Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 2). No. 13 | CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 4, 1904 | 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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THE DOUBTFUL FATHER.

Embarrassed Young Man—"Have you—er—got any cradles?"

Shopman—"Yes, sir."

Young Man (becoming still more embarrassed)—"In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, you know, is it customary to buy two cradles or—or one cradle big enough for both of 'em?"

A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion was "once upon a time" gazetted to a crack Scotch regiment. The new acquisition was discussed by all the members of the regiment with some warmth. "Weel, weel," at length remarked one veteran, "I've seen mony strange things in my time. We've had Hielanders frae England; we've had Hielanders frae Wales; and we've had Hielanders frae Ireland; but in the whole coorse of my existence, boys, this is the first time we've had a Heilander frae Jerusalem."

Professor—"If you were called in a case where a man had fallen head foremost down a fifty-foot mining shaft, what would you advise?" Medical Student—"I should advise his friends to fill up the hole, and save funeral expenses."

DESCRIBED.

"How would you describe a college boy?"

"I'd call him a chap who might be a fine student if he had time to study."

An ambition to own a sky-scraper is a lofty ideal.

David Heron's Temptation

"Silence! You dare to hint at such a thing to your own father!"

It left the lips of the courtly mine-manager with a suppressed vehemence that he would have scarcely credited. He had half risen, staring at that little glass panel in the door which shut off the outer offices—almost as though he feared a buz of threatening voices and a host of pointing fingers. But all was still. He wiped something from his forehead, sat back, and looked across into Sheila's grey, questioning eyes.

"I do dare," came her steady whisper. "Not for my own sake, but for yours—yes, and for David Heron's! He has trusted you, worked for you, believed in you, to an extent that any disaster to you now would crush himself. What is that?—another inspired paragraph from an English newspaper?" She picked it up and read the first printed words slowly: "Shareholders in the almost forgotten Little Goliath Mine may be pardoned a thrill over the news that the elusive lode has been accidentally located. If the latest cabled reports can be trusted, there seems little doubt that the mine is yet destined to fulfil——" She paused, dropped the paper, and looked away, with quivering lips.

"You're man, my pet," he forced out with a strained laugh. "You've dreamed all this. I'd send you right away only that a few hints of that sort breathed in your sleep might set the gossips talking and bring about an unjustifiable slump in the newly-revived shares; might even ruin myself and—as you suggest—David Heron with me!"

"Dad!" The grey eyes were misty, her voice trembled, as she crept closer and put her hand on his shoulder. "Is it all a part you are playing? I understand very little, but I love you still; and my heart tells me that something is wrong. It breathes in the air, in your own haggard face, in your sleepless nights. Yes, away in old England hundreds of people are waiting anxiously for the truth about this new lode in the old mine; their shares are balancing for a rise or a fall. Here, in Australia, what is going on? Why the secrecy, the procrastinations, the private meetings between you and this syndicate, which appointed you sole manager to exploit the mine on the strength of your reputation? Is there the shadow of shame behind? Is the reef struck as rich as all these reports have implied?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a husky, dogged voice.

"I mean," she whispered, "that the shame of a crash and exposure would cling to David for life. I may not be able to influence you, but I know that he has been drawn into it unconsciously. Let me warn him of what may happen, even if it leaves him no alternative but to give up his position here and start life anew."

With his lips set hard, Mr. Foskett rose and pointed.

"Go! Go back to your friends, your music—to a woman's proper sphere! Remember, if any hints of the kind should get abroad, I shall know the source and how to act effectually. As you say, David Heron has all at stake, and will sink or swim with me. Now, maybe, you understand, and will keep your place as a woman."

"Yes," she answered, very pale now; "I understand now why you would never let him know that I had £5,000 in my own right, and why you feared I might wish to invest it in the mine shares, as you allowed him to invest his little all!"

"Go!" he repeated. "You're in love with the man, and have taken my consent for granted, and that's sufficient. Never mind what I mean. Enough that your dread is all imagination, and that in three months' time the shares will be standing at a premium in England."

Mechanically Sheila passed the door of the private staircase leading to the living portion of the handsome mine-estate office. The instant the door had closed Mr. Foskett sprang up and slid the catch. He swerved round, both hands to his head. In that brief instant he had undergone a physical transformation. His face was blanched, his eyes were sunken and staring. What to do?

