RATES OF ADVERTISING.

\$1.00

the Chatham Record.

One square, one insertion One square, two insertions

One square, one month For Larger Advertisements Liberal Con-

tracts will be made.

MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON. :::::

CHAPTER VIII.

Continued.

So Saranne was to marry a prince, though now she trod the gutters, and lived in a very grim world of privation and suffering.

It is not entirely ingenuous to say that all Little Bake-Believe's dreams and fancies were for Saranne.

There was one-but was it a meam or a fancy? It is hard to say; scarcely can it be called a hope-that was one vision, call it by what name you will, which Little Make-Believe treasured in her heart of hearts, on which she dwelt and mused, and built up airy castles such as we weave out of a floating cloud in a fair sky.

It became with her a worship, hidden in a holy sanctuary, never spoken of to a soul, not even to Saranne, scarcely intelligible as to its ending even to herself.

But unsubstantial, unreal as it was, it grew into an abiding happiness, and sweetened many a bitter hour.

And then again, as to this prince whom Saranne was to marry.

It was at first-for it was a favorite theme for years-a perfectly ideal fancy.

The prince was to appear in a cloud. to be met with in the market, to knock at the door and announce himself with a radiant smile.

He was for a time nothing more than a delightful myth, but it was not long heart, and never was mention made of him by Little Make-Believe that Saranne could not, had she pleased, have given him a name.

But she did not please. As Little Make-Believe had one secret which she kept to herself, likewise had Saranne: and neither of the sisters was conscious that something was hidden from her by the other.

Time had not improved Polly. The vice of drink had eaten into her soul so deeply that there was no escape for

The demon held her tight, and the too-willing slave gave herself up to the

horrible thralldom. In a man it is shocking to contemplate; to behold it in a woman-as it is to be seen daily in the London streets-both saddens and shames us.

Foxey, now a strong man, strong in his limbs and in his passions, pursued the uneven tenor of his way. So pronounced was his vagabond na-

ture that, with a certain class of reformer, he became somewhat of a favorite-being in a measure a boon to They preached to him and at him,

and endeavored, by a distinctly wrong process, to inculcate in him some consciousness of right and wrong and of human responsibility, they even the being willing as long as he was paid for it) made a show of him; but they did not discover a way of utilizing for the public's good and his own this perplexing lump of human material.

Nevertheless, he had his uses, if only to serve as a peg upon which moral axioms could be hung.

Once every year, in the days of his freedom, did he leave Clare Market of his own will, and that was in the hopping season, when he took his rough holiday of fresh air and brighter

An experience of a better kind than the words of cut-and-dried moralists happily befell him and left its permanent mark upon him.

In what kind of a deed he had been engaged, history, as recorded in the newspaper columns, is silent; whatever its nature may have been, be sure it was not heroic.

All that is known, and that only to the few concerned, is that late at night Little Make-Believe found him lying wounded and bleeding in a courtyard, which was very little frequented after

Hearing a groan, she stopped and saw the body of a man, who, as she knelt by him, recovered consciousness, He seized her hand with a grasp so

powerful that she could not release herself. "Who are you, and what do you

want?" "I am Little Make-Believe, and I heard some one groan. Are yer hurt

much?" suppose," said Foxey, still holding her | with any organic disease, but there hand, "if I was to tell yer that I'm appears to be something on his mind.

get somebody to stand by me.' "Oh, let me go!" cried Little Make-Believe, full of compassion, "and I'll

get help."

"No," he said, "nobody must know, nobody must see me till I'm better. I'm jest out of quod, and I don't want | ter and his father were the occupants to get in again without a spell o' liberty. I know where yer live; there's a yard in the back and a shed in it. Would yer mind my hiding there for a day or so?"

"It don't matter to me," said Little Make-Believe; "but make haste, or yer'll bleed to death." He was bleeding from a great gash

in his neck. "Haven't yer got nothink to bind it up with, Make-Believe?"

She tore off a piece from her frock,

and herself bound up the wound. "Now will yer help me to the shed?"

"Yes." "And yer wont peach?"

"What do yer take me for?" "All right. Let me lean on yer shoulder; I won't hurt yer more nor I

can help." Unobserved, they made their way to the shed, and there Foxey remained in hiding for nearly a fortnight.

Little Make-Believe never asked him how he came by his wound, nor did she breathe a word to a soul that he was in hiding.

During the time he lay concealed she supplied him with as much food as she could spare-he having no money to purchase it; it was often nothing more than dry bread, but he was grateful for it, and gazed upon her with a kind of wonder when she came to his hiding place in the dead of night to see what she could do for him.

When he was able to get away, he said to her:

"A friend for life, Make-Believemind that? Yer friend for life, that's what I am. Unless I'd seen it with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it was in a gal to do it. I'm blamed if it ain't almost past believing: but I'm living here to tell it, and it ain't to be disputed."

