

Molasses Going Out.

"The old fashioned molasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce," said a prominent grocer, "and in its place have come a number of sirups, which are more costly and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in having 'lasses on their bread.' Most of the molasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England states and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquor in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. The dark brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are never likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf, cube and crushed and differs from them only in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some molasses in them.

"Housekeepers have difficulty these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more it may be well for them to remember that they can simulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household recipes that call for brown sugar as the article itself, and, besides, it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market."—Washington Star.

This Setter Hunts Frogs.

"Talk about your dog stories," said a prominent sporting man the other day. "I saw something out at Cutoff lake which beat anything I ever heard of. I was out there hunting snipe and saw a man riding around on horseback, and in front of him was circling an Irish setter. As the fellow did not have any gun, my curiosity was aroused to know what he was doing, but I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand, and the horseman proceeded to jab a pole he was carrying down into the ground, and, bringing it up, took something off the end of it. My curiosity was greater than ever, and, circling around, I came up with the horseman and asked him what he was doing.

"Hunting frogs," was the reply.

"What is the dog doing?" said I.

"Hunting frogs," was the laconic answer.

"You don't mean to tell me that the dog will set the frogs, do you?"

"I don't mean anything else."

"A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had seen his master hunting around in the grass for frogs and spearing them and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was a thoroughly trained hunter of birds, and he soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observations of his movements confirmed the statements."—Omaha Bee.

This Man Could Split Hairs.

Lucius Poole, whose den in Spring-field street, Boston, is famous among antiquarians, can do more wonderful things with a sheet of paper than any one else in America—perhaps in the world. Not only can he dovetail, skive, splice and infay, but he can split. That is the most difficult achievement in the whole art of book patching. Mr. Poole will take a leaf from any of the current magazines and slice it three times through its entire length and width, thereby making four sheets instead of one, each of just one-quarter the thickness of the original. Splitting hairs is rough work beside a job like that.

One of Mr. Poole's tricks is to cut an imperfect picture from a page and then insert one in its stead so deftly that only the closest scrutiny will discover that a fiber has been disturbed. Another is to "plant" a photograph on the page of a book so that one cannot tell that it was not printed there originally.

When Mr. Poole is asked to tell how he performs his feats, he says: "Oh, it's just by work, partly natural and partly acquired. It would take a year to explain the details."—New York Press.

A Gymnastic Fig.

A Kentucky pig has suddenly developed a genius for gymnastics and engineering which eclipse the proudest previous achievements of his race. This eminent pig was recently placed by his owner in a pasture surrounded by a high wall and ornamented by elm trees festooned with wild grapevines. The walls, however, could not confine his bold and vagrant spirit. Selecting a tree standing near the western wall of the pasture, he carefully bit loose the lower end of a stout grapevine, which was attached by its tendrils to a limb on a tree, and, taking this improvised rope in his mouth, swung himself in the air until he gathered an impetus which sent him entirely over the wall and landed him in the next field.

Though often recaptured, he has constantly repeated this extraordinary feat, and his intelligent owner, instead of cutting down his elm trees to restrain his pig's wandering propensity, has decided to educate him for the trapeze business.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Primitive Wales.

It is an interesting fact, and one showing how little have been the surface changes wrought in agricultural Wales, that a well defined Roman road exists to this day in the very heart of Llandrindod and, with a few breaks, can be traced to the outskirts of Magos, a couple of miles away.

Boarding School Food.

In The Martian, Du Maurier tells of the sort of food supplied at French boarding schools, and by no means overrates its superior excellence. In no other country outside of France does the nutrition of growing youth receive higher consideration. If the meals served at schools there be compared with those given at similar institutions in England, the merit of the French system will be apparent. The simple first breakfast of coffee and rolls, the second consisting of hors d'oeuvres, a dish of meat or fish, one vegetable, salad and a sweet, and the dinner at 6 o'clock of similar composition, with the addition of soup, supply just what is needed to encourage mental effort and satisfy physical well being. In England an entirely different system is in vogue. Breakfast at an English boarding school is a substantial meal, served at 7 o'clock. In most cases it consists of fish, ham or bacon, eggs and porridge three or four times a week, with plenty of milk and sugar. Dinner at 1 o'clock is a most solid repast, lacking, however, in a sufficiency of green vegetables. Supper at 6 o'clock is mainly farinaceous. It consists of tea, bread and butter. Dr. Savory, medical officer of Haileybury college, in England, in a paper treating of this subject, says that it is the complaint of English teachers that the work done by schoolboys after dinner is not of much use.

