The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XX. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1897 NO. 10.

The Chatham Record

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion..... $1.00
One square, two insertions ... 1.50
One square, one month ... 2.50

For larger advertisements special contracts will be made.

ROYAL RANGER RALPH;

OR

The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XIV.
CAPT.

The appearance of Darrel Grey at the camp of the Indians was a theme of considerable wonderment to Ranger Ralph.

To the young scout, however, it had resulted most naturally, and he was amused and delighted at his success in the imposition he had undertaken.

When he had knocked the savage at the river insensible, he had boldly determined to assume his identity temporarily, and penetrate to the camp of his enemies.

The venture was a perilous one, but it seemed as if fate favored its execution.

Darrel had soon donned the apparel of the unconscious savage, and his war paint enabled him to finally present the appearance of a genuine Modoc warrior.

He had staggered to a spot where several savages were quarreling over a keg of liquor, and amid the excitement of the hour no one seemed to notice him particularly.

Several times he was addressed in the Modoc language, but he feigned a maudlin drunkenness, and only responded with a few incoherent mutterings.

Thus it was that he entered the camp where Ranger Ralph was a prisoner.

His rescue of the scout has already been seen by the reader.

So far he was entirely successful in his movements, but Darrel saw that his imposture must sooner or later be discovered.

He did not, therefore, return to the same band of Indians from whom he had rescued Ranger Ralph.

Instead, he wandered into the main encampment and determined to locate, if possible, the tent in which Inez Tracey was held a captive.

He found that a large number of the Indians and two of Despard's band had gone south on the expedition against the emigrants.

It was when near a large tent that the sound of familiar tones awakened his immediate attention.

Instantly he recognized one voice as belonging to Dyke Despard.

He was addressing his associate Vance, and he said:

"Then Parlon and the others have gone?"

"Yes," replied Vance. "They will attack the emigrant train, secure our share of the booty, meet the others of the band and come at once to Lone Canyon."

"Good. Now then as to our movements?"

"Well?"

"We must leave here at once?"

"For Lone Canyon?"

"Yes."

"And the girl?"

"Get Trailing Fox to go to the wigwam for her."

"Then I will get the horses ready?"

"At the edge of the camp, yes. The Indians may be suspicious if they find us leaving them, but the Fox will aid us, as he is friendly to us."

"All right."

Darrel withdrew as Vance seemed about to leave the tent.

He knew that if he acted it must be at once.

He hurried in and out among the wigwams and at last passed before one of them.

It was where an old squaw sat before a smouldering campfire.

Glancing beyond her Darrel saw the form of a woman lying on some buffalo skins.

"It must be Inez," he murmured. I wonder if I can pass the old squaw unobserved."

The latter was nodding drowsily as he stepped toward the tent. She roused instantly at his advance.

Immediately Darrel resumed his role of drunkenness. He had a flask of liquor in his pocket and this he extended toward the woman. She seized it eagerly.

Darrel muttered some incoherent words about Shadow Snake. The squaw seemed to comprehend that the chief had sent him to the place, and did not attempt to stop him as he walked boldly into the tent.

Upon the rude Indian couch lay Inez Tracey.

Her eyes were wet with tears, her face pale and alarmed. She started to her feet with a cry of terror as the pretended drunken Indian approached her.

"I ask pale face come with me?" he uttered.

She followed him from the place silently, despairingly.

He led her, not toward the center of the camp, but through its purlieus, anxious to reach the open country beyond.

Every nerve thrilled with the intensest emotion as he realized that the rescue was nearly assured.

The Indians whom they met paid no attention to them. Poor Inez, fearing some new captivity, seemed about to faint away.

As she walked unsteadily, Darrel approached her nearer.

"Courage!"

She started at the fervent, unexpected word.

"Walk straight on," he breathed, hurriedly. "We are not yet safe."

A half-suppressed cry of joy broke from the girl's lips.

"Darrel—Mr. Grey," she cried; "oh can we escape?"

"Yes, yes. Follow me faster."

"Stop them!"

The words came from behind them and caused Inez to utter a startled cry. Darrel seized her arm and made for a near thicket.

Coming toward them were Despard, Vance and several savages.

"Discovered!" cried Darrel, despairingly.

