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CLEANLINESS IN THE DAIRY.

In traveling over the country and visiting the dairy farms in the summer time, nothing has impressed itself so much on the writer's mind as the necessity of cleanliness, writes Mr. J. H. Brown.

There are so many ways in which milk may be infected with bacterial germs that are detrimental to its welfare, that it keeps a dairyman hustling to get ahead of the germs.

In these days of pasteurization there are some dairymen and hired men who think that if the milk is going to be pasteurized anyway, when it reaches the creamery or city dealer in market milk, it makes no difference whether any good care is given the milk or not.

The writer has actually seen one man spit on his hands right over the milk pail, while sitting on the milk stool, and just before sailing in at milking time. He was chewing tobacco and used the juice instead of milk for lubricating his hands. His excuse was that "all this 'ere milk is pasteurized before it is used." It is a fact that pasteurizing covers a multitude of sins on more than one dairy farm in the country.

Cleanliness in every detail is the most important point to be constantly impressed upon the dairyman and his help, in their daily duties in and around the stable, milk room, and everywhere milk is handled or stored. Cleanliness must be looked after in all the details of milk manufacture and in

"Do you tell your wife when you have done wrong?" "No; she tells me!"

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

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Fanshawe's Flirtation

They all thought he would propose, and were eagerly waiting for events to shape themselves. Stephen Fanshawe certainly seemed devoted to Eldine Grey, and she to him.

"I should love to see Eldine married," Cora Dale remarked: "she deserves to be happy after her very bitter experience."

"Mr. Fanshawe is just the man who'd make her an ideal husband." Susie Cross replied. "What do you think about it, Mr. St. Eve?"

"I prefer not to think about it at all," St. Eve answered.

"How awfully depressing of you!" said Cora, fastening some roses into her belt. "You are evidently not interested in our friend's welfare."

"Jealousy," Susie said softly, kicking Cora's ankles.

Ralph looked impatient and left the two girls to themselves. He was "sick of them," sick of his stay at the Hintons', wished he'd "never come."

Poor Ralph! He'd known Eldine a good many years—he knew all about her hopeless passion for some young foreigner who had jilted her and gone back quite placidly to his own country. He, too, had loved her—loved her still—and hated to hear her talked about in this fashion.

What did he think about Fanshaw? H'm! Not his style of chap—not nearly good enough for Eldine! What could she see in him? He would frequently separate himself from the house party and wander over the common, where he'd lie on the grass and gaze at the sky.

"I wonder if she really loves him—if so I'm sorry for it. I don't believe he means it; I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he was a married man with a family—you never hear him talk of his people in Australia. Whenever any of us tackle him to tell us what kind of life he leads out there he conveniently changes the subject—why—why—why?"—Ralph tore up a large clump of grass and flung it away from him.

"Come here, Brunette!" he said almost fiercely to the little black and tan dachshund that accompanieh him, and which was frisking about among the gorse. "Poor Eldine, I hope she's not lost her heart again, not to him at all events—not to him, But, the dickins take it, I think these girls are right—I think, they're right!"

He got up from the grass, brushed himself with his hands, buttoned his coat, and walked sharply towards the Manor House.

When he had got half way across the common he saw two figures some distance in front of him—they were a man and a girl—she was dressed in white and neld her hat in her right hand. It was Eldine and Fanshawe. He stopped for a few moments to let them get well ahead of him.

Brunette stood looking up into his face as though she knew what was passing through his mind. He stooped to pet her, she licked his hand gave a yelp of delight and ran on before him, Ralph following slowly sadly, wishing a thousand times over that he'd "never come."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Hinton, Eldine's aunt, was at needlework in the cosy music-room. Cora Dale had been playing Chopin to her, and Susie was reading a novel in a rocking-chair. Cora closed the pian and sat on a small footstool beside Mrs. Hinton.

"I really think Eldine is going to be happy at last," she said. "I am sure Mr. Fanshawe will propose, if he hasn't done so already."

"I hope he will, Cora," Mrs. Hinton replied; "he is just the husband I could wish for her."

Susie loaked up from her wark. "What about Marco?" she said. "Is he a thing of the past? Has she quite forgotten him?"

"We never mention his name, Susie; that episode is over—we never speak of Marco, merely because Eldine has not forgotten him." There was a short pause, then the door opened, and Eldine and Fanshawe came in.

