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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 32 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 18, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

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WOOED BY PROXY

Cyril Holcroft went to this dinner engagement at Tara Lodge with mixed feelings. The memory of that absurd affair of the morning stung him whenever it recurred. What sort of a reception would Ada give him — kind or satirical? Yet, no matter how she looked at him, it would be a joy, as it ever was, to see her sweet face. In the hall of Tara Lodge he straightened his spectacles, but forgot other details, and went manfully to his fate in the drawing-room.

That elfish urchin, Ada's young brother Gwynn, grinned at him the moment he appeared. He was too conscious of it. But Dr. Granby, Ada's father, clasped his hand warmly enough, with a real welcoming smile; and Ada herself startled him briefly with an expression in her sunny eyes that seemed new to him —bewilderingly adorable besides. The others did not matter. At first, that is.

But just before the pairing time young Gwynn sidled up to Cyril and asked if he was dry yet.

"I hope so," said Cyril, forcing a laugh.

"I—didn't know," the lad whispered on. "I've got to cut it till you're at dessert. Do hurry up to it, won't you? And I say, Cyril, old man, see that fellow with the shiny bald head? It's Peter Weston, Esquire, from the country; he's very sweet on Ada. He's got thousands a year. She likes him awfully, and he's promised me a pony when she says yes 'Yes.' Nuts for me, isn't it?"

He had still more to say, but his father suddenly gripped him by an ear and expelled him.

"Will you take Ada in, Holcroft?" said Dr. Granby. "You're none the worse for your escapade of this morning, I hope?"

"Not in the least," said Cyril.

Ada herself put the same question to him on the way to the dining-room. He did this with characteristic inefficiency; trod on the gown of a lady in front, and bumped Ada against the dining-room doorway. He felt worse about it than he need have felt, when Ada laughed at Miss Braycombe's little joke on behalf of her gown, and exclaimed: "It's all right, Mr. Weston, it wasn't your fault." Weston was escorting Miss Braycombe. These two gave Cyril a look wholly free from amiability. At the soup Ada repeated her question.

"You didn't tell me how you were," she said, "unless pulling up Miss Braycombe like that was an answer."

"Oh," said Cyril, "you know I'm all right. Don't I look it?"

She viewed him quickly, and a formidable ironic twitch came to her lips.

"You — don't," she said softly. "You've got a church steeple to your hair. Comes of getting it wet out of due season, I suppose."

Other discomfitures followed when Cyril had flattened that church steeple with unobstructive vigor. Ada gave Mr. Weston, her neighbor to the right, two-thirds of her conversation. She was chatty with him, too. Tom Russell, the stockbroker, inquired loudly across the table about the heroism people were saying he (Cyril) had been guilty of; and the general pause that ensued was gall and wormwood to Cyril. He blushed and replied that he hadn't a notion what Mr. Russell meant. Like the good fellow he was, Dr. Granby broke the inquisitive silence on his behalf.

And then what must Ada do but whisper to him:

"What a coward you are!"

"I know!" he assented; and he had little appetite after that. Her emphasis upon the words was horribly convincing. Never had her blue eyes lured him more fatally. And she called him coward — and meant it!

As soon as the ladies had gone, that young imp Gwynn showed in the doorway. He slipped into a chair next to Cyril, and helped himself to a banana.

"What is this about your saving a poor creature from a watery grave, Holcroft?" now asked Tom Russell impatiently.

"It didn't happen to be a poor creature at all!" said Cyril. "I was the poor creature. I got wet for nothing—that's all!"

"Really! What was it, then?"

Young Gwynn popped in his oar.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Mr. Holcroft was taking his constitutional along the canal side when some chap threw a scarecrow into the water from the bridge. It had petticoats and other things on, you know, and looked just like a woman when it spread out. And, being shortsighted, old Cyril — Mr. Holcroft, I mean — took a header after it. And — he can't swim a hang, that's the joke of it. But our Newfoundland dog, Hector, and me — all right, dad, and I—we were close by, and Hector hauled him out by the neck. That's all. He swallowed a lot of canal water and went home, just as he was. He looked—ripping."

"And dripping, I wager!" said Tom, amid the prevalent laughter.

"It was due to my short sight," he explained, with amusing gravity.

"Well," said Peter Weston, checking his mirth. "I call it a thoroughly plucky thing to do. It was heroic."

