VALLEY RECORD.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

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VALLEY RECORD.

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VALLEY RECORD.

Published at Ashland, in the flourishing Rogue River Valley The leading town of Southern Oregon, population 2,500, junction of O. & C. and S. P. R. R. Leading industries—fruit raising, mining, manufacturing, stock-raising and farming.

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Oak Street,
Between Main and Spring,

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Mrs. W. C. OBER, Proprietress.

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Single Meals, 25c. Single Beds, 25c.

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All work guaranteed. Repairing neatly done.

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DEALER IN

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BEEF, PORK OR MUTTON

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Portland and Corvallis.

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Corvallis	1:30 p m	Portland	6:15 p m

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Proprietor.

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Horses Boarded and Fed

At reasonable rates.

New and handsome turnouts, reliable and safe buggy teams, and good saddle horses always to be had at these stables.

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Office and wareroom at railroad crossing, Helman Street.

ASHLAND - - - OREGON

MY LOST BABY.

What can have become of my darling?
Why, only a brief while ago,
She lay in the cradle beside me;
But now she's gone. Where, do you know?

"In what way distinguish my babe?"
Her hair has a pale golden hue;
In each pink cheek there is a dimple;
Her bright eyes are, as sapphires, blue.

A deal of the time, her plump fingers,
Or, if not her fingers, her toes
Are found in her mouth—like a rosebud
Just oped—'neath the daintiest nose.

She laughs and she cries and she frolics
As other babies do, I opine;
Her coding, however, is peculiar
To this precious baby of mine.

I fear I did not understand you;
Please slowly repeat what you said.
"My—baby—lost—to—me—forever!"
What mean you? That—that she is dead?

"'Tis years since your child was a baby;
She now to a woman has grown"
You say, and I know you speak truly.
Ah, me! how those same years have flown.

More often as babe than as woman
I think of my child and, in Heaven,
I pray that, an innocent baby,
She back to my arms may be given.

—*Florence Tremont, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THAT PRINCE ALBERT.

An Old Darky's Amusing Conduct During an Emergency.

Mr. Waldo Archer, the portrait painter, lived, about three years ago, in one of those pretty studio buildings on Thirty-seventh street, in New York City. If you have ever been through the street you must remember the buildings—Philadelphia pressed brick, each story set back further than the one below, and with a sloping roof of ground glass rising back to the next story.

Mr. Archer was not as well known then as he is now. He had not as yet painted that portrait of Leonard P. Jenkins, vice-president of the Q., P. & W. railroad, which made such a stir at the spring exhibition at the academy in 1886. But he had already attained reasonable success, and had a pretty wife who was a painter, too—not of portraits, but of china—that dainty sort you have seen at the great china stores, wild roses with the morning dew on them and blackberry vines in their autumn colors. You felt almost certain you could see them stir a little in some passing breeze, as you looked at them.

Mrs. Archer had herself done the housework in the little flat for some time—she did not find it much of a burden. And now, their only servant was an old colored man who had brought them a letter from some dear friends of theirs in the South. He had come to New York to look up a child he had lost after the war, but had only found that the child was dead. The [illegible] the old man, at first. He used to come in in the afternoon to see if they had found him a place.

Mr. Archer would be painting away at his easel on the blue coat perhaps of a General, or the ball-dress of a lady of fashion, and his wife would be sitting in her low, rattan chair reading aloud to him from Robert Browning or Dr. Holmes, or some other of their favorite writers, when there would come a knock at the door, and in would walk Rev. Alexander Maxwell St. Clair, bowing low and swinging back at arm's length his high, whitebeaver hat.

He was a tall, gaunt old man, solemn in appearance until he began to speak, when his face lighted up finely.

Mrs. Archer always laid her book down at once, and asked him to be seated, but he would only bow and smile, and remain standing, and say, bowing his head frequently while he spoke:

"Well, sir, any news for me to-day, sir?"