He was drawn both ways and human nature had pulled hardest. True it was that, persuaded primarily of the syndicate's good faith and good fortune, he had sunk all his private means in the scheme and the purchase of shares at a discount. Now that the mine had proved bare of all but patchy veins of unpayable ore, he must go on at all costs; he must sell the remnant of his commercial integrity to save his money; he dared not draw back and face a crash. Over the seas there, the hundreds of eager eyes were turned toward Australia; he could seem to feel them burning into him, as he stumbled to his desk and clutched some papers. What to do? Every moment was precious. The artificial "rig" in the shares had already begun; once a breath of the truth leaked out, the great cry must come, and their price would recede again to dwindling-point. And here, only that morning, had come the cablegram from the startled agents in London.

It was in cipher. Hastily unravelled, it read: "Only just discovered that influential body original shareholders have secretly dispatched from London Lambert Littlewood, famous Australian mining expert, by steamer Calthrope, for surprise inspection of the mine and to take back samples of reported quartz. Calthrope due to-day, Wednesday. Unless emergency instructions duly carried out, all is lost."

He could bear the suspense no longer. With a groan his hand dropped heavily on the gong that set tinkling a bell in his chief clerk's room. All or nothing now! His breath suspended, the muscles of his face twitching uncontrollably, he stood and stared at the baize door.

Now it had swung back. David Heron came in with his quiet, confident step, the wave of curly hair pushed back from his forehead, on his lips the suppressed whistle of a man who had every cause to be happy.

"Want me, sir?" Then he paused, as if doubting whether it were the man who had entered the office that morning. "You are ill, Mr. Foskett! Let me——"

"Shut that door; fasten it!" came the husky gasp. "No time to talk. Look at this!" and his shaking hand held out the cablegram and the private code.

Wonderingly, David Heron took and compared them, and then looked back at his chief.

"Honestly, I don't understand," he said. "What is there to fear? Let him come by all means!"

"Come! Here!" That sunken voice echoed the words. He moved slowly forward, till his hand gripped the athletic shoulder. "Are you mad? He cannot; he must not reach this place for three days, at least. He must be kept back at any cost, and you are the only man for the work; you are the one man in whom I dare confide. On you now depends everything. I must have time; if he reaches the mine before Saturday, all is over. What do I mean? That it will take me every hour till then to procure and place, so as to blind an expert, the blocks of payable quartz that I should have had in position weeks ago!"

"'Salt' the mine!" Heron gasped, vaguely, at the end of that pause. He had quivered and paled, but that was all as yet. "Is that what you mean?" His hand came slowly up. "Mr. Foskett! Have all your reports and glowing accounts been fabrications? Is all this a huge fraud to revive the share price? Have I been living in a fool's paradise? Is—is my money gone?"

"Don't!" Mr. Foskett tiptoed to the baize door, looked out at the row of unconscious clerks, and strode back with a sudden access of suppressed passion. "Think before you say another word! What is your loss to mine? My money, your money, is still safe if the truth can be kept back till the rise in the shares gives us our profit. You stare! I can face anything, risk anything, sooner than restart life as a pauper. No one here knows but our two selves. Keep this Littlewood back till Saturday, and he shall see the payable ore turned up in tons with his own eyes. The surprise element of the visit is our salvation. He is bound to be impressed and to carry back a report favorable enough as to developments to start a 'boom.' And then——"

"And then——?" David Heron had closed his eyes in a sort of incredulous horror to shut out the haggard tempting face. For the moment that wave of fierce resentment had prompted him to catch by the throat in one strangling clutch the man who had led him blindfold to the edge of this precipice. Just in time there came the recollection that he was Sheila's father still. "And then—?" he repeated, bitterly. "Exposure and the felon's dock for all concerned!"

"No!" Nearer he came till his breath fanned hot on the young Scotsman's cheek. "Let me tell you all before you decide; realize once for all that I have sunk so low that my alternative to ruin would be suicide. No! that exposure need never come; it has been obviated by a fateful stroke of destiny. Do you know why the old managers ceased working the mine in reality? Heron, if the miners had known, they were working daily in the shadow of death. It was found out afterwards, and hushed up, to prevent a collapse in the shares; but the syndicate have found out and will utilize the discovery.

