the engine. At her hand is a silver plate in which are electric annunciators, pressing upon which she can call her different attendants who occupy another compartment. Three other easy chairs are in her compartment, besides a satin wood table about six feet long and three feet wide, upon which are piled the latest English, French, German and American periodicals. The carpet is of velvet, and in a good state of preservation, considering it has been in use for over fifteen years. The curtains at the windows and a portiere are hung on silver poles. The door handles are solid silver, and the whole saloon has the appearance of solid luxury. Victoria, herself, selected the furnishings, which are said to pattern after the white drawing-room at Windsor castle. The whole saloon with fittings cost between \$30,000 and \$35,000. The carriage is about half the length of the ordinary American railroad car. At first sight the carriage impressed me as being gaudy, but this idea wore away in a moment. The railway official informed me that the Queen paid about \$1.90 per mile for travelling, besides first class fares for every one in her party. As the official from whom I received my information was in a position to know, this explodes other reports that the Queen and her suit always travel free.

#### The Mannlicher Rifle.

The recent fighting in Chile has been watched with a great deal of interest by army and navy officers the world over, because it is the first war in which modern rifles of small calibre have been used. The Congressional army was furnished with the Mannlicher rifle. This modern arm of precision takes a cartridge about the size of an ordinary cigarette, which is charged with an explosive aptly described as the "first cousin to gun cotton." The projectile is a slender missile of steel, nearly two inches long, and but three-tenths of an inch in diameter, covered with a thin coat of copper—which, being soft, allows the projectile to follow the rifling of the barrel more accurately, and with less wear to the gun. These long, thin, steel messengers of death were hurled at Balmaceda's troops at the rate of 40 to 60 shots per minute, with such effect that single bullets frequently went through two or three men at a time. The warfare of the future will be conducted with small calibre arms of a type similar to the Mannlicher. Had the Union armies in the rebellion been furnished with such arms, the Southern Confederacy would have collapsed within a year. Flesh and blood cannot stand the pitiless rain of these steel projectiles, fired from a rifle which is effective at a mile's distance. —*Toledo Blade.*

#### What Women are Buying.

Openwork jet belts.  
Persian figured tabates.  
New velvet batte covs.  
Windsor ties of silk canvas.  
Turkish embroidered d'oylies.  
Silk muslins in chintz designs.  
Pale lettuce-green suede gloves.  
Bordered satin-striped curtains.  
Summer mantles of colored crepon.  
Belts of snake skin highly polished.  
Fall dresses of brown and navy-blue.  
Coque fans edged with jet nailheads.  
Agrettes tipped with peacock's eyes.  
Figured silks having diagonal effects.  
Turkish printed cottons for draperies.  
White suede gauntlets bound with tan.  
Lace, crepe and chiffon ruches and bows on the neck. —*Dry Goods and Fashions.*

The General Manager of the Northeastern Railway of England, resigned recently after a long term of service with the company. He was thereupon made a director of the company and given a present of \$50,000 in recognition of his services.

It is said a combine is being formed by the type founders of the United States, with a capital of \$18,000,000.

#### PUTTING UP PEACHES.

**Delicious Delicacies for One's Sweet-Tooth in Winter—Peach Sweets and Pickles.**

For crystallized peaches weigh peaches that have been peeled and quartered and allow one-fourth their weight of sugar for syrup; more for dusting them; put the peaches, sugar and enough water to cover the bottom of the kettle over the fire and cook them slowly until they can be pierced with a straw; take the peaches from the syrup with a skimmer, roll each piece in dry, granulated sugar, and lay them a little apart upon sieves or dishes; they must be protected from dust, sun and flies, and kept in a current of dry, warm air; turn the peaches several times a day, and as they dry dust more sugar over them until they are quite free from moisture and look like other crystallized fruit. Pack the peaches in layers in wooden boxes with white paper between them, and keep them in a dry place.

#### PEACH FIGS.

Peel ripe, sound peaches, cut them in halves, remove the stones, weigh the fruit and allow half of its weight in sugar; put the peaches and sugar in layers in the preserving kettle and heat them over a gentle fire until the juice of the fruit dissolves the sugar; then continue to boil gently: as the peaches look clear take them out of the syrup with a skimmer and lay them on sieves in the sun; turn the peaches occasionally, so that they may dry evenly as the syrup runs from them; protect the fruit from the dust and expose it every day to the sun until it is dry enough to pack in wooden boxes, with sugar dusted between the layers; keep it in a cool, dry place.