Cyril felt particularly annoyed by Peter Weston's mirth.

Dr. Granby again turned the conversation. He appreciated the danger signal in Cyril's red cheeks.

"He's chaffing you, Cyril," whispered Gwynn; "and pass the sweets, will you?"

Afterwards, in the drawing-room, Cyril did little except talk mathematics with a young lady from Cambridge. He astonished her by his earnestness. But he watched Ada and Mr. Weston all the while. Even when Ada came to him and said smilingly, "Do give Miss Career a rest, Mr. Holcroft. I'm sure she gets enough binomial theorems at college" — even then he saw nothing but contempt for him in the suggestion. He gave Miss Carter a rest, and was thankful when the carriages were announced. It chanced that Ada was alone when he said "Good-night" to her. Impulse, disappointment, bitterness, and several other emotions produced a curious corollary to his farewell.

"May I venture to congratulate Mr. Weston?" he said, with dimmed glasses. She started, and decided not to understand him.

"I call that cowardly of you, too!" she said, with a lovely rush of color to her cheeks. "Good-night!"

Two days later young Gwynn rang the bell of Cyril's snug little house while Cyril was at breakfast, meditating about his literary tasks of the morning. He had been fierce in his devotion to literature since that dinner party.

"What's the matter?" Cyril asked when the boy bounced into the room, cap on head.

"Something ghastly!" said Gwynn, looking it. "What do you think? We're ruined. I wasn't to say a thing about it to anyone, but we are. Dad's been speck'ing — you know, and he's lost."

Cyril pushed away from the table. He readjusted his glasses. His thoughts were all upon Ada Granby.

"Your sister——" he began.

"Oh, it's just about squashed her flat, though you wouldn't think so to look at her!"

"Has it?" said Cyril feebly, but with a glowing soul.

"Yes; of course it has. No one knows what men are. And Weston's not the chap to marry a girl who——"

"I see!" exclaimed Cyril. "The scoundrel!"

"Yes: I know. But I can't wait. I'll be late. And don't split on me."

The lad ran off, and Cyril dropped into an arm-chair and thought rapidly. He possessed that great blessing known as ample means. It was dreadful to think that Ada's happiness might thus be wrecked, and very soon he was writing a strange, unworldly letter to Dr. Granby, offering him his purse to any extent. With his own hand he put the letter into the box at Dr. Granby's house, trembling lest he should see Ada herself. Though he imagined he had lost all chance of her, she was still too much to him.

But instead of Ada he met Peter Weston. That gentleman was coming down the road with a consequential air that impressed Cyril unfavorably even before he recognized him.

"Good-morning!" he said with a smile, which seemed to Cyril offensively reminiscent of his smiles at the dinner party. Cyril stopped in a quick fever.

"Good-morning!" he said. "Y.—Excuse me, but I would be glad to be assured about something. My interest in the Granbys urges me to speak."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Weston asked.

"I refer," said Cyril, "to Miss Granby and yourself. I——"

But Mr. Weston showed impatience.

"That is my business!" he exclaimed. "Miss Granby is nothing to me!"

"Ah," said Cyril, hot with righteous wrath, "then you are no better than a scoundrel, a fair-weather acquaintance, who—— Hands off, sir!"

He not only flung off the hand of the astonished Mr. Weston, but struck him — even knocked him down. In falling he hit his head against the wall, and now he lay as if stunned. And it was thus Dr. Granby himself came upon them, his victim's head supported in the arms of the distressed Cyril.

"Give me a hand with him," said the doctor, after a brief examination of him; and together they carried Mr. Weston into the house. And then Cyril just fled away.

"The man's mad!" said Dr. Granby, looking after him.

By and by, when he had read Cyril's letter, he said: "He must be mad!" Ada coming into the room, he gave her the letter, and asked her what she thought of it."

"It—it's just like him, father," said the girl quietly. "I hope Mr. Weston is not really hurt; and I'm going out."

But she waited first for her brother Gwynn. She caught that subtle youth by the ear, and held on until she had the truth out of him.

"What if I have been ragging him!" exclaimed the boy. "He is such an old softy!"

"Very well," said Ada. "You'll come right along to his house, and tell him everything, or else papa shall make it warm for you."

"I don't care; only I must be sharp about it," said the boy.