"We've had such a lovely walk," Eldine remarked, "and Mr. Fanshawe's made such a lovely proposal. We've been up to the Abbey ruins, we shall have a full moon to-night—he suggests we should all walk up there after dinner and see them by moonlight You'll come, won't you, Cora? And you, too. Susie? Where's Ralph?"

"Ralph went for a walk—Brunette wanted exercise," Mrs. Hinton said. "Yes, I like your suggestion very much, Mr. Fanshawe; I'm sure the girls will be delighted, and I know I can trust you to look after them. I'd love to go, but I fear my walking days are over. My husband will join you too with pleasure, I'm sure, and so will Ralph."

At this moment Mr. Hinton came in, carrying a letter.

"You're the only favored one this afternoon, Fanshawe—I see it's from Australia; good news from home, I hope."

Fanshawe took the letter, glanced hastily at the writing, clenched his hand, and frowned slightly. "Thanks!" he said, and walked out of the room.

"Mr. Fanshawe doesn't seem particularly pleased with his letter, Mr. Hinton," Susie remarked.

Eldine gazed out of the window. "There's Ralph," she said; "I'll go and meet him—he seems depressed about something."

"Sulky!" Susie thought, but said nothing.

Eldine went out to meet Ralph. "This is quite an unexpected pleasure," he said.

"Have you been for a long walk?" she asked.

"Only a stroll across the common."

"Are you very tired? Would you care for a turn round the garden? You're quite a stranger, Ralph; I've really seen very little of you since you've been with us."

"You never danced with me last night, Eldine."

"I—I didn't get the chance, Ralph," she replied, pulling a few sweet peas and putting them into her dress. There was a short pause, then they both walked round the garden.

"You never gave me a chance, Eldine; you danced nearly every waltz with Fanshawe—when you were not sitting out."

Eldine grew impatient. "I think we'd better go indoors," she said. He shrugged his shoulders and followed her silently into the house.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Fanshawe had shut himself up in his room to read his letter. His hands trembled slightly as he opened it. It ran thus:

"Dearest Stephen,—When are you coming back to me? I am ill, and so tired of being alone; surely, surely it's all over now. I own I was foolish and very unwise to be jealous of you. I ought to have known that you only loved me. I was weak to listen to the other people. Come back, dear; I want you badly, I'm so weary of my own company; I want a little love, and that to come from you.—Mary."

It was from his wife.

The letter fell from his hand.

"Poor little Mary," he muttered; "I'll come back—I'll leave here tomorrow."

Then he suddenly thought of Eldine. He knew that she had learnt to love him. He knew she was waiting for him to offer her marriage. No one knew he was married—the Hintons knew nothing of his private affairs; they thought him single, a stranger in England to whom they were showing a little courtesy—courtesy which soon ripened into friendship.

He felt he had gone too far. Still, after all, it was but a mild flirtation, and perhaps Eldine only treated it as such. Anyhow he would disillusion her to-night—amonst the Abbey ruins.

* * * * * * *

They had reached their destination. Fanshawe had been very silent during the walk, and Eldine noticed it. He was having a battle with his thoughts.

He felt he had not been honorable towards her. It was no use trying to look upon the matter as merely a trifling flirtation—he knew Eldine did not take it as such, he was sure she had learnt to love him, and he, too (although he tried to dismiss the fact from his mind), had the same feeling towards her. But it must end—nothing else was open to him.

The Abbey ruins stood upon the top of a hill and were bathed in the moonlight. Mr. Hinton, Ralph, and Eldine's two friends were exploring Fanshawe and Eldine stood alone inside the old ruin. The time had come.

"You are very silent to-night, Mr. Fanshawe; I hope you have had no bad news," Eldine said.

"I am sorry, Miss Grey, that—that this is our last walk."

Eldine looked up at him anxiously. "Our last walk?" she said, nervously looking up.

"Yes, I must leave you to-morrow—I am called home—to Australia—my wife is ill."

There was a long silence. Eldine was the first to speak.

"Your wife—I—I didn't know you were married," she said simply.

Just then Susie Cross came up.

"Oh, Mr. Fanshawe, Mr. Hinton sent me to say he thought we'd best be going back; it's getting late, and the mist makes it difficult to see going down the hill."

