Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXIII. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18 1900. NO. 9.

Chatham Record.

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - $1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.00

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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER III.

[CONTINUED.]

We did do it up quickly. In less than an hour we were back in Langston's office with tickets for three—first-class passage—in our possession. On our way back we got a carriage for the sake of Mr. Ralston. While Langston had been talking to the agent, I had been telegraphing to Congressman Wellman, of San Francisco, then in Los Angeles on business connected with a large cattle-ranch which he owned there, and I had received a reply that he would cable the American consul at Hong Kong, a friend of his, to give us all the assistance in his power. It was with a sense of assured victory that we took Ralston and his father to the Golden Gate Club for supper.

We were a silent supper-party. But little was said. No one knew better than I that we were setting out on a dangerous mission. The odds were against us—no matter how favorable everything looked. We did not know what unknown foes we would meet or what agencies would be against us. The man who had carried away the most beautiful girl in California no doubt had powerful friends and abettors in the land to which he was taking her. Edward was as gloomy as his father. Langston was more thoughtful than was his habit. As for me, I saw nothing but the sweet face of Annie Ralston. It came between my plate and me. It was in the air around me. It was everywhere. Then, back of it, over it and through it, I saw the diabolical face of the Chinaman, around whose throat my fingers would so lovingly curl until his lying tongue stretched from his mouth in strangulation.

Having satisfied our hunger—there was no other pleasure attendant on the meal—we got into our carriage again and were taken to the Union Depot to see Mr. Ralston off for Oakland. At first, the old gentleman insisted upon remaining to see us embark the following morning, but Edward feared the excitement would be too much for him. So, with a half willing consent, he was going home to his grief-stricken wife.

When he left us at the gate his emotion almost overcame him. He talked long and lovingly to Edward, while Langston and I roamed around the station-platform. When they had finished we went to them.

"God bless you, my boys!" said the old father, tremulously, as he grasped first my hand and then Langston's in a vise-like grip. "God bless you and grant you success in this great undertaking. I know you will do everything that can be done. My wife and I will await your coming with hearts full of hope. Every night and every day we will pray for you and for her. Bring her back," and now his voice was broken by sobs. "Bring her back, no matter what has happened to her. Tell her she shall be my darling notwithstanding. And, oh, if she should be dead, if you can only bring her body home! If not, then some proof of her death, that our hearts may not longer be tortured with fears."

"Mr. Ralston," I replied, "do not worry. I have no doubt that we shall be in Shanghai before the Ketoh arrives. If so, all danger is past, for we will meet your daughter as she lands. It is all clear enough in my mind. You must not allow yourself to become sick with fear. Keep up a good heart; we will bring Annie back."

"God bless you again!" he said, gulping down his sobs. Then the uniformed gateman called out the train for Oakland and Mr. Ralston left us.

We three said but little on the way from the depot to Ralston's hotel, where we left the carriage for a last chat.

At ten o'clock I started for home. Langston lazily shook himself, and also bade Ralston good night.

"Shall we meet you here," I asked, "or shall we meet at the pier?"

"The pier, I think," said Ralston. "I shall be in more or less of a hurry, rushing around to Brown & Brown's. I will take a cab and save all the time I can. Don't miss the steamer."

"Don't fear. We'll be there," we answered.

"Good night!"

It did not take long in those days for me to prepare for a journey—even if it was half-way round the world. By midnight my trunk was in the hall, packed and waiting for the morning expressman.

I called the janitor.

"Mr. Robbins," I said, "I am going away for a short time, and I want to pay my rent in advance."

"Bless me, doctor, your rent ain't due till the 1st, and you surely won't be gone longer than that."

"Yes, I shall be gone a couple of months. I am going to China."

"China!"

"Yes, Hong Kong and Shanghai. I leave to-morrow with two friends. Yes, it is rather sudden; but—the case is urgent. Now, Mr. Robbins, if I don't come back—mind you, I expect to be back by the 1st of March—but if I don't come back you can dispose of my things here. I have no heirs. If Langston, who is going with me, should return without me, he is to have anything that he wants that is paltry. The rest is yours."

