THE LION'S CLAW.

The naval Lieutenant Julien de Rhe had returned from Cochin-China in a sad state, and when, after three months of illness in the family mansion, he became convalescent and was able to walk up and down the terrace on the banks of the Loire between his mother and sister (how tenderly these dear women had cared for him) the young man felt rather an alarming chill steal over him at the first cool autumn breeze.

"Go and pass the winter at Pau," advised his physician. "The climate is mild, but not too warm, and is extremely soothing in itself. It will agree with you admirably and in three months you can return to your mother completely cured."

That is how Julien happened in the middle of November to be leaning from his window at the Hotel Gardere gazing at the sublime spectacle of the Pyrenees and moking the cigarets of convalesence, which have something of the flavor of those first ones we smoked in secret in our youth.

"Truly, truly Pau is full of pretty women," remarked the young man the first time he strolled out on the Place Royal in the sunshine to listen to the military band and look at the statue of good King Henry in his troubadour's costume. Though he was neither a libertine nor a dandy the young sailor resumed life gayly and wore jauntily his new cap and uniform with its three golden bars and the rosette of the Legion of Honor that his mother had brought proudly to his bedside—when it looked as if it would only be placed on his coffin. He was very glad he had come to Pau. How exquisite it all was! The warm rays of the sun, the azure sky, the vast country about, the distant amphitheater of hills, whose snow-covered tops reached to heaven. It was very amusing to circulate in the cosmopolitan crowd among the beautiful strangers and hear the different languages—like the song of many birds in a cage.

There were some sad sights too. A young Englishman, half dead with consumption, whose attendant pushed him around in a wheel chair, and who looked out from his multitude of wrappings with anguid eyes, and who wore a black respirator over his mouth, caused a pang of pity. But such is man's egotism that after the first feeling of pain Julien remembered what a sadsight he presented when he landed at Toulon—as thin as a skeleton, with chocolate-brown circles under his eyes—and, behold, here he was almost well!

So, breathing in great mouthsful of the balmy air, the warm sun permeating his being with its radiance, carefully dressed, freshly shaved, proud of his decoration, Julien de Rhe felt the joy of merely living as he strolled along, throwing small bits of silver to the beggars, slackening his pace to look at the pretty women who crossed his path, and finally stopping to watch the gay little girls with black stockings and flying white skirts who danced around a big tree in the center of the Place Royal to the music of the military band.

Did not everything point to a love affair? Love struck our happy convalescent like a stroke of lightning the day he beheld Mlle. Olga Babarine, the beautiful Russian alight from her horse in front of the Hotel Session, where she lived with her mother. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and she was returning from the fox hunt. Five or six red-coated admirers who accompanied her crowded eagerly to assist her to alight. She sprang into the arms of the first comer, and instantly striking the stable with the handle of her riding whip ordered a glass of fresh milk, and drank it in at a single draft she stood, her black riding habit showing to perfection her finely-molded goddess-like figure, her red gold hair escaping in curls from the man's cap. She wore and talking about her admirers. She laughed, holding the empty glass in both hands—satisfied, almost intoxicated, with the fresh drink, two mustaches of gram in the corners of her rosy lips and the setting sun shedding a golden halo about her lovely head. Then suddenly growing serious she set down her empty glass, bowed lightly, disdainfully, to the group of red coats, and walked into the hotel, striking her riding skirt with her whip. Three days after Julien de Rhe, who had passed the whole time in saying to his acquaintances, "Who is she? I am wild for her! I adore her," etc., was presented to a very difficult matter—to the Marine ladies, and formed a part of the crowd of the lovely Russian's admirers.

Had she any family? Her father—Oscar Christian, to whom Mme. Babarine constantly alluded—had been dead several years and her father according to law, the Russian Count, seldom noticed her. Barely ruined, he had no other means of existence than his gun afforded, and lived out to gait prizes at pigeon hunts, like a band of civilzed "Bas de Cuir." As to the mother, in spite of her periodical mater-ne attentions that jarred on the nerves she had a false ring to every one of those perfectly selfish, absolutely egotistical people who never think themselves in the wrong, and during a time when Olga had a cold fever and for eight days lay at the point of death she never once forgot, while leaning over the child, to put on her kid gloves that she wore at night to protect her hands.

