MINCE PIE AND PLUM PUDDING.

Two Wholesome Dishes That Can Be Digested if Made Properly.

Mincemeat ought to be extremely wholesome for the same reasons that make it good to eat—its flavors of sweet and sour, of meat, apple and spice, which relieve each other, and its finely divided particles, which allow the choicer blending of flavors and save the stomach. What gives mince pie its ill repute as the very spawn of nightmare are its overdressing with suet and butter and its dragging with spices. Spice is the very food of the nerves, rightly used, growing more essential as circulation and sense dull with age. But it should be delicately, discerningly used not to lose its potency.

Economical cooks make mincemeat of beef's heart, with the thick fat pared away before cooking and the juicy flank strips cooked with it and both boiled down in the broth, an inexpensive foundation which, minced, is as rich as tongue or the high priced pieces—tenderloin, fillet or round. The fat is taken off, the rich liquor of the meat boiled down to gravy and added to the mince. One quart bowl of chopped meat to three of apple is the rule, and with this neither suet, butter, brandy nor wine is used.

Baldwin apples are used, with one quince to the four bowls of mince, one lemon and peel, two Havana oranges, chopped, the peel boiled tender and very finely cut, half a cup of cider jelly, two cups of raisins, one of currants, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, two nutmegs and a teaspoonful of cloves, one coffee cup of sugar. The juice of the meat gives richness instead of suet. In place of the wine and brandy, what? One-half cup of the best Porto Rico molasses, not syrup, one large cup of strong tea and one-third teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. That gives a zest that is a fair imitation of brandy and aids digestion. When the pies are made one teaspoonful of butter, in small bits, is spread over the mince before putting on the upper crust. This mince has not an indigestible ingredient in it, while the flavoring is very rich.

Fine flour mingled with oil has been a regale ever since patriarchal times, when Sarah set cakes before the angel at the door of Abraham's tent. We were meant to like it and to eat it. If, instead of the pale brown flour mingled with olive oil and baked on the hearth, which Sarah used, we prefer a paste of starchy flour and animal fat which no juices of the stomach can dissolve any more than they could pieces of glue, it is our own mistake. The human family has gone back to the primitive pastry of Mamre, not from any superstitions about the injuriousness of pastry in itself, but because it likes pie and likes the best kind of it.

For pastry, use the ordinary salad oil. With whole wheat flour or any fine grades of Graham, it gives the sweetest, flakiest pastry ever eaten. Try it, with brown flour or white, using one part oil to three parts flour, with ice water, salt, and a pinch of baking powder. Brush the top with milk on putting it in the oven, which should be hot enough to bake it thoroughly in a little over ten minutes. There is not a trace of oil in the pastry, which is more delicate than if made with sweet butter.

Plum pudding is another wholesome food that no careful family should be without in winter, combining as it does the heat making and strengthening elements of fat, flour and raisins. The basis of a plum pudding is the finest oatmeal, almost like flour, with a little oil, baking powder and fruits, flavoring with the aromatic Havana orange peel.

The courser kind of oatmeal is richer than chestnuts as filling for turkey. Use cold boiled oatmeal and bread crumbs, with chopped oysters, sweet marjoram, sausage, or any usual flavoring, especially celery, which gives a fine flavor to the bird, or put a pinch of ground caraway and dash of nutmeg with the sage and marjoram if you want a new and foreign flavor of which the ingredients cannot be recognized. Dress your turkey and fill it overnight to let the seasoning strike through.

Some New York Heiresses.

There are several heiresses who live in the immediate neighborhood of Washington square. One is Miss Flora Davis, a very pretty girl, and the daughter of Mr. John H. Davis. Miss Davis' marriage with Mr. Hamilton Cary will very possibly be an event of the winter. Miss Fanny Tailer, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Tailer, is always much admired. She is a blond, and will unquestionably inherit much money. Miss Annie Langdon, a sister of Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, is said to have at least $20,000 a year and the prospect of much more. She is also one of the Washington square set.

Miss Stevens, a daughter of Mrs. Frederic Stevens, will have a large fortune. Oddly enough, Miss Stevens was frequently last winter at entertainments here where the first wife of her mother's second husband, the Marquis de Talleyrand Perigord, was a guest. It will be remembered that the marquis on marrying Mrs. Stevens assumed a different title, which he had a right to, and is now known as the Duc de Dino. The present duchess inherited her enormously large fortune from the late Josiah Sampson, a Connecticut merchant.

Miss Elise Hurst, a vivacious little brunette who is soon to make her debut, is a granddaughter of Edward S. Jaffray, and will doubtless have a comfortable fortune. Miss Helen Olivia Stokes, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, is one of the richest girls in town.