The janitor stood for a moment staring at me with wide-open eyes. Then, shaking his head mournfully he went away in silence.

Then I threw myself on the bed, my bones aching with weariness, to catch a little sleep. I was soon in a sound slumber; but there, over me, around me, was the pale face of Annie Ralston and the horrid eyes of her Chinese master.

CHAPTER IV.

OVERBOARD.

The shores of California rapidly faded and sank into the waters of the bay, as the good ship City of Rio de Janeiro plowed her way through the Golden Gate and out into the broad Pacific.

Langston was somewhat pensive as we stood together by the rail, talking little, but understanding, as if by occult communication, each other's thoughts. A slouch hat was drawn over his face. His hands were deep in the pockets of his great-coat. His eyes were bent on the receding highlands on which the noon day sun was playing in its solitary grandeur, making a picture for an artist's pencil. I thought, as I looked at Langston, that he was, indeed, a handsome fellow. His large frame—he was fully as tall as I and perhaps more powerfully built—showed to advantage, outlined against the water of the ocean, and I knew he would be a formidable antagonist in any kind of a melee that we might happen to get into.

Now and then he would turn and look at Ralston, and he would seemingly study him for a moment. Like me, he felt a sincere pity for him. The poor fellow stood with glass in hand looking at that portion of the coast line behind which lay the city of Oakland. His face was very pale. He was not a very robust man. His studious and sedentary life had not developed his frame. He was a severe contrast to the giant Langston. If Langston and I were gloomy, what must have been the emotions of poor Ralston? Bound then he was leaving a weeping father, a delirious mother before him lay the dangers of which none of us knew much. And his sister's fate, always uncertain, and awfully sure in case we were delayed, preyed upon his mind.

It could not be wondered at that we were not a very gay party during our first day on board. When the shores of our State had sunk below the horizon, we strolled listlessly about, wishing it was the last instead of the first day of the voyage.

The next day we did not do any strolling. I suppose I was the sickest man on the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps I might except Langston, who declared that he died three times during the day and night, and was lurched back into life by the roll of the vessel. If I could have followed my inclination I would have died and ended my misery. We rolled, we moaned, we made the life of the ship's doctor miserable. And what made it more provoking was the fact that Ralston, who of the three ought to succumb to illness more readily than we, was scarcely sick at all.

Sometimes Ralston would take to his bed to ward off the symptoms of coming trouble, but most of the time he was on deck. He did not dare come near us. He would have been an invalid from sheer disgust.

We received very good care from the doctor and the steward. Both were attentive to our wants in their respective lines. But we wanted nothing from the steward. He gave us broth; but we were too sick even for that.

The doctor encouraged us, or tried to, by saying that in a few days we would feel like new men.

"'Few days!'" groaned Langston. "'You don't know what you are talking about, man. I shall be dead in a few hours."

"Oh, no, you won't! Far from it," laughed the doctor.

"As for me," I groaned, "I feel the life oozing out of me! Every lurch of the boat brings me nearer death."

"Nearer China, you mean," replied the doctor. "We are making good time."

"'Nearer China' is true enough," mumbled Langston. "It is only eight thousand miles, if you travel straight down."

The doctor laughed.

"I will leave you now," he said. "You are getting unruly, and therefore convalescent."

Unlikely as it seemed to us, on the fourth day out we were on deck, enjoying the cool breezes. Ralston was glad to see us. He had kept to himself and had made no acquaintance among the passengers. The time had hung heavy on his hands. It had given him too much time for morbid musings.

With Langston's recovery from sea sickness, his spirits came back to him. By his influence Ralston in a measure lost his depression, and we began to enjoy the trip.

There is not much to be said about his portion of our journey. We read and talked over every phase of our enterprise. We made the acquaintance of several people. Some were pleasant, some were opinionate, and one was a nuisance on the way to Honolulu. We enjoyed the company of all these and became very much interested in the stories they told of the Eastern countries. After hearing a Bangkok trader tell of the customs and habits of the Indians, we felt a profound pity for the missionary.