He looked at Eldine; she was leaning against the wall. He was about to address her, but he saw that she had not noticed Susie, that she was deep in thought. Suddenly she turned round and perceived her friend.

"Is Ralph below?" she asked.

"Yes, we're all there."

"Ask him to come up—tell him I want him."

Susie looked at Fanshawe, then at Eldine.

"Mr. Fanshawe, would you escort Miss Cross down the hill? Father wouldn't like her to go down by herself."

He obeyed and they left her alone. She remained leaning against the wall, staring vacantly before her. So he had only played with her? Then her thoughts suddenly flashed back to Marco. "Oh, it's all the same thing over again!" she said bitterly, and her eyes filled with tears. Footsteps approached—she prepared to go when she found herself face to face with Ralph.

"You want me?" he said. Their eyes met, she saw a look on his face that she had never noticed before; it seemed as though he knew what had passed.

"Yes, Ralph, give me your hand, let us walk home together, and Ralph—if—if I was disagreeable to you this afternoon, forgive me." She took his extended hand gently, gave one despairing glance at the old Abbey, and then they walked slowly down the hill.

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STICKS TO HIS THEORY

WHAT PROF. KOCH SAYS ABOUT CONSUMPTION.

Denies the Possibility of the Transmission of Disease From Cattle.

Professor Koch, the German pathologist, whose theory of the impossibility of the transmission of bovine tuberculosis was opposed by the finding of the English Commission on the subject, still adheres to his belief, writes a Berlin correspondent of the London News.

Prof. Koch declares emphatically that the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man cannot take place by means of food. Neither bovine flesh nor milk can transfer the disease. It was possible for a butcher at the slaughter houses to become infected by injuring himself when handling tuberculosis meat, but even then the infection remained local. It caused a local sore, but no general disease.

COULDN'T FIND A CASE.

"The report of the Royal Commission," Prof. Koch says, "does not contain a single fact to make me change my opinion, which is based on very careful experiments, not only made by myself and my assistants, but also by other medical men of the highest standing. It is for my opponents to prove that I am wrong. I have tried for years to find a case in which tuberculosis was transferred from animals to men. Three years ago the Prussian Minister for Public Instruction, at my request; instructed all physicians in charge of the large public hospitals to report all cases which came to their notice of bovine tuberculosis having been transmitted to man, and up to this day we have been waiting to hear of the first case. As long as the Royal Commission does not show me a case in which such infection is proved I cannot believe in their assertions.

WASTE OF MONEY.

"Veterinary surgeons say that a half per cent. of all cows have bovine tuberculosis, yet the Royal Commission cannot state a case of a man being infected by drinking the milk of such cows. I lay such great stress upon this fundamental question because I should like to prevent the further enormous waste of money caused by the false views of the possibility of bovine tuberculosis being transmitted to man. How many millions are wasted by the killing of animals, the flesh of which is said to be dangerous, and for the sterilization and pasteurization of milk, apart from the fact that the milk loses many of its good qualities by that process? If all these millions were saved and spent on really practical means for combatting tuberculosis one might have a chance of getting the mastery over it."

VIEWS ON SANATORIA.

Prof. Koch does not think much of the present system of sanatoria. He thinks it utterly useless to send a man to such a place for two or three months. He ought to stay there at least a year or two. Improve the sanitary conditions of dwellings, improve the standard of life of the poorer classes, and you will fight tuberculosis, says the professor, much more successfully than by wasting money in so-called precautionary measures of very dubious nature.

In this connection I may mention that a young Berlin physician, Dr. Jacobs, has for some time been occupied with, as he says, successful experiments with Prof. Koch's tuberculine, which he injects directly between the ribs and the lungs. Prof. Koch, although the inventor of tuberculine, is rather skeptical about the success of these experiments, which he thinks very risky.

AMONG CANNIBALS.

Tribes Who Plow Fully Armed, Ready for Fight.

An interesting story is told by the British commissioners who have been engaged for the last 18 months in fixing the Anglo-German frontiers in West Africa between the town of Yola and Lake Tchad.

The region traversed is little known owing to the hostility of the tribes. The Fulani villages were found quite friendly, but beyond Lau, a large town on the Bernu, there lay a mountainous region inhabited by pagans, who in many cases were cannibals.