"Listen! At the very foot of the main shaft, where the cage stops and the tunnels slope away, there is only a casing of black cement and a foot-thick layer of quartz holding back an accumulated flow of water from the lake a mile away—far more than enough water to flood the mine for ever and end its history. The moment our present object is attained that water will be set free. Think of all your hard savings and your hopes! Are they not worth a month's silence, a little help at this extremity?"

"No!" It burst brokenly from Heron's lips. He had drawn slowly back; his hand was upon the door. "No! I see it all; I know now. You have been more than generous to me; that was the bait. You have allowed yourself to become the tool of obscure scoundrels, but you do not make me your tool in turn! If what you say is true, every moment longer that I identify myself with the Little Goliath Mine is a moment of everlasting discredit to the man who worked to win your——"

"Ah, now think twice! You had forgotten. You hoped for my daughter. If the worst happens to me, Heron, the worst happens to you." He pointed to the private door. "You force me to play my last card in this life-and-death drama. She was here a few moments ago and confessed that she loved you. That gave me my idea; I admit it. Do you want her? Then that is her price. I simply say Lambert Littlewood must be kept back. There is no one but you to trust. If he should reach the mine to-morrow you will see no more in this life of Foskett and his daughter. Think!"

"Heavens! Sheila the price of that!" That hard sob in his throat his face white and rigid with the intensity of the most terrible mental battle a man could know, Heron strode to and fro. Thrice he turned with that fierce "No!" on his lips, and thrice looked quickly away from the man whose face showed all too plainly that he was at the end of his tether. "Is there no other way?" he begged. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. To-day decides all. It is far more vital than you realize. It is that—against your money and Sheila. I mean that word and will keep it."

"Does she know? Would she ever know if—if I paid your vile price?"

"I cannot say. She loves you; that in the woman is everything!"

"Aye! Heaven help me; I valued her respect, too. No matter. If I'm to play the villain, let me know at once. What is it that I am to do?"

"'Sh!" A tap at the door; a telegram for the mine-manager. He tore it open feverishly. His face was a study as he held out the form. "Your answer!—the solution! Look! From the agent at the docks; I wired him at once as a final resource. 'Lambert L—— and valet landed late last night. Took express this morning to reach Balcarras Junction 7 p.m. to-day and has wired there for horse to ride straight to your office; thence to mine for inspectian early in morning. Means business, but good sort. Cost of this information heavy.' It's clear—clear as daylight!" breathed Foskett, in an agony of suspense. "You need not go far; he must take the five-mile ride through the dusk. His horse may shy; any slight mishap might happen to a man riding here, even if he knows the country. A drug would work; he would wake next morning to find himself many miles away, and nothing could ever transpire. Nothing too desperate!" he added, with a shudder. "I have it! The creek path there, where the roads run three ways. He would be certain to slacken up, and then, a chloroformed cloth——"

There was no answer. Still and strange David Heron stood while sixty might have been counted; then, with that mechanical word, "The creek path!" he groped toward the door and was gone. It might have been one minute, or five, before the mine-manager came to himself with a start. That private door—it seemed as if a faint little moan had sounded on the other side of it. He stumbled forward and slid back the catch. And there, like a statue, with wide, horror-filled eyes, stood Sheila. Her lips were struggling to speak.

"Dave! Call him back! My Dave!"

"You dare!" The desperate man gripped her wrist. "Sheila, think! He's gone to save us all! His failure may mean our ruin and your goodbye to him for ever!"

* * * * * * *

The dusk had fallen swiftly. Just light enough now to frame the white, granite-like face of the man who stood there by the lonely creek path, his sombre eyes staring away toward Balcarras Junction—that faint glow of light in the valley down there. So he had stood for an hour; so he would stand for hours more, his fingers clutching the length of lariat-thong, his mind a chaotic blank. The express might be late; the information might be wrong, and the solitary rider never appear that way; but he must wait and realize afterwards what that hour of madness had meant.

What was that? His dulled brain seemed to grasp two sounds at once—faint hoof-thuds far to the right and a pattering of feet on the near left. He shrank instinctively, as a flying, breathless figure resolved itself in the dusk; and then—but the rest seemed part of the wildest dream. He only knew that two arms had circled his neck suffocatingly; that sob after sob was breaking against his cheek; that he was staring down into the imploring eyes of the woman whose love was to be the price of his life's dishonor.