"Suppose they eat him," I remarked.

"No. He's safe enough as to that," replied Langston. "He is too thin."

"Yes, I presume even they are particular about their food."

"The gentlemens has-ave a varie peculeer ideas about that countree," remarked a person who sat near us.

"All we know is what we hear, Mr. Snell," replied Langston. "The tales of some of the people who have been there are not calculated to arouse much admiration."

"You do not know! You do not know!" answered the other. "Everything ees beauteeful in that East—in India and China and Persia and Turkey. Ah, I know them all! I am a cosmopolectan. I live all over the world. But I love the East."

This person, Mr. Gambok Snell, was not a prepossessing individual. He was not very tall. His physique was not striking. He was, perhaps, a trifle too stout. He had a sinister face. When he laughed he seemed to sneer with it. He spoke with a peculiar accent. We could not judge of his nationality. He was a nondescript. He was well dressed and seemed to have plenty of money. He seemed to have taken a great liking to us. He plied us with invitations to take refreshments at his expense. He was evidently telling the truth when he said he was a cosmopolitan. He spoke knowingly of almost every country. He was willing to relate his experiences in traveling, and told them in a very entertaining way. This whiled away many an hour that would otherwise have been tedious. I think it was the interesting way he had of telling his stories that made us overlook the disagreeable aspect of the man. He bore one mark that made his face look even more sinister than it would otherwise have done. He had a scar on his right cheek. I cannot see now how in the world we came to ignore that scar. We had hunted California high and low for a man of that very description. We ought to have known our man at first sight, but neither of us associated the chatty stranger with the man who had left Oakland with a young woman on the same night that Annie Ralston disappeared. It is difficult to account for our stupidity. We paid dearly enough for it afterward.

Mr. Gambok Snell became a very close friend. That is, he remained close to us. He sat with us at dinner. It is true, his everlasting attentions grew rather wearisome, but he was so earnest in his efforts to please, and always kept us in good humor with his stories, that we could not treat him otherwise than well. We told him very little about ourselves at first, but as our acquaintance lengthened from days into weeks we told him of our mission to Hong Kong and Shanghai. He was, to all appearances, horrified at my recital of what I had seen of Annie Ralston in the Chinaman's den. He said he was well acquainted in Hong Kong, and might be able to give us some valuable assistance in our search. He did render us valuable aid. It was a long time proving itself, but, nevertheless, much against his own intentions he helped us.

So we passed our time until the 9th of January. We had scarcely noticed the advent of the new year. On January 1st the captain ordered a dinner on a little more elaborate scale than that we were accustomed to, and that was all.

One day we all sat on deck. We had reached the tropics. It was no longer necessary to wear coats and cloaks on deck. The rays of the sun were scorching at noon. It was toward the close of one of these oppressively warm days we sat on deck, smoking, as I said. Langston got up and wandered away. Ralston hung over the rail a few minutes and then strolled off.

Gambok Snell turned to me and said:

"You are nearlee to the end of your voyage, Doctor Creeckmore."

"Yes; we have only a few days more. I am heartily glad of it. I shall be glad when my feet get on solid ground again."

"But you veel hall a long sail back—ees it not so?"

"Just as long. But our purpose, I hope, will be accomplished. If we go back with Annie Ralston safe, I could stand any amount of sailing."

"Ah! Times ees a very sad affair, Doctor Creeckmore. The—ah—young ladee was so beautiful and noble. Ees eet not so?"

"It is very sad. The thoughts of it are enough to drive a man insane. I shudder to think what the result would be if we failed to rescue her. I think it would kill her parents."

"Ye-es. Eet ees too bad. I do not like these things—murder, crime—all of them. B-r-r-r! They make me to sheever! But you veel prevail eet. Ees eet not so?"

"I hope so," I replied, puzzled at his persistence.

"And deed you say dat you are the only person who saw thees woman and thees Chinaman, doctoer?"

"Yes; I am the only one who saw them."

"Aha! You are a very important person in thees case, I say. You are the only person who could identify thees—ah—Chinaman. Ees eet not so?"

