

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

Daring Train Robbery.

Waco, Texas.—The following particulars of the train robbery on the International & Great Northern Railroad, at McNeil Station, have been learned. Twelve mounted men did the work, and they went at it with so much system, and their plans worked so well, that they secured a large amount of money from the Pacific Express Company. A passenger on the train says: "When the train pulled out at McNeil Station it was found that the agent and two gentlemen were in charge. The robbers were mounted and armed. They had rolled a log in front of the engine, and the engineer and fireman were guarded by some of them, while others proceeded to fire into the top of the cars. Passengers were told that if they kept quiet they would not be molested. One passenger was shot in the hand and a brakeman named White had his cheek grazed by a bullet. The express agent refused to open the car and the robbers broke open the door and knocked the expressman down. The safe was then broken open and robbed. The amount of money obtained was variously estimated at from \$21,000 to \$55,000. After the robbers had secured the "boodle" they told the trainmen to roll the log off the track and they could go. They then mounted their horses and rode away. The train was delayed only half an hour."

BRIEFS.

James Mann, aged 14, was blown to pieces at a Leadville, Colo., mine, by an explosion of giant powder.

A dispatch from Bucharest says Roumania is fortifying rapidly under the superintendence of German officers.

Brigadier-General Jas. L. Selfridge, shot and killed himself at Philadelphia. He was despondent on account of suffering from an incurable disease.

A St. Petersburg dispatch says that five of the men who took the most prominent part in the late plot to assassinate the Czar have been executed.

Owing to the refusal of the Legislature to appropriate funds for the support of militia, the First Regimental National Band Guards of Missouri have disbanded.

The will of Washington C. Depauw, of New Albany, Ind., bequeaths three million dollars to his family, and the residue of his estate, estimated at five millions, to benevolent and educational purposes, including \$1,025,000 to the Depauw university.

Forest fires attacked Lake Linden, a village near Houghton, Michigan, and the whole town was destroyed. The Comet and Hecla stamp mills, with machinery valued at half a million dollars, were located there. The damage was over \$1,000,000.

Miss Dauvray, of New York City, has purchased for \$500 a silver vase of classic shape and intricate design, known as a Grecian loving cup, which she will present to the baseball club winning the pennant in 1887. She is an enthusiastic admirer of the game.

Justice W. B. Woods, of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his residence in Washington. He was seriously ill in California about a month ago, but improved enough to enable him to go home. After his arrival he continued to grow worse. His disease was dropsy.

A sleeper on the D. & R. G. Salt Lake express was derailed near Salda, Cal. Grace Leslie, leading lady of Kate Castleon's troupe, was instantly killed. Dr. George Cox received a severe scalp wound and Pullman Conductor Aubrey was hurt on the head and hip. After the accident the troupe cancelled all dates and disbanded.

John Becker, a farmer near Waukegan, Pa., his wife Catherine, and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Becker and little child, while crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad in a buggy, were struck by the Chicago limited express. Mr. and Mrs. Becker were almost instantly killed and their daughter-in-law seriously injured, but their grandchild was carried 100 yards on the pilot of the engine without receiving the slightest injury.

Miss Jane E. Hall, of Montgomery county, Pa., and her sister, have instituted a suit to recover \$1,000,000 from the United States Government. The ladies claim to be lineal descendants of Jacob DeHaven, a wealthy Frenchman, who, it is claimed, in 1777 loaned the Colonial Government half a million francs with which to pay the troops, and during the latter years of the struggle contributed further money. During Washington's first administration Congress allowed his claims, but there was no surplus at the time and the claimant died before he received the money.

The contract for constructing the largest money vault in the world has been let by the Treasury Department. It was ordered at the last session of Congress. It will be erected in the north court of the Treasury building, the walls being of solid brick four feet thick. It will not be burglar-proof, because the force of watchmen about the Department is thought to be ample to guard it from the depredations of thieves, beside which entrance would first have to be effected into the building before the vault could be approached. It is to be fifty-one by ninety feet and twelve feet high inside, and is calculated to hold 100,000,000 silver dollars.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

W. L. Hauser committed suicide with a revolver at San Jose, Cal.

M. Cushman, aged 22, committed suicide at Yreka, Cal., by taking laudanum.

Cyrus Smirs committed suicide near Blackfoot, Idaho, by shooting himself.

A family at Santa Cruz, Cal., were poisoned one day recently by eating sturgeon.

