FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Cocoa Balls.—Before the fondant is very stiff, take out about a cupful. Knead into it as much grated cocoanut as possible, form into balls, brush with white of egg and roll in dry cocoanut. —Prairie Farmer.

—Polish for Floors.—Boil together one cup of strong beer, a piece of beeswax about the size of a nut, and a spoonful of sugar. First clean the floor by wiping it over with warm beer, and then apply the polish with a brush. Leave until dry, and then polish with a soft duster.

—Beef and Carrots.—Chop one pound of beef (not too fine). Cook slowly with three sliced carrots in water, enough to cover until well done. Season wth salt, pepper, tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice. Cream one teaspoonful of flour in one-half cup of milk, and add just before serving.—Chicago Record.

—Plain Custard.—The beaten yolks of five eggs and five teaspoonfuls of sugar. Pour over this one quart of hot milk, add flavoring and the whites of two eggs. Bake in cups set in a pan of boiling water. Cover with meringue and eat cold. Do not leave too long in the oven. Boil instead, if preferred.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Cocoanut Creams.—These are made by dropping some grated cocoanut and a few drops of vanilla in some of the fondant; work like dough, roll out, cut in cubes and allow to harden. Melt a piece of fondant without chocolate, and dip the cubes in this. The dipping must be done expeditiously, as the creams will melt if left too long in the hot mixture. Keep the mixture for dipping warm over hot water.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Apple Butter.—Boil three gallons of cider down to one-fourth of the quantity. Pare and core as many apples as the cider will cover. Divide the cider and put equal parts in two kettles on the fire. Place the apples in one kettle, and as they boil down pour over them the cider from the other kettle, boil 12 hours until smooth, add ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, brown sugar. Then boil again, stirring constantly. When sufficiently done it will stick to the spoon when held up.—Boston Budget.

ANOTHER OF HER ADVANTAGES.

She Was as Well Equipped to Scare Burglars as Themself.

"John!"

"What?"

"Wake up!"

"What do you want me to wake up for?"

"Hush—are you awake or asleep?"

"Asleep—and how can I hush when I am asleep?"

"Well, wake up then and stop arguing. There's a burglar in the house."

"Well, ask him to leave."

"Leave what?"

"Leave everything."

"But he won't do it. He's probably a selfish, disagreeable man. Now, if he were a woman burglar, such as we'll have when women get their rights, there might be some sense in appealing to her generosity. But not with this one. You must get up and scare him."

"How can I scare him?"

"Why, you are a man. You must get up and put on your trousers and go down stairs making an awful noise, and he'll go away."

"Well, my dear, you just get up and put on your bicycle knickerbockers and skate down the front stairs on your wheel. If that doesn't scare him there's no use in my trying."—Truth.

FEMININE ELECTRICITY.

The Unflattering Term "Negative" Is Still Much Used.

From the beginning it had been noticed that there were two kinds of electric force, but these were named, with reckless discourtesy, positive and negative, as though the second had been inferior, inactive, merely receptive. And yet there were suggestions of the true relations of these two forces that should not have been overlooked. It is recorded that six years after the St. Petersburg professor's fatal experiment (about 1759), Robert Symmer, "when pulling off his stockings in the evening, remarked that they gave a crackling noise and emitted sparks."

By varied experiments he discovered that the electricity was most powerful when a silk and worsted stocking had been worn in the same leg, or, if the stockings were both of silk, then more diverting results were obtained when they were of different colors. Two white silk stockings or two black ones gave no electrical indications. When a black and white stocking were withdrawn from the same leg, and then separated, they were so much inflated that each showed the entire shape of the leg and at a distance of 18 inches they rushed to meet each other.

Separated by force they would again become inflated, and be as ready to rush together as before. When this experiment was performed with two black stockings in one hand and two white in the other, the repulsion of those of the same color—their jealousy—and the attraction of those of different colors would "throw them into agitation and make them catch each at that of its opposite color at a greater distance." Plainly this eighteenth century student had to do with masculine and feminine electricity and yet the unflattering term "negative," as applied to the feminine, has persisted even to our day.—Harper's Weekly.