Miss Fair has some $3,000,000, and is likely to come in for as much more later on. She is living now with her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and they will not be about this winter, as they are in mourning for their mother. Next summer, though, at Newport, where they will live in the Bancroft house, a recent purchase, they will be seen everywhere.

There are some Standard oil heiresses in the Rockefeller and Flagler families. Miss Grace Wilson, a daughter of R. T. Wilson, is sure to have a very large fortune. She is a very handsome blond.—New York Recorder.

Women in the Census Department.

In the history of the collection and compilation of facts in almost all departments of the present census there is not an inquiry or tabulation but there is a woman in it. A recital of her work would record an epoch in the history of woman's employment.

When fully equipped the census office numbered in its local force about 3,200 clerks, over half of these were women, some divisions being composed almost entirely of them.

Regarding the work of counting on the electrical machines, punching and tabulating the punched cards, the superintendent of census said:

"If I were to undertake this work again, having had the experience I have had, I should have no one but women on any of these three machines. I have found steadily from the beginning that women did more work and that more accurately than men. I suppose their superior delicacy of touch and alertness of vision are largely the cause of it, but I have also found women more conscientious. If an enumerator writes poorly a man is more apt to guess at his answers and punch accordingly. A woman, I have found, will in the greater number of cases take pains to decipher poor writing and record the fact correctly."

The head of the pauperism and crime division when organizing his force made a request for only women clerks. The request was of course granted. It is of interest to know that the entire census report on the momentous subject of the growth of these two evils is compiled and tabulated by women under the direction of the only two men in that division.

A few women are heads of sections, and one woman has been until very recently an assistant chief of a division. Three women have performed valued services as special agents collecting information concerning the Indians and fisheries, aside from those in the farms, homes and mortgages divisions.—Margaret N. Wishard in Chautauquan.

Why Women Have Sore Throats.

"It sounds like an exaggeration, but women who are devoted to society very often suffer from a peculiar throat trouble as a direct result of their social duties," said a Pittsburg doctor. "It is not caused by decollete dresses, as might be supposed, either, or the rapid transitions from hot rooms to the cool outer air, although these things are not conducive to robust health. The affection I refer to comes from a straining of the vocal cords, and often takes on the form of tonsilitis. Any one who has attended a half dozen fashionable receptions, and especially those at which women only were present, must have noticed how the clamor of many tongues in crowded rooms make it necessary to raise the voice to be heard.

"The fact is that when fifty or a hundred women meet in a parlor—often a ridiculously small room for such a gathering—the average woman who wants to get a word in even edgeways must shout at the top of her voice. Let her keep this up for half an hour in a general superheated atmosphere and her throat is bound to suffer. When she gets home she feels as if she had caught cold, and very likely for a day or two after she will have an aching in her throat, which she will blame on the abominable climate, that stupid girl Jemima, who would have the dining room window open, or some other innocent thing or person. She is literally paying the price for making Rome howl, and I tell her so when she comes to me and wants me to diagnose la grippe in her symptoms."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Unique Holiday Gift.

A young lady of this city, who is now in the far west, where she went a year ago for the benefit of her health, received one of the neatest and most unique New Year presents imaginable.

It was designed by one of Utica's bright young school teachers, and is in form of an autograph calendar. Three hundred and sixty-six sheets of paper, 6 by 4 inches, were obtained; each of these had the month, day of the month and day of the week written at the top. They were then sent out in all directions with a request that they be returned with some sentiment—original or selected—written thereon and signed with the friend's name. Many of the original contributions contain pleasant reminders of incidents in the young lady's life. Over 250 persons contributed to the calendar; a large number from this city, of course, but others came from other parts of this state, from Utah, Colorado, Minnesota, South Dakota, Illinois, Georgia, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Wales.

A lady of Little Falls painted "1892" and a spray of beautiful roses on a piece of glazed celluloid 12 by 8 inches, and the calendar was attached to this by means of yellow ribbon in such a manner that the sheets could be read without being detached. Some of the friends who received the sheets returned ten and five dollar bills with them. These were inserted in the calendar where the names of the donors occurred.—Utica Herald and Gazette.

Modern Social Shams.

When a woman listens to what color fashion dictates shall be her hair, she gives ear to an element in our modern life that is making society more and more insincere every day. I sometimes stop to marvel what this element called "fashion" has done. Through its teachings its devotees are made so insincere that you scarcely know when to believe them and when not. They ask you to "come and call," and you do not know whether or not they really want you or not. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. One learns to take almost everything said by these people at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves.

