

Dwellers in Tents.
A while on earth we roam,
In these frail homes, which are not our home,
Joining toward a refuge that is sure—
A rest secure.
Only a little while
We tread the frown of life, and court its smile,
A dwelling then we have, not made with hands,
In other lands.
Therefore, we need not mourn,
That sudden clouds across our shins are borne,
That winter chills us, and the storm makes
rents
In our frail tents.
Therefore, we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our treasure
here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with silent
stealth
To seize our wealth.
For, in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us hence,
We dwell in tents.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.
To Make Choice Pork.
A farmer puts forth a plan for greater
cleanliness in the raising of hogs, and
thus preventing cholera. He says: I
have seen hogs kept in floored pens
which were never cleaned, until at
cleaning time their bellies were full of
small ulcers; and such meat is packed
and shipped as prime pork! Places
where filth always reigns supreme are
the fattening pens connected with dis-
tilleries. I believe that such places have
as much to do with spreading disease
among hogs as among cattle. So far as
I have ever known, when cholera makes
its appearance in any district, it has
nearly always been among the swill-fed
hogs of distilleries, or flocks treated as
described above. I do not claim that
in great cleanliness we have an infalli-
ble preventive of cholera; but I do claim
that with cleanliness and proper variety
of food, the appearance of the malady
would be less frequent and its victims
fewer; that farmers, by a little care and
attention, might save themselves much
loss. Men shut up a pig in a filthy pen
and give him filthy garbage to eat, and
then abuse him because he is an un-
clean animal; but let them give him a
clean place to stay in, clean food and
clean water, in short, treat him as well
as our stock, and see if he is not as
clean as little animals. Now, farmers,
try a little wholesome cleanliness with
your hogs, and see if they do not pay
better.

Replenishing Meadows.
Meadows that have been run down,
become sod-bound or covered with moss,
serrel or other weeds, may be renovated
without plowing. The old sod needs to
be disturbed, but a thorough harrowing
or a chopping of the surface with a disk
harrow will disturb it sufficiently with-
out plowing. Fresh seed is needed, and
a dressing of lime may, in many cases,
be all that is required in the way of a
fertilizer. If it can be afforded, a moder-
ate quantity of fine manure used as a
top-dressing, and harrowed in just be-
fore sowing, will be of great benefit.—
The work may be done at any time be-
fore September, so that the grass and
clover, the latter more particularly,
should be well set before severe frosts
set in. Orchard grass will thrive upon
soils that are not rich enough for timothy,
but it is better to have the ground good
enough for the latter, even if the former
is to be sown. Grass is a crop for which
the soil cannot be too rich, for if the
growth is excessive it can be cut at any
time and made into hay or fed green.

Sheep on the Farm.
A writer on sheep husbandry in the
South says: To utilize the meadow and
pasture can be more profitably
used than any other stock. Sheep cul-
ture has advantages over cattle raising.
It gives annual dividends in the fleeces.
Indeed, the ewe gives two dividends—
her fleeces and her lambs. The beef-
producing animals give no dividends;
and the grower must go on adding his
expenses to the end of their lives, when
he must find his compensation—if he
can—in one gross sum. The capital
required for the purchase of sheep—
enough stock for a fair trial—is small.
Large flocks are not required. Sheep-
raising is commended by other consid-
erations, apparently slight, but too im-
portant to be overlooked. Would never
has to seek a purchaser. Poor or good,
it is eminently the cash article on the
farm. The little addition from this
source to the resources of the farm af-
fords a satisfaction to which every well-
growing farmer will testify.

Farm Notes.
It is very important that pigs be fed
with a plenty of nutritious food while
they are young. If they are to run for
their living at this age they will be
stunted, and the profits of pork raising
small.
Burning straw stacks is one of the
swiftest methods of destroying a large
amount of valuable organic matter
which, when used as bedding and an
absorbent of liquid manure, is of great
importance.
A horseman writes that he completely
cured a horse of the habit of gnawing
the manger and halter straps by satur-
ating the woodwork and straps with
kerosene oil. One thorough applica-
tion produced a permanent cure.
Experience proves, every season, the
wisdom of plowing as much as possible
for spring sowing. Early fall plowing
has the benefit of following to some ex-
tent, and the earlier it is begun the
more advantages are derived from it; it
is more beneficial on heavy land than
on light, but light land cannot fail to be
improved by it.
The period at which clover is cut for
hay materially influences its quality;
thus, according to Wolf, the amount of
nutritive substances in red clover at be-
ginning of flower is 11.33 per cent.; red
clover in full flower, 13.04 per cent.—
Red clover hay, cut at beginning of
flower, contained 55.43 per cent. of nu-