Again he bounced in upon Cyril, now in the midst of the depression that had followed his attack on Mr. Weston.

"I say, old man!" he exclaimed, "I've been cramming you a bit. Sorry, but I have. And—that's all." It had to be more before he went.

"If you'd tell a lie like that, Gwynn, lad," said Cyril, "you'd tell others. Mr. Weston — er — no doubt still — your sister Ada and he, I mean——"

"Oh, bother!" cried the boy. "It's all a made-up tale from the first, you donkey. She refused him. She brought me here this minute to tell you so. You are such a thickhead, Cyril. For a chap your age you're awful ridiculous. Anyone can see she's sweet on you, though it's a thing no fellow can understand."

He went off laughing. His sister was outside with a pained face. And it was thus that Cyril found her when he had snatched up his hat to pursue Gwynn to ask some more questions. The lad took to his heels laughing, and only Ada was left to him.

And now for the first time the girl's heart spoke out for her, as she gave Cyril her hand and looked him full and tenderly in the eyes.

"How could you?" she said. "You ought to know me better — and my little wretch of a brother."

"Re-ally!" he whispered, as if he were out of breath, gazing at her. "You love me?" His hand tightened on hers.

"Well, yes, I do," said she. And then she, too, laughed like Gwynn himself. "I'm sorry to say I can't help it. And now do come and apologize to poor Mr. Weston." — London Answers.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

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DECAYED TEETH.

Many Maladies Are Traceable to Them.

Statistics published the other day at the annual meeting of the Royal Dental Hospital lend color to the belief that people are becoming more concerned regarding the condition of their teeth, says the London Telegraph. This hospital, which may now claim to be the largest and best equipped of its kind, has materially increased its utility by the erection of new and adequate premises. The total number of patients on whom operations were performed during the past year exceeds the record of the previous twelve months by some 15,000. In 1874 the total was given as 19,255; in 1901, 70,040; and last year, 85,284. The report from which the figures are taken pays a tribute to the work of the students, which alone enabled the authorities to cope with so vast an increase, and this opinion was indorsed in several of the speeches at the meeting, over which Lord Kinnaird presided.

The chairman expressed a hope that since so much attention was being directed to dentistry, an important branch of medical and surgical science, the public would come forward with a corresponding liberality, and thus enable their large schools to carry on their work. An eminent authority on dentistry expressed an opinion that dental decay was greatly increasing among the poorer classes of London. A perfect set of teeth in an adult was now extremely rarely found. The hospital authorities have for some time past been endeavoring to secure a perfect set of teeth for purposes of demonstration. Such a set had recently been discovered, a guardsman being the fortunate possessor. The recent appointment of army dentists had again brought under notice the question of the disqualification of army men because of unsound teeth. The three dentists appointed by Mr. Brodrick will be engaged chiefly in stopping the teeth of men belonging to the troops, and although the measure is at present temporary, it is likely to be continued. For soldiers particularly, sound teeth are most important. It is not so essential a point where good, soft diet is assured, but under camp conditions at the front the point is of vital significance, and has more to do with good health than most persons realize. Anaemia, dyspepsia, general maladies, and slow poisoning are all traceable to unsound, decayed teeth.

Something ought to be done at the schools towarns checking the decay of children's teeth, and its prevention. Dentists had been appointed in some cases to the National schools, but, so far, although provision had been made to secure optical attention for the children attending board schools, nothing had been proposed regarding dentistry, a subject almost as important. The board had appointed a dentist, who was held responsible for the children belonging to their residential industrial schools, but, beyond this, they were irresponsible. Twenty years ago in England dentistry meant extraction; now, it was realized that care, judicious stopping, and general preventive measures in early life were only correct.

Miss De Style — "By the way, count, it is very awkward, but I do not know your name." Russian Count — "Vould you like to hear it?" "Most certainly." "Den, if you haf ten minutes to spare, sit town and I vill tell it to you."

In cutting a mahogany tree a platform must first be erected, and the tree is cut some ten feet from the ground. Heavy, thorny buttresses make the cutting of the trunk nearer the ground an impossibility.