They say "the furnace has just gone out," when in truth they had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. On a small income this "Fashion" practically teaches us that we must make the world believe that we are affluent and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Handsome New York Women.

The shopping days brings a menagerie of women down and uptown by every train. It is one of the greatest curiosities in New York to see these women. The midday trains are filled with them up to the doors, and not unfrequently women [illegible] to be seen standing on the platforms, unable to get inside. No one can study these women without profit. Nor can you see them without pride. For they are the best dressed and finest looking women in the world. Age sits lightly on the average New York woman. I have seen here some of the handsomest women I ever saw in my life who were above the age of forty, fifty and even sixty years. You can see them every day on the elevated trains. After hearing so much about the fast lives of fashionable people, their dissipation and all that, the superb physical charms of these young-old women seem really marvelous.—New York Cor. Chicago Globe.

Mrs. Chanler and Her Critics.

There is something distressing in the maliciousness with which some newspaper writers hound Mrs. Amelia Rives Chanler. The most absurd stories have been printed about her. Hardly one of these has the slightest foundation in fact. Mrs. Chanler is an unusual genius, but it is unfair, not to say unmanly, to magnify simple girlish pranks into absurd, serious charges.

It will gratify all my readers to know that a note to me from the gifted authoress brings the news that her health is excellent. She walks and rides with her husband about the country roads of Albemarle county, Va., and when she tires of writing, she spends an hour or two in painting. But most of her time is spent in writing.—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

Square Toed Shoes.

I am glad to find that women have adopted the square toed style of footgear. It always made me uncomfortable to see the pinched in, tapering footlets doing the duty which nature imposed but for which nature originally constructed them on much different principles. The diminutive pedal adornment may answer very well in China as the long, black finger nails do in India, but I imagine this climate does not require any such disfigurements, ornamental, no doubt, but after all neither comfortable nor beautiful. The American woman is broad minded. Let her carry the analogy to the other extremity.—Philadelphia Press.

Gloves Soil the Books.

"No," said the bookseller, "it isn't children's fingers that soil our books. The volumes through which they look are, for the most part, cheap. It is the ladies, elegantly dressed, who wear gloves, who do us the greatest damage. They look through our high priced books with their gloves on, and gloves soil the pages and often render a volume unsalable. If ladies would take off their gloves when they look through a bookseller's stock they would leave more friends behind them."—Indianapolis Journal.

While Her Husband Was Away.

During the absence of her better half Mrs. Orlando E. Jones is running the Bodie Miner, assisted by three printers. Last week the typos were all laid up by sickness, and Mrs. Jones got the paper out on time and all alone, with the exception of the press work. Mr. Jones talks of raising her wages and discharging the balance of the force.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

French hostesses of country house parties have made an innovation in providing skilled coiffures for their guests. The hairdresser comes every morning from Paris, makes the round of the chateau and departs in the early afternoon, leaving an array of poems in coiffures behind him—no two alike.

Women in society who are subject to late hours will find there is no beautifier, nothing that refreshes them like an afternoon nap. When there is leisure the clothes should be removed and the sleeper should go to bed for an hour, as she goes to bed at night.

Mrs. E. S. Beach, who added two more blue ribbons at the horse show in New York to the ten received by her at previous exhibitions, has what is called "the perfect park seat" in riding, light, graceful, easy and correct in the smallest detail.

Sir Edwin Arnold's first wife was the elder daughter of Rev. William H. Channing, of Boston, who was settled as a Unitarian minister of Hope street chapel, Liverpool, England, where he was successor to Rev. James Martineau.

One of the first women to be appointed to public office in the south was Miss Laura Towne, who had spent many years teaching the negroes on the island of St. Helena and was appointed as a member of the educational board.

The Woman's college, of Baltimore, is to have two new buildings, one for general college instruction, the other for dormitories. Their cost will be $150,000.

A Postmaster With a Sure Job.

"Few die and none resign" holds true of a certain postoffice in York county. The office pays a salary of only $56 a year, and the man who holds it has been postmaster for a quarter of a century. He has tried a number of times to resign, but the village folk have every time prevailed on him to retain the office. Nobody else in town wants it, and the neighbors have become so used to calling at his house for their letters that they cannot bear the thought of having a change. This postmaster can hardly be called an offensive partisan.—Lewiston Journal.

The Gresham Lectures in England.