They were found to be most industrious people, who cultivated their fields with a good deal of method. In most cases, says Reuter, they were practically naked, but were always armed. Even when at work in the fields plowing they carried a full kit of spears, shields and poisoned arrows. The arrows are much dreaded for they are tipped with a deadly poison extracted from vegetables and from dead bodies. This is carried in small bottles, and when fresh it proves fatal in a few minutes.

These people are adepts at game stalking, and disguise themselves as birds and animals in order to approach their prey.

They are smaller than the Fulani, being often quite dwarfish, and they live in flimsy grass huts perched in inaccessible nooks among the mountains.

At Kuka, the Sheikh of British Bornu rode out to greet Col. Jackson at the head of 300 horsemen and a large number of men on foot. He was accompanied by a band and dancing girls. His people carried enormous spears, and some were old armor, while the horses Rere caparisoned with housings like those of the crusaders.

The survey has proved that existing maps are to a large extent inaccurate, and has placed the boundary further to the east, thus enlarging the British sphere.

THE JAPANESE "BOBBY."

The Japanese policeman is often a sort of street magistrate. He seldom has much trouble in making an arrest. He is invested with all the majesty of the law, and to the Japanese law is supreme. It seems very peculiar to see him holding a solemn court in the street to settle some dispute between the inhabitants. With the utmost gravity he examines the parties, notes the information, and pronounces his decision, which is generally obeyed.

JAPS COMMIT SUICIDE

HARA-KIRI ON SHIPS INSPIRES ARMY AND NAVY.

Soldiers Carry to Extremes Old Rule That "No Soldier Will Capitulate."

So infinitesimal is the number of prisoners taken by the Russians since the outbreak of the present conflict in the far Orient that people here and in Europe, ignorant of the Japanese character, have assumed that the Muscovite troops were granting no quarter, and have proceeded to denounce their methods of warfare as barbarous. This is an unjust charge. If the Russians have so few prisoners—and these all of them badly wounded—it is not that the Czar's soldiers refrain from giving any quarter, but because the Japanese refuse to accept it, preferring death by their own hands to the disgrace of surrender. For surrender, save in certain exceptional cases, such as that of a besieged town or when wounded, is, according to military ethics, dishonorable.

Napoleon, when he assumed the command of the army of Italy in 1796, issued a memorable order forbidding any one to lay down his arms under pain of death. "Generals, officers and soldiers," he writes, "who in battle save their lives by capitulation should be shot. Both he who orders surrender and those who obey the command are traitors alike and deserve capital punishment." These doctrines are embodied by most military nations, civilized as well as barbarous, in their articles of war, which call for court martials in every instance of the laying down of arms, and, while among the white races a greater degree of laxity prevails now-a-days in these matters than fifty and a hundred years ago, yet among the Japanese the old time principles are held in as high regard as ever, and they prefer to take their own lives rather than to allow themselves to be captured by the enemy.

Prince Jaime of Bourbon, son of Don Carlos of Spain, and who is serving under the Muscovite flag in Manchuria, relates in a letter recently received that when, after one of the attempts to bottle up Port Arthur, he steamed out in a launch to rescue several Japanese who were clinging to the rigging of the fireships sunk in the roadstead, the men, one after another, blew out their brains with their revolvers, or ripped open their stomachs with their knives, throwing themselves into the sea, rather than permit themselves to be taken prisoners.

HUNDREDS KILL THEMSELVES.

Moreover, in the graphic accounts published by the London Times and other newspapers, of the sinking of the Japanese transport Kinshu Maru on April 25 off the Corean coast by the Vladivostock squadron, it is related how the troops on board, several hundred in number, having refused to surrender, and resisted with rifle fire an attempt to board the ship, committed suicide while the vessel was being torpedoed. The officers and a number of the men who belonged to the Samurai class destroyed themselves by means of hara-kiri, that is, by cutting their stomachs open with their swords or knives, while the others, presumably of a lower order in the social scale, either blew out their brains with their rifles or shot one another.

This took place on deck in full view of the Russian fleet, and it was not until a third torpedo had been fired that the sinking of the Kinshu Maru put an end to the extraordinary scene.