He always said "Sir," but he evidently asked the question of both:

There never was any news. Mr. Archer "loaned" him a little money now and then, "till he could find a place," and finally they took him themselves—in self-defense, Mrs. Archer said—and he soon became an established member of the family.

He could cook, and wash and iron, and sweep, and scrub—not only could, but did. He "tended" the door with much state and solemnity, made all the purchases at the grocer's and butcher's, and, in fact, rendered life quite another thing for Mrs. Archer.

She said that formerly, when she read to her husband from Whittier or Lowell, she was always seeing visions of boiling potatoes and baking bread floating between the lines. Now she turned all such visions over to Alexander.

One day a handsome carriage, with a faint red monogram on the panel, stopped before Mr. Archer's building, and in a few moments a gentleman was ushered in by Alexander—Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. Archer knew the name. He had seen it in the papers often. And he knew where Mr. Winthrop lived, in a great, double, brown-stone house with glittering plate-glass windows, on Fifth avenue—a corner house with a square oriel window projecting diagonally from the corner on the second floor.

Mr. Winthrop had seen some of Mr. Archer's portraits at the Academy Exhibition, and recently had been especially pleased with one he saw at a friend's house on Fifty-seventh street. He wanted to have Mr. Archer to paint his portrait, and had come to arrange for the sitting.

They agreed on Wednesday of the following week for the time, and at two o'clock on that day Mr. Winthrop's carriage brought him again. He had Alexander go down to the carriage and bring up a package containing a Prince Albert coat he was to wear during the sittings. So he put it on, and after much discussion and many experiments as to his position, he was finally seated and Mr. Archer was at work.

Now the coat was a handsome one. Alexander had seen handsome clothes in his day, at the South, and he noticed this one as soon as it appeared on the scene. The material was a rich diagonal, and it was lined and faced with expensive silk, and fitted like a glove. When Mr. Winthrop went away that day he left the coat.

Has any one, not conversant with statistics, any idea of the army of school children in America? The total enrollment, according to latest data, is over 11,000,000. Dakota shows the greatest progress of late, followed, very curiously, by Indiana as second of all States in educational progress. In New Hampshire, Vermont, South Carolina, Ohio and Nevada there has been a decrease of enrollment. The North Central States are far ahead of all the rest of the Union, and the Southern States, while making great strides, still remain in the rear. In the South Central States seventy-nine out of 100 children are on the rolls of schools. The number of children daily in attendance on the public schools average about 7,500,000. The numbers enrolled should reach 15,000,000, and the daily attendance 11,000,000.—*St.*

"I will leave it," he said. "I should be sure to forget to bring it every time."

Alexander wrapped the coat up and put it away on a closet-shelf. After that Mr. Winthrop came nearly every Wednesday, for a good many weeks, and then the portrait was finished at last, and was sent away. It made a fine picture. Mr. Winthrop was a tall, well-built man, with a strong, vigorous face a little flushed, and a bushy head of hair just beginning to turn gray, and Mr. Archer had caught his best expression perfectly. Every one who saw it was delighted.

Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Archer had become very good friends, and Mrs Archer had fallen into the way of sitting in the studio while the work was going on, with her painting or sewing. But Mr. Winthrop was a busy man, and after the picture was done, it was a long time—nearly a year—before he came again.

One day the carriage brought him once more. The Archers were both at home. Mr. Archer was at work just then on a portrait of a pretty child with blue eyes and sunny hair, dressed in black velvet. They had a very pleasant half-hour together, and then Mr. Winthrop rose to go.

"Oh, by the way," he said, as he stood by the door, "it just occurs to me that I have a coat here. I forgot it when I went away. That was a favorite coat of mine. If you can lay your hand on it now, without trouble, I'll take it."

"Oh, surely," said Mr. Archer.

"I'll let Alexander get it," said Mrs. Archer.