The dead body of an unknown man was found in the brush near Melrose, Montana.

Robert Williams was crushed to death on the steamer Virginia at Port Townsend, W. T.

A Swede named Albert Welander committed suicide with a revolver at North Yakima, W. T.

District Attorney Regensberg met his death by falling down an elevator shaft at San Francisco.

The new commissioners of Douglas County, W. T., have located the County seat at Waterville.

Indian Webb Testament's son, while gunning near Lewiston, Idaho, was scalped by a cinnamon bear.

William Pallett, convicted of horse-stealing at Walla Walla, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

Robert Lynd, a lad of 18 years, was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun at Virginia City, Nevada.

John Larder, a miner at Murray, Idaho, lately from Bodie, was run over and killed in an incline of the Yellow Jacket.

A warehouse containing 3200 tons of grain collapsed at San Francisco, killing one boy and wounding several laborers.

Patrick Fitzpatrick, aged 60 years, was found dead near Tacoma, W. T. His death was caused by whisky and exposure.

John Henry Rogers, a negro, was fatally shot by Policeman Grady while resisting arrest, at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

A sneak thief stole a newly planted orchard at Whetcom, W. T., sticking willow sprouts in the "vacuum" left by the fruit trees.

Construction of the Point Sur light house near Monterey, Cal., has begun. Congress appropriated \$100,000 to complete this work.

James Colligan, fireman on the transfer boat Tacoma, was drowned near Kalamia, while trying to swim a sloop after his horse.

Philip Keyenberz, a cabinet maker, aged 26, shot and killed Mary Fessler, aged 23, and then shot and killed himself, at San Francisco.

Whitman County, W. T., pays a bounty on squirrel scalps, and since last February 106,650 of them were brought in, also 87 coyotes.

Two Italians working on the night shift in a tunnel near Buena Vista, Cal., were caught by a mass of falling rock and both instantly killed.

At San Bernardino, Cal., Callahan, who killed George Terrie, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Two log drivers on the Palouse River, Jack Boyed and John Berger, engaged in a drunken broil at Palouse City, W. T., and the former was stabbed to death.

Michael F. Flanigan, convicted of murder in the second degree for killing his sister, Mrs. Murphy, at Gold Hill, Nev., was sentenced to eighteen years in the State prison.

Severe cases of measles are still prevalent on Camas prairie, Idaho, and three deaths occurred there in one week. The disease was carried there by immigrants from Arkansas.

The origin of the fire that occurred at Butchertown, San Francisco, is still a mystery. About 500 sheep and 500 hogs were burned. A revised estimate of the loss makes the amount about \$125,000.

William Allen, on trial for theft at Oroville, Cal., shot the complaining witness, A. P. Frary, in open court, slightly wounding him. He said it was his intention to kill Frary and then himself.

A negro barber named Woods murdered his wife at Pocatello, Idaho, and endeavored to escape. A reward of \$500 was offered by the citizens of Pocatello, and Woods was captured at Corinne, Utah.

Henry Beck, an employee of the Northern Pacific, who was working on bridge 26 was killed by a timber falling upon him while working upon the foundation of the bridge. His remains were taken to Ellensburg.

A Canadian Pacific conductor at Donald, B. C., was playing poker with a gambler named McGinty, alias "Pedro Jack." The latter was discovered cheating and the conductor shot him fatally. The conductor escaped.

The San Francisco mint has started up on the conversion of trade dollars into dimes. The first turned out were \$500 worth in one day. It is the intention to continue coining dimes until \$50,000 worth have been produced.

The Piegan Indians of Montana, says the Bozeman Chronicle, have made over \$4000 this spring skinning the carcasses of cattle which perished in the snow. The Indians received seventy-five cents for every hide they brought in, and they exhibited such industry that it became necessary to watch the herds to prevent them from skinning every animal in the Territory, dead or alive.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Near Scio is a red paint mine.

Albany is to have a fruit cannery.

Trout are very numerous on upper Willow creek.

Baker City is to have a new steam planing mill.

The Dalles will soon be lighted with electric lamps.

There are 720 fishing boats on the lower Columbia.

Carlton, on the West Side road, will have a new depot.

The measles are prevailing in Prineville, Crook county.

Lexington has a new town bell weighing 530 pounds.

Milton G. Hope has been appointed postmaster at Vale, Baker county.

