Mr. Jenifer's Inheritance.

The Rev. Clement Jenifer had inherited a property! The lawyer's letter announcing the fact lay before him, beside the breakfast which he had forgotten in the thought of this unexpected good fortune. It was not a meagre breakfast, although Mr. Jenifer, at five-and-forty was still only a curate on a stipend of £150 per, annum, for through the greater part of his twenty years in holy orders he had acted on the principles that if he gave his time to the poor it was as much as they could expect, and so if they called Parson Jenifer "hard" and "close," and preferred going to the Vicar—why, that was not his fault.

His inheritance consisted in a good house and several hundreds a year, and he sat and thought over the difference this would make in his future. No more for him the daily service, read as part of the day's work—no more visiting of thriftless complaining, muddling poor, with whom he was completely out of touch—in a word, no more drudgery.

Twenty years of drudgery! That was what his life amounted to. Not for him the spirit of love that softens and the high thoughts that sanctify daily tasks; only the grudging gift of obligatory toil. It was written on his face, in lines marked by 20 years—no, not quite 20—he had thought differently at 30—but by twenty than a dozen years of discontent and repining. It was a pity, too, for the face was one of great possibilities, closed over by the dullness of a heart that fails to see through the service the Master who is served.

Even now he had no regret for the kind old friend who had left him a goodly share of his property; no thought that the hand which had ever been ready to help him among many another was helpless now henceforth; no spirit of gratitude for this last loving gift, only a selfish pleasure in his own good luck and a feeling of discontent that it had been so long in coming. And thus thinking he rose and went to see his Vicar to make arrangements for the visit to the lawyer, which must precede his taking possession of his new inheritance.

He found no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence for the purpose. The Vicar was a kind and open-hearted man and was pleased at his curate's unexpected prosperity.

"Well, Jenifer," he said, "I am very glad for you, though you can't appreciate it as I do, with a family to wife and family dependent on you. At the same you have my hearty congratulations."

"Ah," said Mr. Jenifer, "things generally come too late. Now if this had happened when I was ten years younger, what a difference it would have made to me!"

"But your friend's life was a very valuable one to many was it not?" said the Vicar. "From all that I have heard of him, I should think that even now there will be plenty of people to say that the end has come ten years too soon, rather than too late."

"Why, he was nearly ninety!" said Jenifer, as if the fact were rather a reproach to the old man. Jenifer had begun to make his preparations for leaving.

The Vicar's wife came in as the curate went out. She found her husband gazing rather sadly into the dull street.

"Mary, my dear," he said, "it is my belief that after the miracles of the loaves and fishes there were some among the five thousand who complained that the bread was stale and the fish not so fresh as it might have been."

Meanwhile Clement Jenifer was speeding on to London to see his lawyer. He found there was one condition which he must fulfill before he could call himself master of the house and income. Mr. Dacre had only willed Waterdell Hall to him under the proviso that he should pass one night in the house quietly alone.

Mr. Jenifer laughed when this clause was read to him.

"That is not a very hard thing to do," said he. "But was Mr. Dacre's brain softening when he made his will?"

"Not at all," answered the lawyer shortly. "Those who knew Mr. Dacre in his last hour will tell you that the dear old man's mind was as clear to the end as in his best days. When you go to Waterdell you will not please your poor neighbors there if you suggest to them that the man who was so generally respected was crazy. I have no doubt this letter, which he instructed me to deliver to you personally, will explain the matter."

This was, however, not the case. The note was but a short one, and gave no reason for the testator's wish, except that he had inherited Waterdell Hall under the same stipulation—that he had ever been thankful for what he carried out, and hoped that though his friend Clement Jenifer was older than he himself had been when he came into the property, ("for," he wrote, with an eye to his ordinary humor, "I have been, like Charles II., an unconscionable time a dying,") that a month or two spent in his future home would prove as great a blessing to him as it had been to the writer, and so, without further argument, he hoped that he had his affectionate friend, Thomas Dacre.