tritive matter, while the same cut in
full flower contained 60.07 per cent.
The best time to castrate the male pig
is at from four to six weeks of age; or,
at least, before weaning time. They
seldom suffer any perceptible check in
their growth when the operation is per-
formed at this time, and they will be
much more easily managed than if per-
mitted to run entire. The sexual desire
is developed very early in the male pig;
and, when a lot of young boars are per-
mitted to run together, their fretting
not unfrequently seriously retards
growth. Besides, the danger from cas-
tration increases with the age of the pig
after he is six weeks old.

Domestic Hints.
IRISH WHISKEY.—One egg, one cup sugar,
two-thirds cup of melted butter,
one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, a little
nutmeg; mix stiff enough to roll in small
cake; bake.
JOHNNY CAKE.—Two teaspoons of
Indian meal, one teaspoon of flour, one
and one-half teaspoons of sweet milk, one-half
teaspoon of cream, one-half teaspoon of
sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one
small teaspoonful of saleratus and one-half
teaspoonful of salt.
POTATO SALAD.—Six large, cold-boiled
potatoes cut fine, two small heads of
lettuce broken in small pieces, half a
small onion cut fine, two hard-boiled
eggs, one tablespoon capers, Mayonnaise
dressing, or a dressing made of
French mustard, oil and vinegar.

FRENCH PIE.—Take a pound of prunes
and soak them over night, so that the
stones will slip out easily; stew in some
water with as many raisins as you wish,
and sweeten; use less water than for
sauce; when both are soft, grate in the
rind of two lemons and fill the pie, al-
lowing two crusts.
BROWNED TOMATOES.—Take large,
round tomatoes and halve them; place
them, the thin skin down, in a fryingpan
in which a small quantity of butter has
been previously melted; sprinkle them
with salt and pepper and dredge them
well with flour; place the pan on a hot
part of the fire and let them brown
thoroughly; then stir them and let them
brown again, and so on until they are
quite done. They lose their acidity and
the flavor is superior to stewed tomatoes.
PLAIN SWEET BISCUIT.—A cup of sour
cream, with half a teaspoonful of soda,
one cup of sugar, one egg, a little nut-
meg or cinnamon, and flour enough to
make a soft dough. Mix very quickly,
beating the egg first and putting the
dissolved soda and sour cream together
last. Roll out half an inch or a little
more in thickness, cut into small bis-
cuits and bake quickly. If your sour
cream is only milk, make up the defi-
ciency by a good tablespoonful of but-
ter. These are good made with Graham
flour.

The Solution of the Zulu Question.
Sir Garnet Wolseley, by his adroit
policy in fomenting ruptures between the
Zulus and their allied chiefs, seems to
have consummated the downfall of
Cetewayo, begun by the capture and
burning of the military kraals at Ulundi
by Lord Chelmsford. That policy looks
to the subdivision of Cetewayo's king-
dom amongst his brother Othum and
others, the complete dethronement of
Cetewayo and his capture if possible,
and the organization of a strong military
force in the Transvaal, which will at
once overawe the Zulus and coerce the
recalcitrant Bora. Cetewayo is already
reported as trying to escape to join Sece-
son, once a powerful Caffre enemy
of the British, who holds disputed ter-
ritory north and west of the Transvaal,
and has often given trouble to the Cape
colonies. Chief Morosi, of the Basutos,
another powerful tribe north of the
Transvaal, which has often made trouble,
has submitted. General Wolseley
regards the capture of Cetewayo as im-
portant, as he is likely to be the cen-
ter of conspiracy as long as free, but he
proposes to have the disaffected Zulus
themselves or some of the near-by tribes
take their king. A reward of five thou-
sand cattle, the sole wealth of the Caffres,
has been offered for the fugitive.—
General Wolseley has told the chiefs
that his government does not want any
of their territory. The chiefs seem in-
clined to select John Dann, the white
man, for their ruler, in the stead of any
Zulu; but anyhow the matter is settled
it is now apparent that Cetewayo's power
is completely broken, and his king-
dom, which he lately ruled with such
force, dissolved.