Kidney Trouble and Lumbago

Thirty Years of Backache and Rheumatism—Winter Season's Especially severe—Attributes cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This season of the year is especially trying on the older people. The pains and aches grow more severe in the cold and changeable weather, the kidneys get out of order, rheumatism and lumbago torture their victims, there are aching backs and limbs, stomach derangements, urinary and bowel disorders and serious, painful and fatal maladies.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are particularly suited to the needs of persons of advanced age. They regulate and invigorate the liver, kidneys and bowels and prove effectual when ordinary medicines fail. This letter from Mr. Robert Jackson gives some idea of what this treatment is accomplishing every day.

Mr. Robert Jackson, ship carpenter, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was afflicted with kidney trouble and lumbago for about thirty years. The winters were always very severe on me, and I was many times incapacitated with all the serious symptoms of both troubles. I had backache, biliousness, rheumatism, headache and constipation, and was wrecked physically. I used all sorts of medicines and have been treated by the medical profession to no purpose.

"In the spring of 1902 I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and from the start received great benefit. I continued the treatment until I fully recovered good health and vigor, my old trouble being a thing of the past. I am seventy-five years old, and if, at my advanced age, I have received such grand results from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills after years of unnecessary suffering there can be no doubt of their efficacy in the treatment of younger persons. I recommend them to every one. I have tried to think of words to express my gratitude, but it is beyond expression, for they have done more for me than I could have believed."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-book author, are on every box.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

OILING FARM MACHINERY.

It is safe to say that thousands of dollars are annually wasted unnecessarily through carelessness or ignorance in the oiling of farm machinery. Not long ago the writer knew of a forehanded but "hindsighted" farmer well supplied with all the best makes of modern implements who was constantly seeking the repair shop, all because he chose to depend upon the kerosene barrel instead of a five-cent box of axle grease. All his boxings were more or less cut; most of them more so. And yet, although a fairly intelligent man, his answer to a protest on that point was, "Why kerosene oil is the best oil in the world for cleaning the axles; why not for keeping them clean?"

Some men do not appear to understand that the use of oil or grease is to present a smooth, easily moving surface with sufficient body to carry up the load, though it is also true that the spindles and boxes should be kept clean, a point even more generally neglected. One kind of oil or grease may be made to answer for all purposes, but we have never yet found one that is anywhere near the best for all. A farmer cannot afford to carry in stock too much idle material, but a dollar or two judiciously invested in different kinds of lubricants is well invested, always, providing the oils are made intelligent use of.

For cleaning of gum, rust or almost any kind of dirt, nothing is superior to kerosene oil or some of its full brothers, like gasoline. It cuts and loosens the dirt and then evaporates, leaving no residue of its own. For this very reason, it is no better than water for a lubricant for heavy machinery. That requires body, such as the thick, heavy oils furnish.

For light machinery, like lawn mowers, sewing machines, etc., a light, permanent oil from which the gum and residue has been about all removed is best. The load it carries requires only a little body, while the very lightness of the machine makes it more sensitive to the influence of gum, and less able to overcome it. The light, clean oils (but never kerosene or anything which evaporates at once) should always be preferred for such work. For buggy axles more body is necessary and more gumminess allowable; still, the rule should be as light and clean an oil as will do the work. When it comes to heavy waggon axles a much heavier body is necessary, and the light machine oils, though satisfactory for a short time, by reason of their quick disintegration are prolific sources of dry spindles. For such spindles a very much heavier oil or grease should be used. It may be a bit of valuable news to some that good pine tar will usually put an end to a hot box after everything has failed.

WATER IN THE SOIL.

The more the soil is pulverized, and the finer its condition, the greater its capacity to hold water. Standing water in undrained soils absorbs heat, and if it is not drained off it evaporates, and the heat is thereby lost, leaving the soil cold. Every barrel of water evaporated by the sun takes as much heat as would be required to evaporate the same quantity of water in a cauldron. The soil and plants are chilled for the want of heat absorbed by the water. Drainage warms the soil and prevents loss during drought, because in every soil there is a place where the free water stands, which place is called the "water table." It may be six inches down or many feet. It is the bottom of the soil reservoir, or similar to a dishpan. The dishpan, or the upper and tilladle soil, is the reservoir. It is the part in which the water is held as films on the soil particles. These films travel from particle, to particle, the general tendency being upward, because the moisture is passing off near the top of the soil by means of evaporation and appropriation by plants. Moisture is constantly supplied from below through capillary attraction.

