Stictly in Advance.

THE CRIME OF THE

CHAPTER VI.

nervously, while he tried to devise some trap which might lead Harland to crim-inate himself.

disappointed.

utterly failed.

ich was not the result.

Such was not the result. Stuart gazed sadly upon the ghastly features of the old cashier, and not the

faintest evidence, such as the police ser-geant hoped to elicit, was discernible in his manner.

vere impressed. Even the Coroner's voice sounded more

kindly as he proceeded to question Stu-art, when it was quite evident to all that

the police sergeant's ancient test had

e said: -name is James Sanborn

At the mention of that name, Mr. Garrison gave a violent start and he thought.

There is no longer a shadow of a doubt. Stuart knews all, but he means to shield me. It is because I am Edna's father. For my daughter's sake, he will

"I can say no more; another than my self is concerned," replied Stuart. "Very well, sir; Mr. Sanbern, the gen

tleman with whom you say you had business, shall be questioned."
Stuart bit his lips. Mr. Garriso turned white as death, and the Corone

miled at his victim's discomfiture as h

said blandly:
"You had not thought of that, I see.

The Coroner questioned Stuart further,

uate himself.

He thought of the old "confrontation

W.F.MOTT.

BROKERS OFFICE.



A telegraph messenger entered as Paxton becare seated, and placed a dis-patch in the hands of the police Sergeant. Marion's face told that she feared the telegram contained some intelligence inimical to the interests of the young man of whose innocence she was posi-

man of whose innocence she was posi-tive,
Mr. Garrison shook the detective's hand warmly when he had taken his sent, and said:
"I thank you, sir, for what you have said in behalf of my young friend."
Meanwhile the police sergeant read his dispatch, and turning to the coroner he said in exuitant tones:

his dispatch, and turning to the coroner he said in exultant tones:

"The dispatch, which has, by the way, been unaccountably delayed, informs me that Stuart Harland has been arrested. He should have been returned to the city by this time. He was captured on alighting from a railway train by officers to whom I caused a telegram to be sent. This is bad news. Since Mr. Harland was arrested on a railway train he must have been leaving the city. That circumstance may be made to tell against him. You are his friend, Mr. Garrison, and at the first opportunity you should warn him to make a complete explanation of his condact," whispered the detective. tective.
"I shall do so," the broker replied, but

"I shall do so," the broker repued, our he secretly thought:
"And yet if the motive for his secret 'night journey was what I suspect it to be. I dare not ask Stuart to tell the truth. Weak, miscrable, guilty man that I am. I find myself in a situation of the most trying character, and a de-nouncer I dread may come at any mo-ment."

Marion Oalburn touched the detec-tive's arm, and he turned toward her as she whispered:

"Do you think Mr. Harland can be

imprisoned on the strength of the evi-dence which has thus far been elicited?"

The jury can hardly find against him yet, I think, but much will depend upon Mr. Harland himself. His expianation will govern the conner's jury. However, he cannot be compelled to answer any question which may implicate himself," repulled Pexton. he cannot be compened to answer any question which may impliente himself," replied Pexton.

A moment subsequently there was a stir at the door.

A thrill of excitement and expectancy ran through the throng, and Marion Oakburn started to her feet, involuntarily.

farily.
Mr. Paxton and the broker also arose

as Stuart Harland was marched into the

as start mariant was marched into the room between two officers.

The suspected man glanced about him fearliessly, and seeing M. Garrison and Marion, he bowed and smiled, and he also affably greeted his fellow clerks who were present.

Addressing the coroner, he said, calmiy.

calmiy:

"I sm informed that I am arrested on
suspicion of having murdered my old
friend, John Oakburn. Will you please
inform me why I am accused of so

heinous a crime It was evident to all that Stuart Har-

will power.
"I regret to say, Mr. Harland, that the

fact of your midnight departure coupled with certain curcumstances, such as your knowledge that there was a large sum of money in the safe and the like. bas made it necessary that you should explain your conduct, answered the coroner impressively.