A Mother's Hallelucination.
The *Scranton Republican* tells a
touching story of a poor old woman who
haunts the depot about the time that
the trains arrive, and gazes at the faces
of the incoming passengers as if expect-
ing some one. During the war her
only son, a young man upon whom she
fairly doted, was killed in one of the
hottest engagements, and the news of
his death so preyed upon her mind as
to disturb the poor woman's reason.
Ever since then she goes to the depot
once or twice a week to meet the in-
coming trains, in the hope that he will
come to her. At other times and on all
other subjects she seems entirely sane,
but she sometimes thinks that her son
will come back, and to satisfy the hope
that never dies, and in the depth of that
love which never fades, the poor mother
continues to go on her mad mission with
as much earnestness as though she were
performing a solemn religious duty.

For Horsemen.
There is no such thing as a full-blood
Morgan horse; neither is there any such
thing as a full-blood Hambletonian, full-
blood Messenger, etc. These are mere-
ly family names, and not the names of
breeds of horses. The Morgan horses
take their name from a stallion foaled
about 1785, and owned by Justin Mor-
gan. His pedigree has always been in-
volved in some obscurity, and has been
the subject of much controversy. The
descendants of this horse have all been
called Morgan horses; but as a matter
of course they all possess more or less
of blood other than that derived from
this horse. Had in-breeding been prac-
ticed with the descendants of this horse
as it has been with some families of
short-horn cattle, we should have had
horses possessing but little of blood
other than was derived from this horse
but it would have been impossible to
produce an animal without any admix-
ture of other blood. Hence it may
safely be said that the man who claims
to have a full-blood Morgan horse is
either very ignorant, or else he indulges
in such talk with intent to deceive.
An exchange remarks that eating is a
chair-at-table act.

Rights in the Road.
If a farm is bounded by, on or upon a
Virginia divine, in an account of the
characteristics of the great statesman of
Roanoke, gives this account of the man-
ner in which the noted Virginian was
defeated at his own game by a neighbor:
Mr. Randolph was not always victor
in the petty discords of the neighbor-
hood. He was vanquished once, on a
field of his own selection, by a quiet,
resolute neighbor; and he confessed him-
self, not in so many words, but by his
actions, as beaten at his own game. The
locality must be described: The land of
Mr. H. lay broadly between Bushy
Park and the courthouse, and the land
of Bushy Park lies as broadly between
the residences of Mr. H. and the mill of
the neighborhood on Staunton river.—
There were two roads to the courthouse
for Mr. Randolph; one, the longer and
worse, was the stage road from the court-
house to the river; the other, shorter and
better, through the lands of Mr. H.
There were two roads to the mill for
Mr. H.; the shorter and better one
through Bushy Park, and the stage road
to the river, and then along its low, flat
and muddy banks to the mill. These
private roads had been open and free
from olden time.

One morning the mill boy returned to
the house and informed Mr. H. that the
old way to the mill was cut off. Mr.
Randolph had erected a strong post and
rail fence across the road, and there was
no opening in the fence on either side
for a long distance. Everybody went to
mill, and everybody soon found out the
fact of the fence in the way. The one
conclusion of all was the same. It was
one of Mr. Randolph's freaks. Beyond,
and deeper in the woods than the pri-
vate road to the mill, was the private
road to the courthouse. When on the
next court day Mr. Randolph passed out
of the woods on his own premises into
those of Mr. H. he was confronted with
a fence ten rails high, with stakes and
riders at every panel—a formidable ob-
stacle in his way, and extending right
and left as far as his eyes could reach.
He took in the situation, and, as he was
alone, it is not known that he made any
remarks, or whether they were sharp
pointed or not. Month passed away.
The situation was not changed. Incon-
venience, trouble, exasperation grew
and multiplied as the time lengthened.
Late one morning Mr. Randolph, just
arrived, riding across the courtyard, met
Mr. H., and checking his horse, lean-
ing over the saddle, said, with a sur-
prised bow: "Mr. H., if you'll let me go
to court I'll let you go to mill."
"Certainly, Mr. Randolph, with plea-
sure. But, Mr. Randolph, you began it."
"Yes, sir; and I'll end it."
In a few days strong, wide gates, over
each road, swung freely to every one
who had occasion to go through in
either direction.