TALE OF A STRANGE MAN.

He and His Wife and Children Revered by All the Neighbors.

He was a most remarkable man. Everyone admitted that. His neighbors looked at him with admiration as he passed them on the street, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

"There goes Bowers," one of them would say in a tone that showed the respect in which he was held.

"Wonderful man," another would add. "I never knew his equal."

His wife, too was regarded in the same light. She seemed to be considered almost a curiosity. People heard of her and marveled at the stories told.

"No such case was ever heard of before," they said. "And with two children, too. It is hardly credible."

The fame of the couple traveled and they became known and revered in other neighborhoods. They were used as beautiful examples of what it was possible to do. They were treated as if they were superior beings, who alone had solved a problem that had persistently worried the wisest men of the nineteenth century.

And why?

Because they lived, with their children, in a top flat and still held the friendship of the people in the flat immediately below them.

An Even Exchange.

Mrs. Bride—I suppose you and Fred will give each other handsome holiday presents?

Miss Fiance—Yes; we have promised to surrender our liberties to each other right away.—Ladies' Home Journal's Monthly.

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CLARENCE.

"I was told I would have to send for you if I wished to see you," he said, smilingly.

Already mollified, and perhaps again falling under the previous influences of this singular man, Brant began somewhat hesitatingly to explain.

"You don't understand. It was something new to my experience here to find an able-bodied American citizen with a genuine healthy grievance who had to have it drawn from him like a decayed tooth. But you have been here before. I seem to remember your face."

Brant's reserve had gone. He admitted that he had twice sought an audience—but—

"You dodged the dentist! That was wrong." As Brant made a slight movement of deprecation the president continued: "I understand; not from the fear of giving pain to yourself, but to others. I don't know that that is right, either. A certain amount of pain must be suffered in this world, even by one's enemies. Well, I have looked into your case, Gen. Brant." He took up a piece of paper from his desk, scrawled with two or three notes in pencil. "I think this is the way it stands: You were commanding a position at Gray Oaks, when information was received by the department that either through neglect or complicity, spies were passing through your lines. There was no attempt to prove your neglect; your orders, the facts of your personal care and precaution, were all before the department; but it was also shown that your wife, from whom you were only temporarily separated, was a notorious secessionist; that before the war you yourself were suspected, and that therefore you were quite capable of evading your own orders which you may have only given as a blind. On this information you were relieved by the department of your command. Later on it was discovered that the spy was none other than your own wife disguised as a mulatto; that after her arrest by your own soldiers you connived her escape—and this was considered conclusive proof of, well, let us say, your treachery."

"But I did not know it was my wife until she was arrested," said Brant, impulsively.

The president knitted his eyebrows humorously. "Dont let us travel out of the record, general. You're as bad as the department. The question was one of your personal treachery, but you need not accept the fact that you were justly removed because your wife was a spy. Now, general, I am an old lawyer, and I don't mind telling you that in Illinois we wouldn't hang a yellow dog on that evidence before the department. But when I was asked to look into the matter by your friends I discovered something of more importance to you. I had been trying to find a scrap of evidence that would justify the presumption that you had sent information to the enemy. I found that it was based upon the fact of the enemy being in possession of facts at the first battle of Gray Oaks which could only have been obtained from our side, and which led to a federal deserter, that you, however, retrieved by your gallantry. I asked the secretary if he was prepared to show that you had sent the information with that view, or that you had been overtaken by a tardy sense of repentance. He preferred to consider my suggestion as humorous. But the inquiry led to my further discovery that the only treasonable correspondence actually in evidence was found upon the body of a trusted federal officer, and had been forwarded to the division commander. But there was no written record of it in the case."

"Why, I forwarded it myself," said Brant, eagerly.