The will of Sir Thomas Gresham, mercer, 1579, indicates the estimation in which the new learning was held in Elizabeth's reign. He provides that lectures shall be read on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, physic and rhetoric. "None to be chosen to read lectures so long as he be married." The Gresham lectures are still a power in the land. I do not know whether the lecturers are at this day exclusively bachelors and widowers!—Cornhill Magazine.

The Patent Office at Washington.

The patent office holds a model or a drawing of every invention known in the whole world and has paid something more than $2,000,000 over and above its own expenses, a sum which represents only a trifle of the great amount it has added to the wealth of the nation.—Harper's Young People.

The largest city in Spain is the capital, Madrid, which has a population of 472,000. The next largest cities are Barcelona, Valencia, Seville and Malaga, after which there are 20 cities the population of which ranges from 98,000 to one-third of that number.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

A YOUNG WESTERN HUNTER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Caught by a "Water Witch" and Carried Down Stream, Now Sinking, Now Rising, Until at Last a Friendly Root Interfered to Rescue Him from Death.

"I had an encounter with a 'water witch' when I was in Utah," remarked one of a party of young men who were seated round a small table the other evening (no matter where), telling tales of adventure by land and sea. In response to the general demand the speaker told this story:

"In the month of July, a few years ago, I camped with a party from Salt Lake City on the banks of the Provo river. The Provo, as we used to say at school, rises amid the snow clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains, flows south and empties into Utah lake. The track of a deer discovered one morning within the borders of the camp caused some excitement among us.

"The next day Mr. F. and I shouldered our guns and went out to shoot the invader. We crossed the river by a bridge a few miles below camp and climbed a bold mountain wall. At the end of a long tramp I found myself on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile above our camp. I was alone, having separated from my companion early in the hunt. I was in a disgusted frame of mind. I had started the deer, had an excellent shot and a touch of buck fever, although the deer was a doe, and had missed.

"The way I had come looked long and hard, and I resolved to ford the river. At the time it was at full bank, deep and swift. I crossed one arm of the stream to a large island without difficulty, the water not coming above my knees. From this island the other branch of the river looked more uncertain. The water was certainly waist deep and the current was swift. I noticed that at the lower end of the island, where the two currents joined again, the water foamed up three or four feet high, as if breaking over a rock. On each bank there was a dense growth of willow bushes, with long drooping stems which reached out over the river, some of the tips touching the water.

A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

"Though no hunter I am a good swimmer, and have always been accustomed to the water from boyhood. The thought of any personal danger in crossing a stream not more than twenty yards wide never entered my mind. I thought I might possibly drop the gun, and was quite certain to ruin a box of cartridges I carried in my pocket. These considerations alone made me give any attention to the lay of the land and the course of the currents.

"I entered the water and advanced toward the opposite bank, holding the gun in one hand and high. It was deeper than I thought, the water coming quite up to my shoulders. I was about to reach for one of the bending willow stems when I made a misstep and was swept off my feet, the current carrying me swiftly to the center of the foaming water at the end of the island, where I went to the bottom like lead. I came up far enough to see daylight shining through the water when I went to the bottom again. I still had the gun. As I came up the second time I began to spin around like a top.

"Then I realized that I was in trouble. I dropped the gun, and with the aid of both arms brought my head above water and clear of the whirlpool. I was gasping for breath when I got to the air, but I had not taken in any water, and although much exhausted from the pounding I had received by the fierce current I was congratulating myself on my escape when, floating easy with both arms free, I felt myself slowly but surely going under again.

"Then something like terror seized me. I thought my last moments of life had come. Luckily there came with this thought the resolve of a desperate man to die by inches and to cling to life until the last gasp. There was a great impulse at first to cry out for help. I could hear the 'clip' of a Mormon farmer's hayrake in the field on the other side of the river and his chirp to his horse. But I knew in that awful moment that the call for help was only to waste the breath I had resolved to husband.

THE WATER WITCH.

"I felt my strength going as you can feel a pair of reins slip through your hands. Every few feet, slowly but surely, I would go under. Then, by desperate exertions with my arms, I would bring my nose and mouth above the water again. The river swept me under a bunch of those long, graceful willow branches, but again I was steady enough not to catch hold of them. I knew that to do so was to waste my efforts for life in vain. They were slippery, they were small, and would not hold me.

"At such a time one's thoughts travel faster than light. I have heard it said that drowning is an easy death to die. It did not present that phase to me. In going 100 yards, in spite of every effort on my part, I went under several times, but never to the bottom.