That was all. Clement Jenifer never liked being made ridiculous, and he thought that this will was very much that possibility. Yet he could not lose his inheritance for fear of being absurd, and after certain business instructions from the lawyer he went to his hotel or that night and next morning set out for Waterdell. He put up at a little inn in the neaest market town before proceeding to his destination, where, the lawyer had informed him, he would find all things in readiness to receive him for his lonely vigil, if vigil it was to be. The inn was full of farmers of the neighborhood come to the market, and after much discourse on grain and turnips the conversation, Mr. Jenifer found—to his great vexation—unknown—turned on the death of Mr. Dacre.

"They do say," said one red-faced, gray-whiskered man of substantial appearance—"they do say that the ghost has begun to walk again since the Squire's death."

"What ghost?" asked a younger man with an incredulous laugh: "I never heard of a ghost at Waterdell."

"No, you mayn't," said the first man; but I've heard tell from my father, times upon times, that before squire Dacre come here, there was a power of queer things seen and heard at Waterdell; and they say that since he's dead they be come back."

"They say; who say?" asked a thin weasel-faced farmer.

"Well my man Marvel for one; he went across by the spinney last night, where he has been almost every evening these thirty year, and he swears that he saw some one walking up and down the long path, and heard some doleful noises."

"Ah!" said the thin man, with a grunt, "Mr Marvel always were a liar."

"Liar or no liar," said the last farmer rather angrily, "my father saw the ghost himself sixty yearsago; often and often he has told me of it; and I believe the old Squire knew it, too, for he never laughed at or scoffed at some fools do [with a significant sniff] when folk talked of ghosts."

And so the talk drifted on to other matters, and Mr. Jenifer was left to contemplate another element of absurdity introduced into his well arranged commonplace existence. He felt quite ashamed at the thought that he of all men should, by the irony of fate, be brought into a ghost story. But at the end of the hour he had lighted his dull not mean to begin now; and after inquiring his way to Waterdell Hall he found that he had been started once if he wished to reach there before nightfall. It was a somewhat dull walk which led him at last along a narrow road ending in an abrupt descent. The high hedges on either side had lost their summer beauty without yet gaining the glory of Autumn; the leaves were turning yellow, looking and withered and frosted with a whitish blight, and their leaves hung, shivering on the twigs, while in the fields beyond the evening mists were already rising. The road turned sharply to the right, and then Waterdell Hall lay before him in the hollow.

To a cheerful eye it might have seemed nestling in a bower of greenery; but Jenifer, out of tune with things in general and tired with his walk, saw in its withdrawal from the high road a guilty seclusion from observation. Four tall Wellingtonias rose dark and solemn above the little wicket gate and cast a gloom over the garden path, in which some late geraniums and petunias only served by their touches of brilliant color to accentuate the general melancholy. The house itself instead of boldly looking forth on the passers by, turned its face away from the road, and had no prospect but the little bit of garden and the four uninviting walls.

The door stood open, and Mr. Jenifer entered a narrow passage where no welcoming footsteps came to meet his own; only a Virginian creeper (or ivy for aught he had taught on the porch; otherwise all was still. Mr. Jenifer looked round him for a moment, and then went through a door on the right, the chief sitting room. It was neither large nor high, but it had that individual charm which only age and years of occupancy can give. The old-fashioned mantle reached, with its dark rich carvings, to the ceiling, across which was a massive oaken beam, nearly black with age, the fireplace, with its glaring logs, gave out a cheerful glimmer, reflected in the small panes of the window opposite, over which hung a carved scroll, whose inscription there was not light enough to read. Mr. Jenifer leaned against the wall at the comfortable appearance here, in contrast to the depressing aspect of the rest of the house; but instead of settling himself (as he felt tempted to do) by the fire, he again went out to look over the surrounding property. Behind, the ground rose abruptly and was bounded by a closely growing copice, through which a narrow path seemed to strike in the direction of the village. The parson climbed the hill, leaving the copice on his left, and standing on the highest portion of the meadow, looked across the low hedge at the last pasture of the house. Some elm trees were silhouetted against the sky, athwart which lay bars of fiery flame, like those of a meteor. One moment the dying light leaped up brighter and throbbed through all the burning heaven, and then suddenly it died away, and the day was not.

Jenifer turned and looked at the hall. Already it seemed to be losing itself in the darkness, and he involuntarily found it, hiding in the recesses of the gables, drawing curtains of mist over the twisted chimneys. The silence, entire and absolute, struck almost with oppression on the mind of this man accustomed to city noises; but even as he thought to himself, "How still it all is," there sounded in the coppice close behind him a long, sobbing, moaning cry, which rose and fell, and rose again, and then ceased.