Julien de Rhe heard all these things when he was enrolled in the flying squadron that constantly surrounded Miss Olga Marine, and he began to love madly this singular and perplexing girl who looked slight in his eyes the day that a common friend introduced the young naval officer, who said as she lighted an Egyptian cigar—

"Ah! it is you who are in love with me. Good morning, sir." Then she gave him a hearty hand shake—like a man.

This brave and honest sailor had begun to love her very dearly—the more that he had misstood and pitied her from the first. He was not deceived. Olga was capricious, but trained, but she was not a coquette like he had a proud, frank heart. Who knows? Perhaps she felt the vanity of her wicked, pleasure-seeking life. It is certain she judged severely the young people who talked about her at the fox hunts and who crowded around to write their names on her dance programs in the evenings. All admired her, no one respected her, for no one had yet decided to ask her hand in marriage.

No she treated them cavalierly at times, recalling them to their senses by a sharp pull at their bridles—beautiful Amazons as she was—if they held her too close-ly in the whirlwind of the waltz or pressed too tightly the hand she held frankly out to them.

Julien, the delicacy of whose instincts gave much penetration to his mind, for often the most innocent are the most discerning, discovered the real loyal heart that this unfortunate girl possessed. Doubtless he loved her for her beauty, and his head swam when in a pause in the dance she leaned against him in all the splendor of her beauty, her golden red hair, and her black eyes; her face the tint of the rosy clouds of sunset; intoxicating him with starry eyes, with her breath perfumed with violets. But he also loved her, and, more than all, for her troubles, that she hid so proudly.

Marry her! Yes, and carry her away from her perilous surroundings, bear her away with him to his mother, who was a saint in his eyes, to let her breathe the invigorating pure air of real home life—to save her, in a word. Such was his dream and his only dream. He even thought sometimes that Olga divined his secret wish and when, at Mme. Babarine's 6 o'clock teas, when Olga treated her admirer with boyish frankness, she gave the young sailor his cup of Russian tea, he fancied he saw in the depths of the young girl's eyes a sweet, faint light that seemed to respond to his generous pity—his infinite tenderness.

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"Yes, mademoiselle, my sick leave expires in eight days. I shall leave Pau tomorrow and go to Toulon, where I shall pass a few days with my sister; then from there I go to Brest, where I am aide-de-camp to the Prefect Maritime, and in a year or eighteen months I go to sea again."

They were alone in a corner of the hotel reading-room near an open window, through which they could see the evening sky palpitating with a million stars.

"Good-by, then, and bon voyage," said Olga in her frank young voice, "but I have a favor to ask M. de Rhe. You know that lion's claw mounted in a circle of gold that you wear on your chain? Well, I want it. It came from a lion that you killed in Africa, didn't it? I am a kind of a wild animal and that just suits me. Give it to me and I will keep it to remember you by." Julien detached the trinket and gave it to the young girl; then suddenly taking her hands in both his he said softly and ardently: "I love you; will you be my wife?"

Olga drew her hand softly away, still keeping the lion's claw, then, folding her arms on her breast, she looked M. de Rhe full in the face with no apparent emotion.

"No," said she at last; "no. You are the first man that has ever told me that frankly and honestly, and for that very reason I refuse."

"Olga!" cried Julien in a changed voice.

"Listen," she said, interrupting him by a gesture, "and understand why I say no. It is because I am not worthy of you, and should only make you unhappy. You know that letter of your sister's that you complained of losing. Well, you dropped it here, and I picked it up and read it. Your sister replied to your confidences about me. I have long divined your feelings. She rejoiced—simple, innocent child that she is—but in terms that made me comprehend how deep, how terrible, is the difference between a real young girl and me. In reading this letter, so full of intimate and touching details, I saw as it were your family, your home, full of honest people, where no one but an honest woman should enter. Thank God, M. Rhe, for giving you a mother of whose gray hair you cannot think without a delicious emotion of love rising in the depths of your heart. I, too, have a mother. I, too—but I am compelled to judge her. You have only seen her ridiculous side, but I know her better. If you should ask my hand of her she would refuse you because your position is too humble—your fortune too small. My mother has decided that I shall make a grand marriage or else—or else—she will find something else for me. O! I have had experiences for a girl of 18. It is horrible, is it not, but it is true. That is why we spent last winter at Nice, last summer at Scheveningen, and why we are now at Pau. That is why we roll like pebbles from one part of Europe to the other, why we sleep only on inn beds, and dine only at table d'hotes. My mother has nearly been a royal Princess, you understand, and that is why she has given me to understand since I was 15 that I was destined to be an Archduchess at least, even if it was a left-handed alliance.