"Coat?" said Alexander, when he was summoned in. "Coat?"—I wish I could give you his voice, as well as his words—the strong melancholy in its tones, and a faint, illusive negro accent—too faint and too illusive to be represented at all in type.

"[illegible] asked Mr. Winthrop.

"Seems 's if I did, now," said Alexander, bowing his head, a little on one side, at short intervals, and looking steadily at his own boots. "Seems 's if I recalls that coat, an' yet"—

"Oh yes, Alexander," said Mr. Archer, "of course you remember that coat. Go and look for it. It must be here, somewhere."

Alexander shambled about the studio, looking not only in the closets, but in all sorts of impossible places, under chairs and behind boxes and pictures. Then he went shufflin through the other rooms, noisily opening drawers, inspecting shelves, looking into trunks.

Mr. Winthrop resumed his seat, meanwhile, and the talk ran on again. But Mrs. Archer exchanged looks with her husband.

Alexander returned after a short time.

"I can't seem to fin' no coat about," he said, bowing and bowing, and looking at the floor, and the pictures, and everywhere but at Mr. Archer. "Somefin' mus' have happened to that coat."

"I will look for it myself, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a tone of displeasure, and so she departed and looked through the drawers and trunks and closets, but all with no better results.

"Well, Mr. Winthrop," she said, as she came back, "there certainly is something mysterious about the disappearance of that coat. I can not find it. But we will have a thorough search for it, and will send it to you."

So Mr. Winthrop went rolling away in his carriage.

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, when he was gone, "don't you remember that coat Mr. Winthrop left here?"

"Coat?" said Alexander, bending his head on one side and beginning to bow, "why, yes, I do rememb' that coat perf'ly."

"And did you really look for it just now as hard as you knew how?"

"Well," said Alexander, as if weighing his words very carefully, "well, now, not just as hard as I has some things, well, no."

"And did you really expect to find it where you looked?"

"Well, now," said the old man, "jus' where I look, why, no I can't say I did expec' to see it jus' there."

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a severe tone, "I believe you never told me a falsehood. Do you know where that coat is?"

"Well, now," he said, "I suppose I do know where that coat is, well, yes."

"Why, I am shocked, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer. "Where is it? Who has it. Have you sold it?"

"No."

"Given it away?"

"No."

"O Alexander have you been wearing that beautiful coat?"

"Well, now, Mis' Archer," said Alexander, looking her in the face now, and holding up his two black hands with their white palms toward her, "if you will pause a moment, I wish to say a few words to save my character from sacrilege. I have not wore that coat."

"Who did?"

"Well, Mis' Archer, Mr. Archer have that very coat on hi'self, this very minute!"

Alexander's feelings here overcame him, and he turned and fled to the kitchen. Mr. Archer tore off his coat, and looked at the tailor's name.

"I never had him make me a coat," he said. "Why, this does look like that coat, to be sure. But it looks like my coat, too, only a great deal better."

"O Waldo!" was all Mrs. Archer could say, as she sank into her low wicker chair.

"Don't you remember," he said, half laughing and half in consternation, "that I've said several times that I must be growing stout, my coat was getting so tight?"

Mrs. Archer nodded and laughed again. From the kitchen came a faint snicker. It was the first time they had ever known Alexander to give way to levity.

"I shall sit right down and write to Mr. Winthrop," said Mr. Archer, finally. "I can't send him the coat now, but I'll paint him a picture to console him for his loss."

And he did.—*Youth's Companion.*

NATURE OF CORN-SMUT.

A Disease of the Corn Plant Curable Only by Prevention.