Clement Jenifer was not a particularly tender-hearted or compassionate man, but that sudden cry filled him with a vague fear of some cruel deed just perpetrated—some awful mystery to be brought to light; and after a moment's hesitation he turned in the direction from which it seemed to come, and found himself on a long path, with a thick yew hedge on either side. Far ahead, in the dim twilight, he could descry a figure walking slowly away from him; he could hear a moaning sound, as of some one in pain. Mr. Jenifer hesitated a pace in order to come up with the sufferer, and as he gained on him and could see him more distinctly it seemed to think that there was some thing familiar in the gait and bearing of the Unknown. And as he thought so the figure turned, and, facing him, advanced with slow, measured footsteps, wringing his hands as he came. What was it that struck Mr. Jenifer as so well known in the face? It was it that filled him with a sudden horror, and sent the blood back to his heart. All the tales of ghosts and haunting noises he had heard and scoffed so lately recurred to his mind, and yet there was nothing unearthly in the aspect of the man who was approaching him, only he was the man stood face to face, and Clement Jenifer saw that this—he knew not what to call it—bore the same look of misery that had borne twenty years ago, and he knew—though how he could not tell—that he was standing face to face with the ghost of his own dead self.

Then ensued a conversation—strange, unnatural—between these two, who still were one; but whether the words were spoken by the outward air, or whether the knowledge of what was in the mind of each was mutual to both, it were hard to say.

"Was the boy happy?" said this this double of himself, gazing on him with reproachful eyes. "Do not murmur, thou hast taken their slayers, and have not you murdered that which was the best part of me? Where are the promises of your young days? Where are the aspirations, the desires after a higher life, the noble purpose with which my soul was filled? Dead—cast out and buried beneath a crust of selfishness!"

"Youthful follies," answered Jenifer; "gone the way of all such early fancies. Why do you pursue me? I have I stolen, or murdered, or lived unclean? Have I not kept to my work and done it thoroughly, distasteful as it is?"

"It is true," said the other, "the commandments you have not broken; but where are the hopes that I have helped to bind up? How many have you helped by your example? Rather, have you not by daily carelessness, by dryness of spirit, by perfunctory performance of your duty, quenched the light that was, aye, God knows it was in me? And in doing so you have wounded many another. They are sinners who slay the body, but you have slain your own soul; and woe be to him of whom this can be said."

Jenifer laughed in scorn.

"What! I was what you are all this would have had its terrors for me, now I am not to be frightened with false fire." I know what you are, who think to scare me from my illusion of the brain, a disturbance in the nervous system. Come daylight, and this will be as if it had never been."

But the other with the sad and youthful eyes looked at him in sorrow, and said:

"Even in your blindness you speak the truth; for when you were as I am, ere the world had dimmed your sight iron would have seen the principle on which you stand. Oh, brother of me, though how degraded! give up your dreams of a selfish future; turn back while yet you may; use the wealth that has come to you, not for yourself only, but for others. Redeem the time that is left to you, and there may be a happier second life the promises, the aspirations of your youth."

"Begone!" said Jenifer. "If not an illusion, then you are an accomplice in some conspiracy to betray me into a rash vow. Did you and the old man who is in his grave plan it between you and laugh to think how you would scare your foolish dupe? Away from me! and do not hope to work your will. I have inherited, and I will enjoy!"

"Nay," then, said his double, "see to what an end your enjoyment shall bring you. I, wrong, you have destroyed, am what you were; see now what you shall be."

Then for an awful moment the parson knew that not only he himself stood there with the spirit of his once pure and earnest-hearted youth beside him but a third and doubtful shape, himself as he should be, if no hand of grace staid his downward course. The lightning flash of awakened perception showed him his own old age, where that which he had called economy had grown to avarice, where carelessness had become cruelty—discontent, envy—carelessness, impiety. He saw himself, degraded, mean, despicable, bad, without affections, without tenderness, without hope, and as the horror of it swept over him with resistless force, Clement Jenifer—the icy crust of years of life for self broken at last—fell upon his face, and the agonized cry of the apostle of old, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

When he came to himself he was in the quaint old sitting room in his new home. The fire had burned low, and only the dying embers, as he rose, gave he gazed into the glowing embers a hitherto unkindled log broke into flame, and as it leaped and flickered the scroll which he had before remarked and failed to decipher caught and threw back the yellow light, and Mr. Jenifer read in letters of gold the poet's words—

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wreck, at last
To something nobler we attain."