A moment of profound silence ensued while the people assembled in the broker's office awaited, consumed with curiosity the said:

"His name is James Saphorn."

and suspense, for all were most deeply interested to know what explanation or defense of his conduct the accused would

of Jason Garrison, and as the broker met his covert glance he trembled vio-Tam not mistaken. He has discovered

the truth. He knows what I have done From the banker Stuart glanced at Marion Oakburn. Ever since the moment when the

Ever since the moment when the officers who had accomplished his arrest informed him, as they had done that John Cakburn had been murdered, Stuart Harland had been unable to rich his mind of the haunting memory of Marton Oakburn's face as he saw it when, livid with terror, she stealthity glided out of the office as he was leaving the house, and now when he looked at her, Martod trembled as with a chill of terror, and trembled as with a chill of terror, and

she would not meet his glance.
A fearful thought flashed through
Stuart's mind, but he put it away from
him as too terrible for serious considera-

ight, but he restrained the angry retort hat arose to his lips and remained dient. tion.
At this time, however, he was con-At this time, however, he was convinced in his mind that some dark and inscrutable mystery surrounded the secret of John Oakburn's murder, and he could not disabuse himself of the impression that Marion Oakburn was in some inexplicable way connected with it. Stuart Harland was one of those noble spirits who ought to have lived in the days of chivalry and knight errantry. He had resolved not to make an explanation of his midnight departure, because The Coroner questioned Stuart further, but nothing worthy of note was elicited. Stuart schered determinedly to the policy which he had adopted, and he could not be induced to reveal what the motive of the midnight journey was.

Faxton regarded the course of the suspected man as absolutely suicidal.

"He is endangering his life," he said to Mr. Garrison.

suspected man as absolutely suicidal.

"He is endangering his life," he said to Mr. Garrison.

The broker groaned.

He knew now that if he advised Stuart Harland to tell the whole truth, he would advise his own exposure. He could not make that sacrifice, for his was not the noble, heroic character which the Creator had given Stuart Herland. ation of his midnight departure, because to do so would be to betray the secret of another, which he had accidentally gained a knowledge of. He never thought of resorting to falsehood to ex-

He was not without a fear lest the Harland.

The agitation and excitement of the broker had awakened a vague suspicion in the mind of the dectective that perhaps the former knew more than he would have dared to confess about the

He was not without a fear lest the was not votered by the feet in honor bound to adhere to it.

Paston was somewhat of a physiognomist in his way, and he fixed his eyes on Staart Harland's face and sought to read his character.

The dotective's scrutiny was so interest that Harland felt his glance and land away and and away.

the detective's scrumly was a mittense that Harland felt his glance and finally looked at him. Then the former dropped his eyes, but he was favorably impressed and he mentally reflected:

He has an honest face, and if I am

error he is a man who would almost any sacrifice for bonor and

man who was imperiling himself for his cake, and as he reflected that if Stuart tion as to how the skeleton keys and was sacrificed Edua would not survive the blow, his torture was inexpressible.

Marion Oakburn had listened to Stuart Harland's examination with the deepest interest, and as she comprehended that the suspicion against him seemed deathed to bring him into deadly peril, although they had heretofore been but passing acquaintances, fore been but passing acquaintances, she felt that the strands of their lives which led into the unexplored future had been woven together by a mystic fatality without the knowledge of either.

The coshier's daughter was not a atalist; but she could not think that the engular combination of events which not recently transpired had come about to there of the control of the control of the control

Meanwhile when Judith Kredge saw Stuart Harland a prisoner in the power of the officers of the law, her venemous syes flashed with malicious triumph. It was clearly apparent that she se-cretly hated the young man. "You will take the oath and then we will listen to any statement you desire to make," said the coroner as Stuart did not reply to his last remark. The young man was duly sworn and "In view of all the circumstances of this case, I order that Smart Harland be searched.

searched.
"Officer Smith, you will attend to this matter," said the coroner, addressing the police sergeant.
A hot flush mantled Stuart Harland's The young man was duly sworn and then the luquest proceeded and now and startling developments ensued.

face.
"What! Am I to be subjected to this indignity, as though I were a common thief!" he exclaimed.

thieft" he exclaimed.

