

About the House.

FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Here is a new version of ham and eggs. The end of boiled ham, or a ham that has passed the slicing stage, is sometimes difficult to dispose of without waste. Chop very fine a cupful; mix with equal quantities of cracker or fine bread crumbs and moisten to a soft paste with cream; put in a flat buttered dish, take a small, round-bottomed coffee cup and make depressions in the mixture, break an egg in each, dot the whole with bits of butter and place in a good oven until the eggs are set. Sufficient for four persons. The ham and cracker should be made hot before putting in the baking dish. New potatoes stewed in cream and light corn-meal gems are nice accompaniments.

Sautéed beef kidneys with rice muffins or pancakes is another favorite breakfast. Wash a fresh kidney and cut in thin slices, rejecting all the hard white portions; lay in cold water containing a spoonful of vinegar for half an hour, drain and dry in a cloth. Put butter the size of half an egg with a spoonful of dripping in a frying pan, and when very hot throw in the kidney, stir and shake for five minutes; season with salt and paprika, shake over a tablespoonful of flour, and when browned slightly add a half pint of stock or gravy of any kind. As soon as a thick, smooth gravy has formed, finish the seasoning with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and two of minced parsley.

Scrambled eggs and tomatoes are excellent, and so are eggs and chipped smoked beef, but a mixture of the three is voted the best of all. Have ready half a cup or two large tablespoonfuls of minced smoked beef and heat in a frying pan with one cup of drained canned tomatoes; season with paprika, a little very finely minced onion, which is best if colored in a before adding the beef and tomatoes; when smoking hot, add twelve beaten eggs whipped with a tablespoonful of cream, stir until the eggs are cooked and pour over neat strips of toast. Sometimes a nice change is made by the addition of a little grated cheese stirred in with the eggs.

A Spanish omelet, which is not an omelet at all, is a great favorite with many. Peel with a sharp knife, without scalding, three good-sized firm and ripe tomatoes; slice them, with three small, sweet, green peppers from which the seeds have been removed, into a frying pan containing butter the size of an egg, that has been made hot; season with salt and pepper, a trifle of sugar or the very best pinch of baking soda to correct the acid of the tomatoes. Do not stir, but shake the pan. When the peppers are cooked, which will be in about 15 minutes, slip into the pan from a shallow dish six eggs beaten as for scrambling; stir for variety's sake the eggs are cooked, slip whole, as for poaching, into the stewed tomatoes and peppers and cooked covered, until the eggs are set.

A savory way of serving remnants of a roast of veal, mutton or beef, which the family have dubbed a "left-over ragout," is a great favorite with many. In butter until tender and colored a light yellow, a cupful of sliced Spanish, Bermuda or young onions; add a cupful of fresh stewed tomatoes with paprika salt, and a pinch of curry powder. If curry is liked, stew fifteen minutes and add the sliced cold meat; when hot though arrange a mound of rice, then lay the cold meat on a platter, lift out the slices of meat let them overlap around the rice, and pour the gravy over all; sweet potatoes boiled, mashed, made into small cakes, dipped in egg and crumbs and fried brown, make a nice accompaniment if the meat is cold. For autumn or leaf white potato cakes or oysterplant fritters.

Indeed, to the ingenious housekeeper it is the left-overs themselves that will suggest a variety of dishes, the formula for which can be found in no book; look principally because these articles must necessarily vary as to quantity and kind in each individual case.

USE AND ABUSE OF BROOMS.

The virtuous woman who, according to Solomon, "looketh well to the ways of her household," takes good care of her brooms, as of her other belongings, which in consequence last much longer than do those of her less careful neighbors.

An old broom well kept will sweep clean for a long time. In the first place, have a broom pocket and keep your broom therein. It will pay for its cost many times in the saving before the life of usefulness is over. A broom not in use should always be kept upside down, so that the straw fall outward. This keeps it in shape. In sweeping, use first one side and then the other. If you sweep always on the same side of your broom it will soon grow one-sided and have to be cast aside. When, however, a broom is not badly worn, only matted out of shape, it can be straightened by wetting, pulling into shape and drying, bottom upward.

On sweeping day have a pailful of warm soda, made by dissolving a tablespoonful of pearline in a pail two-thirds full of warm water, and rinse your broom off whenever it becomes dusty. A damp broom sweeps a dusty surface much better than one which is bone dry. Have a bag of heavy canvas flannel to fit your broom, with drawing-strings to tie around the handle, and use this over the broom for the blackest hard wood floors.