Several of the soldiers who had been plunged into the sea by the foundering of the vessel before having had time to kill themselves were dragged on board a boat on which the English officers of the transport had sought refuge, and as no attempt was made by the Russians to molest them they reached land in safety. As soon as possible they notified the military authorities at Gensan of the fate of the transport, and asked permission, now that they had accomplished the duty imposed upon them of supplying information, to follow the example of their comrades and to destroy themselves, declaring that all the troops on board when they found their ship surrounded by the Russian fleet had taken a solemn pledge to kill themselves.

INCIDENT THRILLS JAPAN.

The story of the death of the troops and of their officers in board the Kinshu Maru sent a thril of admiration throughout the entire Japanese nation, served to give a timely inspiration to the army in the field, and was construed as a silent but eloquent assurance that Japan could trust her honor to the keeping of her soldiers. It was felt that they had rendered a service to their country by the national spirit shown in the manner of their death—that death by hara-kiri, which the princes, great nobles, and Samurai of Japan have for 800 years and more preferred to dishonor.

Some years ago a project was brought forward in the Legislature at Tokio advocating the abolition of the practice of hara-kiri, or seppuku, as it is more commonly called in Japan. During the debate which followed it was described as "the shrine of the national spirit and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle," as "a pillar of the constitution," as "a pillar of religion and a spur to virtue," and as "one of our most valuable and time honored institutions," and the motion was defeated by the overwhelming vote of 205 to 3, the proposer, one Ono Seigoro, being murdered not long afterwards.

No one knows exactly when the practice of hara-kiri originated. For the oldest annals in existence contain reference to it as a national custom. But it was in the twelfth century of our era that it was first instituted as a judicial means of ending the lives of those nobles and Samurai who were regarded as meriting death, but not dishonor. Rules of procedure procedure were devised, the etiquette in connection with the affair being as elaborate and as strict as in the case of duels in Europe. Whereas, however, in the case of a judicial hara-kiri, the executioner appeared from behind a screen, and with one sweep of his long sword cut off the head of the principal at the moment when the latter, while squatting on the floor, having drawn the smaller of his two swords across his bared stomach from the extreme left to right below the waist line, was in the act of sinking face forward on the ground.

FORM OF EXECUTION.

The last of these judicial suicides, so far as foreigners are aware, took place a little over thirty years ago, when a Samurai of the name of Zenzaburo atoned in this manner, by order of the mikado, for an armed attack upon members of the British legation. The ceremony took place in the presence of Sir Ernest Satow, now English envoy at Pekin, and of Lord Reedsdale, to whom Zenzaburo's head was presented for inspection, by his karshku," or best friend, who had decapitated him at the moment when he had completed his disemboweling process.

While the judicial hara-kiri is understood to have ceased, the unofficial seppuku remains, as is apparent from the scenes on board the transport Kinshu Maru the other day, a national custom of the people, and continues to be practised. Indeed, according to one of those unwritten laws which are so much more binding than the ones that figure in the judicial code, a man of the Samurai class who is not prepared to die by his own hand rather than suffer disgrace is subjected to the same sort of ostracism as the confidential European who declines a challenge and is barred from the acceptance of a commission in the army.

In all cases where a man who finds himself face to face with trouble commits hara-kiri, any offence of which he may have been guilty, or wrong that he may have done, is regarded by the law and by the public alike as bon-proven since he is no longer there to defend himself. In one word, he saves by means of suicide his own honor and that of his family, and as long as these ideas prevail so long will hara-kiri continue a feature of Japanese civilization.

It may not be in consonance with our western ideas. Indeed, the survival of this form of self-destruction in Japan serves to remind us of the fact which we are so often tempted to forget—namely: that between the Orient and the Occident there is a great and deep gulf, and that whereas we belong to the Occident, the Japanese will always remain Asiatics, no matter how many of our ways they may adopt. Hara-kiri is not a pleasant custom, and by many it will be denounced as savoring of barbarism. And yet underlying this particular ghastly method of suicide there is an underlying ideal of chivalry and of honor, without which the world would be poorer.

LUCK CAME UNHERALDED

SOME STRANGE STORIES OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Pots of Gold and Jewels and Long Buried Treasures Found.

A change in the fortunes of Henry Tarrick, a farmer of Lesueur county, Minn., came, according to a story from Lesueur, in a very peculiar way. Tarrick had had years of ill luck, which, it appeared, culminated a few weeks ago in the loss of his farm by foreclosure sale.