Instantly he was surrounded.

"What are you doing with that girl?" demanded Despard, gruffly.

"I am Shadow Snake's orders," grunted Darrel.

"A lie!" shouted Despard. "Here! Where is the Wolf? This man is no Indian, but a spy. He stole the Wolf's identity, and is spiriting the girl away."

Angry, menacing faces confronted the young scout. One savage sprang before him with an uplifted tomahawk.

At a glance Darrel Grey recognized him. It was the Modoc warrior whose garb he had stolen at the river a few hours previously.

The young scout was in a position of terrible peril.

CHAPTER XIII.
AT THE STAKE.

Inez Tracey uttered a frantic, frightened cry as she saw the tomahawk of the Indian uplifted over the head of the disguised Darrel Grey.

The latter, overcome completely with chagrin and dismay, seemed for the moment bewildered at the disaster that had appeared at the time of apparent success.

"Spare him! Do not kill him! He is my only protector—my friend!" she cried, wildly.

Inez endeavored to spring forward and intercept the blow of the irate Trailing Fox, but Despard caught her roughly.

"Ha! I begin to understand this," he muttered, a cruel smile lighting his evil eyes.

"The young fellow who ran away with her, eh?" ejaculated Vance, Despard's companion.

"Yes. Hold!" cried the outlaw leader to the savage. "The Wolf shall have his revenge at the stake—at the torture. Seize him and bring him to the chief's tent," ordered Despard.

With a sullen, lowering brow, the Indian whose identity Darrel had stolen cast aside the tomahawk.

At the same moment Darrel Grey realized his position and recovered from all his bewilderment.

He comprehended that to remain inert, to impassively fall into the hands of his foes, meant certain death; amid their revengeful manners.

Inez's frantic endeavor to save him thrilled his very soul with joy and courage as he recognized her love and devotion.

It inspired him to think beyond the present. A prisoner, he would be helpless to aid her. Free, he might yet outwit his foes.

He surprised savages and rescuer alike by a sudden movement. They adjudged him a thoroughly baffled and defeated victim. They were therefore totally unprepared for the desperate rush he abruptly made.

"Courage, Inez! you shall yet be rescued," he shouted.

Then he sprang forward, overturning two of the savages and darting straight in the direction of the horses of the camp.

The outlaws did not follow him, but the group of excited, yelling Indians started in hot pursuit.

Inez stood clasping her hands in terror.

"Oh! they will capture and kill him," she cried.

Despard laughed hoarsely.

"Ha! In love, eh?"

She flushed in indignant resentment at Despard's coarse tones.

"Coward! Assassin!" she retorted, her eyes flashing abhorrence and a curse upon her dreaded captor.

"There will be one less lover in a few moments," continued Despard, coolly, "you struggle vainly to escape my power. I have too many friends and allies."

"See here, Captain!"

Vance had touched the outlaw's arm.

"Well?" inquired Despard.

"We are wasting valuable time here."

"That's true. Let us leave at once. We can take advantage of the confusion to leave the camp."

"Shall I get the horses?"

"Yes; and bring them to the river beyond the camp. Go ahead. I'll meet you there. You come with me."

Dyke Despard made this peremptory gentleness as he seized Inez's arm roughly. He forced her to accompany him away from the Modoc camp.

At a thicket near the river he paused to await the arrival of his accomplice. Vance. His eyes glowed with the malice and triumph of a villain as he noted Inez's deep distress.

He was aware and rejoiced at his discovery of her evident preference for a rival.

"Girl," he hissed, as he bent toward her, "if you are listening for some token of your lover's escape, abandon the thought."

Inez was silent and dropped her eyes to veil their evident expression of anxiety for the fate of the man she had learned to love within the past few hours.

"He is doomed," continued the merciless Despard. "Even if he eluded capture for a brief time, he would soon be found. Then the stake—the torture."

Inez shuddered at his heartless words.

"If you want to be sensible," pursued Despard, "you will save yourself and others trouble. It will be wise for you if we understand each other perfectly now."

"I understand you only too well, miscreant," cried he.

"Hard words will not help you or ease any," replied Despard.

"No name is too hard for your cruel nature."

"You will soon change your tactics, my girl, if I'm not mistaken," remarked Despard, sneeringly. "You are completely in my power. In a few moments we leave the Indian camp. Do you know where we are going?"

