



NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Oh, mother, take the plaques away. And put them out of sight. For I am tickled most to death. I cannot paint to-night. I'll tell you all about it if you'll listen, mother dear. So come and sit beside me on my little hassock here.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

Engineer Jim Tells of the Express Messenger's Fidelity.

We were sitting in the sun on the south side of the Montana depot, in Butte, when Jim told the story. There was a tremor in his voice and a moisture in his eyes that marked how deeply his feelings were moved by the tale a chance remark led him to tell.

He had been leaning forward, resting his elbows on his knees and supporting his chin with the palms of his hands. Now he sat bolt upright; his eyes flashed and his whole manner seemed to indicate that his brain was conceiving a flood of eloquence his tongue could not fashion into words.

"Hold up," said he. "I never was in but one, and never hear of one that doesn't call up the ghost of poor Charlie White to haunt me. Charlie was an express guard in the early days. A pluckier little man never breathed. He had been a telegraph operator in 'Frisco before he got on our run, and I knew him first rate. Knew his wife, too, for he was married—a little pink and white wax-doll sort of woman who looked like a saint. We had long runs in those days. Our division—Charlie changed with me—extended from 'Frisco to H—' (I've forgotten the station named by Jim.)

"One afternoon—we left at 2:30—as we were pulling out of the depot at 'Frisco' I got the bell. As I brought her to a stand I saw the Wells-Fargo man run up to the express car and hand Charlie a square tin box with a grip handle. Looking back as she got her head again I saw the express agent make a motion to Charlie. Leaning half out the door Charlie slapped his belt and smiled.

"Just beyond them I saw something else—two rough-looking, bearded men, swinging up one after another on the rear platform of the last car. Then I thought nothing of it; afterward I knew they had been shadowing the express agent.

"All afternoon I had an uneasy feeling. Every engineer is a bit superstitious, I suppose, and I remember that I wondered if my uneasiness wasn't a premonition of bad luck. We ran along without mishap during the early evening, but when we stopped to take water about nine o'clock I caught sight of a dark figure stealing along in the shadow of the express.

"I called to Tom, my fireman, to see who it was, but when he turned it was gone. This didn't bother me much at the time; it might have been a brakie or the conductor, but I hadn't noticed any lantern.

"While we were tearing away again at a pretty good pace I suddenly caught a clicking sound like the putting on of brakes. It was a trifle up grade at that point and I hadn't called for 'em. Telling Tom to keep going as she was, I climbed back over the tender to see what was the matter.

"Just as I got to the rear I noticed a widening gap between the tender and the express and realized that we were unoccupied and that the bell rope had been cut; at the same time I saw one of the bearded men standing at the brake wheel of the express. He had me covered with a six-shooter.

"As I clambered back to the cab I heard a shot; then half a dozen of them in quick succession. 'Road agent!' Tom yelled in my ear as I took the lever. I brought her up as quick as I could and held her ready to run forward or backward as circumstances might decide.

"The train had almost come to a standstill, when I saw a gleam of light through the night about midway of the car. Then that streak of light was darkened by the lengthened shadow of the train, which moved cross-

wise of the train and seemed to melt out into the night.

"Get back, Charlie! I yelled for I thought he was about to look out for the cause of our stopping. 'Open your head again and I'll blow it off,' said a voice beside me. Turning, I saw a man at each of the cab's front windows. They had jumped up on the pilot and crept back alongside of the boiler.

"There seemed to be a dozen of the robbers. Not more than two had come on the train, I am sure. The whole thing had been planned. Those near the engine, with the exception of the two at the cab windows, made a rush for the express car. As they ran into the stream of light coming through the open door a shot fired from the darkness to the left of the train tumbled one of them to the ground. The others fuelladed the spot from which the shot appeared to come, and then two shots fired under the train from the other side, and another shot from away out in the dark, laid one of the thieves out cold and caused another one to howl.

"The trainmen were beginning to fight. My blood got warm. I had a good six-shooter under the seat, and if that fellow at the cab window had only taken his eye off me for a moment I'd been out there helping the boys. Those at the rear of the train then joined those in front, and all made a dash at the open door of the express. They were all in a bunch in the light.

"The first man to enter the door stood a moment and then fell back outside in the crowd. The shot came from the darkness away out to the left. Another man tried it. As he fell on his face in the car, the others, who had been watching, fired a volley at the dash away off in the dark. The next man who tried to enter the car succeeded.

"The others kept watch until he reappeared at the door. Something was wrong. Two others got in to help him. Then one of them whistled, and my man at the window jumped off and ran back to the train.

"That was my chance. Out came the gun from under the seat, and I got a snap shot at Tom's man, but missed him. As he turned on me Tom struck his arm with a wrench, knocking the pistol from his hand. He jumped off into the darkness. We backed her slowly up toward the train, firing as we went.

"Suddenly a dark form rose up on Tom's side of the track and threw something into the tender. Tom and I both fired at the man. He staggered up against the cab steps and groaned. Then by a superhuman effort he caught the hand-rail, and just as we were preparing to give him another shot he dragged his face into the light.

"It was Charlie! We both had hit him! 'Pull out, Jim, and save the box!' That was all he said. It was the box he had thrown into the tender. No matter how much there was in it, the stuff wasn't worth the life of the boy who saved it to the company. While I lifted Charlie up into the seat Tom threw the old engine wide open and we ran away from the train robbers and all.

"It was forty miles to the nearest station, a small government post. Tom fed and worked the engine. I sat on the seat beside Charlie and held him up. The rattle and rumble of the wheels accused me at every revolution.

"They seemed to be repeating the words: 'You've killed him! You've killed him!' Tom made those forty miles in an hour; good time over that road at that day, but it seemed to me an age. As we were running in Tom gave the bell and whistle both, and then when she came to a stand he fired two shots. The bluecoats were out in jiffy.

"Everything was told in a few words. Charlie was carried into the quarters and turned over to the surgeon, a fine old fellow named Hamilton. With an escort of twenty men we ran back to the train. The robbers had left it. Finding the express empty of treasure they had tried to go through the train. There were too many revolvers among the passengers and they drew off.

"When we reached the post again Surgeon Hamilton walked up to the cab. 'Are you Jim Cook?' said he. I nodded. 'Take these to Mr. White's wife,' and he handed me Charlie's watch, a bank book and a bunch of keys. 'He told me to tell you,' the surgeon went on, 'not to feel bad about that shot. The road agents found him with that last volley, and he would have gone under anyhow from his other wounds. His body will go back with you on your return, and I will give you a letter to the express company.'