He sank on his knees, and there in contrition of spirit and anguish of soul dedicated anew to his Maker the years that should be granted to him, the wealth that he had inherited—himself, body soul, and spirit, for evermore.

People said afterward that prosperity had been good for Mr. Jenifer, that it had made him more, more compassionate, more tender. He alone knew that the vision he had seen had come only just in time to save him from that worse ruin of soul to which he was tending, and when he thought, as many a time he did, of that awful night, he was filled at head in contrite humility, and gave thanks for the warning that had been sent him.—Temple Bar.

Eyes Analyzed.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Speaking popularly, we may say that eyes are brown, blue, gray, hazel, black, green, or of no color at all. The last three varieties, however, are based on misnomers, and, more accurately again, he may say that blue eyes take care of their friends, br wn of their enemies, gray of their countries, black of their pleasures, and green of themselves. The blue is certainly the type with the greatest number of variations. It is a color that appeals preeminently the feminine qualities—tenderness, affection, a yielding to the wishes of others, a sympathy with small suffering, and the measure of vanity without which no woman can be entirely attractive and that self-surrender which goes far to persuade a man that he is a demigod because his wife believes it and tells him so. The color seems to begetting more rare in these days. This is the blue that goes with golden hair. Blue eyes must be mated with their appropriate complexion. That color, so fascinating in a blonde, is its one delightful in a brunette; but—say the scientists—its meaning is now altered. Brown comes in now, coupled with the affectionate qualities, the fidelity, constancy to decency, stimulated by an ambition for conquest and leading to the gratification of ambition. Brown eyes remain the light blue and the violet. The first is the eye of the Northern races—of the Swedes and the Danes, of the Scotch somewhat also. It suggests constancy and truth, steadfastness, simplicity, courage, purpose. It is a man's eye, with its moderation and its self respect—honest in the glance it gives you, at the same time rather cold and phlegmatic. And then there is the hazel eye, which is a woman's eye, and of which the main characteristics are affection and purity, chivalric belief and limited intellectual capacity.

And now comes the brown eyes. They are the eyes of the south and of the east—of the sunny races; the most passionate and the most original. Due to them belong the lustrous black hair and the olive complexion of skin. With them we get passion and purity, somewhat of the feline nature in women; and in men, courage coupled with superstition, a wild recklessness of life, and a tendency to dominate over others. But the type has altered through infinite modifications; and there are now brown eyes in plenty that have nothing in common with the passionate qualities of the south. This may be generally predicted, that where the brown is the light deposition is affectionate but wayward, and as that brow darkens you pass from affection to passion.

Last come the hazel eyes, which are more frequent in novels than in life. No two people seem quite agreed as to the definition of the color, and the reference to a hazel eye is made sure by being green, and passes through yellow to brown, confusingly illustrated every theory. The imagery radiated from within with brown and bronze streaks seems to come nearest the general view. Adopting this as the co'or, it will be seen that it is chiefly found among the mixed races, and especially the English and the Americans. They always suggest a good deal of strength of character, generally a sense of mischief and trickiness—Puck probably had hazel eyes—and sometimes that humorous quality which belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race. Hazel-eyed people are rarely shallow, and you must be prepared for surprises when you have to deal with them.

A lively New York correspondent says: "Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt is the beauty and dasher of all the Vanderbilts. Her sisters-in-law, who had a vim and style undesired, or, at least, unattained by any other lady among them. Her toilets, her equipages, her diversions have been always new and sometimes strange, while the others have seemed to strive for privacy, simplicity, and quietude. To her is due the conception of this round-the-world splendor."

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE FLY ON YOUNG TURNIPS.

Wherever young turnips are sown the ground should be kept loose by frequent stirring with the hoe. This not only keeps down weeds, but destroys fly that eats the tender leaves. It is the dust that fills its breathing holes and thus suffocates it. In a wet time, when there is no dust, Lime, gypsum or wood ashes answer the same purpose.