"What! marry a simple gentleman—nearly a commoner! In your eyes—I derogate—I inspire you with disgust, and I am so ashamed! Do not protest. No, you cannot wish to take to your mother, as your fiancee, as your wife, one who has so much stain upon her. And then I am only an 'objet de luxe,' costly and worthless, whom you do not need and who would not bring you happiness. Besides, I do not love you. I love no one. Love is one of the things forbidden me. Adieu, Monsieur de Rhe. Rise and go away without a word, I beg you. Only leave me your lion's claw, will you not? It will recall to me an honest man to whom I acted as an honest girl. Say nothing to me, and let us part forever. Adieu!"

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Three years after the steamship Du Conedic, returning from Senegal, stopped at the Canaries for mail. The baggage-master entered the officers' saloon and laid a package of papers on the table. Julien de Rhe undid the packet of Paris journals nearly three weeks old, and under the head of "Arrivals and Departures" read the following lines: "H. M. the King of Suabia, who is traveling in street incognito as the Count of Augeburgh, has been here since yesterday evening. An unfortunate accident occurred at the station at the time of his arrival. The Baroness of Hall, who, accompanied by her mother, the Countess Babarine, has made the voyage with his Majesty, lost a jewel of little intrinsic value, but to which, it appears, Mme. Hall attaches a great price. It is a simple lion's claw, mounted in a circle of gold. Mme. Hall has promised 2,000 francs reward to the person who brings it to her."

"Julien, take care. You will forget the hour for your watch, my friend."

"Thanks," said Julien de Rhe, arising as from a dream and throwing down his paper.

That night the helmsman, who was alone on deck with the officer on duty, saw him carry his handkerchief to his eyes several times, although the fog and stinging wind that causes the eyes to water had not yet arisen.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AGRICULTURAL

The Use of the Sunflower.

In China and Russia the sunflower is considered a valuable plant, and it is raised for its seeds at the rate of nearly half a million pounds annually. The poor farmers of Italy and India likewise attach great importance to the plant, and the seeds are harvested for animal food and for poultry.

The sunflower has long been raised in this country for ornamental purposes, but with the exception of a few poultry raisers who fatten their fowls on the seeds no one takes the trouble to utilize either stalks or seeds. Nevertheless, there are few plants that yield more useful articles of commerce than the sunflowers. Their value is already being appreciated by scientists, and a more general cultivation of the plants is recommended. In their wild state the sunflowers are smaller than when properly cultivated, but very little attention is required to give them a splendid growth. Soil that will produce any other farm crop will yield a heavy supply of sunflowers.

One of the most important uses for the sunflower seeds is as food for poultry and cattle. It has long been valued by progressive farmers as an excellent and cheap food for fowls. Nothing makes them fatten quicker, and they will frequently leave all other food for them. The seeds make the hens lay better, and greatly increase their weight. They can be raised cheaper than corn, and give better results. As a food for cattle the results so far obtained are very satisfactory. In Denmark remarkable success has been obtained in mixing sunflower seeds with barley and oats for cattle. Nearly all farm animals enjoy the seeds, and eat them freely, especially when mixed with grains. The food has no deleterious effect upon the flavor or quality of the milk, but rather increases its flow.

Sunflower oil made from the seeds is in great demand in this country. In Russia millions of pounds of the seeds are raised annually for the oil, and large quantities of this oil are exported from that country. In the crude state it is used by painters for inside work, but it does not quite equal linseed oil for varnish purposes. It is mixed with most of our cheap paints, and also with many prepared stains. In Russia it is used to some extent for burning, but not where there is any market for it. It takes about one bushel of seed to make a gallon of oil, and about fifty bushels of seed are produced on one acre of land. When the oil is selling at $1 per gallon, the profits are large.