"As I was shot along out of reach of the willows I saw an old log lying half on the bank and half in the water. My hopes rose again and I thought I should certainly save myself there. As I came to it I went under again and the current swept me up against it full length. I tried to grasp it, but it was slimy and I could not hold to it, and I pushed myself free from it. The current made a bend around a little point there, and as I rounded it not six feet before me a willow root as thick as my wrist elbowed out over the water directly in my path and I caught it with both hands.

"I doubt if even then I could have drawn myself out, I was so nearly used up; but as my legs straightened out before the force of the current my feet struck against another root. I caught my wind in a few minutes and then crawled up on the bank. I was safe out of the embrace of the 'water witch.'"—New York Times.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort which by daily use has almost lost its sense, and yet on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned it will fall like the choicest music.—Talfourd.

According to The Moniteur Industriel, aluminium can be hardened by rapid cooling in water, more especially if it be alloyed with a small percentage of titanium or tungsten.

The word "pen" means a feather and is from the Latin penna, a wing. Surely the expression "a steel pen" could be improved upon.

DINNER TABLE TRICKS.

Suggestions for Entertainment That May Make You Unpopular.

A great deal of amusement can be furnished a dinner party by tricks performed with toothpicks, goblets and other bric-a-brac of the festive board. Nothing is more enlivening when the guests are discussing the dessert than a well selected series of tricks, and nothing will make a person remembered longer by his associates. An amusing trick is one with water glasses. Place three or four in a row; then another row on top of these containing a number one less than the first; then another row and so on until a pyramid with a single glass on top is formed. Now invite your neighbor to fill the top glass with water, then the two supporting it and so on. The chances are nineteen to twenty-one that he will make a slip by the time he reaches the bottom row and topple the whole pyramid over. This denouement never fails to provoke much merriment. It may also provoke the host and hostess, but as you will never be invited there to another dinner what do you care?

Another interesting diversion is competitive map drawing. This can take place any time after the first course. It is best enjoyed when the table cloth is laid over a heavy flannel mat, as then creases are seen more plainly. Engage your neighbor in a discussion as to the Stanley expedition across Africa or the comparative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua canal routes, and, taking your fork, push aside your plate and with the fork tines draw a diagram showing your understanding of the courses taken. Of course your friend will then make corrections, and if both press rather heavily on the fork handles interesting outlines can be made, their accuracy depending on your respective artistic abilities. If the forks have been dipped in gravy or mashed potatoes before the drawing commences the outlines will be plainer. Indeed they are frequently so vivid as to be seen the whole length of the table, and thus amuse all the guests.

Toothpicks are a unique source of amusement, and many recipes are given for doing tricks with them. One is to take fifty or 100 picks and build a log house structure with four sides, each the length of a toothpick. When it has been put up say ten or twelve inches high, set a glass of water on top, and with a match set fire to the wooden tower. As the toothpicks burn the water will fall and be spilled over the flames, thus extinguishing them and creating considerable wonder among those present that the whole building was not burned up.

It is often the case that there is a constraint during the first course that is embarrassing and which prevents a full enjoyment of the meal until it has worn off. If some enlivening trick can be performed by an ingenious guest the true bonhommie of the feast can quickly be brought about. For this purpose the soup plate trick is a good one. Having bribed a waiter to let you see the bottom of a plate before the meal, offer to bet a small sum, like five or ten dollars, that you can guess the design of the maker's trade mark on the bottom of the plates. Request all to imitate your motions and slowly lift the soup and plate from the table until it is on a level with the top of your head. Watching your own plate quickly cry "Fire!" when about half the guests will probably drop their plates and be too confused to dispute your winning the bet. From this time on there will be a thoroughly acquainted party around the table.—Detroit Free Press.

Against His Own Orders.

Young Abijah Hatch was in the stable with his two brothers, Samuel and Joseph, who had been at school that day. Bije's schooling was finished. Mr. Hatch, who stood outside, could not but overhear his sons' conversation about the farm he goat. "You know," Bije was saying, "how mad it makes old Billy to shake your fist at him. You know how he puts down his head and goes for you.

"Well," continued Abijah, "this afternoon I climbed down behind the ducking rock, where it's flat with the bank, to get a drink from the river. When I lifted myself, there was old Billy staring at me. I made up my mind to get even with him. So I shook both fists at him, and he just tore at me. When he was real close I popped down behind the rock. He was going so fast he couldn't stop. So he went right over my head into the river."

"Let's try it on him again," said Joseph.

"Yes, let's," said Samuel.

"You would, would you?" said their father, coming around the corner and looking sternly on the three.

"That was a mean trick to play on old Billy—and the water icy cold too," continued Mr. Hatch, fixing a severe eye on Bije. "Don't you ever let me hear of your doing it again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the three boys all at once, for their father was what is called a strict disciplinarian.