"So the division commander writes," said the president, smiling, "and he forwarded it to the department. But it was suppressed in some way. Have you any enemies, Gen. Brant?"

"None that I know of."

"Then you probably have. You are young and successful. Think of the hundred other officers who naturally believe themselves better than you are, and haven't a traitorous wife. Still, the department may have made an example of you for the benefit of the only man who couldn't profit by it."

"Might it not have been, sir, that this suppression was for the good report of the service—as the chief offender was dead?"

"I am glad to hear you say so, general, for it is the argument I have used successfully in behalf of your wife."

"Then you know it all, sir?" said Brant, after a gloomy pause.

"All, I think. Come, general, you seemed, just now, to be uncertain about your enemies. Let me assure you you need not be so in regard to your friends."

"I dare to hope I have found one, sir," said Brant, with almost boyish timidity.

"O, not one," said the president, with a laugh of depreciation. "Some one much more potent."

"May I know his name, Mr. President?"

"No. For it is a woman. You were nearly ruined by one, general. I suppose it's quite right that you should be saved by one. And, of course, irregularly."

"A woman!" echoed Brant.

"Yes! One who was willing to confess herself a worse spy than your wife—a double traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general, I don't know if the department was far wrong; a man with such an alternately unsettling and convincing effect upon a woman's highest political convictions, should be under some restraint. Luckily the department knows nothing of it."

"Nor would anyone ever have known from me," said Brant, eagerly. "I trust that she did not think—that you, sir—did not for an instant believe that I—"

"O, dear, no. Nobody would have believed you! It was her free confidence to me. That was what made the affair so difficult to handle. For even her bringing your dispatch to the division commander looked bad for you—and you know he even doubted its authenticity."

"Does she—does Miss Faulkner—know the spy was my wife?" hesitated Brant.

The president twisted himself in his chair, so as to regard Brant more gravely with his deepest eyes, and then thoughtfully rubbed his leg. "Don't let us travel out of the record, general," he said, after a pause. But as the color surged into Brant's cheek, he raised his eyes to the ceiling and said, in half humorous recollection:

"No, I think that fact was first gathered from your other friend—Mr. Hooker."

"Hooker!" said Brant, indignantly, "did he come here?"

"Pray don't destroy my faith in Mr. Hooker, general," said the president, in half weary, half humorous deprecation. "Don't tell me that any of his inventions are true! Leave me at least that magnificent liar—the one perfectly intelligible witness you have. For from the time that he first appeared here with a grievance and a claim for a commission, he has been an unspeakable joy to me and a convincing testimony to you. Other witnesses have been partisans and prejudiced. Mr. Hooker was frankly true to himself. How else should I have known of the care you took to disguise yourself, save the honor of your uniform and run the risk of being shot as an unknown spy at your wife's side except from his magnificent version of his part of it? How else should I have known the story of your discovery of the Californian conspiracy, except for his supreme portrayal of it, with himself as the hero. No, you must not forget to thank Mr. Hooker—when you meet him.

"Miss Faulkner is at present more accessible; she is calling on some members of my family in the next room. Shall I leave you with her?"

Brant rose, with a pale face and a quickly-throbbing heart, as the president, glancing at the clock, untwisted himself from the chair, and shook himself out at full length, and so gradually to his feet. "Your wish for active service is granted, Gen. Brant," he said, slowly, "and you will at once rejoin your old division commander, who is now at the head of the Tenth army corps. But," he said, after a deliberate pause, "there are certain rules and regulations of your service that even I cannot with decent respect to your department override. You will, therefore, understand that you cannot rejoin the army in your former position."

The slight flush that came to Brant's cheek quickly passed. And there was only the unspeakable sparkle of renewed youth in his frank eyes as he said: "Let me go to the front again, Mr. President, and I care not how."

The president smiled, and laying his heavy hand on Brant's shoulder, pushed him gently toward the door of the inner room. "I was only about to say," he added, as he opened the door, "that it would be necessary for you to rejoin your promoted commander as a major general. And," he continued, lifting his voice, as he gently pushed his guest into the room, "he hasn't even thanked me for it. Miss Faulkner!"