Of late years efforts have been made to refine the oil so as to sell in competition with olive oil. In fact, purified sunflower oil is used quite extensively to adulterate salad oils. Many consider it equal to the ordinary grades of olive and almond oil for table uses. It is of a pale yellow color, flavorless, and palatable. In Maryland considerable of this oil is made to supply the Baltimore trade, and ata recent experiment with it the hotel men of that city said they preferred it to all others for salads. France, Germany and Italy are enlarging their plants for making all kinds of seed oils, and among these the sunflower seed oil is conspicuous. The present outlook seems to indicate a time when the sunflower will become an important factor in the production of the best seed oil.

After the oil is extracted from the seeds the residue is made into cakes for cattle food, and while not so nutritious as the food made from the fresh seeds, it is of considerable value. The factories that express the oil sell the seed cakes at a merely nominal sum. In the poorer districts of India and Europe a fair kind of bread is made from sun flower seeds, and the natives depend upon it for a steady article of diet. Their cattle are fed with the same diet, only the seeds and heads are chopped up together, and even the leaves are fed to the animals. The stalks, when stripped of their leaves and heads, are dried and used for fuel. One acre of sunflowers will yield a great many cords of good fuel. The stalks are large, tough, brittle and good burners. A few acres of such fuel will last one all winter.

Many cheap cigars are made from the leaves of the sunflower. When properly cured the large leaves make excellent wrappers for cheap cigars. When pulverized and mixed with an equal quantity of tobacco, the combination is not inferior to many of the cheap grades of tobacco. In fact, the sunflower leaves give a peculiar aromatic flavor to the tobacco that is liked by many smokers. Cheap cigarettes have considerable of this kind of tobacco in them.

The stalks find other uses than that for fuel. In China the fibre is treated like flax, and woven to a great extent in silk fabrics. The stalks have to be gathered at the right time for this use, and then shredded either by hand or machinery. The fibre is fine and silky, very strong and endurable. The Chinese use it to give strength to their silk fabrics, but their methods of obtaining and curing it are very crude and slow. With improved modern machinery the fibre of the sunflower stalks could be made of great value in this country. Factories once established would find no difficulty in getting farmers to raise enough sunflowers for their use, for, with the seeds and leaves, and stalks in good demand, the crop would prove extremely profitable.

Several minor articles are made from the sunflowers. From the bright yellow blossoms a yellow dye is made that stands use very well. Moreover, the flower produces very fine honey and wax when properly treated. In England the honey and wax are made more successfully than elsewhere, and as a side issue the manufacturer of these two products is very profitable. Finally potash can be made from the stalks. This proves that the plants possess a good percentage of one of the most important of soil elements, and that the crop would prove valuable as a fertilizer, if it could be produced to an available form. Cattle fed upon the heads of the sunflowers contribute potash to the soil.

With all these commercial uses, the sunflowers should prove a profitable crop in a country where they grow naturally wild in the fields and gardens. Although a native of tropical America, the plant has a wide limit of growth, including Russia, India, China, North America and all of Europe. When the seeds are sown in cultivated fields for a commercial crop from 11,000 to 25,000 stalks are raised to the acre. From four to five pounds of seed are sown in the acre either drilled in as wheat, or sown in rows nearly the same as corn. When the heads ripen they are removed by a sickle, and laid aside to dry in some warm place. The stalks can then be cut separately according to the best method. If used for fuel it matters little how roughly they are cut, but when gathered for their fibre a regular system must be followed. The plants need plenty of sun, and should be given the most open field on the farm. In about four months the seeds will be ready for gathering. The plants withstand droughts better than most of our cultivated crops, and farmers might do well to plant more of them and less corn. They would be sure then to have cattle food for winter, for it is rarely that a sunflower crop fails.

BICYCLES NOW AND NEXT YEAR.

The Wheel of the Future May be of Wood—All Sorts of Prophecies, but Little Beyond Conjecture.