SWAMP CORNSTALKS.

As fast as green sweet corn is picked the stalks should be given to cows. They are sweeter than those of ordinary corn, and with the ears make a very rich feed. They pre to grow for this purpose alone, and many farmers are sweet corn for selling, claiming that its greater sweetness makes up for deficiency in quantity as compared with the larger kinds.

INSECT POWDER FOR CHICKENS.

The mortality among young chickens in hot weather is chiefly due to lice. A little insect powder dusted among the feathers on neck, head, back and side will kill all vermin. The chicken after the operation shakes itself thoroughly, thus dusting its entire body. Lice at this season leave old fowls for the tender chicks, which they soon kill if left alone.

DRIVING AWAY POTATO BUGS.

The strong odor of gas tar mixed with water is repellent to potato bugs. By many farmers this is preferred to Paris green as being safer to handle. It is not certain how this works. It does not kill the bugs, for none are found dead under the vines. It is quite likely that it disguises the potato so that the beetle does not recognize it as the natural food of its offspring.

SIDE HILLS GULLYING WITH RAINS.

Long cultivated fields gully badly in Summer rains. The soil is less porous and slows water where it used to sink when the country was new. If sod is plowed straight up and down the hill water from each rain will sink under the furrow where it fell and be carried down. If plowed across the natural fall, the furrows dam up the water until it gets deep enough to break through. This causes most of the gullies.

PIGS ROOTING IN ORCHARDS.

Young pigs should generally be left unringed. What rooting they will do will be more beneficial than otherwise. Old hogs sometimes develop a taste for the bark of apple roots and may do damage. They will almost certainly injure the trees by throwing up hog wallows, alternating with ridges, covering some roots too deeply and leaving some exposed to freezing or to be drenched by water setting in the hollows.

THINNING GRAPES.

Some varieties of short-jointed grape vines are especially liable to overbear. The Delaware is one of these. It will set three and even four bunches on each of its closely clustered branches of the ripening of which it will generally again, he may say that blue eyes take care of their friends, br wn of their enemies, gray of their countries, black of their pleasures, and green of themselves. The blue is certainly the type with the greatest number of variations. It is a color that appeals preeminently the feminine qualities—tenderness, affection, a yielding to the wishes of others, a sympathy with small suffering, and the measure of vanity without which no woman can be entirely attractive and that self-surrender which goes far to persuade a man that he is a demigod because his wife believes it and tells him so. The color seems to begetting more rare in these days. This is the blue that goes with golden hair. Blue eyes must be mated with their appropriate complexion. That color, so fascinating in a blonde, is its one delightful in a brunette; but—say the scientists—its meaning is now altered. Brown comes in now, coupled with the affectionate qualities, the fidelity, constancy to decency, stimulated by an ambition for conquest and leading to the gratification of ambition. Brown eyes remain the light blue and the violet. The first is the eye of the Northern races—of the Swedes and the Danes, of the Scotch somewhat also. It suggests constancy and truth, steadfastness, simplicity, courage, purpose. It is a man's eye, with its moderation and its self respect—honest in the glance it gives you, at the same time rather cold and phlegmatic. And then there is the hazel eye, which is a woman's eye, and of which the main characteristics are affection and purity, chivalric belief and limited intellectual capacity.

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EXTRA RATIONS FOR MILK.

Sir J. B. Lawes has published a paper on the experim ents being made at Rothamsted to determine to what extent the milk of a cow can be increased a yield by a proper regulation of food, and how far the employment of purchased foods or those of costly nature—such as oilcake or corn meal—is to be recommended as economical. From the paper it appears that the rule at Rothamsted has been that every cow which during one week has yielded from twenty-eight to thirty pounds of milk per day should receive during the following week four pounds of decorticated cake per day, and that subsequently for each two pounds per day increase or decrease in the milk yield the cake shou ld be increased or reduced one-fourth of a pound. Illustrations of the results of this treatment are given. One cow yielded 1042 gallons between calving and dryness. In the third week after calving her yield was 4¼ gallons per day. At thirteen weeks after calving she had not declined two pounds in the weekly yield, and even after giving milk twenty-six weeks the milk record showed forty-one pounds for a week. Although as much as forty-five pounds of cake was given in a week, the total amount was only 1¼ pounds to each gallon of milk. In this instance there appears to be evidence that the ordinary falling off in the yield was considerably retarded by the increased amount of cake consumed.