"Tom cried like a child. I couldn't cry; my brain seemed to be on fire; I was thinking one minute of how reproachfully Charlie had looked at me when he swung into the cab with a dying effort, and the next of a frail little woman in 'Frisco who was patiently waiting Charlie's return.

"The company gave her a pension, but she didn't need it long. 'What was in the box?' I asked. 'Certificates of stock in a wildcat mining scheme.'

"Why—' 'It was like this,' said Jim, wiping his eyes and bringing his story to a close. 'The express agents saw that somehow the fact that a shipment of treasure was to be made had leaked out. At the last moment he substituted a lot of worthless securities. He saw that he was shadowed on the way to the train and he acted up at the depot just to throw the robbers off the scent and to make them believe that the shipment was really being made by our train.'—Joe Quail, in the By-stander.

—Why She Cried. Mrs. Black—'Why, what's the matter, Tom?' Mr. Black—'Met with an accident; cut my hand, that's all.' Mrs. Black—'Boo, hoo, boo, hoo. It's terrible.' Mr. Black—'No, it isn't; it's a mere trifle. Don't cry.' Mrs. Black (sobbing)—'But (boo, hoo) the accident insurance isn't paid up.'—Yankee Blade.

A USEFUL DIAGRAM.

How the Economical Housewife Can Cut Over Old Hosiery.

We all know how often the feet of a pair of stockings will be worn out beyond all possibility of repair while the legs are perfectly whole. By the use of the patterns described below and as much time as it usually takes to darn a badly worn pair of stockings, it is possible to produce from three worn pairs two pairs that will last as long and fit as well as new ones. The worn foot is first cut away, leaving the stocking in the shape of the right-hand figure of the diagram. In cutting follow the line of the heel and the seam down the side of the foot, and cut off enough of the upper side to remove all the worn portion of the toe. If the stocking is worn above the heel cut away a little more of the leg, being careful to preserve the shape given in the drawing. This will leave the leg a trifle shorter than before, but usually the difference will not be noticed. The new feet are cut from the legs of another worn pair of stockings. One pair of legs is sufficient to make feet for two pairs of stockings. The left-hand figure shows the shape of the sole of the stocking, and to secure the proper size it is necessary to cut a paper pattern. Fold the paper and, on the folded edge, take a distance which shall represent A B: nine and a half inches is about right for a medium-sized foot. Then, by using the proportions given in the cut, you can easily shape the pattern. The center diagram represents the upper side of the toe, which is doubled along the line C F. By the patterns cut out the left and center figures form the stocking leg,

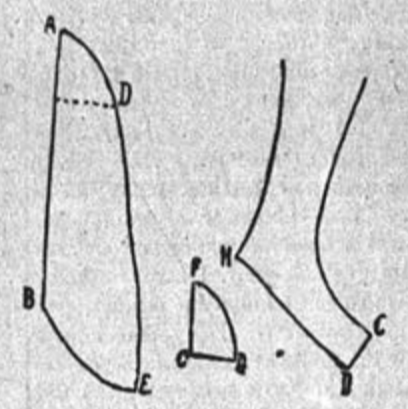


DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING OVER STOCKINGS.

placing the edges A B and C F against a fold in the stocking. Sew together the edges B E for heel. Unfold the parts denoted for the toe, place F on A, and sew the edge F D to A D. Sew C D and C D, D E and D H together, and the other half of the foot the same way. The seams should all be backstitched very firmly, and then opened and cross-stitched down to lie perfectly flat so that they will not hurt the feet. Children's stockings can be cut in the same way by using patterns of the same shape and regulating the size to suit the foot of the wearer.—American Agriculturist.

THE FAMILY MENDING.

Set Apart One Day in the Week for This Important Work.

Mending should be done just as regularly as washing. Set apart a day and do your work on that day; then it will not accumulate until it makes your heart sink to look at it—the housewife's common experience. Have a basket, box or bag well stocked with the materials for the work. When a garment is cut, collect all the pieces, roll them together and put them where you can find them when wanted; thus you save the fatigue and annoyance of rummaging the whole house for them. The precaution of putting pieces under the thin places defers the final breaking through of the worn sections for some time. When they do at last come to rags, cut out evenly all the worn parts, following a thread if you can when cutting; at the corners cut diagonally into the garment about one-eighth of an inch, turn in the edges and baste down on the patch. Then fell down with even stitches, using quite fine thread of a color that matches the goods. In mending two corresponding parts of a garment, like two sleeves, two knees, etc., have your patches of corresponding sizes. Don't have a patch on one elbow or knee no bigger than a dollar and on the other one as large as your hand. I have always found it a very satisfactory plan in making garments to make three where most people make two, or to make two where others make one. That is, instead of making a pair of shirts I make three, and instead of two pairs of drawers make three pairs, and instead of one waist to my work dresses I make two. Then when they come to mending, take the extra one for patches.—Dorothy Lincoln, in Farm and Home.

THE BAG OF SAND.

It Is Better Than Hot Water Bottles, Bricks or Soap Stones.

It is very often necessary to convey artificial warmth to the bed, in case of sickness, or with persons of imperfect circulation in cold weather. Hot water bottles, of glass, rubber or clay, with bricks, soap stones, billets of wood and other articles, are employed in the mission; but the handiest, and the best because the most satisfactory, method, is said to be a bag of sand. This may be prepared in almost any way to suit the occasion, but a good plan is to make a flannel bag some eight or ten inches square, which should be filled with fine, perfectly dried sand, the whole being covered with a layer of linen, cotton or stout canvas. This can be easily and quickly heated by placing it anywhere about the stove or oven where it is not too hot; it can be easily adjusted to the feet, back, chest or any other portion of the body, will retain the heat for a long time, and will in use displace any other agency for the same purpose.—Good Housekeeping.

Be Careful of Fire.

Commonplace but important is the suggestion: "Be careful of fire." Never take risk by lighting fire in stove or furnace not known to be ready and safe. In building or repairing see that the pipe holes in the chimney are tight and well protected from lath and siding by use of clay pots made for the purpose.

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**JUST THE SAME.**

"So, at the end of two years, I returned, only to find that a perfumed dandy from the city was making every effort to win the girl I adored, and apparently with a good show of success, as he was a handsome and dashing fellow. I soon found out that he was a pitiful coward and sneaked at heart, but of course Emma did not believe me when I told her so. She only laughed at me and said that I was jealous.

"Jealous! Yes, I was jealous. Who would not have been with the hand and heart of a girl like Emma Garrison at stake? But in spite of that I knew Harry Claymore was a miserable poltroon utterly unworthy of even entering her pure presence.

"When this man found that I too loved Emma, the manner he assumed toward me was not to be endured. He at once saw that he was ahead in the race, and so felt a malicious pleasure in torturing me.