The flood of inventions that is being poured into the bicycle market is almost unprecedented. Bicycle tires, gears, lamps, stands and every part of a bicycle have been used as a basis of experiment. A clever Canadian offered to a manufacturer a neat and practicable little device to make bicycles stand. It could, he said, be carried on every wheel, and he wanted a royalty. He was met by the response that bicyclists were stripping their wheels of every ounce of superfluous weight, and that in the struggle for lightness many men went so far as to leave the tool bags off their wheels, and in case of breakdowns on the road they depended on kindly disposed bicyclists who carry theirs along. Several devices have been invented for facilitating the manufacture of wheels. It it said that the woman's machine is a difficult thing for the maker to produce and keep up to date, for the reason that the improvements are being made at a rapid rate, the needs of the woman bicyclist being better understood. Saddles are turned out at a terrific rate by a new machine. One machine cuts the leather into assorted sizes. These are passed into another machine, and when they appear again they are complete. The hub, washers, spoke nipples and all the other small parts are handled separately by skilled men. One authority maintains that the wheel of the future will be of wood, and believes that the hickory bicycle will lead all others in popular favor. There are all sorts of prophecies as to next year's bicycles, but so far there is little beyond conjecture. What is announced is that the wheel will be heavier by a few pounds and vastly stronger. The tendency is to reaction against the lightness and flimsiness of wheels that can not stand wear and tear. It is also said that the wheels will have a greater diameter, and the tire will be about one-half larger than that now in use. This increase in the size of the tire will be mainly in the thickness of the rubber tubing, which will lessen the liability to puncture; six-ply rubber will not tear as readily as two or three-ply. Makers are looking to expend their skill on lessening friction and increasing speed. Although the coming wheel is to be heavier, it will probably carry a rider much farther upon a like expenditure of physical energy than the wheel of to-day, and more safely. A large Western syndicate is to put wheels on the market next year for $30 each. This cheap wheel will increase the number of riders, for many persons will buy it, and thus become prospective purchasers of a wheel that will last, who would not learn to ride for many years yet if they were compelled to pay standard prices.

The Inkstand Battle.

We are making smokeless powder
And big bombs to throw a mile,
That will blow the foe to chowder
In the true dynamic style.
Talk not of the bloody red man
And the foe his arrow drops—
Every ball, it means a dead man,
Every bullet means a corpse.

We've a whirling gun; you spin it
And the myriad bullets fly
And a hundred men a minute
Roll their stony eyes and die.
"Make your swath of dead men deeper,"
Thus the modern spirit saith,
"Start me up this rattling reaper
On the harvest fields of death."

Let us stop this wild death's revel;
Martin Luther, so 'tis said,
Threw his inkstand at the devil,
And the black fiend turned and fled.
Smite your world-wrong; don't combat it
With a fusillade of lead;
Simply throw your inkstand at it;
Come to-morrow, it is dead.

When the world upon the brink stands
Of some crisis steep and dread,
Like brave soldiers seize your inkstand,
Hurl them at the devil's head.
Pour your ink-pots in a torrent
Till the strangling demon sink,
Till the struggling fiend abhorrent
Drown in oceans of black ink.

For the man who's born a fighter,
For the brain that's learned to think,
There is dynamite and nitre
In a bottle of black ink.
Though it makes no weeping nations,
And it leaves no gaping scars,
Placed 'neath error's strong foundations,
'Twill explode them to the stars.

Glass Bricks and Glass Cloth.

In these days of paper boats and paper wheels, it is hardly surprising that bricks of glass should be employed. Such bricks, recently manufactured in Silesia for the walls and roofs of winter gardens and plant-houses, are made hollow, about one-third of the entire cubical content of each brick being occupied by a chamber filled with rarefied air.

The purpose of this contrivance is to prevent the too rapid passages of heat between the interior and exterior of the wall, the enclosed air being a poor conductor of heat.

The bricks are firmly united by cement, and thus the possibility of constructing a glass house without the employment of a skeleton of iron, as in the Crystal Palace of London, is proved.

Glass cloth seems a far more difficult thing to make than glass bricks, yet it was brought into practical use as long as half a century ago. Being spun into threads of exceeding fineness, glass can be woven like cotton or silk. One of the most common uses for glass cloth to-day is in the making of filters for laboratories.

There is one advantage, at least, that we should enjoy if glass garments ever came into use, and that is that the great grease-spot evil would be abolished forever.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Buttermilk.