THE RATION FOR PIGS.

In a recent bulletin, Prof. Sanborn gives the result of recent feeding tests with pigs: He finds that for a pound of grain a large hog, weighing 350 pounds say, requires twice as much food as one that weighs fifty pounds, and that in general the cost of a pound of growth increases for being less after 150 pounds is reached, as is generally believed in, is always greater. Having shown that the simple maintenance ration of a 120-pound shoat may be less than two per cent. of its weight, the tests prove a slight advance upon this amount of food makes a comparatively smaller increase of weight than where sufficient food is given to make a pound or more a day. That it is economy to feed young pigs up to that limit. The food needed for this growth is less than that needed for pure maintenance, and, therefore, the economy of quick fattening. The daily growth increases up to a weight of 150 to 200 pounds, and the cost of a pound's growth increases with sexual maturity, after which the cost increases most rapidly. Continuous growth up to the limit of a pound a day is better than to have cramming periods. The result of the experiment is that it is most profitable to market pigs young, and that every shoat over eight or nine months old should be banished. In regard to specific foods it appears that skim milk and meals are the most effective rations fed, that middlings are the best single food, and that cob meal, when the cobs are finely ground, are as efficient food as clear corn meal.—*American Cultivator.*

Nothing But a Barber.

She gazed upon the soft sea mist,
Where lay a sail, and other kissed—
The lighthouse lamp a twinkling star
Just beyond the harbor bar.

The count went off into a doze
As she broke out in fluent prose:
"Here sailed Jason in his sweetest tints,
And of celestial visions hints.

"Who could not preach from such a text?"
Her lover sleptly cried, "Next."
With Sying feet she left the arbor—
The count was nothing but a barber!
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mark Twa in's First Lecture.

"Twenty-five years ago, when I first went to Carson," said a well-known gentleman of that city, yesterday, at a down-town hotel, "Mark Twain was just beginning to come to the front as a humorist. He was a quite, gentlemanly sort of a fellow, who could tell a good story and take his liquid potations with the boys and not show it much, even if he would drink all day.

"In those early days most any sort of an entertainment brought out a big crowd, and when it was announced one day that Mark was to deliver a lecture, for the benefit of something or other, at the Episcopal church, it was unanimously agreed that that church would be a perfect crush.

"Well Mark ascended the steps into the pulpit about 8 o'clock, there being a whole lot of the boys and young women, friends of his, as well as a good many old people in front. Mark made a very polite bow, and then unfolded a gigantic roll of brown paper. Some thought at first it was a big map, but it turned out to be his lecture written on great sheets of grocers' brown paper, with an ordinary grocers' marking brush. After his bow he turned his back around to the audience and crawled up on a chair to his lamp, and thus read from the big sheets, as though it would be impossible for him to see any other way.

"The lecture was on 'The Future of Nevada,' and was the finest thing I ever heard. He prophesied the great days of prosperity that was before us and sought to encourage us in the face of the sagebush region by foretelling what appeared to be Golconda 'like tales of impossible mineral discoveries. Right on the heels of it, however, came the marvelous discoveries of Virginia City, and then we thought he wasn't far off in his humorous predictions. Many a time have I thought of that lecture of Mark Twain. It ought to have been published. I have read all his books, and I never saw anything in any of them better than this.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

He Wouldn't Test His Lungs.

"Test your lungs, sir; only five cents a blow," said a lung-tested fakir to an awkward-looking countryman.

"No, I don't want to try my lungs," replied the countryman. "My father killed himself while testing his lungs."

"Killed himself! He must have blowed pretty hard."

"Didn't blow hard enough or he might have been alive to-day."

"How was it, anyhow?"

"Why, you see, he tested his lungs by blowing into a shotgun, and he had blowed harder than the powder did the shot might have gone out at the breech instead of through the muzzle."
—*Newman Independent.*

A Mother's Caution.

Daughter—Mother, may I go out to bathe?