Rough as he was, there was an underlying touch of tenderness in his manner that put an inspiration into Little Make-Believe's head.

"Foxey," she said, "would yer like o pay me for what I've done for yer? fingers to do it. But where's the

money to come from?" "It ain't money-don't think that. It's a promise I want yer to give me." "I'll give yer a hundred blooming promises!"

"I only want one." "It's yourn afore it's asked."

"I want yer to get an honest living." Foxey gave a long whistle, looked at her in silence for full a minute, and then turned away.

He was not sure how far he was bound by his promise, and felt like a fox who was caught in a trap of his own setting,

CHAPTER IX. Bittle Make-Believe and Saranne Re-

ceive an Invitation. It was summer, and Mr. Deepdale and Walter were in the country.

This change of residence had been brought about in the following manner. For some time past Walter had been anxious about his father, whose health seemed to be failing, and as this was a matter which touched his heart very closely, he consulted a doctor, who was

at once physician and friend. "Let us have the symptoms," said the doctor, after Walter had explained the cause of his visit.

"My father," said Walter, "is often dejected." "So are most men at times. I am

often dejected." "But my father was never so until

lately." "Nonsense, nonsense, You mean you never noticed it until lately-the rea-

son being, Walter, that he showed you ever his sunny side." "He does that now, sir, and brightens up immediately at sight of me, unsuspicious that I have been closely ob-

serving him." "Good lad, His appetite?",

"Falling off." "What other symptoms?"

"We sleep in adjoining rooms, On two occasions within the last month I have woke up in the night with an uneasy impression on my mind. On each occasion I have gone into my father's room and have found him awake. He

was always a sound sleeper." "On those occasions did he address you cheerfully?"

"Yes; even with more than usual tenderness." "There is no cause for uneasiness,

Walter. In the course of a week I will call and see him, not as a doctor, but as a friend; then I will take notes." The result of these notes was that the physician advised Walter to take

his father into the country. "There are ailments," he said, "which are beyond the physician's art to discover without the aid of those who suffer from them. I can satisfy you on "I'd frighten yer out of yer life, I one point; your father is not afflicted burt, that it's all up with me unless I | Even there I may be wrong; it is quite | to be able to conjure up at will pictures as likely that all he needs is change of air and scene. Perhaps it will be as well to let him think that it is you

> who need the change." This innocent deceit was practised. and at the beginning of summer Walof a small cottage, situated about a, mile from Rochester, owned by a motherly woman, who attended to their

wants. It was one of the prettiest cottages imaginable; its walls were covered with roses, and it lay in the midst

of a very garden of flowers. Surrounded by lovely scenery and within an hour and a half's railway ride to London, it would have been difficult to have found a more con-

venient and beautiful residence. Contented and happy, however, as Mr. Deepdale appeared to be when he

tween the folds. -

and his son were together, the change did not remove from him the dejection which Walter had observed in him, and at length the young man mustered sufficient courage to approach the subject in conversation.

Between these sensitive and sympathetic souls courage really was required to approach a theme, the opening of which might suggest that on one side or the other there was some considerate concealment of suffering.

"Are you quite well, dad?" "Quite well, Wally." And Mr. Deepdale raised his eyes to

his son's face, for there was a tremulous ring in the young man's voice. "And happy?" "Quite happy." And now the tremulousness of Wal-

ter's tones found a response in his

own. "Why, what should make me otherwise?" "Nothing in my knowledge, dad." Now, ordinarily, according to the fashion in which these two generally carried on a conversation, the answer

to this, from Mr. Deepdale, would have been, "Nor in mine, Wally." But on the present occasion these words were not spoken.

"I'll tell you why I ask, dad." "Do, Wally."

"First," said Walter, in a cheerful tone, to convey to his father the assurance that there was no grievance in his mind of which he intended to complain, "because since you have been here you have written a great number of letters to London."

"Business letters, Wally. That is your first; now for your second." "Dad, you don't sleep as well as you

used to." "Ah, you have found that out." "Yes, dad."

"And it is causing you uneasiness." "Naturally, dad. Would you not be uneasy if you had reason, or supposed you had reason, to suspect that I was unwell?"

"My boy, you are all the world to me. So you have been watching me, you rascal, while I was not looking. But, Wally, you must remember that "Would I like to pay yer! Wouldn't | I am not growing younger, and that old I like to pay yer! I'd give two of my age, as it creeps on, brings with it a sack full of infirmities. Oh, it will come to you, as it has come to me, of indented chapeaux, perched on the just as it was when the form of the and it must be accepted. I don't think that either of us is overburdened with philosophy, but it will be a good plan in your course through life never to trouble trouble till trouble troubles

> Walter smiled at this, and saying there was a deal of sense in it, did not pursue the subject.