The doctor thinks that it is unfortunate that they cannot have a half holiday every day to digest their dinner. He would also allow a glass of mild beer. He found that about one boy in four drank two glasses of it in summer. He thinks it unwise to absolutely forbid alcohol, as a boy always craves that which is forbidden. At French boarding schools the pupils drink light claret mixed with water at every meal except the first, breakfast. The nutrition of French schoolboys is thoroughly adapted to their habits and environment. The English in feeding theirs believe in diet in food as more conducive to digestion and the demands of intense muscular effort exacted by the athletic exercises in which they indulge.—New York Sun.

Du Maurier and Morris.

One of the most extraordinary parallels in chronology is the almost exact coincidence of the time spent in the world by two men who had so much to do with the molding of the literature and art of their day as George Du Maurier and William Morris. Du Maurier, the elder of the two, was born exactly 16 days before Morris, on March 6, 1834, and he died but four days after him; so that these two great men, who lived more than 62 years, were on the earth for exactly the same time, with the exception of less than three weeks, both being born in March, 1834, and dying in October, 1896. Similarly, both Sir John Millais and the archbishop of Canterbury, who have died within a month or two of each other, were born in 1829. It is one of the most striking events in the long history of the archbishops of Canterbury that the late archbishop, who was one of Mr. Gladstone's appointments and afterward diverged from him in political opinions, should have been stricken while sitting in the squire's pew of his old friend at Hawarden. It is a most merciful thing that Mr. Gladstone did not happen to be in church. To a man of his years the shock must have been most dangerous. What an archbishop of Canterbury Mr. Gladstone would have made himself! He would have rivaled even Dunstan or Becket and not improbably proved the greatest prelate of them all.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Care For Your Shoes.

Never try to wear a shoe too small or that does not fit when you first put it on. There is no misery more nearly distracting than a shoe that hurts the foot.

Never let your shoes get hard and dry. Don't let them run over. Don't let the heels run down. Don't dry a wet shoe till you have rubbed it well with a flannel cloth and then with vaseline. Never put near the stove. Half a peck of oats, kept in a small box, will be the very cheapest and best foot form for wet shoe. Fill the shoe and shake the oats down, after having rubbed and oiled it, and set in a dry place to dry gradually. When dry, pour the oats back for further use. Do not "black upon blacking" more than a week at a time. Take a wet rag and wash the shoe at least once a week and oil overnight to keep in good condition. Never handle patent leather until you have warmed it. Never wear rubbers with good shoes. Put on old shoes in wet weather. There is no part of the apparel of a lady or a gentleman which should be more scrupulously neat or that is so often scandalously neglected.

He Was Anxious.

"Your wife's just met with an accident, Wilkins," said a man who rushed into the grocery. "She ran over a dog while riding her bicycle, and they've carried her to the hospital."

The man sitting on the cracker barrel rose to his feet excitedly, and his face turned pale. "Did you notice," he asked in a trembling voice, "whether it was a liver colored dog, with two white spots on his fore shoulder, or not?"—Detroit Free Press.

Beards.

The plays, poems and treatises of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I are full of amusing allusions to the variety of fashions in beards. We learn from them the various styles that were adopted by different wearers, such as the French, Spanish, Dutch and Italian cuts, the new, old, gentlemen's, common, court and country cuts.

When I write a poem, I am so excited, so carried away from the world, that I seem a stranger to myself.—Johanna Ambrosius.

In England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers.

Poisoning From Honey.

The old saying that every sweet has its bitter might be accentuated by the statement that honey sometimes contains the most active and dangerous poison. A case in point is related in a medical review as follows: A man and his wife ate honey. They took but a little, as they observed a burning sensation of the mouth and throat as soon as the honey was swallowed. Within a few minutes both were taken ill. They were nauseous, severe pain and vomiting then a loss of consciousness, coldness of the extremities, feeble action of the heart and collapse. No pulse could be detected. The wife remained insensible for several hours, but the husband was not entirely restored until the following day. Even then strength returned very slowly, and there was every indication of extreme exhaustion. A portion of the honey was treated chemically, and an extract was given to two cats; to one a small dose and to the other a large dose was administered.