What a homely subject, I think I hear some one exclaim. True, but like most homely things its merits are overlooked. The uses of buttermilk are many. We will mention a few. French physicians prescribe it for sickly infants, when sweet milk fails to be assimilated. Mulled buttermilk is another form of using it. It is made by adding a beaten egg to one pint of buttermilk and letting it boil a minute or two; to be eaten plain or with the addition of sugar or flavoring if desired. It is nourishing and to be recommended for invalids. A lady of my acquaintance who is very low from the effects of stomach trouble, and who is unable to take food of any other kind nor ice nor water, can drink buttermilk. Nothing else can be borne. A dish that is much liked by many is called buttermilk pop. It is generally used as a supper dish. It is made by taking fresh, sweet buttermilk, boiling, and adding "noodles" or flour dampened by adding eggs or sour milk, rubbed fine, and stirred in when boiling. Sweeten to taste. A pitcher of fresh buttermilk is a regular adjunct of our supper on churning days, and one of which the family never tires. It is brought to a low temperature by immersing in cold water an hour or so before it is wanted, or a quantity of crushed ice can be added just before serving. Light bread and sugar—white or granulated is best—is the only addition needed. During the summer heat it is especially healthful and cooling. Try it, all who are dyspeptic and troubled by insomnia and see if your rest is not sweeter and more sound. When making cake, instead of the formula, "sweet milk and baking powder," take the same quantity of butter milk, sweetened by using soda according to acidity of milk. As light and palatable cake can be made by so doing as by using baking powder, if properly made. Baking powders are intended for the use of those housekeepers who are unable at all times to obtain sour milk, but many lose sight of this and resort to powders when buttermilk is at hand. English housekeepers do not use baking powder to any great extent, relying upon the lightness to which the eggs are brought, and sour milk is used instead of sweet. Another use of buttermilk is in making cottage cheese, which is well known and liked by most people.

Recipes.

Scalloped Salmon.—Open a pound can salmon, pick free from skin and bones, and lay a first layer of salmon, then a layer of bread crumbs, pepper, and salt and a little butter, then put in more salmon and bread crumbs in alternate layers until the baking dish is full. Add a teacupful of milk and bake about fifteen minutes.

Chocolate Cake.—Four eggs, two cups brown sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one cup grated chocolate (Baker's) one teaspoon baking powder (heaping), one teaspoonful baking soda, one tablespoonful cornstarch. Flavor with vanilla. Put together with boiled icing. When mixing, sift flour, cornstarch, soda, and baking powder together.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—The essentials are a very fresh and cold egg, and very cold oil. It is well to place both in the icebox over night. Cotton seed oil, at twenty-five cents a pint, is really just as good as the most costly imported oil. Put the yolk of the egg into a dish large enough to hold the quantity you wish to make, and stir it round and round with a fork, always stirring one way; after a few minutes commence adding the oil in a thin stream, and keep up a constant stirring; when it thickens too much, add a little lemon juice; when all is used, season to taste with mustard, cayenne and salt. The mustard may be put with the egg in the beginning. This dressing, with a few leaves of lettuce and a couple of sliced tomatoes with some minced celery, or of any one of the different salad combinations, makes a delicious course.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak a small teacupful of tapioca in a pint of new milk over night; next morning put it in an oatmeal boiler; adding a quart of new milk; let this scald, then stir in beaten yolk of three eggs; cook three minutes, stirring constantly; sweeten to taste; remove from fire; beat the whites of three eggs stiff and stir them lightly through the custard while it is still hot. When cold, add one teaspoonful of lemon extract and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Egg Omelet.—Six eggs beaten separately, half-pint sweet milk, six teaspoonfuls of cornstarch made smooth in a little of the milk, one teaspoonful baking-powder, a little salt; add the whites last, cook in a hot pan with a little butter; when nicely browned, roll over on a hot dish and serve at once.

French Toast.—To one egg thoroughly beaten put one cup of sweet milk and a little salt. Slice light bread and dip into the mixture, allowing each slice to absorb some of the milk; then brown on a hot buttered gridle; spread with butter, and serve hot.

Cooking Cabbages.

A great many people with weak digestion are afraid to eat cabbages of any description. This is a simple means of remedying the matter. Put about the size of an egg of bread-crumbs tied in a fine cloth in with the cabbages when cooking. Cabbages cooked like this can be used in any possible way, the bread having absorbed all bitter juices, they cannot harm, while they are digested quite easily. Another advantage of this style of cooking is that the bread-crumbs absorb almost all the smell which usually accompanies the cooking of cabbages.

To Prepare Salted Almonds.

Salted almonds may be easily prepared at home, and will be found much better than those usually supplied by the caterer, with whom absolute freshness does not always count.