"I am going to call upon Miss Garrison by invitation to-night," said he to me, one day with a self-satisfied smirk. "Don't you wish she had invited you, too?"

"No, I don't," I shortly answered as I turned away. "I don't want to breathe the same air with such a pitiful sneak as you are."

"You had better come, anyway," he called after me. "I think she is quite fond of me, but I should really like the opinion of a disinterested person like yourself."

"I did not reply to the cutting taunt, but I made up my mind that if I could keep Harry Claymore away from Emma Garrison's side that night I would do so; and I rather thought I could.

"Among the souvenirs of my theatrical life were a skull mask and a suit of black tights. I took some white cloth and cut from it outlines of all the principal bones; these I sewed upon the front side of the latter and so produced a close imitation of the human skeleton upon its dark background. That night I put on my ghastly attire, wrapped myself from head to foot in a long black cloak, and set out for the home of Emma Garrison.

"There was a small cluster of trees near the house, through which I knew my rival must pass; and beneath their branches the shadows were deep and gloomy. Concealing myself among them I patiently watched, and waited for his coming.

"It was only a short time before I heard quick, light footsteps approaching, and throwing the enveloping cloak wide open I rushed toward the advance figure with a deep and hollow groan. The pasteboard skull that concealed my face and the skeleton lines upon the tights gleamed white and ghastly against their inky background, and the means I uttered were appalling, even to myself.

"The figure stood still for an instant, then it sank in a heap on the ground with an awful shriek that will echo in my soul until my dying day. I turned and fled from the spot as an excited throng poured from the door of Mr. Garrison's house with lighted lanterns, and began searching for the author of that wild, unearthly cry. Imagine my surprise and consternation when I saw Harry Claymore among them.

"A moment later they were bending over the figure prostrate in the road, and by the lights they bore I saw to my horror that it was the girl I adored who was lying there, writhing in terrible convulsions and with the froth of agony flying from her quivering lips. She had been detained at a neighbor's that night, and I had terrified the darling of my heart with my ghastly apparel, instead of her cowardly suitor as I had intended.

"She lingered along for several days in awful agony, but she passed rapidly from one hysterical fit into another, shrieking with an insane terror all the time. Then I was told that she was dead. Told, because that very night I was captured and found while making the most desperate efforts to approach my stricken darling's side. From that terrible time until now, how long I know not, I have been kept constantly under lock and key, and without a friend or a comfort in the world.

"Yes, they told me that my darling was dead. Dead while so young, so beautiful, so good; and I who loved her with an all-absorbing love had been the cause of it. Dead, and without one word of forgiveness to him whose idol she had been. Dead, in the full bloom of maidenly loveliness. It was terrible. Ah! sir, never frighten anyone, even in sport, for you cannot know what the result will be.

"But she will forgive me yet. Some time she will come to me and tell me so, and I am living in daily expectation of a message of love and pardon from her. Tell me, for the love of Heaven tell me, if you bring me any word from Emma Garrison."

At that moment Dr. Hayford returned, and we went downstairs to the office together, but I shall never forget the appearance of the grief-stricken maniac as the outer door closed on him once more. He was crouching upon the floor in an attitude of misery and hopeless dejection, rocking himself backward and forward in his despair, and at times giving utterance to the one sad, appealing cry:

"Emma, Emma! O, Emma! forgive me! For the love of God come to me and assure me of your pardon!"

I never saw the unfortunate young man again, as I returned east in a few days, but I heard that he died some years after, wrecked and ruined in mind and body, despairingly insane, the victim of his own jealous action. What a terrible warning against purposefully frightening people is contained in the sad story of his wasted life!—O. E. Young, in Goodall's Sun.

"I read myself to sleep on Dante's 'Inferno' last night, but I'll never do it again." "Why? Did you have bad dreams?" "I should say so. I thought I was walking the floor with the baby all night."—Buffalo Express.

—He Never Heard It.—"Jones, did you ever hear the 'Song of the Shirt'?" "No (sic), Billings, I never did. Fact is (sic) I didn't know a shirt could (sic) sing!"—Kate Field's Washington.

**A MANIAC'S STORY.**

**Terrible Penalty of Ungoverned Jealousy.**

Dr. Hayford was my chum at Harvard and my most intimate friend as well. Of course he was not an M. D. then, but such he soon after became, and having more spare time than cash, as more experienced and better established physicians got all the paying patients, he was obliged to look around considerably in order to find a favorable location.

After several changes he finally drifted off out west and then I lost all knowledge of him. We had written occasionally for some time, but everybody knows how difficult it is to answer letters amid the cares of an active life, so it is not strange that our correspondence died a natural death at last.

A few years afterward I, too, went west to pay a visit to a favorite uncle, and in less than a week from the time I arrived at his house I came across Will Hayford. The surprise and pleasure of the meeting was mutual.

Will told me that he had made a special study of insanity and had been so successful in its treatment that he had opened a small private madhouse just out of town in order to accommodate his wealthy patients. At that time there were several being treated there. After a short conversation the doctor was obliged to leave me, but ere he went he made me promise to call at the asylum before I returned east.

"I do not usually admit any visitors except the immediate friends of my patients," said he, "but in your case I am only too glad to do so. Come any day and you will be almost certain to find me in, as I devote my whole time to the afflicted inmates of my household."

So it happened that I spent the afternoon at the asylum a few days later. Will was very glad to see me, and we had a long, pleasant talk about old times and acquaintances. He had a great many questions to ask about people and things at the east, and the time passed by rapidly. At length, however, he invited me to inspect the institution, a thing I was exceedingly anxious to do.

I saw several interesting patients, and my friend, the doctor, gave me brief accounts of their lives and the various hallucinations under which they were laboring; but to me the last one to which we came was the most interesting of all. Pausing before a door in an isolated portion of the building, the doctor said:

"Here is a patient I have never allowed anyone to see except the brother who brought him here. He is a young man of good education and excellent family, but he is hopelessly insane. At times he is violent and a single unguarded word might serve to make him wild; hence my precaution in regard to visitors. I have confidence in you, though, and you can talk with him as much as you please as he has been quite rational for some days. Conversation of the right kind may do him good."

So saying Dr. Hayford unlocked the door, and then I saw that there was another one beyond it made of grated iron, through the bars of which looked out a pale, emaciated young man who had evidently been strikingly handsome when in health. Even then there was a certain devilish beauty lingering about his thin but regular features and glittering eyes, in whose restless depths glowed the lurid fire of madness.

"Have you heard from Emma?" he called out to me in a voice of passionate appealing, as soon as he saw me standing outside. "Has she forgiven me yet?"