In pursuance of this idea a clever woman has patented a sweeper for such floors, fashioned something like a miniature garden roller, with the cylinder covered with cotton flannel in several thicknesses. Highly polished floors cannot be treated too tenderly. When done sweeping, pick up all the lint, etc., from the straw of the broom and rinse it before setting it away. It seems superfluous to say that separate brooms should be kept for different purposes—that the kitchen broom should never be used either for the pavement or for upstairs, yet most servants must be watched lest this be done.

Exact that your carpet sweeper shall be thoroughly cleaned on every sweeping day, and never put away dirty. Unhook it over a newspaper and take out every bit of dust, lint and dirt; then Swedish servants have a superstition that taking an old broom in a new house when the family moves brings misfortune, and will entreat that all such may be left behind with the rubbish to be cast on the dump.

POOR WAY TO ECONOMIZE.

"It is difficult to economize, and the most difficult part of it is to know in what possible direction to practice economy," said the wise woman. "Often those who do it will carry their economy to too great an extreme. The right way to do it is to get along without extras and use just what is necessary for everyday comfort. It does not mean that there should not be enough, or any deprivation of necessary comforts."

"There are women who when they economize, will do so at the wrong end. She comes to the conclusion that whenever she doesn't buy anything or cuts off an item of expense she is economizing. She will attend to the grocer's bills. That is well, but sometimes she will expend 20 cents' worth of time, and strength to save 5 cents. Then the same woman may economize on her luncheon. She will convince herself that eating a middie meal is a mere habit, and will dispense with it. She finds it all the easier to do so because her husband is not home at that meal, and of course she does not want him to go without enough to eat. She thinks that he needs more food than she does."

"The woman who practices this sort of economy will find that the deprivation impoverishes herself and her children mentally and physically. Often in the long run, it is more expensive in actual cash, for the doctor has to be called in."

"The right way to economize is in extravagances, not in necessities."

DELIGHTFUL PERFUME.

An exquisite mixture for perfuming clothes that are to be packed away and which is said to keep out moths also is made as follows:

Pound to a powder one ounce each of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and long pepper. Mix and as muchorris root as will equal the weight of the above ingredients put together. Little bags of this mixture in should drawers filled with this mixture and placed among the garments.

SEWING HINTS.

If you are in the habit of doing much sewing do not bite off the thread; use a pair of scissors. Apart from the fact that biting the cotton is injurious, the trick often results in a very sore mouth. When silk thread is bitten the danger is greater, for it is usual to soak the thread in acetate of lead, so the result may be very serious, and even lead to blood poisoning.

You shall not be waiting long. Alastair, Ian said heavily, "and I'll be with you drawing yourself now we will be giving you a chance, though not in Ronaldshay."

"Ronaldshay I know," Alastair said quietly, "and it's glad I would be if you would kill me here with your own hand, father—No?" His hand slipped from his father's shoulder. "Then have your will and your way, Ian MacAlastair; I'll not grieve you."

"There's the moon," Ian said at last, "now make ready." He stooped and dragged some dark object at his feet to a little higher up the beach, so that its lower end only lay in the sea. Alastair glanced at it, and saw that it was a cross-runk, wood-covered, and lamp-like gown with washing about in heavy seas. Upon it a spar was lashed crosswise. Alastair looked at it a moment longer, then in obedience to a gesture from his father laid himself down upon it with his arms outstretched. Then Macdonald and another man stooped over him, lashing his feet together, and then securing his arms to the crosspiece just above the elbows. Two stout ropes held him by the shoulders and went over his body, crossing on the breast, and these were drawn so tightly that Alastair, after enduring with clenched teeth for a minute, was forced to cry out, "Loosen R!" Ian MacAlastair said hoarsely, and the others obeyed.

"I am safe now," Alastair said, smiling, as they drew back from him for a moment. "Your knots are fast, Macdonald, and so are—ah?" They had raised the cross upright now, and the sudden strain upon his over-wrought nerves had forced another cry from Alastair, but the next rough movement he bore in silence; and it was with shut lips and quiet eyes that he endured the sudden casting-out from their midst, and smothering splash into deep water.