The residence of A. D. Culps, near Pilot Rock, was burned; loss, \$800.

George Jackson who lives on Rogue River, has this year forty acres of watermelons.

The Dalles ships an average of 40 boxes of salmon, 100 to 150 pounds each, every day.

The Oregon & California Railroad company has built eight new stock corrals at Drain.

Independence had a fire which destroyed the residence of Henry Crow. It was insured for \$670.

Twenty-one fire plugs are being placed in the streets of Pendleton for fire and street purposes.

Over 14,000 head of sheep were started recently, via trail, for Kansas. Most of them were purchased in Baker county.

Francis, an eight-year-old son of Fred Oberg, of Astoria, broke his thigh while playing with some schoolmates.

At Mountain Valley, Umatilla county, William McChesney's residence was entered and its contents demolished.

Two box cars ran into the river at Ray's Landing, one was loaded with wheat. A break gave way, causing the accident.

The postoffice name for Kennewick, the station on the west side of the Columbia at the Northern Pacific crossing, is Tehe.

Frank Berico, who bit the ear of a man named Wallace, at Wallace's Island, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

Bogus five-dollar pieces are said to be freely circulated in Jacksonville. The counterfeit is said to be a good one and hard to detect.

Many farmers in Linn county, opposite Corvallis, are losing their colts through some mysterious disease that is not thoroughly understood.

A Grant's Pass paper learns that one of the Garidelli brothers, miners on the upper Althouse creek, lost his life by a bank caving on him.

The convict, Morton, who broke away at Blalock's, is paying for the attempt in forty days' solitary confinement, on a diet of bread and water.

Frank Berder, a German, aged 45 at Gray's Bay, while working in the woods was struck in the head by a falling limb of fir. He was put in a fishing boat for town, but when half way across the river died. He leaves a wife and five children.

Brigadier-General Siglin, of the Oregon National Guard, has announced the following officers of his staff: Assistant Adjutant-General, Thomas G. Owen, of Marshfield, Coos county; Quarter-Master-General, L. H. Montague, of Albany; Aides-de-Camp, Palmer Wheat, of Portland, and Isaac A. Manning, of Salem.

Near Silver City, Paul S. Gordon, a 49er, met with a horrible death, having had his foot caught in the spring of a buckboard to which was attached a span of horses that were running away. The horses ran for five miles before they were caught, when the mutilated body of deceased was found beneath the buckboard.

Albany Herald: A young man aged 23 years, who was born and raised five and a half miles south of Brownsville, was in the city for the first time in his life, and had never before rode on the steam cars. That a young man should reach that age and remain so exclusively at home, without even visiting the county seat, seems remarkable.

Ed. Doty and Dick Lupert caught a large bear in a trap at Kings valley, but the bear got off with the trap and went to the Luckinute, where he swam with the trap across the stream. He then went down the creek with the trap about two miles, where he got caught between two saplings and was held fast until the hunter came up and killed him.

A correspondent writing from Day's creek to a Roseburg paper, says: Some parties by the name of Vaughn, having brought their cattle to the Elk creek country from Jackson county last fall, came down this week to see how they had spent the winter, but to their surprise found nearly fifty head shot down on the range. This is rather severe treatment to receive in a civilized country.

The Indians have selected their portion of the reservation, says a Pendleton paper. It will be from four to five miles from Pendleton, and begin at a point about three miles south of the Indian school and run a straight line until it strikes the Wild Horse creek at or in the vicinity of Adams, then following the Wild Horse to the mountains. This body of land will contain about 125,000 acres, and includes all of the wood and grazing lands allowed the Indians by the bill.

MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

A Speech That He Might Have Delivered Before an Agricultural Club.

I have been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturist. (Laughter.) I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. (Laughter.) Noah loved his vineyards, Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I know about Farming." (Laughter.) Washington, Webster and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher: "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher. "It spoils the milk." (Laughter.) Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. (Laughter.) I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. (Laughter.) I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge: Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. (Laughter.) Hogs are fond of spring lambs and spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market. (Laughter.) When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope tied to the pig's leg was placed in my hand. I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. (Laughter.) But they do not run the way you want them to run. (Renewed laughter.) A pig can draw a canal boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—(laughter)—when out with salt and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. (Prolonged laughter.) This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. (Laughter.) What so meek and lowly—(laughter)—as a meek cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind a strong gate. I felt the security of my position and shield a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it was a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. (Laughter.) This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. (Laughter.) The poet loves to dwell upon milkmaids, milking time and lovers sparring over the farm yard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. (Laughter.) I can not imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. (Laughter.) That is, I milked one and one-half cows. (Laughter.) The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. (Great laughter.) I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. (Renewed laughter.) I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gambled over the green. Nothing so patient and modest as a sheep. (Laughter.) Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. (Laughter.) I once fished on the bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in her eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection of the wool-trade. This reminds me of a commissioner of agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. (Prolonged laughter.) Feather beds are made from geese, but all woolen goods and drums are made from sheep skins. (Applause.)