Inez did not deign to reply.

"I am going to take you to a retreat so safe and located that no friend will ever penetrate to it—at which even the savages are in ignorance. Between it and civilization is a safe barrier of savage hordes, friendly to my designs. Trusty friends and trusty walls of rock surround me. There you will be my prisoner—secure, with no hope of escape. There you will be my wife."

"Never!"

Despard laughed confidently.

"We shall see," he taunted. "Oh, you will soon tire of playing the indignant role. Do you hear that?"

Vengeful triumphant cries from the direction of the Modoc camp told the anxious Inez that her worst fears were confirmed.

They seemed to announce that her brave protector, Darrel Grey, had fallen a prisoner into the hands of his ruthless foes.

She buried her face in her hands in mute anguish, while Despard peered from the thicket, as two savages, superbly mounted, dashed by toward the camp.

A minute later Vance appeared. He was riding a horse and leading two others.

"Quick! we lead to the start at once," he said.

Inez knew that it was useless to struggle against her powerful foes, and was soon in the saddle.

Despard retained hold of the chestnut of the horse she rode. Vance kept close to the other side of the steed.

"The camp moves south," remarked the latter, as they proceeded on their way.

"When?"

"At once. Two messengers from Shadow Snake just arrived after them."

"And the pretended Indian—the lover of this girl here?" queried Despard.

"He is captured, and the Modocs will celebrate their departure from the camp by burning a victim at the stake."

A hollow moan issued from Inez Tracey's lips. She rode on, her head buried on her breast, her mind agonized as she pictured the sufferings of her brave rescuer.

The heartless Vance had indeed told the truth when he affirmed that Darrel Grey was a captive prisoner of the Modocs.

When the young scout had dashed away from his savage foes he hurried toward the horses. He felt assured if he reached there he could secure a steed and escape.

The warning cries of his pursuers, however, attracted the attention of others in the camp.

The Modocs came rushing from every direction, and he was finally hemmed in on all sides. He made a desperate resistance, but was overpowered.

The triumphant savages bore him toward the very spot where the ranger had recently been a prisoner.

With mocking words they tore his disguise from him and secured him to a tree.

Just then there was a sudden commotion. As Vance had stated to Despard, the couriers from Shadow Snake had arrived. Soon the camp became a scene of bustle and excitement.

Darrel observed that a change of camp was meditated. He also learned that this fact would only precipitate his doom at the hands of his enemies. One of them approached him finally.

"Pale face try to make Indian out of self," he muttered. "Ugh! Great Modoc! We see if paleface die like Modoc."

It was only when the last preparations to leave the camp had been made that full attention was bestowed on the captive. Some of the savages were already leaving the spot. Several of them, however, held a brief consultation near the smouldering camp fire.

Finally they seemed to have decided on his fate. The young scout paled, but betrayed no fear as he saw them gather wood and pile it about the tree where he was. They rebounded his bonds with stout thongs that would not burn easily.

The wood and branches were piled high about him, the savages uttered wild, revengeful cries, and then a blazing faggot was placed under his feet.

A dense volume of smoke choked and blinded Darrel, and he closed his eyes despairingly. He was menaced with a horrible, lingering death.

The savages left the spot and hastened after their departing comrades.

The last to leave, glancing back at the burning pile at the tree, uttered a fierce yell of savage delight as he saw the flames encircle the form of the doomed young scout.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Brave Boy.

Some years ago, says the author of "Life-Saving at North America," three children who lived near Olympia, Washington, were returning from school, when Walter, the eldest, a boy of 12, noticed what he thought to be a large yellow dog trotting in the road behind them. They paid no attention to it, as large mongrel dogs of this color abound everywhere in the vicinity of Indian camps, but went playing merrily along.

Suddenly the youngest, a double-chin of 6, who was behind his brothers, came running to the front, and a moment later the animal, seen now to be a cougar, sprang over the heads of the two astonished boys, seized the little fellow in his mouth, and with a spring vanished in the bushes.

The other brother did not stop to deliberate. He had for a weapon only an empty bottle, in which he had carried milk for his dinner, and with this he rushed into the bushes. His little brother was lying prostrate, grasping a small tree with both hands, and holding on with the strength of despair, while the cougar, his fangs luckily imbedded only in the child's clothing, was trying to break this desperate grip.