"A boat will be picking you up, may be—but you will not be coming back to Ronaldshay," Ian said, Alastair, Macdonald shouted after him, but Alastair called no curse back as those on shore had expected. He did not even turn his head to look at the shore, but lay still upon his cross, taking with the same quietness the stinging of the salt spray in his eyes, and the tingling pain in his bound limbs.

EBB TIDE.

"Witherby—I'm afraid, old man, that this whisky of mine is rather poor," Castleton, looking at the bottle, "No, not poor, but in reduced circumstances."

Alastair's Cross.

"Rise up and come out now, it's a bonny night for us, indeed—and for the work that's afoot, Ian Ban."

Thus a voice cried aloud from the midst of the silent group of cragmen and fishermen that stood waiting dolefully round the fast-shut door of Ian MacAlastair's cottage, perched, like a gull's nest, on the ridge of the steep and shining beach at Ronaldshay.

"Make haste, man, make haste! and come along with yourself; it's tired waiting here we are."

"Aye, aye! I'm ready and coming I am, Macdonald; but hasty work is aye ill work, and I was saying a bit prayer in an orra minute here, that was all." The door swung open now, and the speaker came out into the half light that a sudden moon gave as she slipped fitfully from cloud to cloud in the windy sky. A handsome man, this fair Ian, with eyes as blue as cornflowers, and a yellow beard that the wind was tossing all ways at once; but just now his eyes were darkened and his face set with the same stern purpose that made dumb the crowd of kinsfolk and neighbors around him. "Come out, Alastair!" he called, and a tall slip of a lad came out and stood waiting by his side. His father had given him a strain of Danish blood as well as Celtic, and his mother had been kindly Irish of the Irish. But Alastair MacAlastair favoured neither fair Ian nor dark Aileen, for his eyes were of the sea's shifting color, and the soft hair under his fisherman's cap was a dusky red; his eyebrows were of the darkest, and against the sunburn of cheek and chin his lips showed curiously colorless, and in odd contrast to the sturdy men and strapping lads around him was his extreme slenderness, which seemed almost to hide him.

"I am here," he said, speaking in Gaelic, as he stepped to his father's side, "and the time is here, Ian MacAlastair says. And what do you want of me, neighbors?"

"Go down to the beach, Alastair," his father said curtly. And the boy obeyed silently. When their feet were ankle deep in water Ian MacAlastair spoke again. "Did you pray before you slept to-night, Alastair? Yes? That's good. Strip now. His son lifted wondering eyes to Ian's gloomy face, but obeyed silently, and presently some one muttered a verse of an old spell song that changed the wonder in Alastair's eyes to comprehension.

Naked hands and naked feet are all that the sea has need of. Naked, too, the soul must go, that the Naked heart for the stars to sift, naked limbs for the tide to drift. Out from the shore, to come no more to the hearths that the spirit has need of."

When the murmur died Alastair raised his head and looked round on the darkened faces with a flickering smile on his pale mouth. "Is it to drown myself you've brought me here, or will you do it, Ian MacAlastair? I'll lift no finger to stop you, for long have I been knowing I was the needless mouth and the useless hand among you; and my red head bringing bad luck to your nets all the summer. Only I'd take it kindly if you would do it quickly, friends—because it's bitter cold it is waiting here."

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"Naked limbs—the sea has need of," Alastair whispered presently. "Does the sea want me any more than the land does, I wonder? Oh, but it's cold, cold, cold!" shivering as one wave after another drove over his naked

body. "I wish the wind would rise, then I would get a chance of drowning. Is that a matter of wonder? I wish it were. Mother, are you sorrowful somewhere for me to-night?" A nearer mutter of thunder stopped his murmuring, and the next hour laid another cross upon Alastair's burdened shoulders—the cross of perpetual tossing about from drowning to life, as the big seas lifted him now, and now broke over him in clatter of yellow foam. When the stress of the storm went by Alastair had fainted, but presently the splash of some tossing wrack upon his naked breast brought him to a knowledge of hunger and cold and pain.

"The fish will be plenty next east, I'm thinking," Alastair gasped as he tried to shake the drenched hair from his eyes. "If only the sea won't cast me up at their very doors—or then I will be thinking I'll be coming back again to haunt them. Is it coming loose I am?" The rope had slipped from his right arm, leaving it free, and the next wave flung him against a sharp-edged rock, hissing his free arm on the small sharp shells that covered it. But Alastair clung fast to the rock, with a light in his face that would not fade for all the storm of flesh and nerves; and presently he found what he was seeking—a crevice through which he could thrust his fingers. With his hands wedged in the jagged hole the light deepened and softened in Alastair's face.