The door closed behind him, and he stood for a moment dazed, and still hearing the distant voice of the president in the room he had just quitted, welcoming a new visitor. But the room before him, opening into a conservatory, was empty save for a single figure that turned half timidly, half mischievously toward him. The same quick, sympathetic glance was in both their faces; the same timid, happy look in both their eyes. He moved quickly to her side.

"Then you knew that—that—woman was my wife?" he said, hurriedly, as he grasped her hand.

She cast a half appealing look at his face—a half frightened one around the room and at an open door beyond.

"Let us," she said, faintly, "go into the conservatory."

It is but a few years ago that the humble chronicler of these pages moved with a wondering crowd of sightseers

"Let us," she said, faintly, "go into the conservatory."

in the gardens of the white house. His attention was attracted by an erect, handsome, soldierly looking man, with a beard and mustache slightly streaked with gray, who, with a stately lady on his arm, was pointing out the various objects of interest to a boy of 12 or 14 at their side.

"And although, as I told you, this house is reserved only for the president of the United States and his family," said the gentleman, smilingly, "in that little conservatory I proposed to your mother."

"O, Clarence, how can you," said the lady, reprovingly; "you know it was long after that!"

THE END.

A NEW SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lineal Descendant and Namesake of the Great Author.

The old home of Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford, is now presided over by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. In a sequestered corner of the ivy-walled garden at Abbotsford stands a sundial. Shadows gliding across its time-worn face have silently marked the hours since Sir Walter Scott, then in the midst of his financial troubles and harrassments, carved with his own hand upon the stone: "I will work while it is day."

Sir Walter's daughter, Sophia, married John Lockhart, the historian. They had three children, the youngest of whom, Charlotte, married James Hope, Esq., who, by act of parliament, took the name of Hope-Scott. They also had three children, the eldest of whom, Mary Monica, my hostess, was sole heiress of Abbotsford and other large estates, the other two children having died. In 1874 she married Hon. Joseph Maxwell, a younger brother of Lord Herries, of Everingham Park, whose title and estates he will inherit, as Lord Herries has no son.

Mr. Maxwell also legally took the name of Maxwell-Scott and the first child was named Walter Scott. Upon this auspicious occasion the queen telegraphed, with her congratulations: "He shall be knighted 'Sir Walter Scott' when he is 21." This boy is now 19 years of age and has six rollicksome brothers and sisters. Walter is destined for the army, Malcomb for the navy. Then follow Josephine, 17 years old; Alice, 12; Michael, ten; Margaret, seven, and Herbert, two.—Cosmopolitan.

An Interesting Bandit.

"Manuel Garcia was a curious character," said a Cuban gentleman in speaking of the reported death of that revolutionist. "He was more like a character in a novel than a man living in the nineteenth century. His home was the mountains and he led a regular bandit's life, every now and then holding-up Spaniards on the road or carrying off one of them and holding him for ransom. He would write to a Spanish planter, 'send me five thousand dollars or I shall burn your house,' and if the money was not forthcoming he would carry his threat into execution. He would even write to governmental officials, signing himself 'King of the Mountains,' and demanding tribute. He never preyed on the native Cubans, only on the Spaniards, and gave most of his money to the revolutionary party to purchase arms."

TOLD BY AN OLD SETTLER.

Tenderfoots Concluded to Leave the West and Go Home.

"It is the proper thing, as a matter of course, to talk of things which happened in the early days of a country as having more fun and excitement in them than the prosaic days of those times," said an old settler in a reminiscent mood, which mood in an old settler is an indication of a happy state of mind. "But, in reality, some funny things did happen then. The story I have in mind occurred away back—before there was much settlement in this country—and when it was the custom for adventurous and enterprising men to establish ranches where wanderers over the face of the earth who came that way might find something to eat. There was one of these places down in a southern county, merely a hut filled with provisions, and guarded by two men and a couple of dozen guns.