Water is constantly rising from the lower depths of the soil through capillary attraction, and by this process bringing up with it the salts and soluble fertility released. We have an exaggerated example of this in the alkali soils of the West where the process works to the detriment rather than the benefit of the farmer. Excessive quantities of these salts are brought up from the lower soils in solution, and then as the water evaporates into the air they are left in the surface soil in such quantities as to make agriculture impossible. This only occurs, however, in the arid regions. In the "rain belt" there is no excess of mineral salts as they are being constantly washed and drained away. The knowledge of this principle shows the value of deep and proper cultivation of land devoted to crops. As the water rises from whatever depth, it is charged with solutions of phosphorus, nitrogen, potash, etc., encountered in its course and now rendered soluble through its action, and these, as evaporation takes place, it deposits about the roots and plants. Deeply cultivated soils not only allow for the deeper penetration of roots, but they hold more water and produce greater solutions and plant fertility.

THE CARE OF MILK.

As soon as it is drawn, milk should be removed from the stable to a place provided for the purpose, and there aerated and cooled to 50 degrees or 60 degrees Fahrenheit. This should be done either by setting the cans into a tank of cold water and stirring occasionally, or by passing the milk over a cooler. The latter method is to be preferred if the cooling can be done in a pure atmosphere free from dust. It is of great importance to have a small milk house or some clean room away from the odors of the stable in which to care for milk.

The sooner milk is thoroughly cooled after it is drawn, and the lower the temperature to which it is taken, the better. Bacteria that get into milk during the process of milking develop very rapidly, so long as milk remains at about the temperature at which it was drawn, but as soon as cooled to 60 degrees they develop slowly, and if cooled to 40 degrees their action is almost entirely stopped. Milk cooled to this temperature as soon as drawn and held there will remain sweet and in good condition much longer than if cooled to only 70 degrees or 75 degrees.

WEANING PIGS.

A series of eight experiments recently demonstrated the advisability of keeping pigs on sows as long as possible, consistent with the healthy and strong condition of the mother. The chief reason for this is that a sow and her pigs together will extract more nourishment from a given quantity of food than will the weaned pigs alone.

The sow and pigs were weighed separately each week, and any loss or gain of the sow was deducted from or added to the increased weight of the pigs. The pigs were allowed to remain on the sow for ten weeks, then a similar course of feeding was carried on with the pigs for seven weeks. The sow and pigs consumed on an average 231 pounds of meal and 534 pounds of skim-milk in making a similar increase.

CALF FOOD.

A mixture which has been very largely used, and with excellent results, by an extensive breeder, consists of two parts of barley meal and wheat meal to one part of ground linseed. To this is added a pinch of carbonate of soda, say, at the rate of one ounce of the soda to every peck of the mixture. This meal is prepared by being mixed with a little cold water until it reaches a creamy consistency, and then warm water is added until the meal reaches about blood heat. It may be used either as an addition to skim-milk or as a complete substitute for milk, after the calf is five or six weeks of age. The addition of cooking soda is made with the object of counteracting any tendency to scour or undue looseness of the bowels.

BE CHEERFUL.

The Kind Which Everyone Should Cultivate.

To be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If you have lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is illness of self or those dear to you, then is it indeed a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month, or through the years as they pass; when you have to deny yourself every little longed-for luxury, and the puzzle of how to make one dollar do the work of two has to be solved—then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate.

To acquire this self-command we need to think of many things. We need to guard against giving way to irritation about little things. If we can maintain self-control in small matters we shall have less difficulty in maintaining it when great matters are to be met. If we meet with irreparable losses we must readjust our lives to fit the new conditions. There is no great evil so bad that it might have been worse. Let us congratulate ourselves that the worst is not yet! There is truth in the saying that "every cloud has a silver lining." Though it may for a time look so dark we can see no glint of the silver, yet we know it is there.

A GHOST STORY.

Young Lady, Before Death, Saw Her Brother in a Dream.