"This is good; this is better," he whispered, "than the open sea." He still held his own foot, for this rock was not Ronaldshay. Kind, kind after all you see, sea o' me, kinder than I dared hope you'd be." And now a big wave lifted him up, and he turned him over on his face, still anchored to the rock by his right hand. The weight of the cross on his back pressed him down an arm's length into the water, and then the sea, that he had loved, very gently took the soul of Alastair MacAlastair to itself.

At long last, fishermen from the island of Eday found him, still bound to his cross. Though they were afraid to take the drowned lad plough their boat, lest they should suffer in their heaving harvests, they towed cross and all ashore with them, and buried the cross and all in their wintry hill graveyard, where the wind waves his head of Eday that the sea has not drowned.

And the story of Cross-Alastair is a woeful story in the North Isles to this day.

WOMEN DUELISTS.

"Affairs of honor between women were far from infrequent in Vienna 15 years ago," says a French fencing master, "and I assisted at several. I well remember one in which the combatants were both young and belonging to the best society, which was refought for a very singular reason. The meeting took place in the park attached to a then unten Schloss, a few miles outside the capital. There were four young lady friends present—who had sworn to absolute secrecy—and myself, in addition to the fair duellists. Well, after each one had been poked on the body several times apparently without the slightest injury, the combatants suddenly remembered that, though they had removed their dress-bodices, they had not their corsets. And," added the speaker with a smile, "if you knew what a mass of steel and whalebone these corsets were, you would not feel any more surprised than I did at the difficulty they had found in removing them."

"They immediately proposed to take the articles off, but I intervened, stating that honor was satisfied, in the good old-fashioned way of the fencing school. As regards the latter part, as I heard afterward that they refought the affair at a friend's house in dishabille, when the younger of the two was so severely wounded that her life was despaired of."

"Many years ago there was in Vienna a beautiful woman, an actress and one of the finest swordsmen of the fence. I have ever met—who picked quarrels with quite half a dozen young debutantes in her profession, whose beauty she was supposed to think might eventually turn them into rivals. The disparity of a remarkably pretty young girl from the café-concert stage created some comment. It was afterward stated that she was a French girl, that Fraulein Z. forced a quarrel upon her, and succeeded in irredeemably defeating her. The poor girl had nothing of a voice, and so her chance was, of course, spoiled; as question and it was her lovely arms and shoulders which had lifted her into fame with the habitués of the café-concert."

"You see there are not a few salutes of esteem in Paris, where quite a considerable number of the pupils are ladies. They come of course, chiefly because fencing is so graceful a form of exercise, and so beneficial to the perfect development of the figure, but many of them eventually become suchponents of considerable skill with a very chance of success. As recently as the commencement of the present year I assisted at an affair d'honneur, in which the combatants were two ladies. The meeting—which was refereed to the cognizance of either the Press or the authorities—took place early one May morning in the neighborhood of Surènes."

"One of the ladies, who is a magnificently cool swordswoman rode down frequently second on a bicycle, the other being the comparative privacy of a broomstick. They wore their fencing costumes, and fought for some 15 minutes, and one received a sufficiently severe injury to satisfy honor."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Average Woman—What? Not going to church to-day?

Average Man—What's the use? Our new preacher is so near-sighted he can't tell whether we're there or not.

A girl of Carthage, No, Bessie Rose, has a bicycle the tires of which have not been pumped up for over a year, although in constant use. The tires are coated on the inside with a mucilaginous substance.

FIFTH DUKE OF PORTLAND.

SPENT \$30,000,000 TO GRATIFY AN INEXPLICABLE WHIM.

The Great Underground Banquet Hall and Picture Gallery—Empty Now as They Have Ever Been—The Duke Case Reveals Interest in the Old Eccentric.

The astounding claim of Mrs. Druce, now agitating England, brings to the light of public notice the many and extraordinary eccentricities of the fifth Duke of Portland, now dead. Mrs. Druce claims that during the periods of his supposed seclusion at his country estate, Welbeck Abbey, he masqueraded as a T. C. Druce, tradesman, in Baker street, London, that under that name he married, and that her son, now come to man's estate, is his grandson, says a London letter.