The First Use of the Tomato.
Of the introduction of the tomato into
the United States a correspondent gives
the following account. Captain Phineas
Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia
in 1793. During the San Domingo wars
between the negroes and the whites many
of the latter fled to the United States,
and the more careful and enterprising
brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that
island with them. A Frenchman named
Nicolo, with his family, became a resi-
dent of Philadelphia in 1798, and occu-
pied a lot next to Capt. Eldridge. Ni-
colo and family brought a variety of
seed with them, which they sowed and
cultivated, among which was the tomato.
Capt. Eldridge and family became ac-
quainted with the fruit and its uses by
their intimacy with the Nicolo family.
They dressed and used it as a salad, and
were fond of it. Other neighbors pro-
duced the seed, but cultivated it merely
as an ornament, many being under the
impression that it was poisonous. The
tomato was used as an article of food in
New Orleans in 1812. They were not,
however, sold in the markets, even in
Philadelphia, until 1829. The French
refugees from San Domingo introduced
many new and excellent plants and veg-
etables and cultivated them in the gar-
dens of Maryland, Delaware and other
places near the shores of the Chesape-
ake bay.

Effectual Fly Remedy.
A restaurant keeper in the Allegheny
Diamond, Pa., like many others, has
been infested with flies. Patent gun
paper, poison, everything known to fly
exterminating science has been tried,
but still they come. Sunday last was
a good day to experiment. The room,
with closed doors and windows, was
perfected with fly paper. A train of very
fine gunpowder was laid in narrow strips
over the floor, and the spaces between
the strips were carefully painted with
molasses. In an incredibly short time
all the flies in the room seemed to be on
the floor, enjoying the luxurious repast
so temptingly set before them. It was
but the work of an instant, a dash, a
cloud of smoke, the work was done, and
the result, when carefully weighed, was
two pounds three ounces of fly carcasses.
The proprietor of the restaurant is hap-
py, and is about to apply for a patent on
the new process.

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nickel cent piece may be considered a
good forty-four grain weight. Some
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Lemon Verbena.
The well-known fragrant, sweet-scented
or lemon verbena (*Yppia citrodora*) is
regarded among the Spanish people as a
fine stomachic and cordial. It is
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sweetened, or five or six leaves are
put into a teacup and hot tea poured
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John Randolph Vanquished.
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Business carried on without publicity.
"must be the motto of the man that
doesn't advertise."

FACTS AND FANCIES.
What makes life dreary is the want of
motive.
The man who goes down cellar to cool
off places the mixer of cough medi-
cines.
Scandal mongers may learn this les-
son from the frog. Once overpassed the
season of his adolescence he gives up
tail-bearing.
A bankrupt was consoled with the
other day for his embarrassment. "Oh,
I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's
my creditors that are embarrassed."
The maddest man in seven counties is
the farmer who worked like a hero to
save a drowning man, only to find that
he had rescued a lightning rod agent.
There is an alarming drought in Texas.
At Corpus Christi, all last week, fresh
water was sold at twenty-five cents a
bucket, the demand being greater than
the supply.
Boy to gentleman, who has not given
him a reward for carrying his portman-
teau—"An' please, sir, what must I say
if any one asks me how much I has to
thank you for?"
The French chamber of deputies has
passed a bill to transform the ruins of
the famous palace of the Tuilleries,
burned during the commune, into a
pleasure garden.
The amount of national bank notes
redeemed at the treasury during the fiscal
year just closed, on account of fail-
ure, going into liquidation and reducing
circulation, is \$7,366,457.
Learn in childhood, if you can, that
happiness is not outside, but inside.—
A good heart and a clear conscience
bring happiness, which no riches and
no circumstances alone ever do.
The trustees of Washington's Head-
quarters at Newburg, N. Y., have pur-
chased the gold watch which the father
of his country gave Martha Custis on
their betrothal, and which she always
carried.
One of England's prominent journals,
discussing Canada, says that country
needs new life, fresh impulses and in-
creased population, and thinks it would
be benefited by annexation to the United
States.
Minister Lowell finds his position a
very unpoetical one. He says his chief
business at Madrid is to tell people
when the museums are open, what the-
aters to go to, who are the best milliners
and tailors, and when presentations are
to be made at court.
The fund raised for the widow of
Lieutenant Renner, who died of yellow
fever last year, has been so invested as
to yield her an income of \$600 a year.—
In addition she has a fine home in Rig-
ers Park, Cook county, Ill., ten miles
from Chicago, paid for.
Mr. Bonner's wonderful horse Edwin
Forrest recently trotted a mile in har-
ness, on a three-quarter mile track, in
2:31. An eminent authority, however,
does not consider it so extraordinary a
feat as that of the previous week, when
he trotted a mile in 2:15 with a road
wagon.
Robert Burns, son of the poet's eldest
son, has just died in the Danforth Hos-
pital. He was once a schoolmaster, but
his school dwindled away till he had to
take refuge in the parsonage, from which,
about eighteen months ago, he was
transferred to the more comfortable
quarters in which he died.
When you see a young man attired in
a white flannel shirt, his face slightly
burned with exposure, and hear him
talk knowingly of "jib fores" and "run-
ning under the wind" and "slacking the
main sheet," it doesn't follow that he is
much of a yachtsman. The chances are
that he would be seasick on a draw-
bridge.
A country paper says that one minis-
ter in that place recently said to another,
"I came near selling my boots to-day."
The other marveled and made the brief
but sage remark, "Ah." Then seeing
that further comment was expected, he
asked, "How was that?" Then Parson
No. 1 sprung his trap, "Oh, I had them
half-sold." Parson No. 2 is not expect-
ed to recover.
After the recent death of a "jute chief,"
an admiring Indian concluded to kill his
own chief, so that he could accompany
the spirit to the happy hunting grounds;
but the woman did not wish to be sacri-
ficed, and made her escape. The In-
dian then seized a baby, buried it in the
neck in the ground, and stood guard
over it, intending to let it starve to
death. After three days the child was
rescued by white men.
They had an amateur brass band at a
funeral a while ago, and when they had
squelched out the "See Jib and-by" at
the grave side, the minister in his ad-
dress said that the deceased was in one
respect most fortunate in being called
thus early. "That was all he said, but
the mourners grinned, and the amateurs
think that 'blamed sarcasm is infernally
out of place at a funeral, you know.'"
A celebrated English personage, now
in the House of Lords, was telling the
present head of the Napoleonic a long
and exclusive personal-political story.
The prince at last, full with silence and
waiting, simply uttered "wind" where-
upon the Englishman, rather puzzled,
said: "Do you doubt my narrative?"
The prince in his placid way said: "No,
I do not my own listening; I was choking
with silence!"