"Justice is no respecter of persons. In quest of truth, she seeks for information everywhere. If need be, she enterwise is exempt from her search," answered the coroner, impressively.

"So be it then. Let this farce continue to the end," and he bowed his head.

The officer named came forward and proceeded to search him.

He first examined Stuart's overceat pockets, and Stuart assisted him, saying confidentity:

"My explanation is most simple. I can only say that important business called me away suddenly, and I did not see fit to publish the fact of my intended departure. As for my having any connection with this crime, those who know me will not for a moment entertain such a thought. For the assurance of strangers, I might further protest my innocence, but it is unnecessary to do so. It is no secret that a firm friendship existed between myself and John Oakburn, said Stuart Harland, at last.

His frank and fearless manner troubled the police sergeant who had caused his arrest, and he hitched about in his chair nervously, while he tried to devise some

confidently:
"You will find nothing to reward you."

"We shall see," answered Police Ser-geant Smith, gruffly.

Presently, the officer thrust his hand in-to the inside pocket of the young man's overcoat and drew out a number of wax impressions of locks and skeleton keys.

He held them up to the sight of all, exclaiming:

He thought of the old "confrontation ruse," as the detectives term it, and suddenly arising he said to Stnart:

"Look here, sir!"

The young man promptly stepped to the side of the police sergeant, who then turned to the body of the murdered man and suddenly uncovered his face.

If the police sergeant anticipated that Stuart would recoil and manifest all the terror of guilt at the sight of the dead face of John Oakburn, he was greatly disappointed. exclaiming:
"I thought so. Here is the proof we were in search of!"
Stuart Harland staggered like on suddenly seized with an overwhelming

vertigo.

"This is fate! I had forgotten about the east; I am lost!" he exclaimed, scarcely knowing what he said. This last startling discovery produced a profound sensation and the greatest

Mr. Garrison was like one stunned by Mr. Garrison was like one stunned by a heavy blow.

Marion Oakburn, with her hands clusped upon her heart, and an agonized took in her eyes, cowered in her chair.

Pason was absolutely amazed.

Had a thunderbolt descended at hister the detective could not have been more disconcerted.

his manner.

"This is a foul crime. The murderer must be discovered. Poor John Oakburn must be avenged!" said Stuart, earnestly.

His voice and manner were so naturally sincere that those who heard him were lumprosed. ore disconcerted.

Here it seemed was the positive evi-

lence of the guilt of the man for whose mocence he had vouched in the strong The detective's prophesied opinion seemed to be proven worthless before all the assemblage, and he felt abashed, humilisted and defeated.

"At what time did you leave the house last night, Mr. Harland?" was the first question propounded by the Cor-oner. The police sergeant was exultant. oner.
"It was not quite one o'clock. I had set my alarm-clock to ring at one precisely, and without removing my clothing, I fell asleep. I was awakened by some loud noise, though what it was I cannot teil. Springing up, I glanced at the clock, and I saw it was exactly twenty minutes of one o'clock. I left the house in a few minutes." o was right, friend Paxton?" he eringly, "What has become of all

The poince sergeam was exhitant.

Who was right, friend Faxton? he said jeeringly. "What has become of all your fine theory of this man's innocence? I grant you it was stupid for him to run away as he did after committing the crime, but his conduct was not without precedent. The great Videoq used to explain the stupidity of certain crimes committed by men of superior intelligence, by saying that they act under the influence of a kind of vertigo. That they become dazed after the crimes.

"Quite true, I recollect the theory, but mark my words your suspicion is all wrong despite its apparent confirmation. The mystery of John Oakburn's fate is still as fur from being solved as ever, said Paxton in reply, but he could not avoid betraying some of the discomfiture which the last denouement had occasioned him. in a few minutes."