"Dave! Dave! Not for me—not for all the money in this world! Quick! I heard all; I've risked all and come to save you! Let that man pass free and I will answer! I will pay!"

Far from realizing he tried to resist, but a paralysis of mingled hope and fear seemed to hold his limbs. Nearer, nearer, came those hoof-thuds; but the lariat has been torn from his grasp. It was a woman's weak arms that drew him stubbornly back into deepest shadow; a woman's hand that silenced his lips and held him in a spell as horse and rider loomed into view. The animal reared; its rider stared down piercingly at the motionless figures of a man and a woman. Next instant, little guessing at the tragedy that had waited in his path, Lambert Littlewood, the mining expert, had vanished in the gloom and a wild cry of reaction had broken from Sheila's lips.

"My darling! Quick! Not a word—not a moment to be lost. No one knows. It came to me in a flash. This way, this way! In the mining-shed there—all the tools you will need. It's at the foot of the main shaft, where the tunnelling begins; it is marked with a white star on the plan! Not a word! I can lower the cage and you; I am strong enough to-night to raise it again. Half an hour's determined work, and then—by dawn to-morrow the Little Goliath Mine will be flooded and the great living lie nailed down for all time! Can you understand? Dare you risk it, for my sake? If you love me prove it now. The ruin will come, but no shame need follow it. Better it comes now, and hundreds of innocent people be spared the loss that was to make the syndicate rich. Dave, you lose your all too, but you win back the respect of the woman you love. Is it worth it? Answer quick, and then I can tell you something more."

And a new light—no, the old light—came back into his eyes and looked down into hers. Something like a sob broke in the man's throat, as his arms drew her close in silent reply.

* * * * * * *

Before midnight of that day a trickle of water from the lake a mile away had broken through the fissure and quickened to a rivulet that crawled steadily along the unfinished galleries and tunnels of the mine. All through the long night that flow continued, and when dawn flushed crimson and the mining expert drew up with Mr. Foskett at the mouth of the main shaft a glance showed that the truth about the Little Goliath Mine would never be known now.

"Dame Nature has made sure of all our dividends!" was the historic remark cabled by Lambert Littlewood to England that day. "The mine, whatever its secret, is a thing of the past."

It was forty-eight hours later. Crouched at a desk in his inner office sat Mr. Foskett. He had heard no voice, no footfall, but a hand suddenly gripped his shoulder. He stumbled up with a cry, his fingers closing upon the butt of a revolver, as if the finality of all had come.

"Sit still; put that down," said a quiet voice thrilling with just a touch of sorrowful scorn. "You are safe, so far, in spite of yourself. True your great scheme has failed, but—"

"I'm ruined," came the hoarse gasp. "I could face anything but that. I'm a beggar!"

"Not quite," was the cold reply; and something fluttered down on the desk. "Take it! a cheque for £5,000. It represents precisely the market value of your precious shares at the moment when, by my help, you hoped to inflate that fictitious value. No thanks! It is I who am the beggar, and your own daughter who has given her all to save you from the penury you so dread and so richly deserve!"

"Then—then—you want her still? You come to ask me fot my daughter in return for this sacrifice of hers?"

"No!" David Heron turned away. "I ask nothing. We two stand together now, with our way to make in the world, but with perfect love and a clear conscience to help us. Your daughter is here; we have come to say good-bye. You are saved, and my wife has paid the price!"—London Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY

You May Yet See Your Own Heart Pulsations.

To stand before a kinetoscope and see there reproduced the actual pulsations of your own heart, to note in the flying squares its location and appearance, and to deliberately count its strokes—that is the startling possibility opened to mankind if the experiments now being made by Dr. M. K. Kassabian, of Philadelphia, are successful.

The result is to be reached by the combination of a powerful Roentgen ray and a specially contrived photographic apparatus operated on the principle of the kinetoscope. This machine, if constructed, would be so timed as to correspond with the pulsations of the normal human heart.

The proposal to thus lay bare the innermost secrets of anatomy was suggested by Dr. Kassabian in a paper read before the convention of the American Roentgen Ray society in Houston hall, University of Pennsylvania. It aroused instant attention, and has been the subject of widespread comment.

INSISTS ON FEASIBILITY.