But he had bought about twenty years ago a bone handled lather brush at an auction in Chicago. It became too much worn to work well, and he gave it to his youngest child to play with.

The youngster unscrewed the end of the handle and disclosed the fact that it was hollow. Tarrick examined the interior and found a diamond wrapped up in a piece of silk. He took the stone to Lesueur, and with the proceeds of the sale he bought back his farm.

It is thought that the diamond had been concealed in the handle by smugglers years ago and by them forgotten or lost.

FOUND IN AN OLD TEAPOT.

The stories of the discovery of money between the leaves of old Bibles are many. An English newspaper tells the story of a disappointed legatee who had inherited from a deceased rich relative only an old teapot.

She was using this pot in entertaining her friends when she discovered that no tea would run from it into the cups. She made an examination and found that the spout was wedged with closely rolled bank notes.

An old safe, according to the same authority, was sold at auction a few years ago, and the dealer who bought it soon again disposed of it. Before delivering it he thought that he would search through its various drawers and compartments. He found a will dealing with property worth about $200,000, and scrip to the value of $50,000.

OYSTER DREDGER'S LUCK.

Capt. Hardiker of the sloop Nessie W. Drone while dredging for oysters off Kent Island, in Chesapeake Bay, brought up an iron pot. The captain cleared the mud from it, and investigating he found an old cross of antique design, elaborately carved; two finger rings of old English design; several chains, seventeen gold coins, supposed to be Spanish doubloons; thirty-eight silver coins, gold clasps of an old Bible and a number of small gold and silver trinkets.

For generations people living on Kent Island have said that the pirates of old had buried treasures along the shores of the isle, and from time to time coins of ancient date and gold and silver articles have been found. The supposition is that the skipper's find was some forgotten treasure of early buccaneers.

ECHO OF THE CIVIL WAR.

While pulling down an old house in Richmond, Va., a few days ago, workmen discovered several loose gold pieces and beside them a steel jar filled with gold. This was undoubtedly some of the treasure that was buried in different parts of Richmond just before the evacuation of the city by the Confederates. In many cases the owners were unable to find their treasure, and some died without telling where it had been concealed.

DOCTOR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The story of a young physician's good fortune comes from England. The young man soon after he had begun practice attended an eccentric old gentleman who spent nearly all of his time in the garden of his residence in one of the suburbs of London.

After the old fellow's death the doctor secured his late residence as being well suited for a medical practitioner. Recalling the old gentleman's longing that he might not be forgotten, the doctor planted with his own hands a sapling in a corner of the garden where the late owner had often sat.

While excavating a place for the roots the doctor unearthed an iron box containing 500 sovereigns, bequeathed in writing by the dead man "To the finder."

LUCKY WORKMEN.

Record time was made in tearing up an old railroad platform at Alton, Ill. The old platform was of planks with half inch spaces between them. The gang of men tearing it up went at the task slowly. Suddenly they began to show the most feverish haste, and the planks were ripped up with greater speed than any similar work had ever before been done.

The foremen were surprised, and, investigating, made a discovery which put them to work with the men. The first laborer to tear up a plank had come upon four silver coins, and this was the cause of the hurry.

Everybody was looking for the money which during the many years of the old platform's usefulness had rolled between the cracks and got lost. The men were all well rewarded. Some of the luckier ones made as much as a week's wages, and at least half of them made more than their wages in picking up the lost money.

Another gang of lucky workmen were those who unearthed 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove in Staffordshire, England. These men were engaged in removing a mud bank which had formed in the centre of the river when one of them was amazed to find on raising his spade that it glistened with silver coins.

Attracted by the digger's exclamation of astonishment and delight his fellow workmen hurried up. In a moment half a dozen men were scrambling for the treasure, feverishly filling their pockets and hats and beer cans with the silver coins, which were worth more than their weight in gold, for they were of the time of the first two Edwards and had lain in the river for 500 years.

The bulk of the treasure trove was ultimately claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster, but its finders had already appropriated thousands of the precious pieces.

STRUCK OIL.

A story comes from Russia of a student, who failing to obtain a Government appointment, retired in disgust to a small holding on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, resolved to quit the world and, by cultivating fruits and vegetables, live on his land. He planted his crops and then proceeded to sink a well in his small ornamental back garden.