"Ah! he confesses he was in the house at the time of the murder. He does not know about the clock that was overturned here, and that the time of the assassination has been positively determined," whispered the police sergeant, turning to Paxton.

to Paxton.
"Wait until the examination is con-cluded—restrain your exultation until then," retorted the detective.
"Why did you leave suddenly last night, as you did?" the Coroner then nation

ed him.
Stuart Harland regained his composure to some extent in a moment or so, and he muttered:
"This is destiny. The immutable law of bad luck is not to be abrogated. It follows me throughout this entire unfortunate offic." isked.
"I have told you that I was called away by important business; I was on my way to see a friend of mine." "But you have not told us what the nature of your business was."
"It was a strictly private matter. It had no reference to this unfortunate

tunate affair."
Aloud he said:
"I believe that I can convince you that I was entirely ignorant that the articles just discovered were in my possession." "One moment, sir, and we will hear

you," answered the coroner, and taking the skeleton keys from the police ser-geant he tried one of them in the safe. The key entered the lock, but it would not move the bolt. The other keys were made for the door locks, and turning to the office door he tried one of them, ind-ing that it fitted the lock perfectly. He tried the other key in the lock of the perfect fit. That the door could be locked and unlocked by means of it with

father. For my daughter's sake, he will imperil himself rather than reveal the truth. He is a noble fellow. How unworthy I am of such friendship as his!"

'Then you decline to give us a plain, straightforward explanation of your constant to the same you. Mr. Harland, that

case.

The coroner then examined the wax impressions and found that they had been taken from the locks of the street deer, the office door and the safe.

"Ah," said the coroner, reflectively, "the intricate mechanism of the safe lock resisted the skeleton key, and so it was necessary that the robber should have the key John Oakburn carried."

But what need had Stuart Harland of a skeleton key to the front door?" yeaskeleton key to the front door?" ven-ured Paxton, suggestively. The coroner shook his head doubtfully,

The coroner shook his head doubtfully, and turning to Stuart again he noted that there was a marked decadence in his manner from the confident air he had worn when he entered the office.

You may proceed with your statement now, the official said.

Thank you, sir, I will tell you how it is that those criminating keys and the impressions of the locks must have come into my possession without my knowledge, said Stuart. He paused for an instant as though to collect his thoughts. At last the young man fully compressions of the said states the collect his thoughts. At last the young man fully compre-ended the terrible nature of the accusa tion which had been brought against him and realized the deadly peril of his

He began to speak again, when suddenly there was another commotion a the door and a loud voice was heard to call out:

Here is new evidence to throw light Here is new evidence to throw light on the mystery of the murder!

A hope arose in Stuart's heart that something had been discovered to prove us innocence. At the same time there was in his mind a dread lest some new incumstance was to be brought against with

would have dared to confess about the business which had called Stuart Harland away on the night of the murder.

Paxton's mind was filled with surmises and conjectures, but the wildest of them all fell far short of the startling truth which future developments were destined to reveal.

Jacon Garrison know that his daughter's life was bound up with that of the

befell Harland after he left his room on the night of the murder.
Stuart reached the depet and boarded the train which he desired to catch just as it was moving out of the station.
He saw several persons on the plat-form whom he knew, and he excenanged greetings with them.
In the coach which he entered he rec-centized no familiar face, but the train

ognized no familiar face, but the train had not gone far when he had struck up acquaintance, as people sometimes will on a railway train, though inclined to be

exclusive elsewhere.

A young gentleman who seemed inclined to make himself agreeable found an opportunity to open a conversation with Stuart, and the two young men were eventually favorably impressed.

They were soon chatting familiarly. Finally, at the request of the stranger. Stuart accompanied him to the smoking-car, where, as it chanced as the coach was overheated, they both removed their overcoats.

their overcoats.

Excellent cigars were produced by Stuart's new acquaintance, who, by the way, represented himself to be a Bostonian and a scion of a wealthy family whose name was familiar to commercial

men.