Dr. Kassabian was disinclined to predictions when interviewed, but he is earnest in his opinion of its feasibility. Thus far his experiments have convinced him the only problem lies in the construction of a photographic machine adapted to the work.

"The advance in X-ray appliances," said Dr. Kassabian, "together with the skill now being shown in the operation of the machines, makes the moving picture of the heart's action entirely practical. Formerly a single X-ray photograph took from two to four minutes. Now one can be secured in a second or less. The pulsation of the normal heart is seventy-two strokes to the minute. A photographic machine on the kinetoscope principle would show the dilation and contraction of the heart and the action of the diaphragm with mathematical exactness. It would reveal also the identical location of the heart. I am quite convinced of the feasibility of such photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS INACCURATE.

"As it stands now we have only a single view of the heart, and as the photograph might be taken during either contraction or distention we can never have an accurate view of its size. I consider the idea entirely feasible."

A further possibility of the machine is the recording by the watch of how varying emotions react on the heart. Physicians can then determine just what effect excitement, fear, distress, joy, etc., have in accelerating the movement of the organ. Dr. Henry Hulst of Grand Rapids is another believer in heart motion pictures and an active experimenter.

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including Texas, Old Mexico and California, the lands of sun-shine and flowers. Through standard and tourist sleeping cars are now run via this great southern route. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash, are hauled by the most powerful engines ever built. Every comfort is provided equal to the best hotels, or the most luxurious homes. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness. The days and nights pass only too quickly, while travelling on the great Wabash line. For information as to rates, routes, etc., address any ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt., N. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

PLOUGHED THROUGH HERRINGS.

An extraordinary experience befel the mail steamer Nord, of the Calais and Dover service, while crossing the English Channel recently. The searchlight of the steamer was being used, when the man on watch in the bows noticed a peculiar agitation of the sea just ahead. The cause proved to be an immense shoal of herrings swarming down Channel. The mail steamer ploughed her way right through the shoal, churning up and killing thousands of the fish with her great paddle wheels. The shoal was so thick that it affected the progress of the steamer.

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About the ....House

SOIL FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

If the soil is in proper condition many thiogs are possible with certain tender plants, especially flowers, that are out of the question with poor or indifferent soil, writes Mr. John C. Chamberlain. In my garden I have shade conditions to overcome and for a time could not make a success of anything except spring bulbs, which blossomed ahead of the shade of the trees. Lately I have filled the soil full of half-rotted manure in the fall or spring and put it on the surface in summer. It will not do to feed too heavily or to use fresh manure where small-seeded annuals are to be raised, as they do not like the ammonia that is liberated so freely by it.

It is useless to plant flowers without using considerable fertilizer of some kind and stable manure is of the best, as it keeps the soil in good texture. A well-nurtured plant will winter almost without special care, but in poor soil less hardy perennials disappear over winter. Such feeders as roses and dahlias will grow in poor soil, but seldom repay the trouble, besides roses, or any plants having insect enemies, are much less subject to their ravages when in vigorous condition. The best method of fighting insects is with the water hose. Set it strong and fire everything living off when too small to return. A big syringe will answer where water pressure is not to be had.

Does anybody have trouble with pot plants? Plant raisers seldom awake to the fact that when a plant is doing poorly it is because the soil needs changing. This is easily proved by taking the plant out of the pot when it will usually be found that there is a lot of soil with no roots, in which case the soil is very often sour. When a plant stands still, even for rest, after vigorous flowering, there is always danger of losing the small roots and few plants will start them over again. Far better keep the pots root bound, especially as so many plants will blossom best in that condition. I have kept certain plants several years without repotting by applying surface fertilizer, but this could only be done where the pot is rather small for the plant.

GOOD RECIPES.

An Emergency Discovery.— When Irish potatoes are not at hand and bread making is, boil two tablespoons of rice in a quart of water until the grains are soft. Use this, water and all, instead of potatoes. The bread will be every bit as nice and some prefer it to potatoes. This was an emergency discovery one bread day when no potatoes were available.

Cocoa Fudge.—One-fourth cup milk, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1¼ ounces powdered sugar, 9 teaspoons cocoa, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt the butter with milk in a saucepan. Add sugar, cocoa and salt, cook and stir until the mixsure strings (about eight minutes.) Set in a pan of cold water, and add vanilla. Beat very gently and the instant it begins to thicken pour into buttered dishes. When hard cut in squares. Have a care not to beat it too much.