With a war cry, Walter threw himself on the animal, beat it over the head with the bottle until the glass was shattered in fragments, and then, with the razor-edges of the bottle's neck, he endeavored to cut out the cougar's eyes.

At last the cougar, with a yell of rage, dropped his hold on the child and ran up a tree near at hand, while the heroic boy, lifting his brother in his arms, carried him into the road, and fell fainting upon him.

Meanwhile the other brother had fled screaming up the road, and fortunately met two men who had been chopping near by. As soon as he had told the cause of his fright, they rushed on to find the little hero semi-less, still fighting, grasping the neck of the broken bottle.

The cougar's victim was too much horrified to speak, but pointed to the savage beast, lying on a limb in full view. One of the men had a pistol, and with a few shots the animal was killed.

Gravel Himself to Death.

Henry Baren, living near Jackson, Tenn., lost a fine package yesterday in a remarkable manner, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A year or two since he purchased the animal for $40 in Middle Tennessee. A few days since he purchased another, which he brought home yesterday. It at first resisted the intrusion of the new comer, and as soon as the latter arrived on the premises became terribly enraged, and let forth a bray so loud, so long, and so deep that it echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding country. Passion and jealousy in vain led him to the one supreme effort that cost his life. A blood vessel burst, and the blood flowed in a stream from his nose and mouth. The crimson tide could not be stanched, and the unhappy animal lay down and died. His place will be filled by the new arrival for the memory of that awful bray will go down among the traditions of the Tenth District.

The Woman Bicyclist.

Belva Lockwood was the first woman to ride a bicycle in Washington and she was ridiculed and jeered by the multitude, and the regulation anathema of "unsexed woman" was hurled after her by the old fogies of conservatism. Now Mrs. Lockwood can ride the length of Pennsylvania avenue and not a passerby head would be turned. Custom makes laws as invariable as those of the Medes and Persians. A boy in training must be fed by a hand, while the bicycle boy, lifting his brother in his arms, carried him into the road, and fell fainting upon him.

Meanwhile the other brother had fled screaming up the road, and fortunately met two men who had been chopping near by. As soon as he had told the cause of his fright, they rushed on to find the little hero semi-less, still fighting, grasping the neck of the broken bottle.

The cougar's victim was too much horrified to speak, but pointed to the savage beast, lying on a limb in full view. One of the men had a pistol, and with a few shots the animal was killed.

Queer Custodian.

A New Orleans man keeps a lizard on his table to guard valuable papers.

For United States declared war against Tripoli on June 10, 1801.

ALL WANT AN OUTING

NOT ALONE HEALTH SEEKERS WHO FLOCK TO RESORTS.

In Every Community Are Hundreds Who Want a Few Weeks of Gypsy Life—How the Vacation Season May Be Enjoyed.

Hints on Camping.

ANY of those who flock to the seashore, to the mountains and to Europe each year during the hot months of summer, are not purely health seekers or fashionable folk. It seems as if in every community, city or urban, there are countless thousands who have enough gypsy blood in their veins to feel a longing when the first warm days come on, to get away into the woods and fields, away "into the heart of the hills," to breathe the fresh air unalloyed. There are many to whom such a vacation means rest from nerve strain and toil that has become distasteful, but whose pocketbooks will not suffer for summer hotels and fine wardrobes. And there is many a man—yes, and many a woman—who, used to all the refinements of life, looks back upon days of primitive freedom spent under a roof of canvas as among the happiest ever known. One never forgets such roaring times, and before the rain is off the face, or the nerves

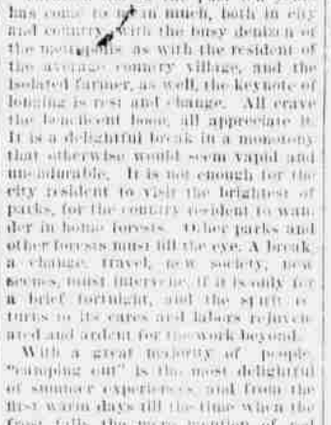
WHITE MOUNTAIN COACHING PARADE.

again acknowledge business influence, the heart is begging for another privilege of living as the birds live.

