YORKSHIRE PIES.

Here Is the Way They Were Made In the Olden Days.

The delicacy of the Yorkshire pies of olden days may be judged by the following recipe from an old fashioned cookery book: "First make a good standing crust, let the wall and bottom be very thick; bone a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge and a pigeon; season them all very well; take half an ounce of macé, half an ounce of nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and half an ounce of black pepper, all beat fine together; two large spoonfuls of salt, and then mix them together. Open the fowls all down the back and bone them, first the pigeon, then the partridge; cover them; then the fowl, then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready cased and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces—that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; on the other side woodcock, more game and what sort of wild fowl you can get. Season them well and lay them close; put at least four pounds of butter into the pie, then lay on your lid, which must be a very thick one, and let it be well baked. It must have a very hot oven and will take at least four hours." It is not surprising to find that a footnote adds that the crust requires a bushel of flour.—Chambers' Journal.

A CLEVER REPORTER.

He Got the Interview Word For Word and Took No Notes.

Interviewer—I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the school.

Mr. Swelhead—Curriculum! What's that mean? I'm against it, whatever it is.

Mr. Swelhead (reading the report of the interview in the next morning's paper)—"Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelhead, was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indications of ripe scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our representative's questions he said, 'I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public, but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining upon the curriculas of institutions of learning, both at home and abroad, and, although I found in the existing course of study not a few matters for condemnation, still I cannot say that I should advise any radical change until I have further time to examine into the subject.'" By George, that fellow's got my exact language word for word. And he didn't take notes neither. Jiminy, but what a memory that fellow must have!—London Telegraph.

A London Lad's Prayer.

W. Pett Ridge, a London writer, made a London boy in one of his stories offer the following rather original prayer: "Lord, wilt thou 'ave the kindness to make me grow strong and tall and with plenty to say for meself, and wilt thou do this as soon as thou can find time, so's to save me expense and waste of money that might be used in other ways—say for a cricket bat? Believe me, Lord, thy obedient servant, A. Martin."

He rose. He was halfway into his blue flannel bed gown when an important idea occurred to him, and he knelt down again quickly.

"Should 'ave mentioned," he whispered, "Elfred Martin of 53 Cawstle street, jest over Surrey side of South-'ark bridge."

Water Transportation Cheap.

Any class of water transportation is incomparably cheaper than land transportation, unless something better than the modern railroad is invented. For this reason the greater part of our domestic or inland tonnage has been and is carried by water and not by rail. For that reason the railways own the largest steamers on the lakes. The wheat trade was lost to the Mississippi, not by competition, but because the railroads did not bring it there. The Mississippi above Cairo is decadent, not for lack of ability to compete, but for lack of commerce, which is to say accessibility by means of its own tributaries.—Charles D. Stewart in Century.

Nothing Doing.

The musician was visibly annoyed.

"But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word—not a word!"

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper under $2 a line, you come around and let me know."—Los Angeles Times.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your honor," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a ten dollar fine morning."

Golden Measure.

"In Australia," bragged the native of that country, "you can pick up gold by the pint."

"It comes in quartz in America," retorted the quick witted nephew of Uncle Sam.—Pittsburg Post.

The Value of Ridicule.

"A man," said Dr. Johnson, "should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means anything ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view and corrected."

A Tough Contract.

"Well, Caleb," said Captain W. of Massachusetts years ago, "what will you ask a day to saw wood for me? I've got several cords that I want sawed in two for the fireplace."

"I should charge you about half a dollar a day if I had a saw," replied Caleb, "but I ain't got none, captain, so I don't see how I can accommodate you."

"If that's all that's lacking I guess we can manage it," said the captain. "I've got a prime new one, keen as a brier, and I'll let it to you reasonable. How would ninepence (12½ cents) a cord do for the use of it?"

"I reckon that's a fair price, captain. I'll be over in the mornin'."

Bright and early that next July morning Caleb was at work, and he kept at it so faithfully that he finished before sunset, when he went to the house to settle.

"Let's see," said the captain, "you were to have half a dollar a day. We'll call it a day, although it ain't sundown yet. That's 50 cents for you, and you were to pay me ninepence a cord for the use of the saw. There were three cords and a half in the pile. That makes 43¾ cents due me. Somehow, Caleb, you don't have very much coming to you."

"How unfortnit," said Caleb after scratching his head dubiously for half a minute and then looking up quickly, as if a new light had broken in upon his mind—"how unfortnit that you didn't have half a cord more, for then we'd 'a' come out jest square."

The First House of Commons.

The earliest traces of the English house of commons are found in the year 1265. That year Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, caused writs to be issued in the king's name requiring each sheriff of a county to return to a parliament which he proposed to hold two knights for the shire under his jurisdiction, two citizens for each city within its limits and two burgesses for each borough. The parliament thus called met in London on Jan. 22, 1265, and was practically the first in which the people, as distinguished from the nobility and aristocracy, had ever participated. It was not until the revolution of 1688, however, that the people were fairly and squarely represented in parliament. The house of commons is today the supreme power in England. Its will is law, the lords and king being, as Walter Bagehot long ago declared, men "ornamental." The power of the crown in England is merely nominal, as is that also of the house of lords. When the people speak out loudly through their house of commons, that as a general rule settles it.

Too Impulsive.

A man who had figured in two street car accidents made an attempt after his second recovery to renew his accident insurance policy. The company refused to insure him again.

"We can't afford to," said the agent, "on account of your habits."

"My habits?" explained the man. "What's the matter with my habits? I don't drink or anything like that."

"No," said the agent, "perhaps not, but you do something just as bad from our standpoint. You are impulsive, you take unnecessary chances in crossing streets, and, what is worst of all, you get off a car backward. We know, for we have watched you. So far as this company is concerned, no more insurance can be issued to a man who habitually leaves the car crab fashion. The liability to accident is too great."—New York Post.

Bamboo Pole Pails.

The Moros, who live in the thatched houses built along the shore of a lake or river, have a curious way of conveying water from the lake or river to their Filipino kitchens. They use large bamboo sticks from which have been removed all the partitions characteristic of the bamboo, leaving only one at the bottom. The bamboo trunk is thus made to serve the purpose of a bucket. It is like a long narrow pail and holds several gallons of water, for the bamboo trunk is quite thick. The Moro women are the water carriers, as this is a part of the household duties which naturally fall to them. They grind the rice and other grain in a large hollowed out log, using a heavy pole to crush the kernels.—New York Herald.

Effective Reflecting.

"It is so sudden!" exclaimed the fair haired girl, who had just received a proposal to merge her identity in that of a would be protector. "You must give me time to reflect."

"No, no!" retorted the diplomatic young man. "One whose dazzling beauty makes a mirror ashamed of itself should never go into the reflecting business. Let this solitaire diamond do the reflecting."

And the records of the license clerk show that it was even so.

The Pessimistic Poet.

The rose that smells the sweetest is the first to fade. The boy who runs the fastest is the one to soonest jade. The brightest of the evenings has the gloomiest of dawns. The man with the biggest yard must cut the biggest lawns.—Albany Ledger.

The Chaser.

His Wife—George, I heard you and Mr. Fullup talking about a "chaser" a little while ago. A chaser is an animal of some kind, isn't it?

Mr. Drysome—Yes. It's a kind of—er—water animal.—Exchange.

Then There Was Trouble.

Young Wife—Today is the anniversary of our wedding. I shall have one of the chickens killed in honor of the occasion. Her Husband—Oh, leave it alone. It wasn't the chicken's fault!

Public Library

The Free Public Library is open every evening from 6:30 to 10 o'clock; and Saturday and Sunday afternoons from 2 to 5:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all. †