After shelling the almonds they should be blanched, which is accomplished by simply pouring boiling water over them. After standing for a few minutes the skins can be easily slipped off. Dry the almonds with a napkin and place in a shallow baking tin; anoint them sparingly with salad oil or the sweetest of butter; sprinkle with salt and set in the oven till delicately browned.

Salted pecans and peanuts may be prepared in the same way, omitting the blanching process.

WOLSELEY'S MEDALS.

How the Commander in Chief Won His Decorations in the Crimea.

August is a memorable month for Lord Wolseley says the Boston Herald. That month saw him designated successor to the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British army, and in August, 1855, his gallantry in the trenches before Sebastopol gained for him the Legion of Honor from France and the order of the Medjidie from Turkey. It was on Aug. 31, 1855 that Wolseley, then a captain of the 90th foot, serving as an assistant engineer, performed the feat of arms which won him the two decorations, and very nearly cost him his life, for he was so badly wounded that his body was drawn aside for burial.

The story of the wounding is told by Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood in an article on "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894." It is worth repeating, not only for the interest that attaches to the anniversary, but because it brings out in distinct colors the surprising difference between trained veterans and raw recruits, even in a British army, where bravery is always looked for, and one man is assumed to be about as good as another. The regiments that Lord Raglan carried to the Crimea in September, 1854, were largely composed of old soldiers, of sturdy physique and

DAUNTLESS VALOR.

These were the men whose personal prowess won, against great odds, the "soldiers' battle" of Inkerman. By the summer of 1855 this splendid material had been pretty much expended. The hardy veterans were dead or invalided, and the troops who came out from England to take their place proved too often of very inferior quality. "They were no longer," says Sir Evelyn Wood, "men in the prime of life, but weedy boys, and on the 26th of August when a Russian shell, bursting in the fifth parallel, killed a line soldier, his comrades not only retired, but refused to return to retrieve the body."

The same lack of valor was shown by a British working party composed of newly arrived soldiers on the night when Capt. Wolseley got his wound. A small body of Russians had made a sortie against the British advanced works on the extreme right, where Wolseley was stationed. There was no covering party at hand, "and the working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Capt. Wolseley to rally them." The Russians destroyed some fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back to the Dockyard, ravine, from which they kept up an incessant fire. A Russian battery, known as the Gervais battery, also played on the head of the sap, and in a short time Wolseley's little party had twelve casualties out of sixty-five men.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN

was at work repairing damages at the head of the sap, under a shower of bullets, round shot and shell, when he received the wound which so nearly brought his career to a premature close. Here is the description of the affair given by Sir Evelyn Wood:

"Wolseley was on his knees holding the front gabion, into which a sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the Gervais battery. Wolseley was terribly wounded, and, indeed, the sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp when he found the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the skin. Strange to say, he did duty, after a rapid temporary recovery, till the armies re-embarked, the skin wound becoming more serious later, when the bone began to exfoliate."

DESTINED TO BE EMPEROR.

Appearance and Manner of the Oldest Son of William II.

Compare the young Crown Prince of Germany with any lad of his age, and it is to be feared that from a physical as well, as from an intellectual standpoint, he would make rather a poor showing. He is now in his fourteenth year, and weighs only 72 pounds, which is exceedingly little for a lad of his age, the average being about 100 pounds. The Crown Prince and his brother have just completed a pedestrian tour through Southern Germany. It terminated at Constance, where they spent about a fortnight in the Island hotel, a very stately and picturesque hostelry. They awaited there the arrival of their heavy baggage from Berlin, and its contents afforded some indication as to their tastes. The Crown Prince had his violin and his collection of coins, while his brother, Prince Eitel, was enthusiastically busy with his scrap album. But their favorite amusement seems to be playing with tin soldiers. Close upon a hundred boxes of soldiers were in the baggage. With these they amused themselves the live-long day, building castles, fortresses, and armies, infantry, and cavalry, and artillery all in their proper place.

THE TWO BOYS

are always dressed alike, sometimes in white flannel and white felt hats, and sometimes in navy blue sailor costume with nickerbockers, black stockings, dogskin gloves, and straw hats. They both seemed to dislike being stared at. The Crown Prince showed resentment while at Constance, when too much attention was paid him. Nothing delighted them so much as the devices adopted by their attendants and by the management of the hotel to prevent the future subjects of the Crown Prince from getting even a glimpse of the imperial boys. Indeed, they seemed to look upon the public almost in the light of an enemy, and to thoroughly enjoy everything done to disgruntle it.

