

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, - Publishers

UNION, OREGON.

## GAME WORTH HUNTING.

The Destruction of the Grizzlies and the Black Bears.

In Western America there are two bears that claim the sportsman's attention—the grizzly and the black. The former hunters have endowed with many aliases, such as "silver-tip," "brown," "cinnamon," "bald-face" and "range" bear. These names do not mean anything, for the grizzly, like the dog, is of many colors. These two varieties of bears can, among other things, be distinguished by the formation of their claws. Those of the grizzly are longer on the fore than on the hind feet. The claws of the black bear are short, and are of the same length on all four feet. It is difficult to persuade the hunters of different sections that the "silver-tip," "cinnamon," "brown," "bald-face" and "range" bears are all from the same ancestry, and that the same animal is called by different names in different localities. But while hunters may vary in their nomenclature, they are all agreed that the full-grown grizzly is the gamest animal in the world, and the one to be most dreaded.

Never do these bears stand on their hind legs and pursue the hunter with terrible howls and roars, as is the orthodox way of describing their conflicts with human beings in the ghastly literature of the country. When not hit in the brain or spine they put their head down, and with a swinging gallop rush upon the hunter. They usually receive their death wound without demonstration, sinking down and dying mute. The majority of grizzlies shot by our famous Eastern sportsmen are those that have first been trapped. They are killed when in this crippled condition, after dragging often for miles a large steel trap with a huge trailing log attached.

The grizzly is found west of the Missouri river, and very rarely, if ever, east of it. They inhabit both the plains and mountains. A dozen years ago they could be seen almost anywhere in the mountain ranges, but since their destruction has been compassed by baiting and traps they have become shy, and difficult to approach near enough for a certain killing shot. Bears are the most wary animals of all the big game in America. They go singly, and usually see the hunter before he catches a glimpse of them. They then cunningly slip away, and are difficult to trail. At this time they are fairly abundant in the mountains of Montana, a sure find being in Crazy Women's Mountain, north of the Northern Pacific railroad. There is also a goodly number of bears distributed over the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming, some in Southern California, scattered in the Sierra Madre and on the junction waters of the Santa Maria river in San Luis Obispo County. They are also numerous in the Rocky mountains and Sierra Nevada.

The black bear has a far wider range than the grizzly, but in the West it is confined mostly to the mountains, and rarely comes out on the prairies. It is well distributed, however, and is especially abundant in the timbered country, moving about to where the mast and berries are most plentiful. Black bears are very numerous in Northern Montana. On the Pacific Coast they outnumber the grizzlies, where both species feed on the salmon. The destruction of the grizzlies has been much greater than that of the black bears, though still abundant, are very difficult animals to hunt and kill in a sportsmanlike way.—Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine.

## The Indians of Ecuador.

While the Indians are under the rule of the priests, and have accepted the Catholic religion, three hundred and fifty years of submission has not entirely divorced them from the ancient rites they practiced under the pre-historic civilization. Several times a year they have feasts or celebrations in honor of some event in the Inca history. They never laugh and seldom smile; they have no songs and few amusements; their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to the traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma. They have religious relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and there are two great secrets which no tortures at the hands of the Spaniards have been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incas' treasures.—American Magazine.

—Bridget—"Shall I have the hall lamp burnin', ma'am?" "Mistress—" "No, I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home until daylight. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me twenty dollars for a new spring bonnet."—Terre Haute Express.

—First Little Girl—"What does your papa do?" Second Little Girl—"He's got a position under the city government." "Well, but what does he do?" "I don't know; he never said. Guess he don't know hisself."—Philadelphia Record.

## PHILOSOPHY OF TEARS.

Valuable Information That May Prove Uncomfortable to Some Young Men.

I was in company the other day with my friend, the professor of chemistry, and, being in a reflective mood, I chanced to say: "Professor, tears are a curious thing."

"By no means," replied he, promptly. "Their composition is quite simple: about ninety-eight parts water, and two parts salt, albumen and mucus."

I did not pursue the conversation, but thought, without saying so, that if tears are not a curious thing, a professor of chemistry certainly is.