Every farmer knows what corn smut is, and how it bursts from all parts of the plant, the stem, the leaves, the ear and the tassel. The spores are the brownish dust which forms masses upon various parts of the plant, and which are the matured form of the fleshy excrescences that are first seen upon the plant. In this respect the parasite bears some resemblance to an ordinary puff ball, at first a spongy, fleshy substance, changing in time to a mass of fine dust or powder. In the corn smut this mass is oily and adherent. The spores fall upon the ground, where they remain until a corn plant appears, when they become attached to the stem and germinating, send threadlike branches into the pores of the plant, where these again branch, forming a complicated, tangled mass of the threadlike mycelium that in time causes the tissues of the plant to swell and form a prominent bunch or tumor. These threads soon bear the spores at their ends, the spores increasing from the outside inward until the swelling becomes a mass of blackish-brown powder of a slimy consistence. These pores are rounded bodies so small that 25,000 of them placed in line will measure an inch and 625,000,000 of them occupy a surface of one inch square; an ordinary smut ball upon a corn plant will thus be made up of countless millions, and sufficient in number to spread over many acres of ground and still leave the spore so near together that a corn plant could scarcely escape them. The ease with which a parasite spreads through a corn field is therefore explained, as well as the difficulty of preventing its attack once the soil is stocked with the spores. It is believed that the parasite attacks the corn plant at the first joint above the root. This is the opinion of the observer Kuhn, who [illegible] corn smut carefully [illegible] Our own observations, however, lead to the belief that the mycelium proceeding from a germinating spore enters the roots, for we have found the balls of immature smut upon the plant at the roots and upon the aerial or brace roots. This, however, is immaterial. It is quite within possibility, no doubt, that in a dry time the spores may be raised by the wind and, floating in the air, lodged upon any part of the plant, and germinating there, find easy entrance through the stomata or air tubes which exist in the leaves and stem as well. These spores seem to germinate equally well in dry or wet seasons, and some dry seasons have been marked by severe outbreaks of it. The repetition of corn crops consecutively upon the same ground favors the increase of the parasite. In our own investigations this has been found to be the case so much so that the seventh successive crop of corn was almost completely destroyed by the smut, only a very few plants escaping. This fact, and another given by Mr. Scribner, the pathologist of the department, viz., that the parasite is able to enter only the young plants, may be turned to useful account in attempts to avoid its attacks.

Remedies are unavailing. Prevention is the only cure for this disease of the corn plant. These are not given as fully as might be in the report referred to. The cutting out and burning of the diseased plants securing the destruction of the spores is a self-evident means of prevention, and this is recommended in the report. Other remedies which have been tried and found effective by the writer are to avoid planting corn after corn in all cases; to pull up on sight when the corn is worked every young plant that is affected, and before the smut is mature and the seed spores are ripe; to select the seed from healthy plants and to steep it in the same kind of solution that is used for preparing wheat for the same purpose, viz., four ounces of sulphate of copper in a gallon of water, and to use it in such a quantity that the liquid is wholly absorbed, which is a gallon for five bushels of corn. As a small quantity of seed is used it is easy to prepare it so that the grains are made to absorb the quantity required, and if the seed is sown by machine it is dried for twenty-four hours after the treatment. We have used a similar solution made with common saltpetre at the rate of one pound to the gallon of water, and this has acted as a useful stimulant to the germination of the seed as well as a safeguard against the damage so often done by birds. The use of artificial fertilizers only for the corn crop is a means of safety from the parasite, for the reason that the chemicals used are fatal to fungoid growths, and manure is one of the most effective means of spreading and encouraging them.—*Henry Stewart in N. Y. Times.*

—Impatient Husband — "Where in the world have you been? I want my dinner!" Wife—"Excuse me, John, but I ran down to the sewing society at five, and to my surprise it didn't wind up until eight." Husband—"You mean it was wound up at five and didn't run down until eight."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Editor—"You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" Would-be contributor—"Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some some innocent person."—*Texas Siftings.*

GENERAL HARD TIMES.

A Leader Whose Spectral Army Was More Cruel Than Grant's or Sherman's.