#### OLD-FASHIONED PEACH PICKLE.

Weigh sound peaches—allow half their weight of sugar—and to seven pounds of fruit, three pints of vinegar, half an ounce each of stick cinnamon and allspice, two blades of mace and half a dozen cloves stuck into each peach after they are carefully brushed and pricked with a large needle; steam the peaches until a straw will pierce them and put them in jars; boil the vinegar, sugar and spice for five minutes; pour them hot over the peaches and seal the jars at once.

#### PEACH BUTTER.

Allow a quart of molasses for each peck of peaches, and enough water to cover the peaches; peel the peaches if they are so preferred, or only remove the pits; boil the peaches in water for about fifteen minutes, then add the molasses and spice to taste; stir often enough to prevent sticking, and slowly cook the peaches until a smooth pulp is formed; cool it and keep it in a dry place closed from the air.

#### PEACH PULP.

Peel perfectly ripe, sound peaches, mash them through a colander or coarse sieve with the potato-masher or a wooden spoon and spread the pulp thus prepared about a half-inch thick upon a smooth, clean board, on a marble pastry slab or on large platters. Expose the pulp to the sun. When it is properly dried cut it with fine sugar, roll it up and inclose it in paper.

#### PEACH PLATES.

Peel and mash ripe peaches through a sieve, mix with the pulp one-fourth its weight of light-brown sugar and stew them together three minutes after they begin to boil; then spread the preserve on the plates, making it nearly an inch thick, and every day set the plates in the sun where no dust can gather until the preserve is nearly dry, turning it as it dries. When the peach pulp cleaves away from the plates freely dust it with fine sugar, lay it with paper between in paper or wooden boxes and keep it in a dry, cool place. —*Chicago News.*

#### Boys, Don't be Cheated.

Boys, would you like to be cheated? No, you would not. Then be careful. Not only keep a sharp lookout that others do not cheat you, but be very careful lest you cheat yourselves. There are hundreds of boys who are trying to persuade themselves into the belief that tobacco and beer are good for them—that it is smart to chew tobacco, to smoke cigars, to hang around saloons, and drink beer; but, oh, how woefully they are cheating themselves! Would you like to smell like an old, strong pipe? Would you like to be a man walking around with your mouth and beard all besmeared with filthy, stinking tobacco spittle? Would you like to be a loathsome, blear-eyed, bloated, drunken old beer-drinker. No, you would not. But there are a great many such men in every city and town. Once they were nice clean, bright, happy boys like you are. How did they become so degraded, loathsome, and filthy? Why, when they were boys like you, they cheated themselves into the belief that it was a nice, smart, manly thing to chew, smoke, and drink beer, and now they are what they are.

Boys, resolve to be a little too smart to cheat yourselves like that. The most silly, senseless, stupid cheat is the boy who cheats himself in that way. Don't do it, boys, don't. —*Selected.*

#### In the World's Biggest City.

English railways earn over \$3,750,000 a week.  
About \$1,000,000 worth of articles are pawned in London every week.  
London theatres issue something like 50,000 free passes every year.  
The street accidents in London last year numbered 5,728, of which 144 were fatal.  
A carrier pigeon taken from the vicinity of Berlin to London, having escaped, flew direct to its old home.  
Over thirty-five tons of documents deposited at the British Public Record Office have just been destroyed, as of no value.

#### The Willing Patient.

Mudge (who has sworn off)—Doctor, I stepped on a banana peel and received a pretty hard fall. I am afraid I have broken my wrist.

Dr. Bowless—Let me see. No, there is nothing broken. Just bathe your wrist in whiskey four or five times a day and you will be all right.

Mudge—Er—doctor, hadn't I better be carefully examined for internal injuries, too?

The skeleton of a gigantic man, measuring 8 feet 6 inches in height, was found near the Jordan River, just outside Salt Lake City, last week.