I happened, a few days after, to repeat the conversation to our professor of physiology, who, bringing his supercilious muscles into play, said: "Simple as it may appear to Dr. Atom, the genesis of tears is quite a complex process, and they have multiple mechanical functions. They are secreted by the lachrymal gland, and partly by the orbicularis muscle, and conveyed into the lachrymal canal, and thence into the eye, which they flood, and thus effectuate detersion, facilitate the movement of the eyeball, and preserve the transparency of the so-called cornea."

I could only respond: "I dare say. All you tell me is very wonderful and very complex, but how an earth do the little babies learn to cry so early and so well?" I did not tell him that I did not comprehend a word he had uttered, and hence "the wonder—*omne ignotum pro magno*. Much less did I reveal what was passing in my mind. It seemed to me that science is like a pin—very useful for sticking things together, and very nicely contrived for this purpose; but one man spends his whole life in coiling the head, another in shaping the shaft, and another in sharpening the point, while each understands nothing but his own part of the pin.

It next occurred to me to find out what the poets say about tears. They travel from earth to heaven very rapidly, in a daring, desultory way, and always through mists and clouds, seeing things and parts of things very indistinctly, and rarely telling the truth about what they do see; yet, notwithstanding, they now and then seem to find out some things of more or less value which other people do not know.

As we do not at present keep a professor of poetry at our university, I began to rummage among my books. The first lines that met my eye were these:

"Tears, feelings bright, embodied form, are more pure than dewdrops, Nature's tears."

Here is a definition of tears that we can accept without aversion—tears are the bright, bodily form of feeling. The poet does not tell us that when we weep we are doing nothing more than secreting a mucous fluid by means of the lachrymal gland. He feels bound, however, to state the fact that tears are not more pure than dew-drops. The whole truth would have been that they are not as pure by a good deal. Perhaps Mr. Bailey did not know that they contain mucus, albumen and salt. We wish we did not possess the uncomfortable information. We shall never again be able to kiss the tears from her cheek with the relish that once we did.—J. T. L. Preston, in Atlantic.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still selling in this country at the rate of 1,000 copies a week.

—Prof. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," attained great eminence, years ago, by making the ascent of Mount Ararat.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes complains of the persecutions inflicted upon him by volunteer correspondents. Twenty or twenty-five letters in his morning's mail is considered a light delivery, and nearly all are upon subjects of interest to the writers alone.

—Hans von Bulow, the famous pianist, is noted for his eccentricity as well as for his musical talent. When he has done any thing to shock his friends and enrage his enemies he makes no apologies, but simply shrugs his shoulders and says: "It's a way I have."

—Toward the end of his life, it is said, Charles Reade was accustomed to dictate his compositions to a secretary while he paced the room, suiting his actions to his words. In Love and Money the remark occurs in the dialogue: "There's a smut on your nose." The dramatist gave the original exclamation with such perfect intonation and gesture that his secretary was for once deceived. He rose and went to the mirror, handkerchief in hand, only to be laughed at by his employer.

—Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, whose report is a literary lady who has cut her official throat with her little pen. Some of her recent magazine sketches of life in the Tennessee Mountains carried a sting to the denizens of that section, and when Miss Dromgoole recently sought an election to a Senate clerkship, a big, rough-bearded Solon from an up county arose and roared out: "She wrote agin the mount'ns! I war be know'nst ter it, an' I'm agin her!" The Senate sat petrified and Miss Dromgoole incautiously giggled. It sealed her fate. Another hill-country legislator was hoisted to his feet by his indignant colleagues to second the objection. He did it tersely and effectually. "She 'lowed the wimmen folks went b'arfoot an' ther men talked a diable. I'm agin anybody as is agin the mount'ns." The issue was joined, and on the ballot being taken, Miss Dromgoole was beaten.

## HUMOROUS.

—A New Jersey man has made a ballot-box which can not be stuffed. Now all the country wants is a voter built in the same way.—Yonkers Statesman.

—The girl who went to service for the first time wrote to her mother that her master and mistress were very dirty, for they washed their hands ever so many times a day.

—We do not know very much about the ancient Egyptians, perhaps, but the grand old Sphinx with its silent woman's head shows that they were a very sarcastic people.—Journal of Education.