"Talk with him if you like; only humor him," said the doctor. "I must go and give No. 7 his medicine now," and so saying he departed, leaving me still standing before the door of No. 15. Turning toward the unfortunate young man I soothingly answered:

"Yes; Emma is well and happy, and I think she will forgive you soon. But you have never told me what she has to forgive."

"Don't you know? Then I will tell you the whole terrible story," said the pale young man with the burning eyes; and he began at once as follows:

"I always had a longing for the stage, and when I became of age I at once started for the city in order to cultivate my natural ability as an actor. After repeated efforts I succeeded in getting a chance as a 'sup' in one of the leading theaters, and soon began to have more important parts assigned me.

"But I did not find theatrical life as congenial as I expected, and besides that my love for Emma Garrison was drawing me back to my native village with an almost irresistible power. Oh! how beautiful she was! No wonder I worshipped the very garments that she wore, and even the flowers that her alba, white fingers touched!

**CHAMPAGNE CORKS.**  
An Interesting Chapter on Their Manufacture.

Champagne corks of the finest quality cost about a cent apiece wholesale. To the eye of the ordinary observer they do not greatly differ in quality from other corks, but as a matter of fact they are in a great many ways peculiar. The great champagne houses engage the whole output of cork-cutting establishments in Spain and Portugal. These corks must be of the best bark, and the most skillful cutters are employed in their manufacture, while the same is true of all corks used with the finer wines. There has been a marked advance in the manufacture of corks within the last twenty-five years, but champagne corks are made just as they were when the first champagne was bottled. Less than a generation ago the idea of a cork-cutting machine was scouted. Now most of the corks used for ordinary purposes are made by machinery, and they are turned out by the million at such prices that the hand-cork-cutters of this country have been almost entirely driven out of business.

The reason for making champagne corks by hand is curious and interesting. The cork machine is provided with circular knives of razor-like edge. Now, the crude cork is so rough and hard that if it were applied to one of these rapidly revolving knives the knife would at once be ruined. So, crude cork that is to be cut by machinery must be softened in a steam vat. It comes out almost pulpy, and cuts like cheese. But the steam takes the "life" out of the cork. Its elasticity is gone, never to be recovered, and when the machine-cut cork is driven into a bottle the cork tends to shrink and permit leakage. Furthermore the machine-made cork is mathematically round, while the necks of bottles are more or less irregular. As the machine-made cork has lost its elasticity its smooth, round surface can not swell out to fill any irregularity in the neck of the bottle, and here is another source of leakage.

The hand-made cork is quite a different affair. The crude cork is cut by hand in first soaked in tepid water until almost ready to swell. In this condition it is taken out and turned over to the cutter. Spanish cork cutters use three knives. One is a long curved knife arranged with a gauge for regulating the size of the piece of the cork cut off. This knife is used for cutting the cork into long strips. Another and smaller knife cuts the strips up into blocks, and a third and very sharp knife is used for producing the finished cork. This knife has a blade of fine steel nearly hidden in a jacket of iron. The iron pocket is to give the knife rigidity, and the cork-cutter applies, not the knife to the cork, but the cork to the knife. He rests the knife on the edge of a table and presses the cork down upon the blade. The tendency of this is to curve the blade, and a curved blade would produce a hollow cork. German and American cork cutters use a thin knife, which comes from the factory straight, but is bent by the cork cutters themselves. The curved side is turned up in working, and the result is that the kink straightens under the pressure of the cork, and the latter is cut straight and not concave. The cork-cutting always has a whetstone on his table and a strap upon his knee. He applies the knife to the strap after each cork is cut, and less frequently to the whetstone. Cork has a peculiar power of dulling the sharp steel with which it is cut.

Hand-made corks retain their elasticity, and do not being mathematically round, they easily snug themselves into the irregularities of the bottle necks. Before being driven into a bottle of wine the cork is soaked in water, and then moistened with wine. It goes in tight, absorbs some of the wine, swells, and remains swollen. When corks have been much handled in cutting they are washed clean in a weak solution of oxalic acid before being used.

This country receives the best corks, as of everything else European. Thousands of men, women and children in the mountains of Spain and Portugal are busied in cutting cork. It is a domestic trade, and it occupies whole villages. Agents from the factories and export houses of Seville and Lisbon go through the mountain villages each year buying up the corks in enormous quantities. The agent of an importing house in this city cabled the other day that he had just returned from the Sierras after having purchased ten million corks. The corks as purchased in the native villages are of all sizes and qualities. They are sorted in the cities, baled in gunny cloth, paper and gunny cloth again, and shipped to this country by the ton. Once here, many of them are recut by hand at the rate of twenty gross a day. So fastidious are some bottlers that the cork importers have to keep in their employment several cork cutters to recut such corks as do not suit customers.—N. Y. Sun.

**One Cent a Word.**

Notices inserted under this head will be published at ONE CENT per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell: parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domestic waiting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port rescues a large number of people twice each week.

**FOUND**—In front of Rich's a ladies shoe. Owner will call at 8:30 for same, and leave 25 cents or this notice.

**YOKE OF CATTLE FOR SALE**—A yoke of working oxen can be had at a very low figure by applying to Peter Mailman, Isabella, by letter or in person. 67-4

**ONE DOLLAR**—Reward will be paid for the return of a bunch of keys taken from the post-office on Christmas day. 67-4 I. C. JENNINGS.

**FORD RIVER TOWNSHIP—TAXES.** The tax-roll for the township of Ford River is now in my hands for collection and I will be in the office of the Ford River Lumber Co. at Ford River, every week day during the month of December to receive taxes. O. E. NELSON, Treasurer. Ford River, Dec. 15, 1891.

**THE ACCOUNTS** of the late Dr. J. H. Tracy having been placed in my hands, those who are indebted to him are invited to call at my office and adjust the account. 66-4 F. D. MEAD.


**MAPLE RIDGE TOWNSHIP—TAXES.** The tax-roll for the township of Maple Ridge is now in my hands for collection and I will be at my residence in said township every Friday during the month of December to receive taxes. HERMAN JOHNSON, Treasurer. Rock, Dec. 15, 1891.

**DR. L. A. CHARLEBOIS,**  
Graduate of Laval University, Montreal, as M. B., N. D., C. M. Office 118 Georgia St., Escanaba, Mich. Dr. Charlebois received special courses at Montreal Universities (Victoria and Laval) on Surgery, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; also on the Diseases of Women.

**Escanaba City Taxes.**  
The tax-roll for the city of Escanaba for the year 1891 is now in my hands for collection and I will be in my office in said city during every week day of the month of December to receive taxes. JOHN GEOS, Treasurer. Escanaba, Dec. 7, 1891.