Here is an interesting, if somewhat "creepy" story which reaches us from a correspondent upon whose good faith we can rely, says the London, Eng., Daily News. A certain young lady whom we will call "Mary A.," was recovering from an illness. The doctor had declared her to be out of danger, and her friends and relatives were rejoicing in the fact. Nevertheless, Miss A, receiving a visit one day from a sister, gravely assured her that she was going to die. The sister pooh-poohed the idea, and treated it as an invalid's fancy. Miss A, however, with the utmost calmness, repeated her statement. She was certain that she would die that night, and begged her sister to fetch her parents and other relatives to say good-by. Thinking to humor her the sister complied. One person was absent from this strange family gathering—a brother, who was at sea and was expected home in a week or two. "But it does not matter," Miss A quietly observed, "I saw him last night in a dream and said good-by to him in his cabin." Before the sun rose again Miss A's prediction had come true; she was dead. That, however, is not the strangest part of this rather weird story. When, in due time, the sailor brother reached port he was met by his other sister who began to tell him the sad news. "Ah," he interrupted, "you need not tell me. Mary is dead. I knew it, for she came to me one night in my dreams and told me she was going to die and wanted to say good-by." On comparing dates it was found that the dreams were dreamed on the self-same night.

About the ....House

USES FOR DRY BREAD.

Bread Crumbs. — The scraps of bread that cannot be used on the table can be placed in the oven, and dried or toasted a delicate brown, then rolled very fine, and placed in a close or air-tight jar. When frying pork chops, veal, cutlets, fish, chicken, etc., dip the meat into a well-beaten egg, then into the crumbs, letting them remain five or ten minutes, then add more egg and more crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve on a hot platter, garnish with parsley.

Egg on Toast. — We have the fried, poached and scrambled egg on toart, but did you ever try the bird's nest? The children always enjoy anything in this line, so tempt their appetites some morning with the following: Toast the desired amount, and butter lightly, placing the pieces of toast on a baking pan, and drawing aside where it will keep hot. Select as many fresh eggs as you have pieces of toast, and separate the whites from the yolks. Beat the whites to a stiff foam, and salt lightly. When I say stiff, I mean that the foam should stand alone. Now place a spoonful of the beaten white on each piece of toast, arrange a round space in the center, and place the unbroken yolk in it. Add small bits of butter, salt and pepper, and place in a hot oven until the egg is cooked as desired. Serve hot.

Cream Toast. — Toast small pieces of bread to a nice brown, and arrange in individual sauce dishes. Take one quart of milk, and heat to the boiling point in a double boiler; when just at the boiling point and a well-beaten egg that has had a little cold milk added to it. Salt and pepper to taste, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. In a small saucepan place one tablespoonful of butter, and when melted stir in one tablespoon of flour. When all the starch grains of the flour are broken, add the hot milk, let boil once, then pour over toast and serve.

Croutons. — Many people prefer croutons rather than crackers with soup. They are very appetizing and easily prepared. Take bread that is stale enough to toast nicely, cut into medium slices, butter lightly, cut into strips or squares, and place in a quick oven, and toast. Some prefer them of stale bread cut into cubes or squares, then dropped into hot fat, and browned. Lift them from the fat with a skimmer, drain, add to soup and serve.

PIES AND CAKES.

Of course, it is understood that no one factor of our lives passes out to leave a void unfilled and unfillable, so it is not to be thought that the retirement of pie and cake has left us without recourse to sweets of their nature. To be very candid, the pie and cake spirit still lives with us, and we do obey it after our own fashion.

Although it is true that the pie to be quartered or cut into fifths or sixths has no longer a place on the correct table, it has left a direct inheritance in the shape of tarts or tartlets, as you will. They are daintier and prettier in the serving, and are capable of more elaboration by way of whipped cream and other gilding than were the out-and-out pies. Thus it comes about that we have retained the good things that lived in pies, while doing away with the qualities that made them seem inelegant.

Much the same state of things exists with regard to cake. The essence of the cake still abides with us, but it has been refined and sublimated, so to speak, and the result is punch cakes, petit fours, and the like. Between ourselves, these are just rich pound cake, fruit cake, sponge cake, or chocolate cake baked in tiny tins, or cut from a large loaf into fancy shapes, hearts, rounds, and the like, dipped then in rich, delicious icing, topped by a piece of walnut, a cherry or any crystallized fruit. And they are really as much like bonbons when done as they are like cake. For the icing which covers them is quite like to the creamy mixture, in texture and color, of which bon bons are made.

But along with these tricks in the evolution of pie and cake we are learning a great deal about other sweets. There are jellies, for instance. In our grandmother's time the making of lemon and wine jellies consumed a good half day with the strainings that were necessary to have them clear. Now, we have a purified, clarified, rarified sort of gelatine that almost turns into the jelly we want if we but express a wish in its presence, so little manipulation is necessary to their preparation.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A few cloves put in the ink bottle will prevent the contents from molding.