Mince Meat.—Take a beef tongue weighing 2½ lbs. and boil briskly 1½ hours. Prepare 2 lb. beef suet, 4½ lbs. chopped apples. 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 2 lbs. currants, 1½ lbs. citron, shredded, 1 glass quince jelly, 1 pt. cooking molasses, 2 qts. sweet cider, the juice and grated rind of 2 oranges, the juice and grated rind of 2 lemons, 1 oz. cinnamon, ½ oz. nutmeg, ½ oz. cloves, ¼ oz. mace and 1 lb. sugar. Chop the beef and suet fine, removing all strings and shreds. Mix all ingredients and let stand 24 hours before using.

A Wholesome Sweet.—Remove the stones from good, clean, fresh dates, and fill the cavity with shelled, fresh, brittle peanuts. Roll the dates in pulverized or confectioners' sugar and pack in prettily decorated candy boxes—some of which you may have saved through the year as being too pretty and dainty to destroy or throw away. How handy these will come in now, to fill and bestow on some little child's heart at the holiday time! Any kind of nut meats may be used in place of the peanuts, or chopped raisins and nut meats combined into a sort of paste, make an excellent filling for the dates. The best thing about these goodies, is that they are fresh, pure and wholesome.

Pretzels.—Put large tablespoon yeast into ½ pt. warm milk. Stir in 1½ lbs. flour and beat well. In another dish put ½ lb. butter and beat it to a cream; add 2 ozs. sifted white sugar, 3 well beaten eggs, another tablespoon yeast and a little salt. Into this put the dough and beat until well blended and perfectly smooth. Cut off pieces the size of an agg and roll them into round bars six to eight inches long and tapering at the ends. Place them on buttered tins, curving them in half circles, new moons, or any odd shapes, leaving a little space between. Set them to rise where the heat is even, not too warm; when light brush over with beaten egg, dust with sugar and bake a light brown.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When papering where the plaster is broken or gone, paste oil cloth over the spots. This gives a smooth surface on which to hang the wall paper.

The winter ices and ice creams may be much richer than those made for summer desserts. One that is simple, rich and nourishing is frozen whipped cream. Flavor, sweeten and whip pure cream. Remove the paddles from the freezer, pack in ice and salt in the freezer, and let stand four hours. It is not to be stirred.

Ice-cream freezers that freeze too rapidly are not desirable. It takes from twenty to forty minutes to produce a smooth, evenly frozen ice cream, and the ripening process should be allowed for.

Winter beets are an appetizing dish when boiled till tender and served with a white sauce. They require long cooking.

The reason why fried oysters and other shell fish are in the frying pan by preference are so often indigestible is, we are told, because of the action of the cooked butter on them, which is bad for indigestion. Olive oil is much preferable.

What to eat gives a rule for determining the purity of coffee. When purchasing, gather a little in the palm of the hand and press firmly. If it sticks together in a ball or lump it is adulterated. Pure coffee falls apart when the hand is opened.

DON'TS IN DRESS.

Don't sacrifice fitness to fashion.

Don't spoil the gown for a yard of stuff.

Don't sacrifice neatness to artistic effect.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't dress more fashionable than becomingly.

Don't imagine beauty will atone for untidiness.

Don't dress to startle people's eyes, but to satisfy them.

Don't look a frump because you cannot look especially smart.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't buy foolishly and then blame your limited income for your shoddy appearance.

Don't wear vertically striped material if you are tall.

Don't expect great bargains to turn out great savings.

Don't wear big sleeves and big hats if you are short.

Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed.

Don't put cost before cut. Corded silk won't cover a poor fit.

Don't forget that dress was made for woman, not woman for dress.

Don't put all your allowance outside. A shabby petticoat kills the smartest gown.

CHINESE ON ANATOMY.

Have Never Dissected a Body, and Guess at Organs.