"Yes; I am the only one."

"And would you know him again, Mr. Creeckmore, as you think?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Russian state sceptre is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 246 diamonds, 360 rubies, and fifteen emeralds.

WOMANKIND

WOMEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Fortune Awaits the Dressmaker Who Will Start an Establishment There.

"There is a fortune for any woman who will go to the Philippines and start a dressmaking establishment," says the wife of an army officer, who has just returned from a six months' visit to her husband's post. "She could charge fancy prices and command them. When I was there and wanted some new clothes I was forced to go to a Chinaman, the only dressmaker in the place. And they do botch things. They can no more fit an American woman than their native clothes would.

"When I first went to the islands I was horrified at the manner of dress the women and young girls assumed. They would drive out in the morning and go shopping, wearing a garment that resembled the Mother Hubbard so closely that one could not tell the difference except in the material used. Their Mother Hubbards are really works of art. They are creations of silk and lace ribbons, and after one gets accustomed to seeing a woman on the street in such negligee it really seems sensible and quite pretty. Manila women never wear corsets in the morning. But in the evening, when the air has become cool, they make up for lost time and wear lace ball gowns, with the bodice cut very low and most of the time without any sleeves at all. A Philippine lady never wears a hat or bonnet in the evening.

"It is quite easy to spot strangers the minute you see them. Out they come in the morning with tight dresses or shirt waists and skirts, and in the evening they appear with large, beautiful hats. After they have been there a while they still wear beautiful clothes, but their style has changed. They wear wrappers in the morning and in the evening they are seen in evening dress, whether or not they are going to any entertainment, and they never appear with a hat on. The only hat a Philippine lady wears is a sombrero, or perhaps she only uses a parasol. This is one reason why they have such beautiful hair.

"American women have troubles of their own when they want to buy shoes. The shoes made in Manila no American woman would wear. They have a short vamp, and the whole shape of the thing is simply horrible. The only thing to do is to have shoes made."

Lace Capes.

Lace capes are about the most expensive garments in the way of wraps that are seen anywhere. They can be made possible for winter as well as summer wear provided they are lined with warm lining. They look a little incongruous at first for cold weather, but as they are trimmed with fur and rich embroidery in spangled designs, they can hardly be classed as exclusively summer garments. The white lace wraps are made up over accordion-pleated mousseline de soie that, in its turn, is lined with white satin. They are quite long, and the lace is put on rather full, but not in pleats, and the full beauty of the design shows over the light mousseline de soie. The yoke effect over the shoulders is sometimes hidden by a capuchin hood of velvet lined with spangled lace. There are long ends of pleated chiffon edged with a ruching. Black lace over white, with the hood lined with black spangled lace or blue silk with steel, makes a most effective wrap. It is a style which cannot be imitated in cheap materials, for there is so much of the lace to be seen it is necessary to have it of the very best. The hood is made of white or black velvet, as desired. Black looks better than the white, however, although both are fashionable. These lace capes are the most effective evening wraps that will be worn during next winter. Harper's Bazar.

The Capeline in Church.

It is bad form to costume yourself for church going in such a wise as to attract attention to your toilet. Such conduct stamps a woman as being ignorant of the best usages of society, and also of good taste. Nevertheless, one's eyes will stray toward the wearer of some peculiarly dainty or becoming garments, while sitting in an adjoining pew. A slender young maiden of uncertain years slips into church with a little capeline of white mousseline de soie. It is small of size, wired and bent to suit the shape of the head. The front is raised from off the brow. Two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon encircle what does duty for a diminutive crown under a bunch of very tiny rosebuds, and a sprig or two of green foliage. The rose leaves stand up a little like an aigrette.

The frock worn with this dainty capeline is of white organdy. The skirt is shirred about the hips and has a shallow flounce near the hem. The bodice has a guimpe of embroidery. Around the shoulders is a fichu of organdy with a border of embroidery. The fichu is first draped about the shoulders and then knotted on the breast. Long ends float downward, diminishing in width. The close-fitting sleeves are of white organdy tucked. A narrow band of black velvet ribbon is tied about the waist.