**ORDER OF HEARING.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, 1st. COUNTY OF DELTA, 1st.  
At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.  
Present Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of James H. Tracy, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Marion Tracy, praying for the appointment of an administrator on the estate of said deceased.  
Thereupon it is ordered that Wednesday, the 6th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba and show cause, if any there be why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Semi-Weekly Iron Port a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. 4 M.  
(A true copy.) EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

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**Stable Blanket,**



The Most Desirable Blanket on the Market.  
No Surcingle! No Sore Backs!  
The Only Blanket that will Stay on a Horse.

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**Plush Caps,**

**Fancy Slippers,**

**Kid Gloves and Mitts for Men's Wear**

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**Clothing.**

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HOUSES FOR THE PEOPLE.

A Charming Cottage Which Can Be Erected for \$2000.  
This prepossessing house can be erected for \$2000. It contains 7 rooms and the dimensions are 18 feet front by



41 feet in depth. The sizes of rooms are as follows: Vestibule 4.6x8; parlor, 12x14, and contains a fireplace; the living room, 13x13, and contains a fireplace and the stairs that lead to second floor. The kitchen is 11x14 feet and the pantry 5x12 feet. There are four rooms on second floor—two chambers, one 12x 17 feet and one 9x12 feet. The two bedrooms are 9x10 and 9x8 feet. There are three large closets on the second floor and a fireplace in front chamber. The sills are 8x10, joists 2x10, studs 2x4, roof rafters 2x6. The house will be sheathed with matched flooring and to have paper between it and siding. The first floor will be double, with paper between. The house will be built on cedar posts eight feet apart, let four feet in the ground. The house will have two coats of paint, the first coat to be the priming coat, with good linseed oil and white lead; the second coat to be the finishing coat, which must be of good lead and oil and should be finished in the white color. The roof must be stained with creosote stain of a light slate color. The chimneys must be built of red pressed brick, capped with



First Floor Plan

smooth sandstone caps. The front to be finished with 4 G siding. The finish will be of pine throughout the entire house. All floors are to be of pine except the kitchen and pantry, which will be of maple. All glass to be American. The house will be plastered throughout with two coats, one coat to be of brown mortar and the finishing coat to be plaster of paris, hard finish. The first story is to be 10 feet in the clear and the second story 9 feet 6 inches in the clear. The mantels are to be of wood and of a neat design. The carving shown on front elevation is to be of composition carving. All closets are to have five shelves and twelve hooks. The shingles are to be of the star A brand. The gutters on the front and rear of the house are to con-



Second Floor Plan

nect with a cistern that must contain forty barrels of water. The lumber used in this house to be of B quality. Furnish and set in place a sink 18x24 inches and a pump. Connect the pump with the cistern by a lead pipe. Lay a board walk three feet wide from front sidewalk to front entrance of house and from the front to the rear of lot. The front door will be a sash door. The opening between parlor and living room will be cased.  
GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

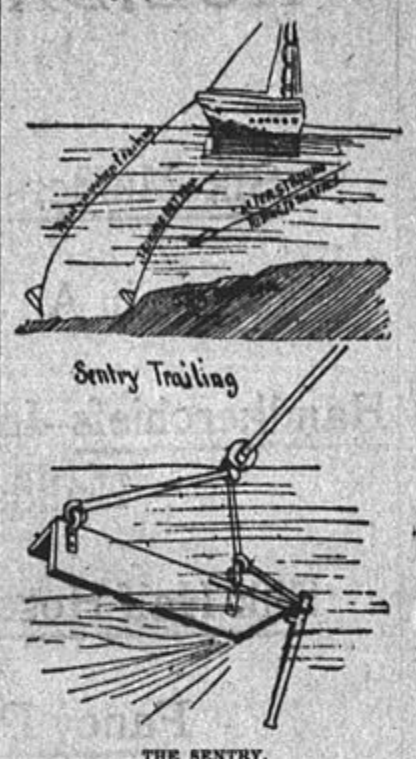
**Producing Marble Surface.**  
This method, by Soren C. Madsen, of Sleepy Eye, Minn., is as follows: Place a piece of clear glass over a sensitized surface (paper or otherwise). Then sprinkle on the surface of the glass, in irregular patches, sand, broken glass and broken smoked glass, with the smoke partially rubbed in places. This material must be so distributed as to leave the surface of the glass almost clear in spots and nearly opaque in others. Then expose to the direct undiffused sunlight, or artificial light, and the marble appearance will be produced or printed on the sensitized surface.

CURIOUS SEA MACHINE.

A Submarine Sentry Which Does Away with Frequent Soundings.

Among all devices employed by seamen to make coast navigation less hazardous none is so odd in principle as the lately invented submarine sentry. Its use is to keep a continuous under-water lookout and to warn the mariner automatically of his entrance upon shallow waters. There are many methods of getting the depths of the sea, but in all a definite interval, which may spell disaster, exists between successive casts. In gloomy weather, with an uncertain shore-line close aboard, a heave of the lead may show there are water and sea room in plenty; but even before the next cast can be made the ship may have passed the zone of quick recovery and be imperiled, lost.

To avoid these intervals and to minimize this labor of frequent soundings by providing a continuous under-water lookout that will warn instantly is the asserted purpose of the "submarine



sentry," as the inventor happily calls it. Briefly described by Jerrold Kelley, in Harper's Weekly, it consists of an inverted wooden kite, which can be trailed from the stern of a vessel at any required depth down to forty-five fathoms. It is slung by a span—a triangle of wire—and is towed by a thin steel line which has a tenacity of one hundred and twenty-nine tons to a square inch of section. From the forward lower end of the kite a trigger descends. This is functioned by a spring working in a slotway, and in such a manner that when the bottom is struck the trigger releases the span and allows the kite to capsize, and, by its buoyancy, to rise instantly to the surface. What is more, at the instant of striking the tension of the wire is so relaxed that the reel holding it flies back and strikes a signal gong attached to the inboard winch which governs the action of the machine. But besides this quick warning of danger it gives the depth attained upon a dial attached to the winch, and thus, within certain limits, affords an approximate estimate of the distance off shore.

It is not proposed to employ the machine with speeds greater than thirteen knots, though the inventor claims it could be readily adapted to higher speeds. He argues that anything beyond thirteen knots would be useless, as a captain, doubtful of his position and anxious about the depth of water, would hardly go at a higher rate. The sentry is, however, by no means perfect, though, perhaps, next to Sir William Thompson's sounding-machine, it is the most important contribution made in late years to navigational purposes.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.

An Excellent Substitute for the Real Article—Its Composition.