John Randolph Vanquished.
Rev. Leroy M. Lee, the well-known
Virginia divine, in an account of the
characteristics of the great statesman of
Roanoke, gives this account of the man-
ner in which the noted Virginian was
defeated at his own game by a neighbor:
Mr. Randolph was not always victor
in the petty discords of the neighbor-
hood. He was vanquished once, on a
field of his own selection, by a quiet,
resolute neighbor; and he confessed him-
self, not in so many words, but by his
actions, as beaten at his own game. The
locality must be described: The land of
Mr. H. lay broadly between Bushy
Park and the courthouse, and the land
of Bushy Park lies as broadly between
the residences of Mr. H. and the mill of
the neighborhood on Staunton river.—
There were two roads to the courthouse
for Mr. Randolph; one, the longer and
worse, was the stage road from the court-
house to the river; the other, shorter and
better, through the lands of Mr. H.
There were two roads to the mill for
Mr. H.; the shorter and better one
through Bushy Park, and the stage road
to the river, and then along its low, flat
and muddy banks to the mill. These
private roads had been open and free
from olden time.

One morning the mill boy returned to
the house and informed Mr. H. that the
old way to the mill was cut off. Mr.
Randolph had erected a strong post and
rail fence across the road, and there was
no opening in the fence on either side
for a long distance. Everybody went to
mill, and everybody soon found out the
fact of the fence in the way. The one
conclusion of all was the same. It was
one of Mr. Randolph's freaks. Beyond,
and deeper in the woods than the pri-
vate road to the mill, was the private
road to the courthouse. When on the
next court day Mr. Randolph passed out
of the woods on his own premises into
those of Mr. H. he was confronted with
a fence ten rails high, with stakes and
riders at every panel—a formidable ob-
stacle in his way, and extending right
and left as far as his eyes could reach.
He took in the situation, and, as he was
alone, it is not known that he made any
remarks, or whether they were sharp
pointed or not. Month passed away.
The situation was not changed. Incon-
venience, trouble, exasperation grew
and multiplied as the time lengthened.
Late one morning Mr. Randolph, just
arrived, riding across the courtyard, met
Mr. H., and checking his horse, lean-
ing over the saddle, said, with a sur-
prised bow: "Mr. H., if you'll let me go
to court I'll let you go to mill."
"Certainly, Mr. Randolph, with plea-
sure. But, Mr. Randolph, you began it."
"Yes, sir; and I'll end it."
In a few days strong, wide gates, over
each road, swung freely to every one
who had occasion to go through in
either direction.