#### FALL PLOUGHING BEFORE MARKETING CROP.

**A Method Which Will Assist Manitobans to Avoid Summer Frosts.**

The yield this year will be enormously large and will grade well, notwithstanding all that has been said of the frosts; in addition, prices promise to be fairly high. There are store bills to pay, mortgages to be met and implement dealers to be reckoned with. The temptation will be great to thresh and market as fast as possible to meet these demands, and to realize the pleasure of a handsome surplus that will remain to the farmer. The crop is so heavy that the whole fall season could be more than exhausted in disposing of it. But let not the temptation draw the farmers away from the importance of attending to their fall ploughing. In the end others concerned, unless it is indeed to sit down content with this season's crop. But no one will do that. There is another year coming, and the prudent will prepare for it. If the threshing and ploughing together cannot be done, let the threshing go and keep, but the ploughing will not. It is a waste of opportunities to throw the latter over until the spring, which has its own demands and necessities. A few weeks will make little difference to anyone in the marketing of the present crop, but they may make a very vast difference in the extent and growth and maturity of that of next season. There is another consideration, however. The wheat market is strangely unsettled, and it is difficult for a novice to follow and understand it; but there is one thing the most inexperienced of us can comprehend. There is an unusual shortage in the world's supply, and the natural effect of this condition will be to enhance prices. From a view of the whole situation as it appears in the light of common sense, it seems reasonably certain that the Northwest farmer who allows his threshing to stand while he devotes all the time necessary to his fall ploughing will not only be better prepared for next year, but will find better prices prevailing when he comes to market the crop of this year. But even if this were not to be the experience, the preparation for next year will find its own recompense. The farmer who works with his head as well as his hands will vastly prefer to take the chance of the market two or three months hence than to neglect the next spring. This much can be said with-out advising or being understood to advise farmers to hold off their threshing merely in the hope of a rise in prices.

But whatever influence, or inducement, or temptation there may be to the contrary, we would strongly advise all farmers not to neglect their fall ploughing. Their stacks will not run away, and buyers in plenty will be here whenever the wheat is forthcoming; but time lost in the fall in the preparation for next year's seeding cannot be made up in the spring. Instead of waiting for the frost to get out of the ground in the spring to permit of ploughing, the seed should be in and growing, and making all possible haste towards maturity against the coming of that unpropitious period in the late summer that is always attended with anxiety if nothing else. —*Winnipeg Free Press.*

#### HOW TO HANDLE GUNS.

**Advice Which Boys and Many Old People Should Heed.**

Having been asked by friends frequently for advice for their boys in handling guns, says a writer in "Forest and Stream," I send you a digest of same. Perhaps, as the shooting season will now be on soon, you might think them worth publication: Empty or loaded, never point a gun towards yourself or any other person.

When a field, carry your gun at the half-cock. If in cover, let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, if a breech-loader, it being so easy to replace them. If a muzzle-loader, remove the caps, brush off the nipples, and place a wad on nipple, letting down the hammers on wads—simply removing caps sometimes leaves a little fulminate on the nipple, and a blow on the hammer when down discharges it.

Never draw a gun toward you by the barrels. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere; the limited space, confined action and uncertain motion making it dangerous at the best. If possible, no more than two persons should occupy a boat. Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating.

Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport, no matter how tired you feel; the consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes' irksome labor.

#### Lucky Lord Roseberry.

The London Evening News and Post says: "To him that hath shall be given" might the Earl of Roseberry well cry. By the death of his stepfather, the Duke of Cleveland, he succeeds to the Duke's estate in Sussex, which is worth over £7,000 a year—to say nothing of the famous Abbey, and the right of presentation to the peculiar deanery of Battle, an ecclesiastical office which, like the deanery of Bucking in Essex, and of Stamford, is exempt from all external jurisdiction. Lord Roseberry has been lucky all his life. He came into £25,000 a year of his own right before he was of age; he married the only child of Baron Meyer Rothschild, who brought him landed estates and money in millions; and now he casts his good luck by coming into the Duke's Sussex property. There will be rejoicing in the Gladstonian camp, for the late Lord Wolverton, with the exception of the Earl of Roseberry, helped financially more than any other peer the Home Rule candidates in the 1886 election; and thus far age has not withered his administration for the G. O. M., in whose last Ministry the Earl, as Foreign Secretary, was one of the few Ministers who did not make a mess of it.