Mother—Yes, my darling daughter; put on that thousand-dollar dress and then sit on the beach and let a New York reporter describe your bewitching costume—but don't go in the water.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.

In the morning take one pint of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of yeast, a little salt, and set a sponge, making it rather thick. At night add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard and two eggs; knead well and let stand until morning. Then roll out thin, cut round and let stand on the moulding board till light. Fry in hot lard.

DRESSED TONGUE.

Take a corned tongue and boil tender; split it, stick in a few cloves, cut one onion, a little mace, and a little browned flour. Have the tongue covered with water, in which mix the ingredients, add three hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and send to the table garnished with hard boiled eggs.

SALMON SALAD.

To a can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery; cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits; sprinkle over a little salt and a very little pepper and pour on some good vinegar. A small onion may be added if desired.

APPLE JELLY.

Use fair, sour apples. Slice them, skin, seeds, and all, and simmer with one half a cup of water, till well cooked and soft. Then strain through a cloth, add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, boil a few moments, skimming till clear; then pour into glasses. Champagne."

A Hunterdon county, Pennsylvania, paper states that old Sylvia Dubois, the famous black slave who was born in Virginia, is still spry and on foot, although proofs exist that she has seen her 125th birthday.

It costs very little for teachers to live in some of the Russian towns. In Concord pedagogues are boarded for 92 cents per week, and in Bingham for $1. But then consider the starvation salaries they receive.

The Russian government Cuvichole claims to have at last invented a perfectly navigable balloon. In order to preserve the secret of its construction he is having the various parts of it made by people in different countries.

The largest bunch of bananas on record was shipped to Mount Vernon, N. Y., one day last week. It measured four feet in length and weighed forty-two pounds. Some of the bananas measured sixteen inches in length.

Washington territory has considerably reduced its former indebtedness, and is now in a healthy financial condition. Times have not been so good in Washington for many years, and there is also a steady gain of population from a desirable class of immigrants.

The little Indians at Pyramid agency have names which they ought to be proud of. Among them are Mark Twain, Prof. Young, Andy Jackson, John Logan, Jim Blaine, Dr. Parkman, Sonia Nevada, Adelina Patti, and Clara Morris.

Says *The Boston Herald:* A tailor who is ingenious enough to invent a scheme for summer clothing that will keep the wearer from starched shirt, and still be neat and becoming, will merit the praise of many sufferers and ought to make a fortune.

The honorable Archbishop Corrigan is estimated at $40,000 a year. This is gathered from the cathedraticum, a tax of $200 a year on each church in the archdiocese, $5,000 salary from the cathedral, his palace and expenses, and a tax of $1 on each burial in Calvary cemetery.

A fish in the Gulf of Mexico has the peculiarity of collecting pieces of old wrecks and sunken piling, and frequently swims around the wharves. It is called the Junefish, because it does not appear till the month of June, though it remains all summer. It is chiefly caught near sunken wrecks.

The People of Lake County Wild With Excitement Over the Discovery of the Eighth Wonder of the World.

T. Heffernan, Hammond, Ind., writes:—I have had rheumatism all over my body and limbs for two years. Have doctored with some of the most eminent physicians in Grand Rapids; also spent three months in Hot Springs, Ark., and during the time I was unable to go up or down stairs most of the time. I suffered terribly. By your advice I began taking Hubbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and from the first it commenced to relieve me, and by its wonderful effecting my whole system. I at once began to improve. I have taken four bottles and am entirely cured. I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world for a family remedy.

Yours truly,
T. HEFFERNAN.

July 30, 1887.

Every word of the above is true and the man is never done talking about your medicine and has wonderful cures to have effected. Yours respectfully,
T. HEFFERNAN.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is put up in large pint bottles, and is the greatest Blood Purifier known. Its peculiar combination makes it a great Family Remedy. For a Sysipelas Humor or a constipated person it has no equal, acting upon the stomach, liver and bowels in a most healthy and healthy manner. Read our pamphlet and learn of the great medicinal value of the remedies which enter into its composition. Price $1.00 per bottle; six bottles $5.00. For sale by all druggists.

Clusters of nuts intermingled with tulle are a novel trimming sometimes seen upon Leghorn and Manila hats.