The First Use of the Tomato.
Of the introduction of the tomato into
the United States a correspondent gives
the following account. Captain Phineas
Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia
in 1793. During the San Domingo wars
between the negroes and the whites many
of the latter fled to the United States,
and the more careful and enterprising
brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that
island with them. A Frenchman named
Nicolo, with his family, became a resi-
dent of Philadelphia in 1798, and occu-
pied a lot next to Capt. Eldridge. Ni-
colo and family brought a variety of
seed with them, which they sowed and
cultivated, among which was the tomato.
Capt. Eldridge and family became ac-
quainted with the fruit and its uses by
their intimacy with the Nicolo family.
They dressed and used it as a salad, and
were fond of it. Other neighbors pro-
duced the seed, but cultivated it merely
as an ornament, many being under the
impression that it was poisonous. The
tomato was used as an article of food in
New Orleans in 1812. They were not,
however, sold in the markets, even in
Philadelphia, until 1829. The French
refugees from San Domingo introduced
many new and excellent plants and veg-
etables and cultivated them in the gar-
dens of Maryland, Delaware and other
places near the shores of the Chesape-
ake bay.

Effectual Fly Remedy.
A restaurant keeper in the Allegheny
Diamond, Pa., like many others, has
been infested with flies. Patent gun
paper, poison, everything known to fly
exterminating science has been tried,
but still they come. Sunday last was
a good day to experiment. The room,
with closed doors and windows, was
perfected with fly paper. A train of very
fine gunpowder was laid in narrow strips
over the floor, and the spaces between
the strips were carefully painted with
molasses. In an incredibly short time
all the flies in the room seemed to be on
the floor, enjoying the luxurious repast
so temptingly set before them. It was
but the work of an instant, a dash, a
cloud of smoke, the work was done, and
the result, when carefully weighed, was
two pounds three ounces of fly carcasses.
The proprietor of the restaurant is hap-
py, and is about to apply for a patent on
the new process.

Once Weight.
Sometimes we are at a loss for an
ounce weight, when, perhaps, we have
one at hand without knowing it. Just
take three old-fashion copper cents, or
five of the present two-cent pieces, or
ten of the present nickel cents, and we
have at once a good ounce weight. A
nickel cent piece may be considered a
good forty-four grain weight. Some
suppose an ounce of quinine, or of any
other medicine bought from a medicine
store is 480 grains, but not so; an ounce
by buying and selling weight, whether
it be medicine or anything else, is just
437 grains.

Lemon Verbena.
The well-known fragrant, sweet-scented
or lemon verbena (*Yppia citrodora*) is
regarded among the Spanish people as a
fine stomachic and cordial. It is
either used in the form of a cold decoction,
sweetened, or five or six leaves are
put into a teacup and hot tea poured
upon them. The author of a recent
work, "Among the Spanish People," says
that the flavor of the tea thus prepared
"is simply delicious, and no one who has
drank it with a sprig of lemon ver-
bena."

Business carried on without publicity.
"must be the motto of the man that
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The Fashions.
Pretty new bathing shoes are orna-
mented with bead-work.
Organic muslin dresses mostly have
short skirts much trimmed.
Bustles are again considered neces-
sary to produce the bouffant effect now in
vogue.
Long summer gloves have no buttons,
and a Parisian specialty is made of silk
to match the dress with a ruffle of the
silk at the top.
Most of the everskirts for outdoor
wear are permanently fastened on the
main skirt. The looped puffers are
also secured in like manner.
Shoes with high heels and pointed
toes have taken the place of boots, and
with the fine ornamented stockings are
very coquettish with short dresses.
Only two colors appear in the newest
furniture coverings. Olive and yellow,
slate color and blue, tan and rose, and
dark blue and white are the combina-
tions.
Ottomans and chair seats are covered
with the snuff-colored designs now so pop-
ular. Black velvet stripes between those
of the snuff color are pretty for chair
backs.
English crewel-work on mummy cloth
is very popular for tablecloths, table-
covers and curtains. The cloth is gen-
erally blue, brown, old gold, white, or
crimson.
Among the prettiest day dresses worn
at Stratford and other resorts are those
of the thin gauze-like French bunting
which the French call *toile religieuse*.
They are worn by ladies of all ages.
French chalk is a specific for greasy
spots. It should be scraped on the
spot and left on until it absorbs the
grease. Two or three applications are
sometimes necessary for the purpose.
Laces beaded with both jet and gold
are first rate for brightening up black
dresses and bonnets, and, as the heads
simply outline the design, it is easy to
modernize my lace by sewing on
fine jet beads.
Linen or mohair traveling cloaks are
of long precise saque shape, with the
back finished in redingote style, with
great buttons and flat plaits, while the
sides have enormous pockets set on un-