—Affidavit Editor—"Dearost Mathilde, can you doubt the strength and sincerity of my love?" Mathilde—"Swear it, Alonzo, swear it!" Affidavit Editor (absent-mindedly)—"I swear—we have the largest circulation in the West, and it is rapidly increasing."—America.

—"There is no excuse for the use of profane language," says an exchange; and this is no doubt correct, but if there were any the drug clerk who is aroused at three o'clock in the morning by a drunken man who wants to look in the directory to find out where he lives would seem to possess it.

—A gentleman said to one of his friends that for some years his wife had persisted in saying that she was only twenty years old. "Mine is more reasonable," replied his friend. "I have succeeded in making her enter her thirties, but I have failed to make her come out of them."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Rooney—"Sure Oi can't see why I must be a member av yure Union if Oi want to keep me job! It's only a week I've been over here, but I know this is a free country." Mooney (walking delegate)—"But remember now, man, that yure an Amerikin, an' must pertee yureself aginast imp'orted pauper labor!"

—In a Book-store—"Have you got the Blue book?" "The blue book? We've got 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.' That ought to be blue enough." "No, no. That isn't it. I mean the book with the list of offices." "We haven't got it. But if you are after an office, you had better take the book on melancholy."—Chicago Herald.

—A Useful Instrument.—Musical Visitor—"What a handsome piano!" Mrs. Tiptop—"Yes, I do not know of a single piece of furniture I have that I am more proud of than my piano. It was made to order at a cost of \$5,000." "Oh, I must—why, it's locked." "Yes; I lost the key some months ago and have forgotten to get another."—Philadelphia Record.

—The noise of a man stumbling recklessly against obstructions in the hall and making hasty remarks in a general way that sounded like a Mississippi river steamboat making a landing at 11 o'clock at night to take on a lot of pork barrels was distinctly heard in the sitting room. "Children," exclaimed Mrs. Kambo, hastily, "run up stairs and go to bed. Your father, I judge, has been paying a gas bill."—Chicago Tribune.

## THE BUFFALO'S FATE.

Extirpation of the Most Magnificent Race of Native Animals.

At the present time outside of the National Park, where about two hundred and sixty buffaloes are now herded, there are not over three hundred, probably not as many, left in the whole United States. The survivors of this magnificent race of animals are scattered in little bunches in several localities. There are about one hundred in Montana, or at least there were a year ago, some at the head of Dry creek and the remainder at the head of Porcupine creek. In Wyoming there are a few stragglers from the National Park, which, when chased run back there for protection. In the mountains of Colorado last summer there were two bunches of mountain bison, one of twenty-five head, the other of eleven. There have probably been killed. There are none in Dakota, though eighteen months ago thirty were known to be there. It was estimated in 1887 that there were twenty-seven in Nebraska, and about fifty more scattered in the western part of the Indian Territory and Kansas. Those in Nebraska have since been killed by the Sioux. Of the thousands that once inhabited Texas, only two small bunches remain. Thirty-two head are near the rations, in the northwestern part of the Panhandle, and eight in the sand-hills on the Staked Plains north of the Pecos river. These were seen and counted on the 1st of April of last year. This estimate of the remnant of a great race is believed to be essentially correct. It was obtained from reliable and well-informed persons throughout the West, and in part from personal observation during the past years.—Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine.

## The Faith is Lacking.

"Doctor, if there is no such thing as hydrophobia how does it happen so many persons who have been bitten by rabid dogs die afterward in convulsions?"

"They die of fright, sir. They are scared to death. The imagination sometimes exerts a power sufficient to kill."

"Then why can't a patient who thinks he has hydrophobia be cured in the same way by making him imagine he is going to get well?"

"Because we can't inspire him with any—or faith in our medicines."—Chicago Tribune.

## OLD EASTER CUSTOMS.

Singular Illustrations of Life in the Days of Our Forefathers.

At Queen's College, Oxford, the first dish brought to the table on Easter day used to be a red herring riding away on horseback. On Holy Saturday evening in some parts of Ireland great preparations are made for the finishing of Lent. Fat hens and pieces of bacon are put in the pot by the cotter's wife about eight or nine o'clock, but woe to the person who dares to touch it before the cock crows. The peasants rise at four o'clock on Easter morning "to see the sun dance in honor of the resurrection." At Twickenham there was an ancient custom of dividing two great cakes among the young people. In 1645 Parliament, looking upon it as a superstition, ordered the custom abandoned, and that loaves of bread should be bought with the money for the poor of the parish. These were thrown from the steeple to be scrambled for. In some parts of England there is still the custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter; this was founded on the abhorrence our forefathers wished to express toward the Jews for their part in the crucifixion. One superstition is expressed in the following lines:

"On Easter let your clothes be new, Or else be sure you will it rue."