White and cream muslins are seen with stripes of red and blue. Red is used for trimmings match the color of the stripes.

"Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!"

So said Young, Young's Crew's show which way the wind blows, and there are a score of symptoms which show the way of which the existence of catarrh. Neglected, it will rob the blood of its purity and the system of its strength. Get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures even long-standing cases of catarrh, and is the best and most used for colds in the head, which often result in catarrh. 50 cents.

Crimson, dark blue and white are all in high favor for tulle evening dresses. Loops of ribbon are the only trimmings.

"Oh, It Was Painful!"

Of course it was. Cut a corn one remedy after another, and finally gave up and died, saying, "Life might have been saved by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery"—the great "consumption Cure"—which, if properly used, will also cure, cut out all threatening symptoms, such as coughs, lingering colds, night sweats, spitting of blood, etc., and restoring wasting strength and hope, effectually stop the most obstinate and severe gleets and gonorrhœa. Is not worth trying! All druggists.

French dressmakers are making white cotton dresses for wear under a blouse, with trimmings of colored velvet.

It thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The condition of Henry Frobasco's gift of an $1,000 fountain to Clifton, Ohio, was that it should flow free for ever.

Fa-ra's Ambrosia Oil.

The best salve in the world for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Sores and Wounds, Chilblains, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Felons, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation, use Fara's Ambrosia Pills. Above remedies sold by druggists or sent by mail, 25 cents by C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

FACT AND FANCY.

A collie dog was recently sold in England for $1,000.

Nine new cotton mills were opened during the year 1888.

Arizona produced 16,000,000 pounds of copper last year.

The California orange crop this year was 900,000 boxes.

Wyoming has the beginning of a natural gas and oil boom.

Help is scarce and wages good in the Walla Walla harvest-fields.

Some lucky fellow in Long Branch hotel are figured up at $20 per month.

One of Boston's favorite barbers has just retired after sixty years of service.

At Saratoga recently eight hundred women were registered as voters, despite the ruling of the courts some time ago that women are not voters in Washington territory.

Susan Cooley, of Analomink, Pa., arose in her sleep, clinched the cowcatcher of a Philadelphia and Erie engine, and took a ten-mile ride at thirty miles an hour before she awoke.

The labor strikes that developed in July involved directly 17,000 persons, an increase of 6,000 over the same month last year, which was 1,000 more than in July of the previous year.

Sportsmen have flocked into northern California in unusual numbers, and that old residents say there are now more fisherman than trout in the streams, and thirty or forty rifles to one deer.

Small favors are evidently gratefully received by the editor of a Texas paper who inserts the cheerful item: "Uncle Charley Dobbs has our thanks for a large, delicious watermelon."

Apricot wine is now being made on the Pacific coast. *The Virginia City* (Nev.) *Enterprise* says it is a good wine, "richly flavored, clear, and effervescent as the best champagne."

Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores and Aches and Pains.

The many testimonials received by us more than prove our claim that this valuable remedy, in not only relieves the most severe pains, but It Cures Pain! Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists. 50 cts. Sent Boxes mailed free. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

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INVALUABLE for LADIES and CHILDREN.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Tansill's Punch 5¢ H

Horse and Stock Owners TRY Quinquina Tonic Condition Powders

LOCK COLT NEVER SUCH BARGAIN BEFORE REPEATING RIFLE $11

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Ely's Cream Balm Is Worth $1000 to any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH

Apply Balm into each nostril.

SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR CATARRH

Lauderbach's German Catarrh Remedy.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

PATENTS 15 years' experience; 4 years' practice in Washington. Send model or sketch for free opinion whether invention can be patented. Fees moderate. Advice free. Reference: Commissioner of Patents and Hon. Geo. Hoadley, Ex-Mayor, Boston. E. B. STOCKING, Attorney, 611 F St., Washington, D. C.

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$5 Rubber Stamp. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the large's feet. Write Ink Stamp Co., 173 Madison St., Chicago.

GOLD is worth $60 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $100 but is sold at 25 cents a box.

W. N. U. D.—5—39

OPIUM Habit Cured and history before my patients. J. E. BATES, Sole Prop., Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

"Woman's Work is Never Done,"

But it can be made much easier if Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap is used in the Kitchen and Laundry.