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." (Laughter.) I once led Stephens' horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. (Laughter.) I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under his hoof. I speak not from theory, but from actual experience. (Laughter.) I went riding with Stephens' horse and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens; "never beat a horse." By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash a little now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good." (Prolonged laughter.)

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. (Laughter.) Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. (Laughter.)

Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. (Applause.) Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives, cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. (Great applause.) Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. (Prolonged laughter.) Some ask: "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can be at farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief. (Laughter.)—N. Y. World.

THE GROOM TROTTED.

How a Bride From the Country Proved Her Authority With Great Success.

He was a tall, lanky young fellow with watery blue eyes, faded hair, and a mustache which looked like a streak of red paint. From head to foot he was attired in store clothes, and but for a very pronounced expression of anxiety on his face he might have passed for a jolly young farmer seeing the city. In his arms were half a dozen bundles, and beside him stood a pretty young woman, who wore over a silk dress a plush cloak of fashionable make and a Cleveland hat. The color on her cheeks was suggestive of long acquaintance with country air. It was plain as a whitewashed fence that they had but recently been married. They stood on the corner of Clark and Madison streets and watched the cars go by for a few moments, and then he said, with a little cough of importance: "Well, Sarey, I reckon we'll get on one of these cars and ride over to the depot. It's 'bout time we was goin'."

"Mercy, Steven, how you talk. There ain't no use of ridin' when we can just walk over to the dapo."

"Now, Sarey, I'm s'prised at you opposin' what I want to do. I'm your husband, ain't I?" sputtered the young man.

"And I'm your lawfully wedded wife," replied the bride with great asperity; "but we might just as well have it out right here. It ain't a speck more'n five squares to the dapo, and that ain't no further than it is from our house to the pump in the meader, an' you've got to walk that every mornin' and night, sure's you're a foot high. You can't take no street car for that pump, an' you can't save ten cents no quicker an' no better way than jest a-tradin' over to that dapo with me. You can argue or trot, jest which you choose, but I ain't goin' to get into one of them cars if I stand here till Sally Wiggins' baby is an old man."

He decided to trot.—Chicago News.

MISLED BY HIS WIFE.

Her Description Was More Than Cheap. But the Words Came Cheap.

The picturesque is always a feature of a woman's description of any thing. She talks grandiloquently of colors, and if you hear her describe a tablecloth you fancy its a gorgeous thing of tapestry or some equally effective picture.

"My wife," said the husband to the man in the store, "has sent me for something she looked at yesterday."

"Yes!"

"This is the description of it," and he pulls out a piece of paper which has in it a full description of an elaborate pattern of myriads of colors, and all in nomenclature that soun's like some elaborate picture. "You'll excuse me, I can't remember the blam'd thing."

"That's all right. I know what she means."

"You'll please wrap it up very carefully, for if it gets spoiled before it gets there she'll be mad."

"Certainly."

"Then the man goes to a shelf and pulls out roughly a piece of something."

"Hold on," says the husband, "that can't be the thing. That's chintz, or damask or something, ain't it?"

"This is the article, sir."

"What does it cost?"

"Forty cents a yard."

"Great Scott! Forty cents a yard! I thought from the description it would come to about one dollar."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Knew a Thing or Two.

"There," said Filtrip to his friend Bilby, "there is a man who has a knowledge of the fitness of things!"

"Why, yes," said Bilby, "he has an intelligent face—what is he?"

"Oh, he's my tailor," answered Filtrip, eyeing his new suit complacently. —Detroit Free Press.

The connection between phrenology and farm work has been demonstrated by an Ohio farmer who has sent a demand to Castle Garden for a farm boy, "a Protestant Irish boy of from twelve to fourteen years old, and wish him taken to a phrenologist to have his head felt."—N. Y. Herald.