She has instituted proceedings to obtain for her son the estate of the so-called T. C. Druce, first, and then the estate and Dukedom of Portland. In England the most intense interest has been aroused by her claims, and a practical fever heat is reached by the order of Court, just made, providing that the body of the so-called T. C. Druce shall be exhumed. Mrs. Druce claims that the grave of T. C. Druce is empty. In view of all this, a detailed and accurate description of the strange underground rooms and passages at Welbeck Abbey is of more than passing interest. The Abbey is one of the finest of the stately homes of England. The eccentricities of Welbeck are impressed upon one immediately one enters the park. No other house in England, or in the world, possesses such an entrance. Instead of bowling along a broad, shady avenue, or a well-kept drive across a green park, you pass through a swing-gate and enter a long, gloomy tunnel, with brick walls and roof. It is 18 feet wide, thus giving room for two carriages to pass, and about 15 high. It is lighted by large bulls'-eyes from above by day, and by gas jets by night. At the time of my visit, however, workmen were engaged in installing electric light throughout the

TUNNELS AND PASSAGES. The main tunnel is a mile and a half long, and passes under the long lake which winds through the park.

The drive through the tunnel is an uncanny experience. The gloom, relieved every few yards by flashes of light from the bulls'-eyes above, and the echoing clatter of the horses' feet and the rumble of the carriage wheels carries one back to the times of romance, and it requires little imagination to believe that one is being conveyed to a dismal dungeon or torture room.

In due course one emerges into the open air and bright sunshine immediately in front of the Abbey.

Underground Welbeck is of three kinds—the broad, long tunnels; smaller subterranean footways connecting the Abbey with the outlying buildings; and the famous underground apartments. The park is a veritable rabbit warren. The course of the tunnels is marked from above by the big bulls'-eyes of plate glass which illuminate them by day. Everywhere over the estate one meets with these round glass gratings, which tell of the lower depths and apartments.

The "Tan Gallop," an arcade just short of a quarter of a mile, and covered by 61,000 feet of glass, was built by the old Duke for exercising his horses in bad weather. It adjoins the stable, about a mile from the house. The Duke was very fond of watching his horses, and to reach the Gallop—the largest building of its kind in the world—constructed an underground passage from the Abbey.

Descending some steps in the Gallop, I found myself in a long, winding passage about 8 feet wide and 10 feet high. Like the big tunnel, this was lit by bulls'-eyes from above, with gas-burners for use by night. Proceeding some 400 yards along this way, and mounting some steps, I stood in the

MAGNIFICENT RIDING SCHOOL. It is 285 feet long, 164 feet broad and 51 feet high. The roof is of glass, and there are 8,000 gas burners in the building. It is beautifully decorated throughout; the stone cornice, for instance, cost five guineas a yard to carve.

From this building two underground passages run to the Abbey, three quarters of a mile away. Of Welbeck's many underground rooms the picture gallery is open to visitors. This room, apart from the fact that it is entirely underground, is, without doubt, the finest and most magnificent private apartment in England. The room covers a quarter of an acre, and was dug out of solid clay. On occasions this room serves as a ballroom, and a splendid sight it must present.

When the fifth Duke of Portland succeeded to the title and estate in 1854 he found Welbeck a farmstead. Dying in 1879, he left it a palace. For 18 years he turned Welbeck into one huge workshop, employing during all that time 1,000 or 1,700 men. His daily bill of costs amounted to £1,000, and from beginning to end some £7,000,000 sterling.

Why the Duke built these subterranean rooms and passages, nobody can definitely say. Popular rumor says he was a leper, and so built them to enable him to wander about without being seen. But people who frequently saw the Duke dismiss the story as utterly false. It is certain, however, he lived the life of a great recluse. He shut his grand rooms up, and lived in one or two plainly furnished apartments. He gave no entertainments and kept no company, though he was making his house a palace. On the contrary, he shunned his fellow creatures.

Any servant or workman who spoke to him.

WAS IMMEDIATELY DISMISSED.

Everybody was expected and commanded to pass him as if he were a tree. Outside Welbeck he was never seen, and there only with great difficulty, for he immediately made off on the appearance of a stranger. His journeys to London may be taken as a fair sample of his reclusiveness. He got into his carriage at Welbeck and drove down to Workop station with closely drawn blinds. The carriage, with the Duke still inside, was placed on a truck and sent on to London. Arriving there, horses were harnessed to the carriage, and he was driven to his house, thus performing the journey without being seen by a single person. Thus, by his works and habits, he earned for himself the title of "The Invisible Prince."