Vacation during the past ten years has come to mean much, both in city and country, with the busy denizen of the metropolis as with the resident of the average country village, and the isolated farmer, as well, the keynote of longing is rest and change. All crave the luxuriant boon, all appreciate it. It is a delightful break in a monotony that otherwise would seem vapid and unendurable. It is not enough for the city resident to visit the brightness of parks, for the country resident to wander in home forests. Other parks and other forests must till the eye. A break, a change, travel, new society, new scenes, must intervene, if it is only for a brief fortnight, and the spirit returns to its cares and labors rejuvenated and ardent for the work beyond.

With a great majority of people "camping out" is the most delightful of summer experiences, and from the first warm days till the time when the frost tells the mere mention of rod or rod or rifle sets the sportsman's blood a-tingle. In his fancy he can catch the odor of the pine woods on a bright, crisp morning, he can hear the loons on the lake and the solitary screech of a night owl; he can see the "shiners" glisten in the sun, and hear the reel splash as they go down to tempt the game fish.

The best time for camping, some say, is in June; it is in July and August and September and October, according to other good authorities. The fact is, it all depends on what you are going for and where you are going. If you are after big game, fall is the ideal season. That's when a crack of the rifle in steady hands brings down a deer. That's when, lying flat down in the grass which a hoar frost or two has bleached to the color of his dead-grass colored corduroys, the sportsman cocks up with bated breath, when whir, whir, zip! and down comes a duck or a fluttering partridge. And the forest is a dream of beauty. But



"NO SUNRISE HOTEL FOR ME."

the hot summer days tempt many a veteran camper to fly from business long before autumn. "Fish!" remarks one. "I tell you it's always cool enough to fish. It's never hot when you row out in midstream, cast your line and wait for the bite."

The novice in camping is sure to burden himself with cumbersome superfluities, while he is likely to omit indispensable requisites. But with a proper tent, a small oil stove, blankets, hatchets, dishes, camp-stools, and a couple of packing boxes, the primitive beginning of camping would be surpassed to see the variety of tempting dishes that can be prepared over a campfire. With proper provision, there is no reason why the bill of fare should not include the perfection of the best table, only that the berries broiled on the coals, and the brook trout just fresh from the brook, cannot be duplicated outside of a camp fire environment. There are, of course, vexatious moments, when the coffee makes a sad jumble of the eggs or the cook of the day is shut out from congenial pleasures temporarily, but this is made up for when the camper proudly dresses

A TAN-SIDE NYMPH.

his first bear-mother, or brings in a brace of birds just plump enough to be luscious and tender.

Of late years this camping out idea has taken magical hold of church choirs, classmates, secret and temperance societies, and large parties of mutual acquaintances.

As many as 100 members of a lodge, for instance, plan for a two weeks camping out. A committee of arrangements takes charge of all details. The camping site is generally near some popular summer resort, where there is a lake, woods, hotels and ready transportation. This little city enjoys itself thoroughly. The merry crowd takes stories as novel experiences, mishaps as something to talk about when home is reached. The idea is a growing one, and has been reduced to the minimum, so far as expense is concerned.

Vacation to some, however, either means a long visit to some relatives at a distance, and amid strongly contrasting surroundings, or a tour of the fashionable or lively summer resorts. There is not much of rest for the bright-spirited person in such a course. Pleasure is the ruling influence—boating by day, picnics, driving, tennis; a dance every night, and meals up to the menu of a three dollar a day city hotel. The experience is an expensive one, for everything costs. The loving, unsatisfied observer invariably appears in

PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

the professional tourist. Summer vacation means change of air and change of scene, and the terms many folks who are continually changing their summer resorts. To have sojourned last year at Long Branch means a month in the White Mountains this season, or a summer at Newport this year indicates a residence at Saratoga Springs next season. We Americans are the most restless, changing, unsatisfied people on earth.