For some time the new acquaintances smoked and chatted pleasantly, but as the night drew on their conversation gradually flegged, and both seemed inclined to relie of the conversation.

lined to nap.
It was not long before silence fell be-ween them, and soon Stuart's heavy, regular breathing assured his companies nat he was sleeping soundly.

The young man did not awake until
be loud voice of the brakeman smote upon his ears as he shouted

Albany! This was Harlan's destination, and he rang to his feet just as the train be

prants note.

As he hurried on his overcoat he hanced about for his recent companion, sut he was gone, and then Stuart discovered that it was not his own but his ate companiou's coat which he was one for.

But his own coat was gone, and surmising that his few acquaintance must have taken it through a very ordinary mistake, which there was no opportunity to rectify just now, Staart buttoned up the coat which was left to him by this exchange of garments, and concerning himself no more with the matter he leaped from the train just in time.

Meanwhile, Stuart Harland's recently made acquaintance had not slept at all, though for a time, until he was sure of the former's commolency, he had feigned to do so.

When he was confident that the oblivion of sleep held Stuart's senses cathralled the young stranger coolly arose and appropriated his coat.

There were but few other persons in the coach, and they were all sound

There were but few other persons in the coach, and they were all sound

asteep.
Deliberately the young man who had secured it donned Stuart's overcoat, and then removing his hat he threw it out of the wincow. From his pocket he produced a skull-cap, which he drew down over his eyes, and he turned the collar of Stuart's overcoat up about his cars.

The garment was a long ulster, such as was then the prevailing style, and it reached to the stranger's heels, completely concealing his under suit.

The moment the train slowed up at Albany, the stranger leaped upon the platform, and turned to hurry away.

Two police officers were standing on the watch at the depot landing, and they advanced toward the young man as he allichted from the train.

they advanced toward the young man as he alighted from the train.

One of the officers flashed the light of his lantern in the face of Stuart Harland's late companion, and as the young man saw the uniform of the policeman, which the light disclosed, he trembted as with a fearful chill, and turned pale, as though with fright.

"He ain't our man. Tom," said one policeman, as he scanned the young stranger's face by the light of his lantern.

tern.
"No, he don't tally with the descrip.,

No, he don't tally win the descrip, assented the other police officer.

The stranger seemed about to sink upon the platform as the police officer seized him, but now, as the two minions of the law turned away, he recovered himself, and strode rapidly from the direct.

depot.

The moment he was out of the police.

The moment he was out of the police. men's sight he broke into a run.
I thought I was lost. I could be sworn they meant to arrest me."

sworn they meant to arrest me, he muttered.

"Well, I have secured a partial disguise, at all events, and if the 'unnan wolves I fear mean to play a double game and betray me I yet have a chance to baffle them," he added.

On through the streets of Albany he fled, choosing theroughfares that were imperfectly illuminated, until he paused at a street corner where the tents of Judah are pitched.

Producing a card on which certain dispute the street of the street

n are picened, oducing a card on which certain di-ons were written, he consulted it is light of a street lamp and mut-

umber. We shall see what our worthy on of Abraham will do for us." With this monologue he turned down side street where old clothes mer

chants and pawnbrokers abounded where "Isaacs," and "Levis," and "Solomons," and "Goldsmiths," and "Jacobs," and "Rosenthais," and other

Jacobs, "and "Rosenthals," and other historic names ornamented the signs. It was here that during business hours barter and trade were carried on very much as in the marts of ancient Jerusalem, by sharp-eyed men whom nature had gifted with the genius of trade. Late as was the hour, and although all the stores were closed, the man we are following gained admission to a certain shop where the familiar sign of the pawnbroker, the three balls, hung before the door as a warning to the way-farer who ventured that way in quest of some good Samaritan to heal his finarcial wounds, that the chances were as cial wounds, that the chances were as two to one if he entered therein he would

appearance.

He had procured an artistically fitting wig and beard, and it was evident that he relied implicitly on the impenetrability of his disguise, for he no longer stank along the gloomy, relired streets, the light was but walked boldly where the light was TO BE CONTINUED.]