Nevertheless, the Duke was a most kindhearted man. Any applicant for employment at the Abbey was sure to obtain it, even if it consisted of nothing more than digging pits, which would afterward be fitted up again, for in this manner the Duke made work when more useful jobs could not be given.

So reclusive did the Duke become in his later years that he could not tolerate the presence of even his oldest servant. His meals were served in a most peculiar manner, no servants being present in the room. The table was prepared as if for a fair-sized party. But before each chair was set a certain course. Thus, after finishing his soup, the Duke took the next chair to eat his fish, and so proceeded round the table, a line of drawn-out chairs and dirty plates making progress until dessert was reached.

By this means the necessity of having servants in the room was removed, and, after dinner, in this solitary fashion, the Duke retired to his room, and the servants entered to clear away. Thus lived the fifth Duke of Portland, cut off from all mankind. Dead and almost forgotten, attention is again attracted to him by the mysterious Druce case.

A SILENT COMPANION.

He is not my fellow student in the sense of attending the same educational institution as myself, and I have little knowledge of the source from which he derives his training. However, it is evidently one well adapted to his mental calibre. Nigger is, nevertheless, my friend and fellow-student; his face at all times expressing sympathy and feeling, and his superior intelligence leading him to take an interest in things of which others of his social position have no knowledge. He is ever near while I am busy with my studies, ready to assist me if occasion require, and to give his opinion on matters of importance. In fact, at this moment, from his position on my shoulder, he is critically examining my writing, and putting a tune of satisfaction with my description of him.

The most striking feature about this extraordinary being is that he is almost entirely devoid of color—no light spot breaks the blackness of his sombre coat. He has the ordinary size of a full-grown domestic cat, and, indeed, many of his external qualities are common to all his race, but his mental attributes mark him as a cat among dogs. His head is of unusual size, the phenological bumps of apprehensiveness, mirthfulness, love of home, being well developed; those of selfishness, destructiveness, and secretiveness being unusually small. As is the case with every aristocratic pussy, his brow is low and broad; his chubby face, good-natured; his round eyes, well opened; his small mouth, well shaped. His large ears give evidence of the fact that his is an open-handed nature, if the expression may be applied to one of the lower order; and, although ill-natured people have said that his rather flat nose proved him a lazy and indolent cat, his firm chin, evincing great strength of character, entirely contradicts the statement.

Russy has just jumped down from his elevated position, in quest of the mouse making itself heard in the wainscoting, and as I should not like to hurt his feelings, I wish to state, while he is not watching, that my poor old cat is cross-eyed, and that some of the boys in default of other sport, one ill-fated day cruelly cut off his whiskers, thereby robbing him of much of his feline beauty. Not wishing Nigger to see these derogatory remarks, I shall close before he returns, this ordinary attempt to describe an extraordinary cat.

COULD NOT SHOOT.

Our Hunters Might Take a Lesson in Humanity From Pagans.

A Hindu looks upon the slaughter of an animal with the same dread and horror with which he would witness the taking of a life of a human being. It would be well for some of the hunters of our own country to learn from such pangs a lesson in humanity. Rev. B. Fay Mills tells the story of a hunter who employed as a decoy for deer a peculiarly constructed whistle, which closely imitated the voice of a young fawn calling its mother.

With his rifle in hand ready for instant action, he was one day blowing his whistle, when suddenly a mother deer thrust her head out of the bushes and looked straight toward him. There she stood, trembling with fear, yet looking this way and that in search of the little one, which she supposed to be in danger. The hunter said:

"As I looked into those eloquent eyes, anxiously glancing here and there with maternal fear, my heart melted. I could not shoot."

Young deer that have not been chastened or fired at by hunters will frequently come very near to strayed travellers. The writer has had a deer walk just in advance of the fore for some distance, and it is well known that wild deer often come into pastures and feed with the cows. To take advantage of this confidence seems very near to murder.

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ve had catarrh for a time. About four and since using the it." At druggists, nopathic disease of e a mild catarrh, s Ointment relieves. Cures piles in a to

A. CAUGHNELL.