A superstition long practiced on the continent was to abstain from eating flesh on Easter day, in order to escape fever during the year. In Derbyshire is a spring called "Dropping Tor." To this young men and maidens resort, each with a pound of sugar in one pocket and a cup in the other. They fill the cup with droppings from the spring, dissolve the sugar in it and drink it with anticipated matrimonial results. Judging from the quantity of sugar, the anticipated results, if realized, are sure to be sweet. A yet stranger custom was once common among all classes in England and still prevailed at the beginning of the present century. "On Easter Monday," says the historian, "parties of six or eight women surround such persons of the opposite sex as they happen to meet, and, with or without their consent, lift them three times above their heads, shouting at each elevation: 'In representation of our Saviour's resurrection.' The men in similar parties do the same on Easter Tuesday. A custom happily fallen into disuse is that of wives beating their husbands on Easter Tuesday, and husbands their wives on the day following. Such customs, as well as that of young couples rolling down Greenwich hill, are proofs of the rude and coarse manners which prevailed in earlier English life.

Of the decorations of "pace-eggs" it is needless to speak. Every Easter, in the time of Louis XV., eggs thus embellished used to be piled high in pyramids on the royal table at Versailles. When the King had surveyed the pile of toys he distributed them among his courtiers.—American Agriculturist.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In Rome there are 30 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,469 priests, 2,215 nuns, and 3,000 monks, friars, candidates, etc.

—Dr. Pierson estimates the money annually raised for carrying on Protestant foreign missions at about \$11,250,000.

—The income of the four great missionary societies of Great Britain and of the British and Foreign Bible Society is in amount equal to the money spent on drink in England for sixty days. If the 30,000,000 Protestant church-members of the world would give one cent each day of the year, over \$100,000,000 would be in the mission treasuries.—The Christian Union.

—The city of Toronto, Ont., though spread over a large area, permits no horse-cars on Sundays, no saloons open, no beer-gardens or places of entertainment in the suburbs, and no Sunday newspapers. It is believed that the effect of not running the cars on Sunday has been to scatter excellent churches all over the city, so that every small section has good churches.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

—A Jamesburg (N. J.) Christian Endeavor Society has opened a Christian parlor for young men and boys, where reading, quiet games, music, etc., can be enjoyed. A singing school, literary entertainments, a library, etc., are furnished, and all under the charge of different members of the society. A savings system has also been instituted in connection with the "parlor." Such efforts as this are being made by a number of the societies.

## Baby's Sleeping Time.

I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? When he stretches and wriggles, and finally, perhaps, cries out, try turning him on his other side, or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part. Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The one or two-year-old who wakes in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels, perhaps, hot and uncomfortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of, he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow, and then drop back on it into a renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the ruffled night-clothes and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.—Babyhood.

## THE PICTURE WINDOW.

Something About the Most Critical Stage in Its Development.

The search for material ended, the work of construction may begin. Two duplicate copies of the cartoon are first made. One operation suffices to accomplish this. The cartoon is laid on a large table, and beneath it are two sheets of similar paper and two sheets of ordinary black transfer paper arranged alternately. By passing a small revolving wheel over the outlines of the cartoon, the tracings are quickly and accurately made. Each space is then numbered corresponding to both tracings, and one of them is cut up to make patterns for the glass-cutter. An ingenious dissecting instrument is used for this purpose. It consists of a pair of double-edged shears, which, in cutting, removes a strip of paper just the width of the lead which will separate the fragments of glass when they are finally bound together. In this way each pattern is precisely the size required. When the glass is ready to be put together in the window, there is very little coaxing to be done to get it into place.