#### Sunday Amusements.

Rochester Herald: The Sunday question at the Elmhurst fair was settled by the engagement of Dr. Talmage to preach. Twelve thousand people assembled to hear him. This is a pointer for the World's Fair people.

—There are 300 newspapers published in Fleet street, London, eleven of which are dailies.

#### BACHELOR TAXING.

**Wyoming Women Abusing Their Newly Acquired Privileges.**

The new states are full of fads and fancies, and it is impossible to suggest any legislation that they are not willing to try. Wyoming is the latest in the experimental line, having just passed a law placing a tax of \$2 a year on all bachelors over thirty, the manifest purpose being to compel them to get married. Wyoming is a great state for women and has a high admiration for the weaker sex, but is not this carrying it a little too far? It has granted women the right of suffrage and the right to sit on juries, and this new anti-bachelor law is regarded as a natural sequence of female voting. Of course, the women like the law and Kate Field speaking for them, says of it:

"Whether the fact that women veto there has anything to do with this new departure I don't know, but why isn't it just tax! Society says to a woman: It is your business to be married as soon after you have made your debut as possible. Otherwise you'll be called an old maid, than which there can be no epithet more odious. But you can't choose a husband. That would be most unwomanly. You must wait to be asked. Just so long as women are counted for living in single blessedness, just so long ought unmarried men to be taxed. This tax ought to begin at the age of 30 and doubled every five years."

This is a feminine view of the matter, but a very silly one. It would be silly in any state. It is especially so in Wyoming, where there is a large excess of males in the population, and where it is impossible for all the men to marry, even if they wished to, as there are not enough women to go round. It is true that women might be imported for this purpose, but a large proportion of the men of Wyoming cannot afford this, or do not care to try this "pig in the poke" business, and engage themselves to women before they see them.

In no State in the Union do women have greater opportunities and privileges than in Wyoming. They have been given the elective franchise, they have been placed on a perfect equality with men on all questions of right and privilege, and they have no trouble in picking husbands for themselves, for no woman goes to Wyoming who is not besieged by admirers. Under such circumstances it is more than unreasonable that men should be taxed for not marrying when there are no women for them to marry.

The law, moreover, seems to be thoroughly deficient in sentiment, for it refuses to take into consideration the fact that a man may not be able to get the girl he wants, but tells him that if he fails with Mary, he must at once try his fortune with Ann.

As for the interference with rights and liberties, that is becoming so common nowadays as to attract no surprise whatever. The Government has undertaken to regulate by laws, the morals of the community and private life.

It is, indeed, a surprise that no attempt has been made to renew the curfew laws; but we suppose that the women who are in control of Wyoming will re-enact this at an early day, and require the men whom they have compelled to get married to be home at 9 at night and not linger too late at the lodge. —*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

#### LOOKING FOR ISLANDS.

**A British Fleet Hunting New Territory in the Pacific Ocean.**

It is reported that Great Britain has a naval expedition in the Pacific for the purpose of "discovering" and annexing islands that belong to nobody in particular except the inhabitants. The officers of the expedition have recently hoisted the British flag over the lovely island of Labreton, lying near the Philippines. It is said that this year they have added at least half a dozen islands to Her Britannic Majesty's dominion, though they have failed to keep the rest of the world informed of their progress. The German explorers who have been trying to rival the British have met with less success. They have set up a protectorate over some of the islands of the Gilbert group, hoping for as much success as they had previously gained in the Marshall group; but the native chiefs there object to German protection, and have recently shown their readiness to fight against it, and especially to prevent the seizure of Japitowaiha. It is probable that the German kaiser has not yet given his whole mind to the questions that are under debate at Jubuit and thereabouts. —*N. Y. Times.*

#### Mr. Lease Knew Her.

The other day it was raining hard when Mrs. Lease boarded a street car. The car was chock full and all the men on the seats sat closer back and evinced a determination to keep a position of sedentary comfort. Mrs. Lease cast her eye down the car and at the same time a man in the corner started to rise.

"Don't," said the man next to him, grasping his arm. "That's Mrs. Lease. Don't you know her? She believes in the equality of the sexes. Woman suffrage, you know."