While digging this lucky individual was knocked down by a fountain of petroleum that burst up from the ground. Within a week he had sold his property to a syndicate for a substantial sum. When last heard of this erstwhile recluse was riding in his own carriage in Paris with a poodle dog following in another equipage.

INGOTS OF SILVER.

A London police inspector thought that he had fallen into a piece of rare good luck the other day and was just about to retire from the force to a home on the Thames. He was looking over Westminster Bridge at low tide when he saw some shining objects on the concrete foundations of the pillars. These proved to be ingots of silver.

Seventeen ingots were found, weighing in all about 500 ounces. They were, no doubt, melted down from stolen silver articles and contained a little gold, probably from fused gold watch cases. The theory was that they had been deposited there by thieves who had not calculated that at low tide the things would be uncovered by water.

The Coroner sat upon the case, and, instead of turneng them over to the inspector, seized them for the Treasury.

BURIED HIS TREASURE.

John Whitaker of 92 Chesterfield road, Montpelier, Bristol, England, is thanking his lucky stars for the recovery of a sum of money that he had buried in South Africa.

Whitaker, when in Grahamstown, had about £66, the remains of a legacy from an aunt. He was not disposed to lend the money nor to deposit it in a bank, so he buried it in Huntley street of that place. He intended to leave it there until he left town, but when he went to get it again he could not find the exact spot.

He returned to England, and being in hard straits he wrote to the Mayor of Grahamstown, asking him to have a search made for the money.

"A gang of municipal laborers," says South Africa, "went with the rough plan which Mr. Whitaker had inclosed in his letter, and the money was found about three inches below the surface, close to the ditch, between the footbridge near the police quarters and in the small clump of bushes. The parcel in which the money was wrapped had rotted away and the money had dropped to the bottom of the hole. The exact amount recovered was £63 9s 1d. This sum, less expenses, has been forwarded to Mr. Whitaker by the Mayor."

THE SHIP'S MASTER.

An Old Norwegian Pilot and Emperor William.

It is a just and wholesome rule that a captain shall command his own ship, no matter who is on board. If he has the sense and spirit to enforce his authority, there is the less chance of disaster from pompous meddlers. Here is a story of Emperor William which may or may not be true—probably is not; but it illustrates the principle just stated. The story is that when the royal yacht was entering a port, the Kaiser noticed that the boat was slowing down, in accordance with the orders of the pilot, an old Norwegian named Nordhuus, who knew the channel and its dangers. The emperor rang the bell for full speed.

Nordhuus placed himself in the way leaned over the wheel, and called down the tube to the engine-room, "Half speed! Never mind the bell!"

"You countermand my orders?" cried the emperor, and gave the bell another jerk.

"Never mind the bell!" called Nordhuus through the tube.

The emperor drew himself up.

"Go below," said he, "and report yourself under arrest."

"Leave the bridge!" repeated Nordhuus, grasping the wheel more firmly. "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference with my orders from king or seaman."

The officers on deck hurried silently aft, in their hearts wishing luck to the pilot. Nordhuus stood at his post, unshaken by threats, deaf to commands, and carried the yacht safely into harbor.

The next day the emperor came to his senses, and decorated the pilot with the order of the Black Eagle.

About the ....House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Topaz Bread—One pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of molasses, one cup of Indian meal, two cups of flour. Steam three hours and bake ten minutes. This bread is to be eaten hot.

Fruit Cookies.—Three eggs, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one half cup sour milk or cream one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, clover and baking powder, one cup chopped and seeded raisins, one cup currents, one cup finely cut citron. Flour to roll soft. They should be two weeks old before using.

To Cook Green Peas.—Shell them and drop into a saucepan of boiling water into which has been put a teaspoonful of sugar. Boil till tender, which will be from fifteen minutes to half an hour, or more, according to age and freshness. When done you can mash two or three easily on a plate with a fork. Drain off the water, add salt to taste, a shade of pepper, a "wee bit" of butter, and two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. Shake over the fire till the butter is melted and serve in a hot dish.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Four pounds rhubarb, four oranges, juice of all, peel of two, four pounds sugar, one lemon, two pounds raisins. Peel and cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces. Prepare the oranges by squeezing out the juice and cooking the peel in water till tender. Drain and scrape out white skin. Extract the juice of the lemon. Put the rhubarb into a granite preserving kettle, heat it slowly to boiling, cook fifteen minutes, then add the sugar, orange juice and peel, lemon juice and raisins, and cook slowly until thick. This is delicious fresh, and a portion may be sealed for future use.