Every article of food increased in price in a similar ratio; and the market reports of produce and supplies in contemporaneous Confederate journals present a strange contrast from month to month and year to year. Perhaps the most striking instance of the advance in prices of food supplies occurs in the case of flour, which in March, 1863, sold for $25 per barrel; in January, 1864, for $95 per barrel, and in January, 1865, for $1,000 per barrel. The spectral army in the Confederate rear, led by General Hard Times, was closing up its ranks, touching elbows, and moving at a double-quick in those days of January, 1865. There was death at the cannon's mouth in front of the hungry, foot-sore, shivering rebel, and starvation in the rear.

Even so early as February, 1863, the money value of a day's rations for 100 soldiers, which had in the first year of the war been about $9, was at market prices $123. In the corresponding month of the following year a day's rations had no estimated market value. From the soldier who possessed them, money could not buy them, and he who was without them was unable to procure them at any price.

Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of household life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog-skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton Roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

The journals of that day were printed usually upon the poorest paper, made of straw and cotton rags, and so brittle that the slightest touch mutilated it. The ink, like the paper, was of the cheapest and commonest, and left its impression, not only on the face of the sheet, but on the hands no less than on the mind of the reader. Few fonts of new type found their way into the Confederacy during the war, and at the end of four years the facilities for printing had come to a low ebb. It was no uncommon thing for publishers to issue half sheets in lieu of a complete paper, with scarcely an apology to subscribers for the curtailment of their literary and news rations. It was generally understood that this happened only through stern necessity, and not from any disposition on the part of the newspaper men to give less than an equivalent for the [illegible] price. Sometimes the journal which on yesterday appeared in all the glory of a six-column page was to-day cut down to a four-column half sheet; or publication was suspended with the announcement that the stock of materials had been exhausted, and that as soon as the office could be replenished publication would be resumed. Eagerly as the rough sheets were looked for and closely as they were read, a diminution of matter in them, or a failure to appear, caused only passing comment or dissatisfaction. Men's minds were so filled with the thousand things that each day brought forth about them, there were so many rumors in the air, and news flew so rapidly even without newspaper aid, as to cause them not too greatly to miss that which to-day has come to be one of the veriest necessities of American life—a daily journal full of all the doings of all the world.—*Century.*

THE TABLE NAPKIN.

How Its Careless Use Marred the Career of a Great French Critic.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left of the plate, far from the liquids, tea and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts. At the court of the empire, Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Saint Beuve, was disgraced and left off the visiting list because at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuilleries he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon and drained with its tip.—*Household Words.*

—Thirteen years ago a young man named Toole went West, and just before the Ashtabula disaster wrote to his family in New Haven that he was about to start for California. Nothing more was heard of him and he was mourned as one of the dead of that tremendous accident. The other day he walked into his old home well and prosperous. He said he had written several letters home and had received no answer; he was not in the Ashtabula disaster, but had been making money in California.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Jay Gould allows his daughter $25 a week for pocket money, most of which she spends in charity.

—Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.

—Since his interview with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone has expressed himself with much admiration for the Irish leader's personal qualities and political sagacity.

—A gentleman residing in Bath, Me., recently gave an account of a trip he took thirty-five years ago from Bath, Me., to Peoria, Ill., which cost him $141.50. The same trip can be taken now for $35.

—President Cleveland, Mr. Blaine, Speaker Carlisle, Senator Ingalls, Warner Miller and Congressman S. S. Cox are a few of the men prominent in public life who began their careers as school teachers. Mayor Hewitt paid for his first trip to Europe out of the proceeds of a year's school teaching.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford's jewels are valued at a round million dollars. Her diamond necklace is the finest in the United States, and possibly in the world. It cost seventy-four thousand dollars, and consists of large, "blue-tint" solitaires. Besides this she has several pairs of magnificent solitaire earrings and enough other precious stones to fill a quart measure.

—It is said that the Princess Maud of Wales carefully collects in the yards of the Sandringham House and in those of Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne all the peacocks' feathers, and begs them also from her young friends of the English nobility. With this plumage without cost, she makes pretty hand-screens and sells them at the bazaars for the profit of poor little children.