The Blonde Girl.

Unfortunately the blue-eyed, fair-haired type of maiden is becoming more and more rare in this country. Germany and Sweden still have her in plenty, but the blonde as a type of American beauty is surely dying out. If, indeed, they ever were typically American.

That they are beautiful, however, never has been denied, for in all ages they have been lauded in poetry and song as one of the loveliest types of womankind.

All the cold colors belong to this type. These dainty, refreshing lovelinesses are hers, whether her cheeks resemble the petal of a rose or be of that delicate paleness so often accompanying flaxen hair and the blue or violet eye. Cold blues from dark to light, silvery blues that have no suggestion of green or yellow, chalk blues that are dull of surface and resemble some cold skies, all are hers to command. Pale cold green, combined with white or gray, can also be worn, though one should experiment with green carefully. The wrong tint will have a disastrous result upon the hair. Dull black can also be worn and a very dark red, but it must be so dark as to show only in the light.

Charity Work For Women.

Much wrong is done in the sacred name of charity in taking up a poor girl, giving her an undue idea of her talents, sending her to Paris to study singing, telling her she will be a great prima donna, and then deserting her if she fails. It is just then that she needs charity, and the person who is able to give should investigate such cases. Sometimes a poor girl has a superior voice, and is able to excite envy. She is hounded out of her place by some one who cannot sing as well as she does.

Such a person lifted up to the highest heaven, dropped to the lowest rung of despair, is the person to help. She needs that twenty francs be given for her. Do not let her starve. The forgotten artist who is so poor, so old, so hungry, it is her portrait which should be raffled for. And, above all, have the charity of the heart for those who are attacked. There is more need of a little kind incredulity sometimes than for much money. Mrs. John Sherwood, in Harper's Bazar.

Fashions From Paris.

Some odd ideas are shown in the decoration of gowns in Paris now. For instance, a traveling gown of loosely woven pinchbeck plaid cheviot has bands of white enamelled leather for trimming. These outline the yoke, form the collar and belt, and run in two points down on the front of the skirt. The lower part of the skirt is made in kilt form—a pretty old fashioned revival.

Stitched bands are most popular wherever they are possible, even on silk gowns. On dark linens and piques they are the usual trimming. On a blue yachting gown the white pique front panel has criss-crossed bands of the same stitched on.—Harper's Bazar.

Tempting Summer Neckwear.

Summer neckwear is displayed most temptingly in all its latest forms. Silk bertie ties, in black, white and fancy colors, are to be bought at twenty-five cents each. These are one yard in length, are edged all about the narrow hemstitched hem, and are made with a succession of cordings to within the collar band. The ends cross at the back and tie in front in a loosely knot, without bows.

Pale Yellow Suede Gloves.

Unless you are in mourning or confine your apparel to black and white you had better see that your glove box contains a few pairs of pale yellow suede gloves. They are just the thing to wear at afternoon receptions or musicales, at a golf tea, luncheon or entertainment at a college.

Shade Hat For a Little Girl.

A pretty head covering for a little maid of ten summers is a fine straw shade hat, high narrow Tuxedo conical crown. This is simply trimmed with sprigs of golden rod stitched nearly down to the crown all around its narrow circumference.

Sashes the Mode.

Sashes still are in vogue, and, with the increasing popularity of Empire gowns for social functions, promises to become even more the mode. They may be of wide or narrow fancy ribbon, with or without trimmings of Liberty silk or crepe de chine.

FRILLS OF FASHION

Stitched bands used to a lavish extent as a gown garniture.

Many yokes, real or simulated, are discernible on the latest skirt models.

Summer goods almost given away, Madame Economical much in evidence.

Cocque feathers adorning Empire hats the coming feature of the millinery world.

Beige, the fashionable spelling this to remain in vogue for fall and well into the winter.

Whisperings heard of a revival of the Russian blouse as an outer garment the coming season.

Every indication pointing to the adoption of much longer gloves, elbow length almost certain for evening.