Turs Judge Botkin of Kansas seems to be a picturesque and interesting person, but fate has been unkind to him. He ought to be in Congress. HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS,

TO POLISH PRASS KETTLES. To polish brass kettles or anything

ful of all toilet accessories. It is more cleansing to the skin, and much more refreshing. It is made by filling a muslin bag with two quarts of bran, one onnee of orris root, one onnee almond meal and one small cake of eastile soap cut in small pieces.

beef already cut and rolled is the corned beef not to buy.—New York World.

Window and door screens may be made more durable and to look better by an occasional coat of varnish or paint. If the wire netting is not faded or rusty it is better to give it a coat of good coach varnish, but if faded or rusty apply a coat of paint. Use a good quality, and thin with turpentine until it will run, or it will fill the meshes of the netting. Black is a good color sait makes the netting almost color, as it makes the netting alm invisible from a distance. Paint the frames the same color as outside of window sash.

rare por characterit. The following is a list of some of the

household purposes for which cheese cloth may be used. For polishing windows and mirrors. For washing windows,

For cleaning brass ware. For drying and polishing glassware of all kinds. For dust-cloths. For shining bronzes

For stainers in cooking. For dish-towels. For scrub-cloths. For bread-cloths.

CLEANING HINTS.

let the paper dry, and repeat the pro-Limn, foriorn and rusty black Isce can be renovated by a simple method. Wash it gently in soft, scapy water, rinse in clear water, and squeeze instead of ringing it. Dip it in cold coffee into which a little gum arabic has been dissolved, and then smooth it with a hot iron, taking care to press it while damp and cover it with a clean cloth. The coffee darkens it, the gum arabic stiffens it, the ironing smooths it, and if it is slightly pulled with the lingers after the ironing it is made flexible and lace-like.

BECIPES.

Style-Cut a slice from the stem cul and stir a little flour into the gravy; of five good, solid canned tomatoes, add a cupful of stock, season well and then with your finger take out the strain, serving it in another dish. seeds; put seeds and slices in a sauce-pan, boil and strain. Put into a bowl pan, bolt and etrain. Fut into a bowl one capful bread crumbs, add quarter-pound dried beef, picked in small pieces; a quarter-teaspoonful pepper and one tablespoonful melted butter. Mix, add strained tomato juice and fill into tomatoes. Stand them in a baking area and take death of the company of the com fill into tomatoes. Stand them in a baking pan and bake slowly fifteen minutes, basting once or twice.

Crackel Wheat, Lemon Sauce Prepare the cracked wheat as usual, being taken that it is thoroughly cooked. To prepare the sauce, rut desertspoonful of cornstarch smooth with a little cold water; stir it care-fully into a pint of boiling water and cook until it thickens. Score a large iemon with the times of a silver fork and when the oil is exuding rub small quantity of sugar over the sur Cut the lemon and squeeze the juice from it. Add the sugar to the hot cornstarch mixture; allow the whole to boil up once, stirring constantly. Germ wheat licious when served with the lemon

light; knead again; mold into a lo

BRIDE CARE.

Three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, one and one-half pounds of sugar, beat to cream with one-half cup of butter; one-half cup

WHEN THA IS IN ORDER.

Three cups of sweet milk, one cup of white sugar and cup of yeast. Mix a little thicker than for batter cakes with sifted flour and put it to rise over night. In the morning add one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one autmeg, one tablespoonful of extract of lemon and half a teaspoonful of soda. Mix stiff enough to mold, and after rising mold the buns, and set for the final rising. Brush them over with white of egg before baking.

BERF MARROW BONES.

Beef marrow bones are now served as a course at dinners and functions, and are recommended by physicians as a nourishing diet for delicate peuple. When served as a course, the bones are cut about two inches long. Scrape the bones clean and wipe them with a damp cloth. Make a dough of flour and water, roll it out and cut into pieces large enough to cover the ends of the bones. Rall each bone in a piece of cheese cloth, fasten it, and lay the bones in a sanconan, cover them with boiling water and cook them one hour. Flake crisp pieces of tonst, cut them round and butter them. Place a marrow bone upon each piece of toast to serve. For an invalid, the bones can be cut into greater lengths. When they are cooked remove the marrow and spread it upon the tonsted bread or crackers.