Griddle Cakes—One cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of Indian meal, one egg. Mix with milk to a thin batter, and after mixing add salt to taste, and two good teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Adding baking powder the last thing is against most precedent, but the cook who furnishes the recipe insists that the success of the cakes depends on this detail being observed.

Sugar Puffs—Take the whites of ten eggs, beat them till they rise to a high froth; put in a stone mortar or wooden bowl, add as much double refined sugar as will make thick, put in a little ambergris to give them a flavor, rub them round the mortar for half an hour, put in a few carraway seeds; take a sheet of wafers, lay them on as broad as a sixpence, and as high as they can be laid, put them in a moderate oven half a quarter of an hour, and they will look as white as snow.

Orange Cake.—Cream together one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half a cupful of butter. Add the well beaten yolks of four eggs and one cupful of milk. Cook together one-half of a cake of bitter chocolate shaved fine, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter and one cupful of milk. Let this chocolate mixture cool before adding it to the ingredients in the cake bowl. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour and pour it in alternately with the well beaten whites of the four eggs. Bake in layers and pack together with an orange filling.

Baked Asparagus.—To bake asparagus, cut the tender ends of the stalks into inch long pieces and cook them about fifteen minutes. Drain them and save the water in which they cooked for the soup kettle. Arrange the asparagus in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish with fine bread crumbs, bits of butter, salt and pepper, and dice shaped pieces of hard boiled egg. Sprinkle the top of the dish with buttered crumbs and bake twenty-five minutes. Send to the table in the baking dish. Individual ramekins may be used instead of a large dish.

An Economical Dessert.—Bread puddings and prunes can be made into a very palatable dessert by the following process: Dry the bread in the oven, or toast until it is sufficiently hard enough to grate. Take raw prunes, remove pits and chop prunes. Mix in equal proportions, put in whites and yokes of eggs (allowing one for every three portions), beaten up well separately. Sugar to taste, flavor with vanilla, and mince finely the peel of half a lemon. Add this, as well as the juice of the same, and bake pudding one-half hour. Serve plain or with any pudding sauce preferred.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

With all frozen dainties a generous allowance of sugar is necessary, as the article to be frozen losses sweetness in the freezing.

Some very admirable cooks greatly simplify cake making gy putting all the ingredients, even the eggs, together and making one long and vigorous beating do the whole.

Lace curtains are greatly injured by being hung in sunny windows during the summer months, as the strong sunlight seems to rot them. Muslin, which is less expensive and more summery, may well replace them during hot weather.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first; to iron the edges first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon, and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily.

Cornstarch will remove grease most effectually. Rub a little fresh dry cornstarch into soiled place and it will at once begin the process of absorbing the grease. Brush off the first used carefully from the garment and proceed in the same way with more until the disfigurement has entirely disappeared.

Don't buy white, or gray goatskin rugs. It is almost impossible to keep moths out of them. Once the moths are in them the rugs are a nuisance, the hairs flying everywhere. Those dyed black seem immune from moths and may be used with some sense of security that they will not become breeding places for moths.

It would seem that there is more profit in imitation than in the real thing. Six firms are engaged in making machinery to turn out bogus coffee beans made from a dough, moulded into correct shape and varnished with coffee extract. Six firms making machines for other firms to use in manufacturing these bogus berries mind you! It stands the coffee buyer in hand to examine closely the coffee is lighter in color, generally a trifle smaller, and tastes quite different from the imitation.

INEXPENSIVE HOSIERY.

A pair of lace medallions, left over from the summer frock, can be put to excellent use in trimming stockings to match the gown. For instance, with a muslin gown adorned with lace medallions, a pair of tan stockings may be made very smart by the use of lace medallions, one just above each instep.

They should be first appliqued to the stockings with silk thread, using very fine stitches; then the lisle beneath should be cut away and the edges of the stockings be buttonholed closely and finely to the wrong side of the medallions. Worn with brown suede shoes, they give a dainty finishing touch to the dress.