Attempts have been made to produce a good artificial substitute for ivory. Hitherto none have been successful. A patent has recently been taken out for a process based upon the employment of those materials, of which natural ivory is composed, consisting, as it does, of tribasic phosphate of lime, calcium carbonate, magnesia, alumina, gelatine, and albumen. By this process, quicklime is first treated with sufficient water to convert it into the hydrate, but before it has become completely hydrated, or "slaked," an aqueous solution of phosphoric acid is poured on to it; and while stirring the mixture the calcium carbonate, magnesia, and alumina are incorporated in small quantities at a time; and lastly the gelatine and albumen dissolved in water are added. The point to aim at is to obtain a compost sufficiently plastic and as intimately mixed as possible. It is then set aside to allow the phosphoric acid to complete its action upon the chalk. The following day the mixture, while still plastic, is pressed into the desired form in molds, and dried in a current of air at a temperature of about 150 degrees c. To complete the preparation of the artificial product by this process, it is kept for three or four weeks, during which time it becomes perfectly hard. The following are the proportions for the mixture, which can be colored by the addition of suitable substance: Quicklime, 100 parts; water, 300 parts; phosphoric acid solution—4.05 sp. gr., 75 parts; calcium carbonate, 16 parts; magnesia, 1 to 3 parts; alumina, precipitated, 5 parts; gelatine, 15 parts.

Seasoning of Timber.

Oak timber loses about one-fifth of its weight in seasoning, and about one-third its weight in becoming dry. Gradual drying and seasoning are considered the most favorable to the durability and strength of timber. Kiln drying is particularly serviceable for boards and pieces of small dimensions, and unless performed slowly is apt to cause cracks and impair the strength of the wood. If timber of large dimensions be immersed in water for some weeks, it is improved, and is less liable to warp and crack in seasoning.



A signal service to weak woman-kind is the finding of lost health by the building-up of "a run-down" system. Nothing does it so surely as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. It's the most perfect of strength-givers, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For overworked, debilitated teachers, milliners, seamstresses, "shop-girls," nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. "Favorite Prescription" gives satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is promptly refunded. That's the way it's sold; that's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol or inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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1:30 am Lv. Grand Rapids	Ar. 12:30 pm
3:30 am Lv. Gagetown	Ar. 10:50 am
5:30 am Lv. Fremont	Ar. 8:05 pm
7:15 am Lv. North Escanaba	Ar. 5:55 pm
7:35 am Lv. Gladstone	Ar. 5:40 pm
9:15 am Lv. Manistique	Ar. 3:47 pm
11:25 pm Lv. Trout Lake	Ar. 11:10 pm
1:35 pm Ar. Sault Ste. Marie	Ar. 11:15 am

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F. A. BANKS,  
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Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.  
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Flour, Feed, Grain & Hay  
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IN ANY QUANTITY  
At Prices as Low as at any point in the country. The attention of Lumbermen, Logging Contractors and Cedar men Solicited.

WOOD FOR SALE!  
I have for sale at the Lowest Going Prices  
Stove and Cord Wood  
As good as any on the Market.  
Cor. Wells Ave. and Mary St.  
J. MAROELL.

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OLSON & PETERSON,  
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NEW AND STYLISH SUITINGS.  
LARGE LINE OF PIECE GOODS.  
WHICH YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPECT.  
We do Our Own Cutting  
THEREBY SAVING A HEAVY EXPENSE, AND WE GIVE OUR PATRONS THE BENEFIT.  
A Nice Line of Gent's Furnishings.  
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NEW FALL and WINTER GOODS  
NOW ARRIVING.  
SPECIAL BARGAINS

FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS.  
AN ELEGANT LINE OF PANTINGS!  
You are Invited to Inspect my Line Before Leaving your Measure Elsewhere.

MEAT MARKET.  
Q. R. HESSEL,  
Successor to Hessel & Hentschel,  
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Meats of All Kinds!  
Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and  
RIGIDLY INSPECTED,  
both on the hoof and after slaughter, and  
Every Ounce Warranted.  
My predecessors have made a good reputation and acquired a large trade, and I propose to retain the one and increase the other.  
Q. R. HESSEL.

STEAM LAUNDRY.  
ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY.  
NO FILTHY SQUIRTS  
POLLUTE THE SHIRTS  
DONE AT THIS LAUNDRY.  
Family Washing, Rough Dry, Until Further Notice, will be Done as Follows:  
1 DOZEN, 25 CENTS; 2 DOZEN, 40 CENTS;  
3 DOZEN, 50 CENTS.  
"Family Washing" includes every article except Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Blankets and Overall Suits.  
SHIRTS, 10 CTS. COLLARS, 3 CTS. CUFFS, 6 CTS.  
OVERALL SUITS, 20 CTS. BLANKETS, 10 to 20c.  
ALL FLAT WORK, 40c PER DOZEN.  
516 Ludington St. N. G. PARKER, Prop.

MEDICINAL.  
GOOD SAVING  
Wood Sawing!  
Fred Hess will saw wood at the following prices: 8 cords or less, 75c per cord; over 8 cords 65c per cord.  
All orders given prompt attention  
Leave orders at the Fond du Lac House or this office.

DID NOT MATERIALIZE.

In my callow days I believed  
In phantoms, in spooks and in wraths;  
Like a credulous youth I received  
Superstition as part of my faith.  
I would wander by graveyards at night,  
And would hide, nothing daunted,  
In rooms that were haunted.  
But of specters I ne'er caught a sight,  
For they never materialized,  
No, they never materialized,  
Again and again I have sought them in vain,  
And they never materialized.

When to wisdom and age I attained  
I courted a maiden of wealth,  
Her father my offer disdained,  
And we planned to be married by stealth.  
To the parson's she promised to go,  
And her ardent a lover,  
Arrived there before her,  
But her fickleness plunged me in woe.  
For she didn't materialize,  
No, she didn't materialize,  
Though I waited all day in a confident way  
She didn't materialize.

Speculation next entered my brain,  
And I thought of the ways of the street  
Where 'tis easy a fortune to gain  
In water, in gas or in wheat.  
So I turned all my wealth into gold,  
And the very last ducat  
Went into the bucket.  
But the fortune I'll never behold:  
For 'twill never materialize,  
No, 'twill never materialize,  
Though I keep up my end 'till I've no more to  
spend,  
'Twill never materialize.

Then I went to a town in the west,  
For my genius I thought needed room,  
And I bought me a lot like the rest  
Of the boomers awaiting a boom.  
And I stayed there a year and a day,  
For the boom we awaited  
Was sadly belated  
Or somehow got lost on the way;  
For it didn't materialize,  
No, it didn't materialize,  
And the trumpet of doom can't enliven that  
boom  
For 'twill never materialize.