"One day they were surprised to see a man drive up with a wagon well loaded with provisions, who informed them that he was going to start a ranch in the valley just below them. They did not express themselves one way or the other, and he drove down a little and camped for the night under a bluff opposite them. Some time after he came up and found the boys had all their guns out cleaning them. There was quite an array as they lay in a row upon the ground.

"'Going hunting, boys?'

"'No, the boys were not going hunting. 'Then what are you cleaning up your guns for?' The boys thought they might want to use them—that was all.

"The newcomer went back to his wagon, and the boys, setting up a tin can on the edge of the bluff, began shooting at it as a mark. And they made their bullets go nearer the stranger's wagon than they did the can.

"This proceeding evidently gave the would-be ranchman the idea that his company was not wanted, and in the morning he came up to parley.

"'I don't want to have any trouble with you boys,' he said. 'Just show me how far your land goes, and I will drive off it before I build.' He was informed that their land extended exactly as far as their rifles could shoot. This was an uncomfortable answer, and the man did not understand exactly the best way to proceed, but, being a plucky fellow, he told them that he would drive to a certain hill about a mile away and there unload. 'Very well,' the others said. He could do so. They would wait until he reached the hill and then begin to shoot, and if nothing hit him he might consider that he was off their land.

"This was not encouraging, but he started out, and when he reached that hill they began to shoot. And the bullets hit so close around that he did not take time to unload. He merely unhitched one horse, and, without taking the harness off, started back waving a handkerchief. The boys considered this as a truce to stop firing until they had heard what he had to say, and let him come up. Then he informed them that he had been mistaken in his desire to settle in that part of the country. In fact, he did not want to settle there, and would turn around and go home, if they would let him. They let him."—Chicago Times-Herald.

SWELL PEOPLE'S SERVANTS.

They Are Far More Patronizing Than Their Masters.

"I wonder if I'm more of a snob than most people," remarked little Mrs. Candour, confidentially, to the New York Tribune man, "for I must plead guilty to being dreadfully afraid of smart servants! The only set of individuals before whom I actually quail are the ladies' ladies and the gentlemen's gentlemen. With their masters or mistresses I can hold my own fairly well; their wealth and grandeur do not overawe me a bit. But the servants distinctly depress and in a way humilate me, for I feel so vexed with myself that I have so little self-respect as to mind them. Nevertheless, I do, and I fancy a good many other people do, too, if they have the frankness to acknowledge it. The other evening, for instance, we were dining at the Midases' and I began to feel uncomfortable as soon as we left the cab.

"'Wait until we are inside of the house,' I said to the driver, feeling guiltily conscious that I wanted the footman to see that we did not arrive in the 'bus.'

"'Why?' inquired my husband, innocently (men are so stupid, they never suffer from these aristocrats of the kitchen).

"'Oh,' I answered, feebly, 'perhaps it's the wrong night, or—. Why can't he stay?' I exclaimed, petulantly.

"'Why, certainly, Tessie, if you want him to; I don't mind,' said poor Jack, bewildered.

"Inside the door was another footman and Mrs. M.'s own maid, who looked critically at my home-made gown and shook out my skirts with proud humility. You know the Midas house and how the room in which they receive their dinner guests is beyond the big drawing-room; so, although I was longing to ask Jack if my hair was all right and receive the comforting assurance, which he always gives, dear fellow, that I looked 'awfully fit,' I felt rather than saw that the butler was waiting patiently and reproachfully to usher us through the anteroom and announce us. 'Come,' I said to myself as my glove wouldn't go on and I felt that the battery of observant, calmly critical eyes was more than I could endure, 'do remember, you snobbish little thing, that you are as good as Mrs. Midas' butler, anyway,' and, rallying my self-respect, I deliberately finished buttoning my glove and swept haughtily through the rooms.