There is a certain class of city people, however, who cling to their favorite mountain or lake, the kind of people who do not like the roaring sea and the board walk. They want quiet, mountain air and scenery always. So it appears that, after all, Saratoga Springs, Lake Chautauqua, the Thousand Islands, the Catskill Mountains, Lake George, the Adirondack Mountains and the New England coast have their regular visitors, and they are among the people with whom going to the country is almost as easy as it is for those more fortunate ones who have their own country homes. There is another smaller class of summer tourists who go to Europe for their outing. The hard times, the higher steamship rates, the advancing prices for living in England and on the continent and the desire for retrenchment have reduced this class considerably, and many people who once belonged to that body have sought country homes for the season.

Niagara Falls celebrated as Nature's wonder throughout the entire universe, has a large number of summer visitors. The big hotels there on both the American and the Canadian sides of the Niagara River are crowded with guests, many of them from foreign countries. There are many points of interest about Niagara City, and the big falls are not alone the attraction.

Not many miles distant is the far-famed Lake Chautauqua, one of the most picturesque bodies of fresh water in the world. The lake is some twenty-six miles long and from two to six miles wide. Steamboats ply its waters, and there are big hotels at each of the dozen landings along the shore. It is an ideal summer resort and a decided favorite among people residing in Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland and the South and West.

Then there is Echo Lake, in the Adirondacks, Lake George, Delaware Water Gap, Mount Washington, and innumerable places where preferred enjoyment has been reduced to a science. There are the Thousand Islands, free to all visitors, and camping parties and excursionists may locate where they will on promise not to commit needless depredation. In a prettily shaded rock in a pleasant cove a student can pitch an "A" tent and spend the summer vacation in the midst of the life and beauty of the river at less expense than he could have boarded in the dullest of country towns.

Of the Western resorts and midsummer attractions for the tourist and recreation seekers none can compare with the great lakes, and more particularly the shores of Lake Superior. It is an outing in itself to bet ride along the shores of this famous lake. For hours one can ride along the shore, whose irregularities provide a wide diversity of scenery in woods, among rocks and every few minutes close beside the closed ends of the great bays which carved out into an ocean-like endlessness of water.

There are many points of interest to be found in a voyage of the lakes differing from those found anywhere else in this country. There are the celebrated pictured rocks, the Indian tribes of the North, the famous copper mines and scenery unsurpassed.

People residing in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities, and in the country contiguous, resort every summer to hotel and cottage life at Delavan and Waukesha, at Lauderdale Lake, Benton Harbor, Mount Clemens and Put-in-Bay Island. All along the great lakes are scattered beautiful places of resort, and some have economical features that give the slim pocketbook a fair chance.

The person who gets the most good out of his few weeks of summer vacation does not own a cottage at any resort. He goes to a different place each year, never makes the same trip twice. It is the most frequent thing in the world to be obliged to go to the same college and have the same neighbors, and do the same things, and dress in the same fashionable sort of clothes that you do all the rest of the year. After such a season one feels as if he must now take a rest elsewhere, and he needs it far more than he did at the beginning of summer.

Don't go where you will meet any one you know if you can help it. Don't go to the same place you have gone, perhaps, for years. Go to some new place not a fashionable resort, but one which is comparatively new to everybody, some wild place where civilization has not ruined the natural beauty of the scenery. Get near to "Nature's heart" and stay there. Fill your days with out of door pleasures. Lie on the pine needles somewhere in the North woods and take in all the good, clear, sweet breath of the woods and study by observation everything or anything in Nature. Dream dreams all day long and sleep and eat. It will not be necessary to lay any command down to eat, for any one who spends his time in the woods by the lakes cannot help but eat. The appetites of colonists in those regions are something astonishing.

Above all, don't hurry. Whatever you do take your time. This is a time of general relaxation and should not be utterly spoiled by trying to crowd too much pleasure into a short time. Take all you can leisurely and conveniently and leave the rest for another season.

A couple of stanzas by Dr. Van Dyke just expresses the true idea of a vacation:

Only to live a little while
Where sweet waters softly gleam,
Where Lucy wade, Outside woodland shade,
And rest the fly and bait and dream.

Only a space of days to dare
From noonday pride and toil to rest,
No more. The wishing cap fashioned
Into
And just a day on nature's breast.

Dodging the Question.

It is dangerous to possess a reputation for superior knowledge or wisdom. It is hard to live up to it. Next to the importance to knowing everything, perhaps, is to be ranked the ability to conceal one's ignorance.