Chinese medical literature is copious and its bibliography has been drawn up with the most scrupulous care; but the whole contents consist of unreasoning commentaries on the works of a few old masters, whose texts, like those of other sacred volumes of Oriental literature, are far too sacred to suffer the smallest innovation. Those "masters" of Chinese medicine were contemporaries of Machaon and Podalirius, who dressed the wounds of the beseigers of Troy. Direful would be the almost inevitable results of the exploration of any of the cavities of the human body by the Chinese practitioner! No Chinese representative of the healing art has ever dissected any portion of the human frame. Accordingly, their ideas of anatomy and physiology are matters of faith—confirmed by images which have been reproduced during untold centuries. Their esteology teaches that the skull is formed of one bone; so is the pelvis; the number of ribs varies with the individual, and at the junction of the arm with the forearm is placed a subital patella. According to Chinese splanchnology, the small intestines communicate with the cavity of the heart; while the colon, after describing 16 circumvolutions, terminates by opening into the lung.

The heart governs the vital processes—in operation with the cavity of the stomach it supplies all ideas and all the pleasurable sensations. The liver is the habitat of the soul; and it is from this gland that all noble and generous sentiments emanate. The gall bladder is the receptacle of courage; its ascent in the body is the cause of a fit of anger. They have an idea of the continuous motion of the blood; but it seems to be the product of an imagination more riotously Oriental than even that which created the other items of their physiologic knowledge.

They do not know the pulmonary circulation; they, naturally, know nothing of the valves in the veins; they do not even appear to have quite grasped the motor function of the heart itself; but they nevertheless profess to differentiate no less than 74 varies of pulse—simultaneously recognizable on the person of a single individual.

In its ultimate structure the body is composed of five elements; fire, water, earth, wood and metal. Each of those elements is in harmonious rapport with the corresponding members of the series of five planets, five metals, five solid viscera, five colours and five tastes. All diseases originate from disturbances of the primary and essential quintic harmonies of these co-relations.

HEALTH AND ECONOMY.

Hints That Are as Rational as the Average Free Advice.

Don't drink. You'll get thirsty again.

Don't remember anything—especially your debts.

Don't work. It is very bad for the health to tire yourself.

Don't lend—borrow.

Don't want anything. If you should want anything, don't buy it; beg or steal it.

Don't try to say anything when you talk. It consumes brain power.

Don't eat anything. Your stomach may get out of order.

Don't wear clothes. They retard the free movement of the body.

Don't marry young. Don't marry old. Don't marry at all. If you are tempted to marry, attend court on a divorce day.

Don't get sick. If you think you are sick, whistle or turn somersaults. This is nature's cure.

Don't go to law. Choose the lunatic asylum.

Don't get excited. Keep ice in your mouth.

Don't read. It may affect your eyesight.

Don't fret, don't cry, don't laugh, don't buy, don't sell, don't grieve, don't love, don't play, don't humor yourself in anything, don't breathe.

Don't even be displeased. If your favorite corn is stepped on, say "Thank you."

Don't be dissatisfied with anything. If your bank breaks be thankful you didn't have more in it.

Don't lose your temper. Nobody will pick it up and bring it home, even if they stumble over it.

BARRED.

"There's one thing the woman can't get into!" said the anti-woman suffragist.

"What's that?" cried a chorus of feminine voices.

"The secret service!"

PROOF.

"What makes you think he wears ready-made clothes?"

"Because he borrowed my overcoat two weeks ago and hasn't returned it."

ELECTION OF A MAYOR

SOME CURIOUS OLD CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

High Wycombe's Annual Ceremony of Weighing the Mayor.

Electing the mayor is attended with many quaint old customs in different parts of England, and not the least curious—forit is observed nowhere else in the kingdom—is High Wycombe's annual ceremony. As each year comes round so each mayor is weighed, and his weight to the ounce recorded in the corporation's book kept specially for the purpose. At the conclusion of his year of office the mayor is weighed again. Yet his Worship does not enjoy this distinction entirely alone. Every member of the civic body has to submit to the ordeal and endeavor to preserve dignity under trying circumstances. This amusing ceremony has been carried out, more or less regularly, since the thirteenth century. On the auspicious morning the corporation, attended by the beadle and mace bearer, in their gorgeous old-world costumes, proceed to the mayor's residence, and his worship having put in an appearance, they march in solemn and stately procession to the Guildhall, where the weighing is conducted.

WITH CONVIVIALITIES.

Calne, Wiltshire's old-fashioned market town, has a custom just as curious. Annually the municipal officials meet for a wine and cake party, where, in a convival spirit, sitting round the festive table, the mayor for the ensuing year is elected.