"'By Jove, Tessie,' said Jack afterward, 'you looked like a regular little queen of Sheba. What made you so grand?'

"'It was the instinct of self-preservation,' I answered. 'I simply had to assert myself to keep from feeling utterly overwhelmed.'"

MISSING LINKS.

THE name of Connecticut is derived from the Caniba Indian word, "kunateguk," meaning "long river."

AN educational qualification will hereafter be required of men seeking enlistment in the United States army.

BERLIN has a mysterious new malady which Professor Virchow attributes to the use of milk from diseased cows.

AN odd palindromic sentence—one which reads the same backward as forward—is "Draw pupil's lip upward."

IN the year 1877 the land upon which Philadelphia was subsequently built was owned by a man named Peter Sambo.

COTTON-SEED meal is fast gaining favor with Missouri cattle feeders as a cheap fat producer. It is a Missouri production.

SEVANOR bed-warmers are used by Chilian women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

Escapes the Keenest-Eyed Hunter.

So still lies the ptarmigan, so perfect is the tone of summer plumage in keeping with the stunted vegetation of its mountain fastness, that the keenest-eyed hunter might pass through a flock of them without being aware of their presence.

FOOD FOR FIVE MILLIONS.

The Great Mass Daily Consumed by the People of London.

Tons Upon Tons of Fresh Meats and Game Required to Fill the Hungry Stomachs of the Dwellers in the World's Metropolis.

There are within the limits of the metropolis no fewer than 5,000,000 human beings each of whom has every day to be provided with food. To set forth fully the particulars on this point would be impossible, and we shall only glance at one or two of the staple supplies, respecting which we have been able to secure something like reliable information. In spite of the growth of vegetarianism in recent years, the vast majority of the residents in these islands still believe in "the roast beef of old England." In London this is especially the case; and when you come to think how many of the millions of this vast metropolis eat meat at least once a day, some idea may be formed of the extraordinary resources that must exist to meet the demand. These resources are to a large extent beyond the sea. Not only does London itself not furnish any of the cattle killed for consumption, but those sent from the provinces and from Scotland and Ireland only go to form a fraction of the meat consumed in London. The larger proportion comes from the United States, Canada, the River Platte, New Zealand and Australia—either dead or as live cattle. The latter are landed at Deptford and at Birkenhead, at which places they are killed.

Live cattle from abroad, intended for the London meat market, are, as we have said, landed at Birkenhead and Deptford. Practically, all the cattle arriving at Deptford are from the United States and Canada; none from European ports are admitted at the present time. There is splendid accommodation for the largest steamers at the Deptford jetties, and last year 486 of them discharged cattle there, being an increase of 126 as compared with the previous year. The total number of animals landed at Deptford last year was 237,645—174,843 being beasts, and 62,802 sheep. Immediately on arrival, the cattle are examined by the government inspector to see that they are free from disease, then they are run into sheds, where they remain till their time of pole-axing comes. No animal is allowed to leave Deptford alive; slaughter houses exist here, not in twos and threes, but in whole streets—and all the meat is, of course, sent to London.

Another of the feeders of Smithfield meat market is the Metropolitan cattle market at Holloway. The cattle disposed of here come from all quarters of England, Scotland and Ireland. There are at present, and have been for some time, orders of the board of agriculture in force prohibiting cattle from Canada, the United States and all continental countries, but last year toll was received on 40,822 Canadian and 27,298 United States sheep. The total number of animals entering Holloway market last year was: Beasts, 104,193; sheep, 910,436; calves, 5,207, and pigs, 597. The very small number of pigs is accounted for by the fact that the pig market was closed for the greater portion of the year owing to the prevalence of swine fever.