The small one produced partial exhaustion, relaxation of the voluntary muscles and general depression. The large one took effect almost immediately, producing relaxation, vomiting, purging, prostration and almost complete loss of control over the voluntary muscles. The cat did not regain its normal condition for 24 hours.

A fairly thorough examination of the honey was made in order, if possible, to discover the nature of the poisonous element. No positive conclusion was arrived at, but the chemists were reasonably satisfied that the rhododendron and a few other plants of that class contained the objectionable substance. It is also stated that plants belonging to the heath family have been by botanists looked upon with apprehension, for the reason that they have been suspected of harboring the toxic qualities which accounted for the cases of honey poisoning.—New York Ledger.

With Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In 1791 an officer who had served with Burgoyne wrote a volume, which he called "Travels Through the Interior Parts of America, In a Series of Letters." The writer was Thomas Anbrey, captain of the Twenty-ninth regiment, who was with Burgoyne at his surrender. In Macmillan's Magazine there is an excellent notice of Captain Anbrey's work, and the condition of the English soldiers is thus explained:

Burgoyne's army was steadily diminishing, while the cords round it were surely tightening. All day and night from the surrounding woods whistled the bullets of the American riflemen.

The soldiers were so inured to fire, we are told, that they ate and slept under it with scarcely any concern, while, to add terrors to the night, came the dreary howl of wolves, attracted by hundreds to such an unwonted banquet.

The American sharpshooters were naturally in their element upon the steep sides of the wooded ravines that formed such a feature in every battle and skirmish.

The longed for bayonet hung in idleness from the belts of the British infantry—there was no room or place for it.

The soldiers had nothing but discipline and their native valor to make up for their immense inferiority in the use of the rifle to most of their foes, nor do we require Anbrey's testimony to realize what a hopeless country was this in which Burgoyne's army now found themselves for the conduct of warfare upon European systems. For ourselves, we have always marveled at the fashion in which the British soldier of that day, half starved and ridiculously clothed, fought his way through superior numbers of his own race as well armed as he, better marksmen and familiar with the wild woods which to him must have been strange and terrible.

The "Ears" of Insects.

The naturalists have not as yet been able to answer the burning question, Can bees hear? But their researches along that line have resulted in many queer discoveries. Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of his head it is no sign whatever that he is wholly without some sort of an auditory nerve.

This last assertion is proved by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts and flies all have their ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does this by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads which occupy the place which are taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug or shell-less snail has his organs of hearing situated on each side of his neck, and the common grasshopper has them on each of his broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the bases of the wings, and in others on the bottom of the feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Great Drunkards.

The question as to whether great men are ever drunkards must be answered in the affirmative, though argument is frequently made to the contrary. Cato was a hard drinker, while, in the language of one writer, old Ben Jonson was constantly "pickled." The poet Savage used to go on the hardest kinds of "tears," and Rogers observed, after seeing his own statue, "It is the first time I have seen him stand straight for many years." Byron says of Porson, the great classical scholar, "I can never recollect him except drunk or brutal, and generally both." Keats was on a spree once that lasted six months. Horace, Plato, Aristophanes, Euripides, Alcaeus, Socrates and Tasso of the old timers and Goethe, Schiller, Addison, Pitt, Fox, Blackstone, Fielding, Sterne and Steele were all hard drinkers at intervals.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

His Mental Burdens.

"Where do we go tonight, Henry?" "I don't know, Agnes. I've had something awful on my mind all day, but I can't remember whether it is a progressive or ejective party or the Browning class."—Chicago Record.

Little Sister of the Nation.

One of the most interesting personalities which the national congress of mothers brought to New York recently was that of Miss Janet Richards of Washington. Little Sister of the Nation would far more accurately describe Miss Richards' peculiar form of activity. Her special province is what she calls "Hilltop Talks of the World."

It is not in the sense of mothering her listeners that she talks; it is merely as an enthusiastic leader, in a mental jaunt over our civilization, noting salient facts. "All questions of international conflict are primarily questions of geography" is her maxim. Congressional affairs come under her broad review, and senators' wives are of those who peep at congress through the medium of her bright discourse.