In spite of his diminutive stature and delicate physique, the Crown Prince seems to be a brisk little fellow—fair-haired and thin, the very image of his father, both in feature and manner, copying his father's military wagger and peculiarities of gesture in the most entertaining fashion. Prince Eitel, who, although a year younger, weighs close upon 100 pounds, and is much broader and taller, resembles his mother. His hair is dark, and so are his eyes. Until his locks were clipped he was really a beautiful boy, his eyes being sometimes dreamy, and sometimes lighted up with a sparkle of mischief, of which he is a perfect little demon.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN
CURES CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION DIZZINESS
ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
ALSO, FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE
An Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.
Sold by A. T. Elliott, Beaverton

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Farmers of Thorah, Eldon, Mara and Brock consult your interests by comparing my Pumps with those of other makers. Their superiority is unquestionable.
FORCE, or COMMON PUMPS,
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
I place no pump without thoroughly testing its working capacity and guarantee it to do all claim for it with reasonable care.
BRASS and IRON CYLINDERS,
Galvanized Piping also supplied when ordered
THOS. HODGSON,
Beaverton Pump Factory.
Beaverton March 20th, '94.

DR. SIMPSON'S "ADROIT" PESSARY TRADE MARK
"Better than a pound of cure" for weakness and leucorrhea. When not obtainable at Drug Stores, order by mail, one box, $1, 6 for $5. Circular free. The Simpson Company, Toronto.
For sale by W. Williamson Druggist, Beaverton

DIVISION COURTS 1894.

County of Ontario.

1. WHITBY: Clerk, D. C. Macdonell, Whitby Jan. 2. Feb. 2, Mar. 2, Apr. 3, May 2, Jun. 3, July 8 Sep. 3, Oct. 2, Nov. 2, Dec. 3.
OSHAWA: D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Jan. 3, Feb. 4, Mar. 4, Apr. 3, May 3, June 4, July 8 Sep. 4, Oct. 3, Nov. 4, Dec. 4.
2. BROUGHAM: M. Gleeson, Greenwood, Jan. 4, Mar. 5, May 4, July 9, Sep. 5, Nov. 5.
3. PORT PERRY: J. W. Burnham, Port Perry Jan. 29, Mar. 9, May 9, July 11, Sep. 28, Nov. 18.
4. UXBRIDGE: Jos. E. Gould, Uxbridge, Jan. 30, Mar. 13, May 15, July 12, Oct 14, Dec. 17
5. CANNINGTON: Geo. Smith, Cannington, Jan. 31, Mar. 14, May 16, July 13, Oct. 15, Dec. 18,
6. BEAVERTON: G. F. Bruce, Beaverton, Mar 15, May 17, Oct. 16, Dec. 19.
7. UPTERGROVE: F. J. Gillespie, Uptergrove Mar. 16, May 18, Oct. 17, Dec. 20.
By order
J. E. FAREWELL,
Clerk of the Peace.
Jan. 1.

A PERFECT TEA
MONSOON TEA
THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.
"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.
ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

The Bright Side.

Lookin' on the bright side—
That's the way to go,
Bet you it's the right side,
Summer time or Snow.

Nothin' much in grievin'—
Keeps you in the groove,
It's a man's believin'
Makes the mountains move.

Clouds is got a light side;
All the bells'll chime—
Lookin' on the bright side
Gits there every time.

Atlanta Constitution.

Laugh a Little Bit.

Here's a motto just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

Seals Consume Lots of Fish.

There are on the Pribyloff Islands to the southeast of Alaska probably from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 seals. Considering that each of these will eat at least 10 pounds of fish per day, the herd will consume 6,000,000 tons of fish a year. As some naturalists claim that a seal will eat considerably more than 10 pounds per day, this estimate is doubled by them. How expensive these seals are will be evident from the fact that the amount of fish consumed in England per year is less than 600,000 tons, which supply was valued at about $30,000,000. At this rating the seals of the Northern Pacific get away with more than $300,000,000 worth of fish per year.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.