If London had to depend for its meat supply solely upon the number of live cattle that arrive, its wants would be but inadequately met. Of late years there has sprung up an extraordinary trade in frozen and chilled meats. So far as beef is concerned, America, of course, leads the way, and some idea of the steady growth of this trade, and the proportion which the supplies of American refrigerated beef—which is simply chilled, not frozen, as is generally supposed—bears to the total of supplies of meat of all descriptions which comes into the central meat market, may be gleaned from a statement made by the chairman of the Hammond company. In 1887 the proportion was only 7 per cent.; ten years later it was 9 per cent.; and last year the proportion was 22 per cent. This this means that one joint of beef out of every three consumed in London and immediate district is American refrigerated beef. The quantity of this beef sold in the central meat market for eight months to the end of August last year, exceeded that sold during the corresponding period of the previous year by 24,713,920 pounds. But beef is only one thing. The importations of frozen mutton and lamb during 1894 show the highest aggregates yet reported from New Zealand, Australia and the River Platte, and these classes of meat seem to be steadily increasing in public favor, as they well deserve to do.

Then there is Leadenhall market. No statistics as to the quantity disposed of at this market are available, but of meat alone it is very considerable, and to this have to be added the poultry and the game. Of poultry, W. J. Gordon, in his interesting book on "How London Lives," says the Great Eastern company alone brings to the metropolis over 3,000 tons per annum. Game also arrives in very large quantities and some years ago, according to the same authority, a well-known salesman estimated that there were shipped from Leadenhall alone in twelve months:

Grouse	100,000	Widgeon	70,000
Partridges	175,000	Teal	30,000
Pheasants	70,000	Wild duck	150,000
Snipe	8,000	Small wild birds	150,000
Irish plover	150,000	Larks	400,000
Egyptian quail	30,000		

To these quantities have to be added:

Pigeons	400,000	Hares	100,000
Geese	100,000	Rabbits	1,300,000
Ducks	300,000	Domestic fowls	2,000,000
Turkeys	100,000		

And these do not by any means exhaust the list. The figures and facts stated will, however, give some idea of the enormous quantity of meat and poultry and game that every year finds its way into the capacious maw of hungry London.—Westminster Budget.

Railway Accident Caused by Heat.

A passenger train on the North British railway met with a curious accident which engineers attribute to the intense heat which prevailed on that day. The train when rounding a curve left the rails and ran on the ballast for nearly 400 feet before it could be stopped. This state of thing was brought about by the spreading of the rails from expansion caused by the heat. According to the report the thermometer on that day and at that point registered 128 degrees. The derailing occurred at noon while the track was exposed to the full rays of the sun. The expansion took place within a few hours, as an inspector had passed over the road during the forenoon, and everything appeared to be in the usual condition. As the train approached the spot the engineer saw the rails were badly warped, and although he at once applied the brake, it was too late to stop. The curious feature of the mishap was that the engine remained on the track, having gone safely over the spread rails. In connection with this account comes the statement that the road had not been kept in the very best condition.—N. Y. Ledger.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO.

Education and Industry Doing Much for the Blacks.

The Acquisition of Property Brings to Them an Improved Condition in Public and Private Life.

In February of every year the little town of Tuskegee, in Alabama, beholds a curious spectacle. From every direction and every sort of conveyance, from an ox-cart to a railroad train, representatives of the colored population of the surrounding country gather there to attend the Tuskegee negro conference. Persons of both sexes attend, and neither education nor wealth is necessary to secure admission.

No political purpose prompts the movement. The subject of discussion is the welfare of the negro race, and a desire to cooperate in the work of elevating and expanding the lives of their fellows is the one common motive of those who attend.

In connection with the larger convention, and contemporaneous with it, is the workers' conference, made up of officers and teachers in colored schools. Both gatherings stand for the principle of self-help among the colored people of the south.

Our readers were told some months ago of the various institutions devoted to the education of colored youth, and of the eminently practical character which most of them have taken on. Through these institutions, and through their graduates, a wide and elevating influence has been brought to bear upon the whole race. The Tuskegee conferences grew out of the Tuskegee institute, whose founder and president, Booker T. Washington, is himself a graduate of a similar school at Hampton, in Virginia.