The picture window has now reached the most critical stage in its development. The paper patterns are to find suitable counterparts in glass, and upon the nicety with which this substitution is accomplished depends the effect of the entire work. Nothing is left undone that will assist the glass-cutter in forming correct color-judgments. Throughout the entire process, and here particularly, the work progresses under precisely those conditions that are best calculated to make surprises and incongruities impossible when the whole shall be completed. A sheet of plain glass, the size of the cartoon, is laid over the undissected tracing. Outlines of the intended lead bands are then painted on the clear glass in black lines of corresponding width. On the model thus prepared the paper patterns are stuck by means of a little wax. It is now ready to be taken to the figure-room, where it is placed directly in front of a large window, and the slow work of substituting colored glass for paper begins.—Prof. C. H. Henderson, in Popular Science Monthly.

## A POPULAR PHRASE.

History of the Origin of the Expression "By Hook or by Crook."

The destruction caused by the fire of London, A. D. 1666, during which some thirteen thousand two hundred houses, etc., were burnt down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings previous to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land-surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previous to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which mere delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying, "By Hook or by Crook," usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty.—N. Y. Ledger.

## A Very Unkind Question.

"Miss Belle Pepperton is a very sarcastic young lady, isn't she?" said Gus De Jay to one of his friends.

"I have noticed some tendency that way in her. What has she been saying to you?"

"Why, yesterday evening I was calling on her, and during the evening I remarked that if she wished I would tell her a little incident, adding that it had just crossed my mind."

"What did she say?"

"She merely looked at me and remarked: 'Did it have far to travel, Mr. De Jay?'"

"That was unkind. Did you make any reply?"

"No; but I looked real grieved."—Merchant Traveler.

—Farina Dumplings.—One quart of milk, ten ounces of farina, three eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of butter, and one-half pound of flour; let the milk boil; stir in the farina and boil until well done; allow the mixture to cool, and add the melted butter and beaten eggs, and last add the flour, baking powder and salt; drop with tablespoon into salted, boiling water; boil about fifteen minutes, till they rise; remove with skimmer and serve with fruit sauce.

—Plant trees in all waste places; they are liable to grow, and thus make use of the ground which would otherwise grow up to weeds. In this it will be worth something.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT.

Bob Burdette Gives Some of His Good Advice to a Young Man.

My son, your brow is clouded; something has happened that didn't and doesn't agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitations? Didn't you get on any of the committees? Were you overlooked in the convention? Hasn't the secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice upon the campaign? Have you been coldly passed over for men of less ability? Do you feel that an intentional slight has been put upon you? Can you see clearly that every thing is going wrong because you have not been consulted? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people? I thought as much. At your time of life such things are very liable to occur. They used to happen with me now and then. You will grow wiser as you grow older, unless you take the other chute; then you will grow more foolish, and there is only one cure for an old fool, my boy—that is, death. Ordinary death won't cure him, either. "Though thou shouldst bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." See how awfully dead he has to be killed! Smashing him only makes him worse.

But now, if any or all of these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show your sores. Oh, don't show your sores. They are not pleasant things to look at, nobody wants to see them and they will heal much more rapidly and naturally and healthfully, if you don't expose them. Keep them covered. Don't show them to any body but your surgeon, and don't show them to him unless you have to. And, don't look at them yourself. Leave them alone under the healing plasters of time and the cool compresses of forgetfulness, and you'll be surprised some day when you do happen to think of them, to find that they have healed by the first intention without a scar. Don't tell people when you are hurt; don't tell every body how keenly you feel a slight when, perhaps, there was no slight intended. Don't get yourself snubbed by people who never see you, and who don't know you and never think of you. And if you really are hit, and hit hard, it belittles your manhood and it drives away human sympathy when you lift up your voice and howl on the streets. Keep quiet about it. Don't whine; don't yell. One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22d of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit, and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States army and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt; but he died like a king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when only three flies down the lines a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick-skinned people, who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-skinned race; in fact, the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holer," any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it, the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

## ALMOND CHEESE CAKES.

Line paty pans with pastry, and drop in a mixture of the whites of three eggs, one-fourth of a pound of powdered sugar, juice of one-half of a lemon, one-half of a pound of blanched and chopped almonds. Bake in a moderate oven.—Good Housekeeping.

## THE LATE MARY L. BOOTH.

—The late Mary L. Booth, as celebrated a translator as she was, could not speak a word of French or German.