What Was Needed.

"My friend," said the perspiring chauffeur, whose tonneau had broken down on the pike, "can you tell me how far it is from here to Three Oaks?"

"Thirty miles as the crow flies," responded the sun-tanned farmer.

"Thank you. And now will you please hand them over?"

"Hand what over, stranger?"

"Why, a pair of crow's wings."

Had a Lucky Escape.

Mrs. Shrewsbury—That man who just passed us was Mr. Batcheller. I haven't seen him since we were married. He proposed to me once. You should have seen the look he gave you.

Mr. Shrewsbury—That so? Gloated, did he?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Information Wanted.

Uppson — Yes, me dear boy, I am very proud of me family tree, doncher know.

Downing—Do you ever whitewash it?

Uppson—Whitewash it! What for?

Downing—To keep the insects off, doncher know?

P. N. U. No. 4 —1905

WAS A VERY ASTUTE LION.

Ate Superiors of Kind Lieutenant, Who Thereby Became a Colonel.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, was laughing about the story, widely published not long since, of a wild duck that got a salt water mussel on its tongue and had intelligence enough to fly from the salt to the fresh water, where it dipped the mussel, sickening it through osmosis, and thus causing it to loosen its firm grip.

"I believe that story of the duck that understood the theory of osmosis," said Mr. Burroughs. "I believe it as implicitly as I believe the story of the crippled lion and the young lieutenant.

"Perhaps you have heard this story? No? Well, then:

"A young lieutenant, during an African campaign, came one day upon a badly crippled lion. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three paws, holding its fourth paw in the air. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw.

"When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But the beast meant no harm. It drew close to him; it rubbed against him with soft, feline purrs; it extended its hurt paw.

"The lieutenant examined the paw, and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion roaring with pain, and he bound up the wound with his handkerchief. Then, with every manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew.

"But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man.

"This lion ran over the regiment's list of officers, and ate all who were the lieutenant's superior in rank. Thus, in a few weeks, the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a colonel."

Still Solvent.

The departing American who stood on the dock at Liverpool and announced, "If there's any man, woman or child in the British Isles or on the continent of Europe that hasn't received a fee, let me know it now," was not alone in his consciousness of being "done."

The Washington Post tells of a gentleman who went to pay his bill at a fashionable Florida hotel, and received a statement which showed him to be indebted to the house to the extent of a hundred and twenty-four dollars. He had been there but four days, and the estimate seemed to him a little extreme.

However, he did not flinch. Taking out a huge roll of bills, he extended it to the cashier and said, "Guess again. I've got more money than that."

Prof. L. H. Bailey, director of the New York state school of agriculture at Cornell, is writing several articles which are soon to appear in The Century on the subject of the young man and the farm. He will tell why he thinks the young man now leaves the farm, and he will show how the farm can be made more attractive and better worth the young man's while.

Diamond Expert.

First Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but I understand you are a good judge of diamonds.

Second Stranger—That's right.

First Stranger—Would you mind giving me your opinion of the stone in this ring?

Second Stranger—Don't know anything about stones; I'm a baseball umpire. See?

A Great Light Breaks.

Proser—"Your friend Barrett is dead."

Poet—"Impossible! Why, I was at his rooms last night reading my latest poem to him."

Proser—"Come along with me to the inquest, then. The coroner is still in the dark as to what caused that sudden relapse."—Cleveland Leader.

Corn Bread.

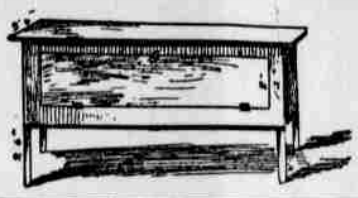
One-half cupful of flour, one cupful of cornmeal (yellow), one rounded tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Have ready one tablespoonful of melted butter and one egg, well beaten. Add to the dry mixture one cupful of milk, the egg and butter and beat all until well mixed. Turn into a well greased shallow pan and bake about twenty minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot.

Apple Butter.

Boil cider down until it has lost one-third of its original quantity. Turn into this as many peeled and sliced apples as the liquid will cover and simmer, stirring often, until the fruit is very tender. When this time comes strain out the apples, add more, and cook in the same way until all the cider is used up. Pack the mixture into a stone crock and leave for twelve hours, then return to the fire and boil to a soft brown mass. Pack in a stone crock.

Handy Kitchen Table.

The door falls on two hinges, having the button to hold it to when shut.



Line table inside with paper, and you have a nice, handy safe or press for meat, pies, cakes or anything you should like it for. My table being of good height and so solid, makes it very comfortable to iron on. I never use anything else.—Mrs. Loyl Johnson.

Orange Egg Pudding.