The conferences themselves are but one of many ways in which the influence of such men as President Washington is brought to bear. The credit system, the one-room cabin, the building of schoolhouses and lengthening of the school term, the importance of owning instead of renting a house, the uses of a savings bank—these are among the topics with which the conferences deal.

But the same topics are dealt with in every community where the new spirit has been set at work. They are, in fact, the things that the friends of the race consider everywhere as the things of most immediate importance.

Listlessness in work, a lack of foresight and an indifference to waste are always the characteristics of slave labor. Naturally they did not disappear immediately when the slaves were freed. Mental and physical traits are not easily eradicated, either in the individual or the race; but bad habits and thoughtlessness are gradually yielding to the influences of new conditions and the leaven of new ideas. The returns of the census show that the negro is acquiring property. The Atlanta exposition revealed something of the skill and intelligence which he is adding to his natural capacity for physical labor.

There is every indication that industrial progress is not unaccompanied with moral progress also. Only very gradually could the old habits of thought and life be shaken off. Poverty, not necessarily inimical to morality, tended to perpetuate an instinct of blind submission inconsistent with an erect manhood. The acquisition of property brings with it a certain self-respect and the feeling of responsibility.

The awakening of the blacks to the possibilities and the duties of their new life is not a menace to the still dominant whites. The practical disappearance of the race question from national politics is a hopeful sign. Other indications are not wanting of a better feeling between those who were masters and those who were slaves in the times that seem so much more remote than the tale of years would indicate. Surely an increase of intelligence will help the negro to find his place in the great future of the south. Whatever the solution of the race problem may be, ignorance and immorality cannot aid us in finding it.—Youth's Companion.

BARBERS IN AUSTRIA.

They Must Serve in All Cases a Three-Years' Apprenticeship.

The Austrians take no chances with their barbers, says the New York World. They must be good, and the Barbers' and Wigmakers' union of Vienna sees to it that they are. Provision is also made in their code for women barbers who desire to carry on the business of of their husbands in case of the latter's death or illness.

But in order to do this the wife must have been enrolled in the union as an apprentice for three years. Apprentices, by the rules of the union, must appear in Vienna in the presence of judges of the union and show their skill before they are allowed to open shops of their own.

A properly certified barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair-cutting, hair-curling and wig-making, and during the period before the issuance of a certificate the poor and others who are frugal serve as subjects for experiment.

At the examination the young men have their razors defied by four strokes in a pitch plank, and they must then sharpen them. A subject is assigned to each, who must be tonsorially perfect. In the opinion of the judges, when the apprentice has relieved him.

After this a certificate is issued and the apprentice serves two years as a journeyman before he may open a shop as an employer. The average age of apprentices when they begin to learn their trade is 13 years.

What an Expert Says of Insomnia.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solicitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a doze of a fraction of a second after each beat, and so manages to get six hours rest in 24. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain sections going off duty in turn.

Gave the Servants Away.

A parrot in a certain family was usually kept in the dining-room with the family, but during the winter was removed to the kitchen for greater warmth. When the winter was past it again made its appearance among the family, whom it amused with the new remarks it had picked up in the kitchen. On one occasion, when the bell had been rung for something, the parrot was heard remarking from his cage: "Let 'em ring again!"

Something for the Boy.

Office Boy—Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?

Boss—Oh, yes; a few errands to do.—

Cancer Of the Brea

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Ke Memphis, Tenn., says that his paid no attention to a small lump appeared in her breast, but it veloped into a cancer of the and notwithstanding the treatm the best physicians, it contin spread and grow rapidly, eat holes in her breast. The soon pron her incurab celebrated New specialist then ed her, but kin tinued to grow and when told that both her and grandmo died from canc gave the case hopeless.

Someone th commended and though little hope remained begun it, and an improvement w ticed. The cancer commenced to h when she had taken several bo disappeared entirely, and althoug eral years have elapsed, not a the disease has ever returned.

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