The royal blue will a formidable rival to the emerald green. Actual dots newer than the silk ones, too.

Dressing jackets and wrappers more attractive than ever for the coming season made on the plan of evening wraps.

Picturesque effects adapted from sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century models to be in the ascendancy instead of the tailor mode this autumn.

A new silk, flamed like an agate, with the brilliance of silk in one day and the dullness suggestive of wooden in another, good shade for one who is troubled with a long face, but unalterably dull the latest thing as it is.

Good Roads Notes

Roads in Florida.

MR. M. O. ELDRIDGE, acting director of the office of public road inquiries of the Agricultural Department, went South to attend and address a good road convention recently held at Orlando, Fla., and to examine the tropical conditions under which good roads are now being built in various parts of that State.

In an interview with a Washington Star reporter Mr. Eldridge says: "In spite of the great freeze of 1895, which almost paralyzed the orange industry of Florida, the people of that State have built, under these trying conditions, hundreds of miles of good roads. These highways are as durable and perfect as the stone and gravel roads of some of the Northern States, and on account of the luxuriant tropical growth which borders them on every hand they are as beautiful as any highways I have ever seen, not excepting the masterpieces of the road builder's art which traverse the rocky slopes of the Alps. The most remarkable thing about these roads is the cost, which is only about one-sixth as much as the stone and gravel roads of the Northern States.

Roads fifteen feet wide are being constructed in Orange County in the vicinity of Orlando and Winter Park for $200 per mile, and where convict labor can be had which fortunately is very scarce in Florida good roads have been built for $250 per mile. This remarkably low cost is due to the fact that these roads were built by simply laying the sand of which the original roads were composed with clay, which has been discovered at various points in the State. A large deposit of this clay was discovered near Barrow, and many of the streets and roads in Orange County have been built by mixing Barrow clay with sand, which when placed upon the prepared sand foundation and rolled so consolidates and cements together as to form a compact and smooth surface. After these roads are once built they are not worn and cut to pieces like the highways of the North due to the fact that no deep ruts occur to disrupt their surfaces and foundations in winter, and thus the water flows rapidly to the sides of the road during continued rains and sinks into the sandy soil alongside. Another reason why these roads do not wear rapidly is that many of the vehicles in Florida even the buggies and light spring wagons have been provided with wide tires, and have thus become roadmakers. As a result of wide tires and good drainage some of the streets of Orlando, Fla., which were built over ten years ago of sand and clay, are as good, if not better to-day than they were when they were built."

Some of the Advantages.

In speaking about the advantages of good roads a prominent official of the League of American Wheelmen says:

"If there is a method of a complished, he twice as much as heretofore with a given amount of effort. It is to the farmer's interest to discover and adopt a economy of labor means and additional acres which he can till prior to more productive. The only way to compute the value of labor is to compare what it would cost if it had to be purchased. It has been found that if the farmers of the United States had to pay someone else for performing their crops it would cost them on an average twenty-five cents every time a crop was hauled a mile nearer to market. In other words, it costs twenty-five cents a ton a mile. I say on an average, for it costs considerably less in many localities. Yet it costs sufficiently more in many others to make it average as large as stated. Taking an average of the number of miles traveled it costs on an average $3.92 a ton from the farm to the railroad station. It costs only $1.87 in the Northern and Eastern States but in the Pacific coast and mountain States it runs up as high as $5.12. This, of course, is for the value of the farmer's time and that of his team and wagon or what he would have to pay someone else at a fair price to do his hauling for him. How was all this found out? It is the result of careful inquiries made by the United States Department of Agriculture and of estimates received from farmers throughout the United States in reply to letters addressed for such information. These inquiries were made for the simple purpose of ascertaining at the time of their answers might know what could be saved to the building of good roads and might be able to determine how much they could afford to spend for building them."

Irrigation in Central Asia.