A hot solution of salt and vinegar will brighten copper and tin ware.

If door or window screens move with difficulty rub their edges well with hard soap.

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Mother of pearl may be cleaned by washing with whiting and cold water. Never use soap or soda.

A few drops of ammonia put in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright, especially during damp summer weather.

Insect specks may be removed from gilded picture frames by dipping a small camel's hair brush in alcohol and applying it to the spot.

To remove tar put soft grease on the spot, rub it thoroughly with the hands and wash both the grease and tar with warm salt water.

To make dinner plates and dishes hot before sending them to table dip them in very hot water instead of putting them in the oven. Plates will last twice as long if treated in this manner.

An excellent waterproof blacking for shoes or leather articles is made by mixing one part of borax with eighteen parts of melted beeswax stirred to a stiff jelly. Then mix five parts of asphalt varnish with sixty-six parts of oil of turpentine in which stir six parts of melted spermaceti. After stirring thoroughly combine this with the first mixture of borax and beeswax. The result will be a nearly colorless waterproof paste.

Hard water that is to be used for bathing purposes can be made soft through the use of an oatmeal or bran bag. This bag should be made of a couple of thicknesses of cheesecloth and large enough to be used in place of a wash cloth. Orange and lemon peel are, used for softening water, and they also add to it a refreshing perfume.

Tea leaves should never be thrown away. They are excellent cleansers of woollen fabrics, especially carpets. Sprinkle them over the carpets just before sweeping. They can also be put to other uses. When a few days old pour boiling water over them and leave until nearly cold; strain and use the water for washing paint. White paint may be easily cleaned by rubbing it with flannel that has been dipped into whiting.

Lace handkerchiefs should be washed in warm water in which there are a few drops of ammonia, and castile soap only should be used. Washed in this way they will look like new. They should not be ironed, but should be spread out smoothly on marble or glass by pulling out the edges gently to give them their original shape. Just before thoroughly dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind. Handkerchiefs laundered in this way will last a long time.

TO RENOVATE CANE CHAIRS.

Wash the seats well with soap and hot water — not soda, for it makes them yellow. Turn the chair upside down, wet the seat well on the inner side, push the bulge to the right side, and leave to dry. If not quite tight, repeat the process. Should the canes be much discolored, wash them over with a weak solution of vitriol and water. Dry in a shady place. Good drying weather should be chosen for washing the chairs; or, if done in winter, dry before a fire, with the legs and under side of the seat towards the fire. It is a great mistake to allow the canes to get very dirty before attending to them.

SNEEZE SAYINGS.

It is a very curious thing that all over the world there exists the same superstition in regard to the apparently trivial matter of sneezing. In nearly every language under the sun there is some equivalent of "God bless you!" with which our olden inhabitants in the country will salute the person who sneezes. To this salutation in France is added sometimes the phrase, "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe," who is believed to have got rid of a "death of cold" by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is used: "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter, and four times for a disappointment." In Italy the salutation is simply "Felicita!" or "May you be fortunate!" In India it is customary when one sneezes to say, "May you live!" and the reply runs, "Long life to you!" In ancient times the Romans, holding the idea that sneezing between noon and midnight was a good omen, believed that between midnight and noon it was most unlucky, and if they should chance to sneeze while getting up in the morning they would at once get into bed again. The Germans say "Good health!" because they maintain, and not without reason, that sneezing is a warning of approaching catarrh, and also marks the moment when a charm, a wish, or a suggestion may drive it away.

TOLD IN FIGURES.

Electric railways kill 100 persons a month in the United States.

The income of the British post office from money in envelopes having no or insufficient address is $30,000 to $35,000 a day.

The average yield of wheat to the acre in Europe is thirty-eight bushels. Much more labor and fertilizer is given grain fields in the old countries than in ours.

An advertiser paid $5,000 for the privilege of painting the name of his product on a big chimney in lower New York, where it could be seen from the North river ferryboats.

At present there are employed on the Panama canal construction 1,500 laborers and foremen, 45 physicians, and 160 civil engineers. They were employed by the canal company, but are being paid by the United States. The daily expense of the construction amounts to about $5,000.

"I am a self-made man," said the proud individual. "Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation. "How's that?" "The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."