When Li Hung Chang consented to receive Miss Richards and, after his habit,

exhibited a determination to interview rather than be interviewed, the clever little woman aroused his curiosity by offering to tell him why so many American women remained unmarried.

"Why?" demanded his Chinese highness.

"For one reason," replied Miss Richards, "they have so many other resources. But the main cause is that they are rarely asked to marry by men who are their equals in intelligence."

And the earl pondered afresh on the many sided American woman.—New York World.

Dress Interlinings.

The general tendency is to discard all stiff interlinings on the newest gowns. This does very well where one can afford a crisp taffeta silk lining in each new dress, but when this is not possible not a few women are protesting against the use of nothing but a soft finished percale lining, with no sort of interlining added even as a facing. They argue, and justly so, that a skirt so finished has a lank, unstylish appearance (especially if of soft wool fabric) after the so recent vogue of interlined, undulating skirts with a crisp flare and a certain cachet wholly absent in a soft lined model whose folds or breadths fall limp around the feet like those of a Quakeress. There are a number of fashionable modistes who have come to the rescue in this matter. They make an underskirt nearly as long as the dress skirt, employing crinoline, haircloth, moreen, etc., as may be preferred, for the foundation. This skirt can be covered with silk of some dark shade and if well cared for will last a long time.

This skirt is gored on the front and sides, with a deep flounce at the bottom, and the three or four Shirred or box plaited ruffles at the back are run through the inch wide hem at their edges with a single band of feather bone. Worn under the dress, all the slightly flaring effect of an interlined skirt is given.—New York Post.

Sprees at a Church Festival.

It is a custom of the country in Germany to get drunk at the consecration of a new church. This custom has been regarded as unlovely and un-Christian by many influential Germans of the new school, most notably by Emperor William II, but still it remains unreformed, and the comic weeklies do not tire of depicting the scenes in and out of the police court that follow the consecration sprees and fights. Some time ago the festival of a new church was celebrated in Oberringelheim, in the Rhine country. In anticipation of the usual trade in exhilarating liquors a saloon keeper who does business near the sacred edifice advertised thus in the Rhineholder Observer:

Jacob Muller herewith pledges himself for a subscription price of 3 marks (75 cents) to serve every one of his guests with as much wine as he can drink on the occasion of the church consecration.

Inviting my friends and patrons to visit me in response to this request, I remain respectfully yours,

JACOB MULLER.

Within an hour after the newspaper containing this advertisement appeared 89 citizens of little Oberringelheim bought subscription tickets from Muller. At the current price of ordinary loose wine in the Rhine country each of the 89 and their colleagues in this speculation had to drink 16 large glasses before he could begin to benefit by the subscription tariff.—New York Sun.

My Sin.

Stand in the public thoroughfares gazing at anything real or imaginary, and the dozens who gather round you will multiply soon into hundreds, and, if you stick to it, perhaps thousands. A crowd as big as the street could hold encircled a sign painter the other day. They rallied in curious excitement and dispersed in disappointed disgust.

"My Sin," in huge, flaming letters, was what the painter had already printed. If ever a crowd was bent on anything, it was on the discovery of what that sin was. They asked each other what it might be and hazarded guesses, while the man laid by his red paint pot and brought forth green instead.

What would the next word be?

The crowd grew so excited that they called to the man, "What is it?" "Tell us," "Go on," "Hurry," "Paint quick if you won't talk," until it seemed that the man had had enough.

He printed out in small green letters, added to the gigantic "Sin" the syllable "gle," and when the sign was complete it read, "My single aim is to sell at nominal profit."—Pearson's Weekly.

A bad case of rheumatism cured with 75 cents. Mr. Aug. Schenke, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Last week I had a very bad attack of rheumatism. Used three bottles of Samative Wash to cure me."

Mrs. VANNATTA, 3827 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Julian Hawthorne.

Julian Hawthorne is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in 1846, but he does not show his 50 years. When he was a boy of 7, some lady's remark on the fact that he was "weak chested" stung him, and he determined to make that comment impossible in the future. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that while he was in college his chest measure was 48 inches, and it is well known that the late John C. Heenan, the pugilist, advised the young man to enter the prize ring.

Encouraging.

She—Will you tell me a secret? He—Why? She—They say I can't keep one, and I want to try.—Pick