That night Mr. Hatch told his wife the story.

"Did you ever see old Billy act that way?" he asked.

"Yes; he goes headlong at anybody that shakes a fist at him."

"Curious! I'd like to see him do it," said Mr. Hatch meditatively, as he went to bed.

Next day Bije, on his way back from the orchard, noticed Billy tearing across the field. A large man was standing on the ducking stone shaking his fist at the goat. Curiosity had been too much for Mr. Hatch.

He caught sight of his son at the critical moment when he should have jumped. Dismayed at being found disobeying his own orders the stern father forgot the onrushing Billy.

A moment more and Abijah was running to help his father out of the river.

"Here, dad, the bank's not so steep here," was all the wise boy said.

"Thank you, Abijah. Do you think your mother was watching? I'll sell that goat this week. He's getting dangerous."—Youth's Companion.

George Washington's Sobriquets.

Washington was called by many sobriquets. He was first of all "Father of his Country." "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father." Sigourney calls him "Pater Patriæ." Chief Justice Marshall, the "American Fabius." Lord Byron, in his "Ode to Napoleon," calls him "The Cincinnatus of the West." For having a new world on his shoulders he was called the "Atlas of America." The English soldiery called him by the sarcastic nickname of "Lovely Georgius." Red Jacket, the Seneca Indian chief, called him the "Flower of the Forest." The Italian poet, Vittorio Alfieri, called him "Deliverer of America." In the "Gazette of the United States" he was called the "Savior of His Country." His bitter opponents sarcastically called him the "Stepfather of His Country" during his presidency.—Detroit Free Press.

Conscience or Benevolence?

In Judge Tuley's court in Chicago during the hearing of a land case yesterday, sat a middle aged man. After adjourning court the judge found the man standing before him.

"This is Judge Tuley, I believe," said the stranger. "I understand that your wife is interested in charities. I am a stranger in town and I thought I would call upon you for a favor. I wish you would give this to Mrs. Tuley," said the man, pressing into the hands of the chancellor a roll of bills.

"Who can I say it came from?" asked the judge.

"That is immaterial," concluded the stranger, as he departed. The roll contained five $100 bills.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WARSHIP MUSTER.

AN IMPORTANT CEREMONY ON BOARD OF A BIG MAN-OF-WAR.

Once a Month Every Man on Board Ship Must Look His Very Best, and at the End All Hands Forward Follow an Old Custom and Go Around the Mast.

General muster is a ceremony of great importance on a man-of-war. Unlike other musters and routine drills which take place day after day with the utmost regularity, this grand function takes place not oftener than once a month. On most warships the first Sunday of each month is reserved for this purpose, but it often happens that two or three months elapse between general musters.

At three bells (9:30 A. M.) the call for "quarters" is sounded by the buglers and the men take their places in the different divisions. The sailors or deck hands who compose the guns' crews are stationed on the starboard side of the deck and are usually divided into four classes, known respectively as the first, second, third and fourth divisions. In charge of each is a deck officer, usually a lieutenant, and an ensign is assigned as junior officer.

On the port side of the deck are mustered the navigator's division, the forward powder division, the after powder division, the engineer's division, the marine guard, and, if on a flagship, the band.

The navigator's division is composed mostly of petty officers, such as ship's writers, quartermasters, carpenters, dynamo machinists, the ship's cook, signal boys, etc. When the ship goes into action their duty is to take charge of the navigation of the ship, thus relieving the sailors who belong to guns' crews. Their station at quarters is forward on the spar deck.

ALL NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED.

Next come the two parts of the powder division, composed of petty officers, cooks and servants. The officer of the division needs to be a linguist, for usually all nationalities are represented—Japanese, Chinese, Africans, Germans, Swedes, Russians, Greeks, Italians and occasionally an American. This is usually counted the "scrub" division of a ship, and the officers have a hard time making the men keep in presentable appearance. At target practice and other drills it is supposed to make the poorest record.

The engineer's division is composed of machinists, boiler makers, oilers, firemen and coal heavers, and is in charge of the chief engineer, with the junior officers of his corps as assistants. On the quarter deck the marine guard, "the bulwark between the wardroom and the forecastle," falls into line and the brilliant colors of their uniforms present a most gaudy appearance. If a flagship, the admiral's band, in a uniform resplendent with red swimmings, falls in farther aft under the break of the poop.

ALL OFFICERS IN FULL DRESS.