Among the many quaint ceremonies Brightlingsea enjoys, one of its most interesting is concerned with the appointment of its mayor. At the door of the ancient parish church on the all-important morning come freemen, jurats and others of the populace as desire. All having assembled the party proceed to climb into the church's belfry, where it has been the custom for centuries to elect the mayor and freemen. Here, far above the top of the surrounding houses, with bell-ropes hanging about them, the mayor is invested with his robe of office and elaborate gold chain, each link of which appropriately represents a sprat and an oyster.

PENALTY FOR TALKING.

A quaint old-world ceremony took place not many weeks ago at another Cinque Port—Dover. It was the meeting of the Council of Brotherhood and Guestling, held for only the third occasion in 327 years. Each of the mayors of the five ports—Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney, and Hythe—was present in the robe of a baron of the Cinque Ports, attended by his mace-bearer in gorgeous habiliments. Part of the ceremony consisted in reading some of the decrees from the Black Book of the ports made in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of these decrees forbids a member to speak more than once, under a penalty of 3s. 4d—quite a formidable sum in those days.

Even more ancient are the quaint ceremonies observed every now and then by the mayor and corporation of Dunstable. When recently the bailiff and hayward, known in a less ancient borough as the town-crier, tendered his resignation, quite an epoch arrived in the history of the quaint old town. A Court Leet was at once held, attended by the mayor and corporation in civic state and all the old customs were enforced. Jurymen serving for the first time were fined 1s to buy "colt ale" for their fellows. Two aldermen were again elected as ale-tasters after one had been fined 1s 4d for neglect of duty, which is to walk into any one of Dunstable's thirty-six licensed houses and call for a free stoup of ale. The mayor and his councillors would as soon think of ignoring these old customs as of appearing on a state occasion without their robes of office.

AN ENVIABLE PRIVILEGE.

Newcastle's mayor enjoys the privilege of once a year being allowed to select and kiss any young lady who takes his fancy among the coal city's inhabitants. The kiss is rather costly, however, for it is the custom to afterwards present the young lady with a sovereign, while a further gift is made her by the lady mayoress, no doubt to disprove jealousy. The sheriff, not to be outdone, also bestows a kiss upon a fair bystander—at the same rate of expenditure.

An excellent custom is observed at the election of the mayor of Newport, in Monmouthshire. The town clerk is deprived of his cocked hat, which is passed round to the assembled officials, for contributions towards the maintenance of a children's cot at the local infirmary. The dispensation of chairity is also a feature of Newbury's mayor. Every year from an ancient gift known as the "St. Thomas' Half Crowns" his worship distributes coins of this value to about 100 poor widows.

Most mayors inaugurate the commencement of their year of office by a sumptuous spread, but of all mayoral feasts Peterborough's is surely the strangest. The luncheon, at the expense of the mayor, is held upon the occasion of the opening of Peterborough's Bridge Fair, when his worship and the councillors, in civic state, sit down to regale themselves at a feast of champaign and sausages.

STAMMERING AND BLUSHES.

Fear Causes the One in Man and the Other in Woman.

The fact that the proportion of those afflicted with stammering is one hundred men to one woman is one of the most curious things in pathology.

A mere man, in discussing woman's immunity from stammering, was depraved enough to suggest that any interference with her ability to talk would be a cruel and unusual punishment. However this may be, a well-known doctor was asked how he accounted for the immunity of the fair sex from this affliction, agreed that it certainly was a strange thing.

"Stammering," he said, "is an epileptic affection of the speech organs, and the victim is usually a person of a high-strung, excitable temperament. At the last analysis the cause lies in the mind—that is, the stammerer stammers because he fears he will stammer, and thus make himself ridiculous.

"Now, women are much more prone than men to nervous disorders and this makes their immunity from stammering all the more remarkable. For some mysterious reason their nervousness affects their organs of speech only in the rarest instances."

The theory has also been advanced that women are less self-conscious than men, and there is little doubt but that self-consciousness is the basis of the stammerers confusion. On the other hand, it is asserted women are more self-conscious than men, but in their case the self-consciousness runs to blushes instead of stammering. Nine girls out of ten who are victims of the blushing habit blush from the same reason reason that the stammerer stammers—fear of doing so.

Whiskey will take a man down faster than a toboggan.