I now have a gray hair or so,  
And some gray matter, too, that is gray,  
And I've found there's no wisdom below  
Like experience brings into play.  
Oh, the visions of childhood are vain,  
And as we grow older,  
With hearts little colder  
We are dreaming of castles in Spain:  
But they never materialize,  
No, they never materialize,  
If we don't win our luck by good judgment  
and pluck  
It will never materialize.  
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

ARE WE TO BURN UP?

Speculations Regarding the Nature of the Sun's Heat.

Increase of Heat on the Earth During the Prevalence of Sun Spots.—The Sun's Envelope Our Protector.

The violent heat that so suddenly followed the appearance of the great sun spots in the latter part of June, says Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine, no doubt awoke in many minds questions as to the nature and extent of the influence exerted upon the earth by variations in the condition of the sun. There appears to be no doubt that the radiative energy of the sun is increased when the spots break out upon its surface, and it seems reasonable to conclude that the earth must experience a greater degree of heat at such times. Yet, singularly enough, the best observations bearing upon this question indicate just the contrary condition of things. It has been found in India that the mean temperature is lower instead of higher during the maximum periods of sun spots. Such a result must be brought about by terrestrial conditions which are able in some way to reverse the effect of increased radiation from the sun. But a very great increase in the solar heat could hardly be neutralized in that way. If, then, the sun at certain times suddenly pours forth an extraordinary gush of heat, the earth must take the consequences. This whole subject becomes particularly significant in view of modern discoveries concerning the nature and constitution of such bodies as the sun. If not in name, at least in practice, there exists a science of comparative solar physics. All the suns of space are made to contribute to our knowledge. Our own sun falls into a special class and is found to be sharply differentiated in many particulars from the stars that do not belong in the same category with itself.

Even the ancients knew, or at least surmised, that the stars are suns, but it remained for the astronomers of our day to demonstrate that there is a great variety of suns. Still, through all the variations there runs a family likeness and an evident identity of ultimate constitution and destiny. So the different classes of suns merge into one another by almost insensible gradations.—There is also evidence that suns pass from one class into another, either as a result of progressive development or in consequence of the sudden outbreak of transforming forces. The last fact is of supreme interest to the inhabitants of a planet which, like the earth, depends for its prosperity, and even for its very existence, upon a solar orb that is liable to stupendous changes. The periodical outbreak of sun-spots in a cycle of about eleven years alone suffices to place the sun in the large and continually increasing list of the so-called variable stars; and the wide difference in the intensity of these outbreaks at different times indicates that we cannot count upon the changes in the sun's radiative energy as we do upon such comparatively regular variations as those of the seasons, which are capable of geometrical calculation. So long as the amount of the change is small, and it has been during the period covered by human history, no serious results are to be apprehended, but there is no absolute certainty that the change may not suddenly become destructively great. Such an event is improbable but not impossible. Not only the sudden apparitions of new stars, but also the enormous changes of brilliancy that many well-known variable stars undergo, furnish evidence of the potential capacity of a sun to burst forth, upon suitable provocation, with an overwhelming energy of radiation in the face of which no planetary life could survive.

The sun is surrounded with what, from our point of view, might be

termed a protective envelope, or atmosphere, which absorbs, as the spectroscopic shows, a large part of the radiations proceeding from the tremendous inner core of the solar globe. Other stars possess a singular absorptive envelope, and in consequence are ranked in the same class with the sun. In some stars this envelope is far more effective in producing absorption than is the case with the sun, and such stars seem to be smoldering and sinking toward extinction, though in some cases they occasionally flare up with furious outbursts, as though struggling against impending fate. But by far the greatest number of the stars appear to be less effectually blanketed with absorbing vapors than the sun is. Sirius, for instance, the brightest star visible to us, and Vega, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the mid-summer evenings, shine with a splendor and intensity of radiation far exceeding the sun's, independently of the greatest size. Sirius, for instance, pours out seventy or eighty times as much light as the sun, although recent estimates of its mass show that it is perhaps not more than four times as heavy. The intensity of Sirius' radiation must then be many times greater than that of the sun, in consequence of the absence of an absorptive atmosphere capable of stopping a large share of its rays. Life-bearing planets could not possibly circulate around Sirius at distances proportionate to the earth's distance from the sun; and if the curtain that screens off from us the full fury of the solar light and heat were withdrawn the life of the sun-smitten globe might all vanish amid the vapors of its steaming seas.

The spectroscopic shows that the glowing atmospheres of some of the stars occasionally flame up to an intensity exceeding that of the fiery globes within them. That kind of an accident happening to the sun would be very awkward for us poor mortals, but the consoling fact remains that the stars which exhibit this uncomfortable peculiarity evidently belong in a different class from that in which our great star at present stands. Yet unceasing change, often in accordance with laws which we do not understand, is the order of the universe; and so having for our god of day and of life an orb that we know is subject to varying moods, we must not be too certain that the ultimate fate of mankind, as some people have concluded, is to be frozen to death on an ice-enveloped and sun-abandoned globe.

Uncle Silas a Commentator.

A dozen men who were in the habit of loafing away their Sundays outside of the old Penobscot meeting-house while their wives attended service were gathered by an enthusiastic young pastor into the Sunday-school. They were called the "horse shed class," and no members of the school were more regular in attendance or original in response. One day the lesson was upon the death of Moses, and the teacher, having located "Nebo's lonely mountain" upon his map, asked the meaning of "Nebo."—no doubt having in mind the tutelary deity in honor of whom the Babylonian dignitaries bore such goodly names as Nebuchadnezzar, Nebuzardan, etc.

"What do you say, Uncle Sil?"

"Wa-al," answered the old man solemnly, "I've heared that them Bible names all has meanin', an' I reckon it's so 'f a body only jest studies into 'em. Now, this here, to me, is plainer'n two times two. I calc'late Moses called it Nebo because the mountain was so marster steep it made his knees bow to get to the top of it. I've clum hills right here in Maine 'n' time ag'in as you would call Nebo an' not feel as if you's swearin', neither. Marster steep!"—Lewiston Journal.

Why He Didn't Stay.

Once a Californian always a Californian. The old-timers who go away to foreign parts generally return. A San Franciscoan who has been supposed to be making cords of money in London got back recently to Kearney street and had to submit to the usual interrogations.

"Didn't like it on the other side, eh?"

"Oh, yes, liked it fine."

"Nice place to live?"

"Elegant, grand, magnificent! God's own country."

"I wonder why he didn't stop over there if it is so fine," remarked one of the crowd after the returned exile had left.

"He explained that very satisfactorily, I thought."

"How's that?"

"Why, he stated it was heaven and that's too high altogether for the average San Francisco rouser."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Marriage As a Life Preserver.