"Brown," said Jones, "Smith and I here have had a dispute, and have agreed to leave the decision to you. Which is right: 'To-morrow is Friday,' or 'To-morrow will be Friday?'"

"To-day is Saturday, isn't it?" said Brown, after some reflection.

"Yes."

"Then neither one of you is right."

And he waved them aside.

A Short Term.

The shortest period that a member of parliament has represented a constituency is two hours. Lord George Hamilton was re-elected as member of the Ealing division of Middlesex, on being appointed secretary of State for India, and the parliament in which he had been admitted was dissolved within two hours after his election.

For Indigestion.

Among the many remedies for indigestion is the suggestion of the rocking chair. An exchange's medical authority declares that the slow, rocking motion after meals [illegible] the digestive functions and gives marked relief. The patient ought to be placed in an almost horizontal position.

Toy Soldiers.

The majority of the toy soldiers sold in this country are manufactured at Wurtemberg, where some of the best artists are employed in their designing. The painting of the figures is done by women at their own homes.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Broiled Bones.

The rib bones, or those of a sirloin, that are fairly well covered with undesirable meat should be sawed or chopped into suitable pieces, then sprinkled well with pepper, salt, cayenne and carefully butter. Let stand for half an hour before broiling over a clear fire till browned, care being taken that they are not burnt at all or they will be strong.

Mrs. Rorer's Pop-Overs.

Beat two eggs, without separating, until thoroughly mixed; add one cup of milk. Put one cup of flour into another bowl; add to it gradually the eggs and milk; beat until smooth. Strain through an ordinary gravy strainer. Put at once into greased hot gem pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for forty-five minutes. If these are properly made and properly baked they should rise six times their original bulk, and may be used for breakfast or luncheon, or served with a liquid pudding sauce as a dessert. Whole wheat flour, if sifted three times, may be substituted for white flour. Iron gem pans insure better results than those made of lighter metals.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Star-Spangled Banner Pudding.

Heat a pint of milk to boiling point and pour it upon two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a pinch of salt and a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, previously moistened with cold milk. Return to the fire and—it will thickened. Divide into two parts—to one color one-half with [illegible] and it has the blue that is [illegible]. A red color scheme can be used, if preferred, as these coloring matters are perfectly harmless and tasteless. Pour the white into cups, cover well with cold water, and put the blue on top and set on ice until ready to serve. Then turn out on small plates and serve with a raspberry or cherry sauce. If not sufficiently red, add a few drops of carmine to the sauce. This makes a most attractive dessert, and can be arranged in any way—red to bring in the red, white and blue.

Chili Sauce.

A chili sauce calls for a peck of ripe tomatoes and eight white onions. Skin the tomatoes by putting them in boiling water and rubbing off the peel. Peel the onions also, and chop them with the tomatoes as finely as possible. Put them over the fire, let them boil for fifteen minutes, and add a pint of vinegar. Have in a small cheesecloth bag a teaspoonful of cloves, a tablespoonful of allspice, one of cinnamon and one of black pepper. Put it in bag of spice into the mixture, and let it boil until it is thick, which will be in about five hours. Stir it occasionally, so that it will not burn. When it is ready to be taken from the fire remove the bag of spices and add one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, and vinegar enough to suit the taste. Strain the sauce through a coarse sieve, bottle it and seal tight. New York Tribune.

Horseback Rust.

Clean rusty steel fixtures with a paste of sweet oil and whiting, and let [illegible] for some time and then brush off briskly; give a last polish with dry whiting.

Clean a soiled white felt hat by covering it with a paste made of cornmeal and cold water. Let this dry on thoroughly, then brush off with a clean soft brush.

To remove the odor of carbolic from utensils or the hands, add a little turpentine to the water in which they are washed; then rinse them in a weak bath of soap and water.

One of the most useful articles for cleaning copper tea and coffee pots is a wire chain dishcloth. It costs from fifteen to twenty cents. All wooden handle, which [illegible] to prevent without getting the hand into the suds.

Perfect fruit should be taken to pieces when it comes in, especially if the fruit is the very commonest, and the boiling water poured over and drained off. After [illegible] should be dressed and [illegible] the fruit as it is to be made. A meat cook will know where the hot point for [illegible] and the glass can then be safely inserted.