—It has been discovered that nearly every Colorado statesman has red hair. Ex-Governor Grant has a Titian top. "Jim" Belford was a shining light in Congress owing to his brilliant hair. Representative Symes, his successor, has a head which is said to look "like an angry sunset across a field of carrots." Ex-Senator Tabor's hair has a reddish tinge. Minor Colorado politicians show the same remarkable characteristic.

—Charles Crocker, who left an estate of $25,000,000, was never so happy, it is said, as when enjoying the fun his wealth enabled him to get out of his fellow millionaires. It is told of him that he enjoyed with the keenness of a boy the sport of running up the price of a picture or bit of bric-a-brac that another millionaire was bidding on, and that he was equally well pleased if the other had to pay a big round sum for it or if it was knocked down to himself.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A new novel has lately been published in raised letters for the use of the blind. It is said to evoke a great deal of feeling.—*Terre Haute Express.*

—A good housewife never opens the condensed milk can with her husband's razor, nor will a loving husband carry the horse with the nutmeg grater.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

—A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.—*St. Louis Humorist.*

—"Oh, when does the honeymoon end, tell me, pray,
And the gall show itself on the honey?"
"The honeymoon ends, I believe, on the day
When the wife says she must have some money."

—*Boston Courier.*

—Citizen—"What are you doing with that man?" Policeman—"I've just arrested him." Citizen—"But he's as deaf as a post." Policeman—"He'll get his hearing before the magistrate."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Lady of the house (shivering)—"Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?" Bridget—"I think not, mum; I've been at the gate all the evening with a gentleman friend of mine, an' it didn't go by me, I'm sure."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A magazine writer tells us that there are only 6,000 stars visible to the naked eye, but any uneducated man who ever ran his nose against the cellar door in the dark knows that there are at least four times as many as that.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Exasperated mother—"You good for nothing little brats! You made so much noise I couldn't hear myself speak when Mrs. Smith was here. Which one of you shall I spank first?" Tommy—"Take Emma. Ladies are always served first."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Doctor (who has been taking a dispensary patient's temperature)—"Now, my good woman, how do you feel?" Patient (eyeing the thermometer with considerable awe)—"Much better, thank ye. Sure an' that's a wonderful thing that'll help a body so quick!"—*Judge.*

—Churchly—"I gave Deacon Snapper $10 this morning for the Kangaroo Mission Church in Homicide alley." Mrs. Churchly—"O, Arthur! how good you are; I wish I could do something for the mission." Churchly—"Wait till they start the foundation, my dear, and then you can contribute some of that angel cake of yours for the corner stones."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Do you see how proudly the woman walks?" "I do. Is she a millionaire?" "Oh, no. It would bother her husband to raise $500 in cash." "But she can't be proud of her beauty?" "No." "Then what is it?" "She has made thirty tumblers of jelly this fall, and not one of her neighbors has made over fifteen. She has a right to hold up her nose."—*Detroit Free Press.*

These are days of real suffering and genuine agony for the silly women who are "laced to death."

The latest arrangement in Paris for a wedding at home is a floral umbrella, under which the happy pair stand.

The latest wrinkle in manners is this: To show great politeness advance one step and bow; to show the reverse sentiment draw back a step and bow.

"No gifts," reads a foot note on the invitation cards to a wedding in New York. The bride explained by saying that she did not want her marriage made a donation party.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

What They Are and How Every One Can Acquire Them.

Really beautiful hands are rarely seen; hands white, smooth and shapely, whose finger-tips curve upward like the pink petals of an opening rose, and whose dainty nails are polished like the heart of a blushing sea shell. Such hands had the lovely Queen of Prussia and they may sometimes be seen among us, but are more rare than almost any other physical charm.