The stooped man smiled and got up. "Come," said the speaker, still more importunate, "you're not going to get up, are you? If she thinks she's equal to a man let her stand. Give her a dose of her own medicine."

But Mrs. Lease had taken the man's seat, greatly to the discomfort of the other, who wanted to see her stand. Next day he met the stranger on the street.

"Hello!" he said, "you're the man that gave up your seat to Mrs. Lease. You missed a good chance to take her down a little. There wasn't another man in the car who would have given way. Wasn't it impolite, you know. Just a little joke. What made you get up? Did she hypnotize you?"

"See here," said the man addressed, "I guess you don't know me."

"Can't say that I do. Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Lease."

A bill has recently been introduced into the Prussian Parliament which provides that every person adjudged to be an habitual drunkard shall be put under the care of a guardian, who shall be held responsible for him.

—There are 350 v. ances.

#### SUSPENDED ANIMATION, OR FRAUD.

**A Hindoo Anchorite Boxed up for Dead for Forty Days.**

My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father, and his authority was the well-known General Aitaville, Runjeet Singh's right-hand man, who was present. Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and declining to obey was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne.

In this state he was put into a carefully made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Aitaville's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew, and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within, precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life. He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat; but shortly afterward he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler. Runjeet Singh cared little for human life, which was his toy or his plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving—took place in the tyrant's own presence and before hundreds of spectators in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Aitaville would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet Singh's wishes. —*Chamber's Journal.*

#### TALKS WITH GIRLS.

**The Kind of Man Who Makes Home Happy.**

It isn't the man who tries to flirt with every pretty girl he sees.

It isn't the man who thinks more of his mustache and white hands than he does of anything else in the whole wide world, unless it is his clothes and polished boots.

It isn't the man who is contented to have no business on his mind that he can shrink out of, and who is willing to depend for support on "father."

It isn't the man who is an eloquent, graceful talker among friends and whose family never hear a civil answer from his lips.

It isn't the man who hurries ahead of you up the elevated steps, leaving you to climb wearily up as best you can, and who is not solicitous as to whether you sit or stand.

In short, the only man who can really make home a paradise on earth for a woman is the man who loves her so well he is ever solicitous for her every comfort; who thinks of her welfare before he does of his own, and who has a love for his mother, his sisters, and the home of his boyhood. —*Young Ladies' Bazar.*

#### Care of Oiled Floors.

Brush off the dust from an oiled floor with a soft hair or feather brush, or wipe it with any cloth of a soft texture. If the cloth is slightly moist the dust will adhere to it more readily, but wipe with a dry cloth afterward, says the New York Recorder. If there be any dirt that will not come with wiping, wash it off thoroughly with clean water, using soap is necessary, which also cleanses off with clean water as quickly as possible, and wipe dry. When the face of the floor begins to look worn and shabby after cleansing of the dirt and wiping dry, if water has been used, rub the surface all over nicely with a cloth moistened with a few drops of oil; if the floor has a hard oil finish, or brush it lightly with thin shellac if it has a shellac surface. After the finish is worn down to the surface of the wood, sandpaper the floor all over evenly and give it another coat of shellac or hard oil finish, after which continue to keep as before. Waxed floors can be cleaned by washing off thoroughly with turpentine or benzine, after which they can be rewaxed if desired.

#### Awful Possibility!

"When will I get my divorce?" asked Hostetter McGinnis of a prominent New York lawyer.

"The District Court will not convene for several months, so it may be three months before you get your divorce from your better half."

"Three months! By that time I may have had a reconciliation with Sarah. For heaven's sake, hurry up things, and save me from the fate worse than death." —*Texas Sittings.*

#### A Satisfactory Explanation.

Mr. Greenough—It seems to me that was pretty light ton of coal you sent to my house to-day, Mr. Coke.

Coal dealer—Why, that load was of the best quality, sir; full of gas and tar, you know, and those things don't weigh much.

Mr. Greenough—Oh, excuse me; I had forgotten that.

The Sultan of Morocco has directed that young girls shall no longer be publicly sold in the markets of Fez and other towns.

—San Francisco's cable system is greater by fifty miles than that of any other city.