Peel and slice a half dozen oranges and set aside, with a cupful of sugar over them; in a mixing bowl pour the whites of six eggs; beat until stiff, add a pint of thick cream previously whipped and two teaspoonfuls of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little cold water; set this mixture away to cool, and, when partially hardened, stir in the orange and sugar very lightly and pack in a mould. Serve cold.

Clam Broth.

Procure three dozen Little Necks in the shell, wash them well in cold water, put them in a saucepan, cover with a quart of hot water, boil fifteen minutes and drain. Remove the shells, chop up the clams and add them to the hot broth with a pat of butter. Salt if necessary and add a little cayenne. Boil ten minutes and serve hot or cold in cups with toast or crackers.

Potted Herring.

Take a dozen herrings, remove the heads and tails, clean and dry, then sprinkle with salt and pepper inside and out, put them in a dish, lay the roes inside them, and cover them with good white vinegar, and bake for two hours in a moderate oven. Then remove from the dish, pound them in a mortar, and press into pots. Pour clarified butter on the top.

Pear Tapioca Pudding.

One cupful of pearled tapioca and three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. Soak the tapioca over night; in the morning add the sugar and a pinch of salt. Pare and quarter enough ripe pears to cover the bottom of the pudding dish; pour the tapioca over and cook until the pears are done. Serve with cream.

Pineapple Tapioca.

Four tablespoons of pearl tapioca, one pint of shredded preserved pineapple. Simmer the tapioca until clear but not entirely dissolved. Stir the pineapple into the tapioca. If not sweet enough add sugar. Serve with clear or whipped cream. This makes a very inexpensive and dainty dessert.

Grape Marmalade.

Remove the stems from ripe grapes and pulp the grapes. To each half pint of pulp allow a cup of granulated sugar. Boil the pulp until tender, then rub through a fine colander to extract the seeds. Put the pulp, the skins and the sugar in a kettle and boil until thick, then put in jars and seal.

Mock Oysters or Corn Patties.

Mix half a pint of grated or shaved green corn with three tablespoons of milk, one teacup of flour, one-half teacup of melted butter, one egg. Salt and pepper to taste. Bake quickly as griddle cakes.

For the Salt Cellars.

Put a few grains of rice in the salt cellars to keep the salt from caking. As the cellar is shaken the rice will keep the salt moving.

Tickled Him.

The major found Remus sprawled out in the blazing sunshine.

"You don't seem to mind the heat, Remus?"

"No, sah; et jes' suits me. De hottah et is de sweetah de melon grow."

"But don't your garden suffer?"

"Nuffin' in deh now, sah, but tatehs. Like to see et so hot det dey'd roast right in de ground en den Ah wouldn't hab de trouble ob buildin' a fiah to cook dem."

A Delphic Utterance.

As capable of varied interpretation as the utterances of the ancient oracles was the speech made by a Swiss mountaineer who accompanied the Stutfield and Collie exploring expedition through the Canadian Rockies.

They found it necessary to ford Bear creek, and Hans did not enjoy it, although he faced it with exemplary fortitude. Once safely across, he turned and surveyed the stream gravely.

"Several times you cross it," he said, enigmatically, "but yet once is the last time."

A Pertinent Question.

A Chinaman was one day walking along a street in Glasgow when a dog ran up to him and began barking. He became greatly alarmed and dodged about all over the place to avoid it. A benevolent gentleman who happened to be passing at the time saw the trouble he was in and immediately went up to him, and, putting him on the shoulder, said, in a pacifying tone:

"Come, come, my friend, you mustn't be afraid. The dog won't harm you. Don't you know the old proverb that barking dogs never bite. You surely—"

"That's all velly well," replied the Chinaman; "you knowee proverb, and me knowee proverb, but does the dog knowee proverb?"

A Woman's Opinion.

"She says her husband's behavior is due to the fact that he is insanely jealous because of her beauty."

"I'm sorry for her lawyer."

"Why?"

"Because the jury will give a verdict for her husband as soon as they see her."—Cleveland Leader.

That Deadly Hatpin.

That deadly implement, the hatpin of modern times, is a descendant of an equally formidable toilet article used by Roman women.

The Aspasias and Julias and Claudias who decked themselves a couple of thousand years or more ago, to the undoing of the particular Balbus or Marcus they desired to fascinate, wore bone hairpins of prodigious length. Yet, like the women of this present time, they seem to have experienced the same difficulty in keeping them in place. This fact came to light during excavations at Silchester, in England, a hundred or so of these bone hairpins being found in the Roman bath, collected, maybe, by the bath attendant, to prove all these centuries later that there is nothing new under the sun, and that in all ages the same little foibles have been possessed by women.