A small hand is not necessarily attractive, proportion being one of the chief elements of beauty; but the perfect member must be a trifle long, with gently tapering fingers. Such are the hands that we ascribe to poetic and sensitive people, idealists in art or character. Heavy hands with thick, square-topped fingers could never belong to such dreamers, but are as surely the sign of a prosaic nature. The hands should be slightly rounded, the thumb reaching half way up the first finger, the middle one extending a nail's length beyond the first, the third about half a nail's length shorter than the middle finger, while the fourth should reach the second joint of its neighbor. The skin should be soft and fine, the lines almost imperceptible, and the whole hand should be exquisitely supple.

It is probably use rather than nature that makes most hands so very unlike this ideal, for though few are perfect in shape and some are hopelessly coarse in texture, for the most a great improvement is possible. Smoothness and dainty cleanliness can be preserved and cultivated; stainless tips and polished nails cost little but some minutes of time. With them no hand can fail to be pleasing, even though it may never serve as an artist's model; so none need display the almost universal blemishes except they be engaged in the roughest labor. Nearly all housework can be done in gloves, which, though they seem a little troublesome at first, can soon be worn without inconvenience. Especially in sweeping and dusting are they useful to protect the skin from dirt and hardening, and in these exercises they are not in the way. But during sleep they can always be worn, care being taken not to have them too tight, as that would disturb circulation. Nothing is more certain to improve the hand than the slight sweating thus secured. It whitens, softens and renders it more supple. In addition there are creams and pastes to be applied, many of which are excellent. The following recipe has been taken from the French: Yelk of fresh eggs, 2 scruples; sweet almond oil, 2 tablespoonfuls; rose water, 1 ounce; tincture of benzoin, 36 grains. Beat the yelks up with the oil, and add successively the rose water and the tincture [illegible] Above all, wet the hands as little as possible. Wash them in tepid water with a little borax and mild soap, and never omit to dry them thoroughly after washing.

The care of the nails is of prime importance. A brush should always be used, and if not sufficient to remove the stains that so easily gather there are acids that will complete the work. Some people use lemon juice for this purpose. If they are then brightly polished they will be so much improved that the effort will seem well spent. Preparations for this use are now quite common, but another is suggested. This consists of equal parts of cinnabar and pulverized emery, rubbed on with a small sponge. Then a little oil of bitter almonds may be passed over them to still further enhance their luster. This care will be sufficient to give any woman a pair of attractive hands.—*Chicago News.*

Good Whether It Cures or Not.

Self-massage is recommended as a cure for dyspepsia. The method is: First thing in the morning and last thing at night rub the abdomen down the left side and the right in a round circle, also rub down the breast; now pass across the room once or twice, and then snap the lower limbs, like a whip lash, for exercise. Now twist the lower limbs, first on one side, then on the other, and rock upon the toes. Now for the lungs and abdomen; first take in half breath, then exhale all the air possible, then fill the lungs to their full capacity, walk across the room and back, at the same time throwing the arms back. Now in a half breath send out every particle of air till you see the abdomen working like a bellows, and you will soon become a deep breather. For more extended practice in deep breathing the morning before rising is a good time, providing there is full ventilation and the air inside is as pure and fresh as that on the outside. In the winter time before a good fire wash the hands and wet the back of the neck, arms and lower limbs slightly, and rub down with a coarse towel. This is sufficient for a beginner, but the chronic dyspeptic needs more extensive exercise.—*United Presbyterian.*

—Five tablespoonfuls of milk and one cup of granulated sugar will make an excellent frosting if flavored with lemon or vanilla, boiled five minutes and then beaten hard until it is both stiff and cool enough to spread on the cake. The great advantage of this frosting is that it is economical and that it can be cut as soon as thoroughly cold. It is very nice with chocolate or cocoanut stirred in it, and at this season, when eggs are apt to be stale, is preferable to the old-fashioned kind.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Never urge another to do anything against his desire unless you see danger before him.

Do not ask another to do what you would not be glad to do under similar circumstances.

Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourselves.

Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behavior.

Be not ostentatious in dress or deportment; nothing can be more vulgar. See that costumes fit the time and occasion.