A CARNIVAL OF DEATH.

Some of the Horrors of the Famine Prevailing in India in 1878-79.

After being delayed a week at Jooty, where at the Government expense I lived sumptuously, I was ordered to Madras, where I did not fare so well, but was finally ordered to Tinnevely, the most southern state in all India. From thence I was sent to Ootipadaram, where the collector had established a huge camp, and where ten thousand to twelve thousand paupers were being fed. The village of Ootipadaram sits on a huge treeless plain, which plain in better years raised vast amounts of grain, and the village was the most thriving of that district. But now its rich Brahmins were dead. Used to a life of ease and plenty, they had been the first to succumb to want and privation, and there in their houses with their hands clasped across their knees, or writhing on the floor in agony, they had gasped out their breath calling on God for succor. Women who were once beautiful lay dead with their children in their arms, and on the putrid bodies—on the grim skeletons—lay golden anklets, bracelets, ear-rings and the fine golden platter which adorns the wealthy Brahmin woman's head. Jewels fit for crowned heads lay scattered about—jewels which had been offered for a handful of millet, and had been refused, and through all this gloom and misery stalked the professional beggar, poking and prying to find something with which to stay the gnawing at his vitals.

There were thousands of human beings busy making the camp, and very little food. But the grain was coming, coming as fast as oxen could drag it, and the many hungry people, elated with hope, struggled bravely against death. In all that vast and starving crowd there was no murmur. Once or twice an unfortunate woman would catch my leg and ask whether it were true that the grain was coming. No shudder of horror electrified their frames when thrice each day the carts laden with dead would pass from out of the camp and dump the bodies in the long trenches. At last the grain train came. Every pauper outside the camp was driven in and securely locked up within the fence. The grain was unloaded—but the food they so anxiously wanted to eat was denied many a one. The strain in many instances was too great. The joy was too violent, and in slight of plenty they died. And after the arrival of the grain the camp was organized and two daily doles were made—one in the morning and one in the evening. The dole consisted of rice and chile water, and after the first day's food the mortality in the camp was frightful. It rose to over one thousand a day. The paupers were ranged in long lines; each was furnished with a platter, into which was thrown the rice and then sprinkled with chile water. Ere the hand could convey the food to the mouth the expectant eater would be dead; others whilst gulping down their food would be seized with convulsions; some who had finished their rice would linger an hour or so, their stomachs swollen to an incredible size, and die raving maniacs; some would dash their heads against the ground delirious from joy. In every horrid shape stood death—death in every revolting and hideous form.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

SOME FANCY TRIFLES.

Directions for Making Crocheted Hushers and Serviceable Brush Holders.

An ornamental little affair for the commode in a sleeping-room, and one that is very useful in a sick-room, where rat ling, clashing noises are to be avoided, is a husher for the lower half of the ewer. It is crocheted of white knitting cotton. Make a chain of nine stitches, close it into a ring, and work into it loops of nine chain stitches each. Into these work loops of seven stitches each, working round and round, and widening at regular intervals to keep the work flat, until you have a circular piece as large as a tea plate. Then work about an inch more without widening. But in working this last inch crocheted back and forth instead of round and round, so as to leave a placket at one side. Somewhere in the depth of this inch, crochet an ornamental stripe, but the last row must be open work, into which when the work is finished, is run a tasseled cord of scarlet wool. Set the ewer down in the center of the husher, draw the crocheted work up over it very tightly, cross the cords under the handle of the ewer, then bring them outside the handle and tie them in long loops, letting the tassels fall about an inch.

Another pretty, easily made trifle is a pocket for the handle of the hair brush or hand mirror. This is crocheted of single or split zephyr in the same stitch used for the husher. Shape it to fit the handle, but make it only two-thirds the length of the handle since it looks best drawn over it very tightly. The drawing string is a twisted cord finished with ball tassels. This little affair keeps the handle free from grease, besides being very ornamental. When a hand mirror is to be given as a Christmas present, one of these little pockets tied over the handle adds much to the beauty of the gift.

Crazy patchwork of velvet makes a pretty holder for use about a parlor stove. Cut it in diamond shape, line with woolen, and bind with dress braid. The pieces of velvet not quite fresh enough for other uses do very well for this purpose. Velvet crazy work also makes a handsome border for table scarfs.—Nelly Browne, in Household.