At general muster all officers are in full dress, with cocked hats and epaulets and gold lace on coat and trousers. The men must all be in their best and clean, with shoes polished and clothes well brushed. The uniforms worn must be strictly regulation. This is one of the hardest trials of a man-of-war's man now—to wear a regulation flat cap. The new uniform adopted is said by them to be ridiculous, and no good sailor will wear one of these hats ashore.

After the divisions have been mustered they are marched aft and formed into a hollow square upon the quarter deck, and the chaplain reads the prayers, while the men stand with uncovered heads in respectful attitude. The divisions are then marched back to their stations and dismissed.

Hardly have the men broken ranks when the boatswain's mates' whistles are heard, followed by the gruff voices of the old seamen as they repeat the order "All hands to muster." The men then throng back and form just forward of the quarter deck. The petty officers form by themselves just forward of the mainmast. The ship's officers, according to rank, form on the starboard side of the deck. The executive officer, that person of great authority, steps forward and reads the "Articles for the Government of the Navy."

This is a long and tedious document setting forth the punishments to be given both officers and enlisted seamen for various offenses, ranging from wrecking a war vessel down to coming aboard intoxicated. The punishments are necessarily severe. Then follows the reading of the proceedings of all general courts martial held in the navy during the preceding month. Sometimes there are twenty or more of these, and the officer shows signs of fatigue before the task is completed.

MUSTER IN THE STARBOARD GANGWAY.

The reading of these rules and regulations is at last concluded and the executive officer, grown hoarse by reason of so much reading, heaves a sigh of relief.

The order is then given and repeated by the boatswain's mates for all petty officers to muster in the starboard gangway. Here, in two long ranks, are the men who have charge of much of the work done on board ship. At the end nearest the quarter deck stands the master-at-arms, and then come yeomen, writers, machinists, the apothecary, printer, painter, electrician, bandmaster, boatswain's mates, gunners' mates, quartermasters, oilers, water tenders and ship's corporals. These men are often Americans, and many of them are ex-apprentices. Their duties are important, and they are trusted more than the other members of the crew.

The paymaster or pay clerk starts to muster the crew, calling out each man's full name, and the latter answers with his rating. When the petty officers are all mustered, they are allowed to leave and go forward, always being cautioned to keep quiet.

Then follows a scene which reminds one of the old days of the navy—a custom hundreds of years old, borrowed originally from the English, like many of the modern innovations, such as the design of uniform. It is called "going around the mast."

When each man's name is called he answers with his rating, as "Ordinary seaman, sir," removes his cap and walks around the mast to the starboard side and goes forward. This is kept up until all—seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, coal heavers, firemen and bandsmen—have passed under the inspection of the captain, who stands near the mainmast intently watching and forming an opinion of each man as he passes before him. When all have gone forward the order is given by the executive officer to "pipe down," the shrill whistles sound, and general muster is over.—New York Recorder.

Desecho, an island adjoining Porto Rico, is infested with rats. There are millions of them there, and it is unsafe for a man to set foot on the island. They have destroyed all the goats which were formerly bred there and are now eating the shrubbery.

An acorn was planted before the door of his father's house, in Ripley, Me., by Currier Dogning. He soon afterward left home and was absent seventy-five years. When he returned the other day the acorn had produced an oak nine feet in circumference.

The agricultural department of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, is importing half a million grapevine cuttings from southern California for use in starting experimental vineyards.

THE DURBAR AT DELHI.

It Was a Magnificent Scene When the Hindoo Princes Swore Fealty.

The man who was the master spirit of that imposing ceremonial known to history as the Durbar of Delhi died pen in hand, composing verses as a means of whiling away the tedious hours of what was thought to be a temporary illness. By the demise of the Right Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, earl of Lytton, embassador to France, the British empire lost a faithful servant and the world a graceful poet, but future generations will hear of him chiefly as the viceroy who had the distinguished honor of proclaiming Victoria empress of India.

No more picturesque task ever fell to the lot of man, and that Lord Lytton performed it with dignity and tact showed that he was other than a dreamer and greater than a "mere rhyme maker," as his enemies termed him. On that memorable occasion he displayed himself as a man of affairs and a competent ruler of 200,000,000 people.

It was in 1876 that Disraeli put through the measure which attached a new title to those already worn by the queen of Great Britain, and at about the same time he sent his friend and fellow author across the seas to fill the place of governor general of India. As they parted the premier said: "Lytton, you are going to India to carry out a policy which a strong party in this country will oppose. You will be much attacked by the papers. Never answer them. Whatever you do, remember that I shall stand by you."