Few know that the shoulder is the best part of the mutton for

roasting, besides being the cheapest. The bone should first be carefully removed, and the meat wiped off with a soft cloth wet in cold water. Then fasten the meat into good shape with skewers, and place it upon a rack in a bakingpan and cook abou one hour, basting it very often. The shoulder may be stuffed and pressed into good shape, and is frequently called "mutton duck," and makes a handsome as well as a delicious dish. After the meat has been wiped, rub every part over with a little pepper. Make a stuffing thus: Take one cup of stale bread crumbs, moiston them with a little warm water, and add two spoonfuls of batter, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste and a little chapped celery and parsier, or a few sweet herbs, a samemer savory, thyme or sage, if preferred. Mix these ingredients together and fill the meat with the stuffing, and sew or skewer up the opening and press the meat into a nice shape. Place it in rack in a bakingpan, put a cup of water (or mutton stock, if you have it) in the bottom of the pan and put it into a hot oven, beat up a tablespoonful of butter into a cream with as much minced paraley, and after dusting each slice of potato lightly with sale and new real control to the liquid coals always and after dusting each slice of potato the liquid cooks always add a little more hot water. When the meat is Chipped Beef and Tomatoes, French taken from the pan, turn off the fat strain, serving it in another dish, Garnish the meat platter with sliced lemon and curled parsley. - Boston

> An invalid can often eat the yolk of a hard boiled egg when the white cannot be eaten with safety

To prevent bed sores, apply with a feather the white of an egg beaten

Keep well corked. Eggs boiled twenty minutes are more easily digested than it halled ten. They are dry and mealy, and are readily seted upon by the gastrie

Hourseness and tickline in the throat are relieved by a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth with a tumblerful of warm sweetened

pint of milk and a pint of water. sweeten with granulated sugar, bring to boiling point and when cold use as

before each meal.

The Chathaw Kecord

RATES

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One squere, two insertions. ... 1.50 One square, one month .... For larger advertisements liberal

Wisdom.

Tuey say that he is the wisest who can al ways listen best ;

Who thinks in silence, and so leaves the talking for the rest. This may be so; but there are fools who pass

as wise today. Because they sit and listen and have noth-

ing much to say. of milk, two cups of flour; two tea- But stay! Is that man, after all, not pass-

would expess?

Jimmic-Say, we have a parrot now. ly)-Does it swen?

An egotist may be defined as a persen who is so wrapped up in houself

"Why is a naughty schoolboy like a typewriter?" "Um! I suppose because you've got to thump him to make him spell."

She-I don't think you were roully anxious to hear me sing. He (carnestly)-Indeed, I was! I had never

Amy-Yes; he is very persistent. He says he would go to the ends of the earth for me. Alice-Why not send him? It would take him some time to

be for the time if you should ever eatch up. Mamma-I wish you could get George a nice situation. Papa-I'm

Mrs. Turnbuil-It's too bad your husband cut off his flowing beard. Mrs. Crimple-Yes; he had to do It.

ly time, Simmons and I. It cost us nearly \$50. Wickwire-Yes. I saw Simmons this morning, and he told me he spent \$45.

"Quite true; so are my feet." "I should like to go to my motherin-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the bookkeeper to the "old man.

"This punishment hurts me as punch pleaded the boy. "There's no reason why either of us should suffer."