It is announced that the Russian Government has decided upon irrigation as a means of at least 2,000 miles in the Sir Darya district along the River Syr, and along the Turkestan Railway. The amount of three million rubles has already been appropriated for this purpose. Up to the present time this district is but little populated, but it is hoped that with the land being made fit for agriculture Russian peasants will settle down there more readily than has hitherto been the case. Russia is evidently bent on the utmost to keep on good terms with the Emeer of Bokhara, and it was only a few months ago that he was presented with a new parlor car. Last year the Russian Government also built him a new palace.

Rice Growing.

The method of growing rice as we find it originated in China.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Pictures For the Library.

Pictures for a library should be etchings, photographic reproductions of old masters, or platino-types in gray or sepia. Where your outlay will permit it, a brica-brac shelf all around is decorative in the extreme and considered very smart.

Asbestos Mat Covers.

Asbestos mats are a great convenience to the housekeeper, besides saving the polished table surface. These are made of two pieces of decorated linen, with an opening into which is slipped a sheet of asbestos. These are oftenest made round for plate doylies, for hot plates when luncheon is served without a cloth; oval for under meat or vegetable dishes, and oblong when used for tray cloths or carvers.

Repainting Enamelled Furniture.

Enamelled furniture can easily be repainted at home. In the case of washstands it is better to use bath enamel, as it will stand hot and cold water without marking. If a delicate tint is wanted, such as blue or pink, it can be obtained by mixing a small tin of dark blue or red enamel with a large tin of white bath enamel. To insure success the article must be given three thin coats and be allowed to set hard between each coat.

The Care of Silver.

To keep silver bright without constant cleaning, which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a dishpanful of hot water with a little soap; put the silver in and let it stand all the morning; then pour off the suds, rinse with clear cold water and wipe with a soft cloth. Or try a tablespoonful of ammonia in cold soap suds—about a teacupful—and polish with a soft cloth. Silver can also be polished by rubbing with oatmeal or a little baking soda. Egg stains can be removed from silver with a cloth dipped in salt water. Powdered charcoal gives the knives a fine polish if applied after they are scoured clean.—New York Journal.

Advice on Wood Staining.

Before giving specific directions for the benefit of the amateur, it may be as well to suggest some articles on which his or her energy may be expended. Ordinary pine tables, when one can afford to buy nothing more costly, and which in certain summer houses and studios are as good as anything else, may be oiled or stained, and made altogether charming. They can be made to look like black oak, and if one is skilful with the hot iron a design may be made to follow the edge, says Harper's Bazar.

Pure ammonia, a powerful liquid, and one to be carefully used, is the first application made to woods. Manufacturers and many special workmen apply this by means of a vapor bath to which the wood is subjected. But in many wood carving institutions the ammonia is merely applied with a brush, and the results are found to be quite as satisfactory. It is just as well, by the way, to wear rubber gloves while one is doing this work. The ammonia darkens the wood, and when it is remembered that forty years are required to bring about the same tones when wood is left to time, its value to-day may well be established. Several coats are to be applied with the brush. An ordinary two-inch paint brush is used.

After the ammonia has been used the stain is applied. The ordinary wooden-backed nail brush has been by all authorities pronounced the best. After the stain has been applied shellac is used in many instances, especially on oak, is applied, but this is rubbed down carefully when dry with pumice stone and oil. Beeswax and turpentine are used to give a further polish.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Novelty Salad. Put into a salad dish two apples chopped fine; over this a layer of powdered sugar; a layer of English walnut meats; two bananas sliced fine; powdered sugar again; two oranges sliced fine, and over all pour the juice of two lemons thickened with granulated sugar as much as it will absorb. Chill thoroughly before serving. Fine.

Almond Drops. Whites of two eggs, one cup granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, half a pound of almond meats, blanched and quartered; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar gradually as for icing, then the vanilla; last of all the almonds. Drop with a teaspoon onto pans lined with buttered paper; bake to a light brown in a quick oven.

Beets With Sour Sauce. Use a small stiff brush and be careful not to break the skins in cleaning; boil tender; remove the skins and cut into thin slices. Put half a cupful of vinegar over the fire with one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper; when it boils add one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little water; stir constantly until it boils; pour over the beets and serve hot.