So the son of the famous novelist and playwright sailed away. Hardly warm in his viceregal seat, he made enemies of the Anglo-Indians by declaring in the celebrated Fuller manslaughter case his "abhorrence of the practice of European masters treating their servants in a manner in which they would not treat men of their own race—a practice all the more cowardly because the servants are unable to retaliate and have the strongest claims for forbearance."

This protest against the white man's right created an animosity that hoped to satisfy itself when the pageant of Jan. 1, 1877, occurred. It was gleefully anticipated that Lytton would offend the native rulers in some point of etiquette on that day. But he didn't. When he repaired to the wide plain that lies beneath the walls of ancient Delhi and set up the viceregal throne, he proved himself the worthy representative of a conquering race.

With exact and minute formality he greeted the princes and potentates whose ancestors had ruled in that wonderful land when Britain was barbarian. No courtesy was inadequate and none was exaggerated. Each dignitary received the exact measure of recognition due his rank, and no blunder marked the splendid ceremonial with which Victoria was proclaimed empress of India.

Indeed, the occasion must have been one to stir the blood and fire the soul of the imaginative yet practical Lytton. The vast expanse was dotted by tents, gorgeous with the magnificent evidences of oriental wealth. With each king or lordling had come a band of superbly equipped retainers. Silk and pearls and diamonds shimmered or shone on every hand. Horses, elephants and camels, as well as men, bore costly trappings, and the feasting, the pomp and the circumstance of the hour have had no rival in the records of nations. And through all the complex requirements of the event the viceroy carried himself with the lofty mien of a Roman envoy who delivered the mandate of a Cæsar.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Murders in Railway Carriages.

In the course of the last thirty years there have been twenty-eight murders or attempted murders on French railway lines. Most of these have been in express trains and during night journeys, and in almost every case the assault has been in a first class carriage. It is curious that chloroform has been comparatively rarely used on these occasions and scarcely ever with success. The application of the drug causes, it is said, a kind of movement of repulsion which defeats its utility by waking its intended victim. And this is true even if a narcotic is first used to make the patient an easier prey.

Of the twenty-eight attempts there were convictions only in thirteen cases. More than half the culprits escaped. One assassin, having secured his booty, had the courage to pull the cord, and, in the confusion of the stopping train, escaped away into the darkness by the off side of the carriage. Fortunately he was afterward arrested, or the crime might have become more frequent. According to a French statistician, France takes the lead in this kind of outrage. Her twenty-eight cases are not approached by any other European country. Austria has had one; Spain, two; England, four; Italy, five; Russia and Turkey, each seven; while in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium there have been no instances of murder.—Pall Mall Budget.

Flowers as Food.

The flower buds of the marsh marigold, Caltha palustris, are said to make excellent pickles. The common clove is a dried flower bud, and it becomes an ingredient of various articles of food. But the most remarkable of all food flowers is that produced by the mahua trade of India, whose fleshy blossoms form a staple article of food among the poor. The people of the hill tribes could hardly exist without a regular supply of mahua flowers, which are pulpy and sweet, but somewhat nauseous to the unaccustomed palate. The surplus crop of these blossoms is, to some extent, dried, but the main part of the uneaten supply is put into a rude still, which gives out a copious supply of an exceedingly fiery and irritating arrack, so strong that it has to be diluted with ten or twelve parts of water before it is considered a safe article of beverage.—American Notes and Queries.

Railroad Car Figures.

The wonderful growth of property invested in the railroads can be seen from the following: This country possesses 30,000 locomotives, costing nearly $450,000,000. Of cars there are 1,100,000, of which 36,000 are used for passengers. The latter represent $250,000,000, and the others about $80,000,000. Coupled together this would form a train nearly 7,000 miles long and capable of carrying 1,500,000 passengers, besides a weight of freight equal to the weight of the pyramids of Egypt and of all the state capitols of the United States.—New York Times.

A Fair Question.

Here is a story I heard in Ireland. A quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied, "No, yer honor; but I would ask, Was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"—Cor. London Spectator.

A Bird's Nest In a Gun Carriage.

Imagine any one looking for a nest in the ammunition box of a gun carriage. Yet a bird once built one there, nor was it frightened away by the daily firing of that weapon. Two sparrows which built in the slot of a railway signal post were quite unconcerned at the moving up and down of the arms, which in consequence raised and lowered the nest as though it were on the waving branch of a tree.—Chambers' Journal.

Guarding Against Imposition.

Jeweler's Daughter—Before I consent I must have from you a sacred promise.

Her Adorer—What is it, love?

Jeweler's Daughter—That you will buy the ring from papa.—Jewelers' Weekly.