Advice-Brown-Old Stockman has given me a tip on the market. What would you advise me to do? Robinson-If you're going in heavy, put your real estate in your wife's name.

like the bisenits my mother baked twenty years ago. Mrs. Bellows-I'm so glad. Mr. Bellows-And, by George! I believe they are the same

more or less about women being advanced. I wonder if it's a trust. Judge (to defendant)-You are aceased of having terribly beaten two

your silver wedding. You received many nico presente, I hope? Mr. Dankelheim-Oh, my guests seemed to be all mistaken! Judging by their presents, they must have thought I

"Your Majesty," said the chef of the Cannibal Islands. "we have in the larder today a couple of fine fat captives who say they are twins. What is your royal pleasure?" "Twins?" replied the potentate. "That is fine. I have an idea. Serve them both at dinner, and the Queen and myself will eat a philopens,

telephone communication is established between the various camps, and also with the public system, by means of barbed wire fences. Insulajors are not required; the lines are raised over the gateways. Thomas Flint of San Benito County, who has this system in practical use, says that the wire fences will not carry as many connections as a single wire insulated, but that in a general way this povel telephone is a success. Other similar systems are reported from

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE,

brass that is very much tarnished, first tub it with a solution of exalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust. BATH BAGS. A bran bag is one of the most grate beaten whites last,

THE CORN BEEF NOT TO BUY. It is a good thing to know that brisket is one of the cheaper cuts of beef and that it comes from that part of the animal just above the front legs, but it is better to know that butchers never corn meat that can be kept any longer and that the corned

TO PRESHEN WINDOW SCREENS,

For cleaning silver.

To remove ink stams, cover them with a solution of starch; when dry rub off the hardened starch, and rub off the hardened starch, and repeat the process until the ink has entirely disappeared. If the stain is not too old, ink may be removed from paper as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub but pat the stain, when it will gradually disappear. If one application does not remove the stain,

Broiled Potatoes, Parsley Sauce-Slice five large, cold boiled potatoes lengthwise in rather thick pieces and broil brows on a buttered gridiron. lightly with salt and pepper rub a little of this sauce on each slice.

Bun Loaf-One quart of sifted flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed, light with two of of powered sugar, half an yeast cake dissolved in a large capful of luke warm water, a cupful of currants (washed, dried and picked over), halfteaspoonful of salt, quarter-teaspoon ful of soda; mix all the ingredients together in a soft dough, except the currants; if stiff, add a little warm water; when you have an elastic mass on the board, set to rise until very when you have worked in the currants; dredge with dry flour and leave to rise for an hour; bake in a steady oven,

BOAST MULTON.

FACTS ABOUT EGGS.

The volk of an egg well beaten is a very good substitute for cream in coffee. An egg will season three curs. with two teaspoons spirits of wine.

Beat an egg fifteen minutes with a drink. It is excellent for a cold.

An oldtime but very effective reme dy for an obstinate cough is to place three unbroken eggs in very strong vinegar (increase the strength by bail ine if necessary). In three or four days the seid will eat the shells, then beat the mixture well, and thicken with honey. Take two tablespoonfuls

ing wise who knows
Enough to hide the ignorance that talking spoonfuls of baking powder; add the

-Cleveland Leader.

BUMOROUS.

You ought to hear it. Tommy (eager-

that he pays no attention to us.

heard you before.

Mr. Old-tyle-I can follow any tune they sing in church. Mr. Newstyle-Yos. What a terrible thing it would

nfraid I can't suit George. He wants a place to which time will hang heavily on his hands.

I gave him a diamond scarfpin for a birthday present-Madge-Ob, yes, we had a real live-

\*Your heart is cold !! he cried. As they walked down the street. With chattering teeth, the maid replied

"So should I," replied the proprietor. as he turned to his desk again. as it does you," said the parent, "Well, then, let's compromise, pop."

Mr. Bellows-Oh, wife! these look

"Aha!" His Serene Highness the Saltan was absorbed in thought-"Ahs!" he mused again. "Why do these Circussian girls cost me more

night watchmen last night. What tempted you to do this? Defendant-My feeling of humanity, judge; because for one night watchman that clubbing would have been too much. Mr. Dinklestein-Allow me to congratulate you; you have celebrated

celebrated my silver-plated wolding.

A Raybol Wire Telephone System On at least one ranch in California