A certain set of philosophers, incapable of feeling affection for anyone but themselves, have delighted in sneering at love and marriage and have argued that bachelorhood is the only conservative state. Their theory is not borne out by the statistics of married and single life in modern times, so far, at least, as the masculine gender is concerned. If longevity is desirable, then it is better that we should marry than remain bachelors; for, it appears, that at every age, from twenty to eight-five, the death rate of the bachelors is very much smaller than that of their unmarried brethren. Gentlemen who prefer a short life and a merry one to a prolonged lease of matrimonial placidity, will probably agree in opinion with the cynical philosophers.—Farm and Fireside.

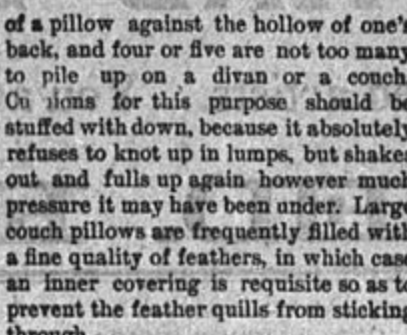
—Urgent Business.—Laura—"Auntie, would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?" Auntie—"Only on very important business, my dear." Laura—"Well, this is important business. I want to marry him."—Demorest's Magazine.

—He (bitterly)—"Pshaw! All women are alike." She—"Then why in the world do you spend so much time trying to find the one you want to marry?"

CRETAN EMBROIDERY.

How to Make Sofa Cushions and Pillows of Exquisite Beauty.

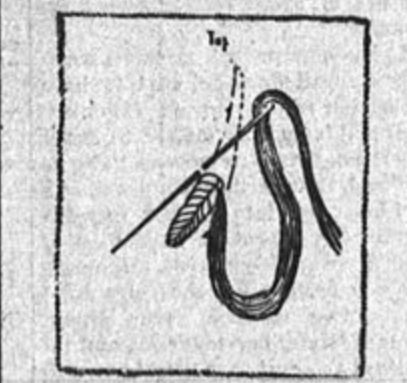
Sofa pillows and cushions at present appear to demand the largest share of the needlewoman's attention. And some of them are indeed dreams of beauty. The prevailing fancy for ease and comfort in home decoration insists upon a generous supply of these cushions strewn about an apartment. A straight-backed chair is immediately made more comfortable by the placing



CRETAN EMBROIDERY.

of a pillow against the hollow of one's back, and four or five are not too many to pile up on a divan or a couch. On lions for this purpose should be stuffed with down, because it absolutely refuses to knot up in lumps, but shakes out and falls up again however much pressure it may have been under. Large couch pillows are frequently filled with a fine quality of feathers, in which case an inner covering is requisite so as to prevent the feather quills from sticking through.

The two illustrations give suggestions for the quaint decorative needlework called Cretan embroidery, which is a very remarkable description of silk embroidery on linen, found only on the island of Crete in the Aegean sea. In all cases the one stitch predominating in the Cretan work is a kind of very close herring-bone, the stitches being taken in so close a proximity to each other that the effect of a plait or twist is produced. The method of the execution of this stitch is very clearly demonstrated in the small illustration, which shows the needle threaded with four strands of filloelle silk, but occasionally six strands may be threaded to advantage, as wide portions of foliage and the like may thus be more quickly covered. Frequently a heavier twisted silk is used. The coloring of the square design given includes a deep golden brown, fawn brown, yellow, cream, two shades of dull green, and a very lovely tint of azure blue, with an occasional touch of bright red. The bird in the center is outlined in chain-stitch in fawn brown, with the exception of the eyes and wing feathers, which are outlined with gold silk, the interior portion of the wing being filled with red silk satin stitch. The small circular flowers above the bird are likewise in satin stitch, with cream-white centers outlined with fawn brown. The two large



DETAIL OF CRETAN STITCH.

flowers are in diverse colors, one having its outer circle worked in green and the other in blue, the little intermediate lines of stem-stitching being of golden brown, and in the center of the flower-forms white and gold and fawn are judiciously blended. The foliage is brown, green, fawn and blue, the amount of each color being introduced in rather a haphazard fashion, but in such a manner as to produce a charming result. As to the uses to which Cretan work may be applied at the present day, scarcely too much can be said in its favor as a decoration for tea cloths, table centers, sofa pillows, towel shams, night-dress cases, footstool cushions, head rests and other articles for which the possibility of being frequently washed is a consideration. Italian linen is the most suitable material for Cretan work, being pure homespun, and so soft and free from dressing that the needle passes through it without the slightest resistance, while its moderate cost is also greatly in its favor.—Ella Starr, in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

For Cleaning Laces.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lace-maker who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme. Modjeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it, and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skillful shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven.

A Home Turkish Bath.

When a warm bath is taken, if the whole body from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet is instantly sponged with cold water there will be no danger of taking cold. The cold water closes the pores naturally after a warm bath.

Salt Saves Gingham.

You can prevent your pretty new gingham from fading if you let them lie for several hours in water in which has been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Put the dress in it while it is hot, and after several hours wring it out, dry and wash as usual.

You May Peel Onions Now.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed. Onions may be peeled under water without offense to eyes or hands.

Are Your Knives Rusty?

Ordinary rubber ink erasers, it is said, will remove rust from polished cutlery without injury.

CUTTERS

**The Champion Cutter**

is a novelty and for comfort, convenience, safety and durability, is the most perfect sleigh yet produced. This Cutter excels all others in construction of the gearing, which can be made of steel or of wood, ironed like the common Cutter, and which consists of separate halves, connected in the center by a steel axle upon which the springs are secured, allowing each half to work separately. The runners are joined in front by a cross-bar with a joint at each end allowing each runner to act independently of the other. The springs are firmly secured together in front by a solid cross-bar, and the center of the cross-bar on the springs is attached to the center of the cross-bar on the runners by a loose bolt giving freedom to the runners. The body can be either Portland or Swell body, is accurately balanced on the axle below, and is attached to the cross-bar in front and behind by strong straps. The shoes are steel plates six inches wide, with a bar of steel extending the whole length of the bottom of the plate to prevent slipping sideways.

We claim superiority for the CHAMPION CUTTER in the following respects:

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2. Because with snow two or three feet deep and roads not broken, it glides over the top like a toboggan.
3. Because of light draft.
4. Because with two inches of snow is sufficient for good sleighing.
5. Because it does not upset in deep snow by the sinking of one runner, or by running into the ditch.
6. Because it adapts itself to an uneven road without discomfort in riding.
7. Because there is no jolting over rough roads or pavements.
8. Because the runners cannot drop into a wagon rut.
9. Because of its durability.
10. Because the thills are easily adjusted for center or side draft.

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