> Deeper cause for uneasiness would have been afforded him could he have seen his father that night, who after sitting by his bedside till he fell asleep, stole to his own chamber and pored with distressed face over the letters he had received from London. "I will go to town in the morning."

he said, inly, "and see if nothing can be done." When the morning came he informed Walter of his intention, and antici-

pated his son's request to accompany him by saying that he wished to go "It is on legal business," he said, "in connection with my property that I

have to attend to, and I am afraid you would be in the way." Then it occurred to Walter that his father was about to make a will, and though the very thought of a will was

of death, he reluctantly consented to of eligible employes in consequence of age, and time has turned his hair muscle than the average maid posthe arrangement. Mr. Deepdale was absent two days, and returned in a more cheerful mood.

"Ah, that is good, dad," said Walter, "you look better." "I feel better, Wally, and that's bet-

ter than looking it." He had much to tell. He had seen Little Make-Believe, and Saranne, and he talked a great deal about the sisters, one of whom at least was bat-

tling bravely with the world, "The sight of that brave child," he said, "no longer a child though-she and Saranne are quite young women now-the sight of Little Make Bellave, coupled with the knowledge that we have of her, toiling in her humble way without a murmer, should teach us a lesson. There is something heroic in the struggle. She makes no headway; I doubt if they are any better off today than they were on the night we first made their acquaintance. Do you remember, Wally? The grotto, the story Little Make-Believe was telling, the three-penny-piece, and the eel-ple

They recalled these incidents as they strolled through a long narrow lane which led to the woods.

The full glory of summer was upon them; the corn was ripening, the hedges were gay with wild flowers.

"I am not at all sure," said Mr. Deepdale, "that Make-Believe has not within herself a consolation which is almost a recompense, so far as she herself is concerned, for the hardships she has suffered since her infancy. The power f our circumstances as we would wish them to be, and to believe in them as they live in our minds-what is that | chet, the fashionable world is com- the Pilgrim. worth. Wally, to one who does not pletely mad on the subject of "Baby often see the sun?"

"There is the awakening, dad." "True, Wally, true," said Mr. Deepdale, with a sigh, "there is the awakening."

A day or two afterward, when they the half-starving, beautiful, blue-eyed were speaking again of the sisters, Mr. Irish peasant girls whose deft fingers Deepdale said, suddenly:

"I've been thinking, Wally-" "Yes. dad, you've been thinking-" "What do you suppose?" (To be Continued.)

To Keep Furs. Furs are preserved during the time the Irish girls, and then of creating they are not being worn by being a market for the lace they made. stowed in deep straw hampers, with sheets steeped in turpentine laid be crochet lace over to the World's Fair; listed in the Fortieth Missouri Regi-



Length of Life of Nurses.

A scientist has given some statistics of the mortality among hospital nurses. Thus a healthy girl of 17, devoting the world today. herself to nursing, died on an average twenty-one years sooner than a girl of the same age moving among the general population, while a hospital nurse at the age of .25 has the same expectation of life as a person at the age of 58 in the ordinary community. -Brooklyn Eagle.

To Grow Thin, Try This.

very lightly.

Exercise until tired out. Abstain from breakfast foods. Cut out sweets, cakes, pastries, ices. Walk before breakfast, then eat

Do not drink many liquids, especially with meals. Do not sleep more than seven hours out of twenty-four.

Eat very few julcy fruits, such as watermelons, tomatoes, etc. Get out of bed instantly upon waking in the morning. Take a cold bath.

Hatpin Projects and Menaces. The long hatpin is regarded with esteem, not only as a valuable implement of the toilet, but also as an instrument of defense, and well is that himself and pretty bride. They were young woman armed who has the considered the happiest and best courage to use it when attacked. This was shown in New Jersey recently when a Millville girl was seized by a highwayman. She put him to ignominious flight by jabbing the weapon | country churchyard, the heart-broken into him with such effect that he was husband returned to the lonely cot- from the machine and hem in the usual

glad to get away. Highwaymen have reason to fear ing a single article of furniture, cloththe hatpin, but peaceable law-abiding ing or other household goods, nailed citizens also stand in danger of being up the windows, drew down the curpunctured by the sharp points. One tains and locked and barred the doors, of New York's dangers in this era The interior of the cottage was left top of masses of ringlets and puffs, is fair young bride was carried out to the murderous weapon projecting out that rural burial ground. On a stand the side of the fall hat. Men riding in the sitting room is a work basket in the street cars stand in constant containing sewing material and knitdread of losing their eyesight, because ting. The needles are rusted into of the business point of the hatpin fragments. The lamp is there as if thus menacing them. The altitude of ready for lighting. The favorite arma woman's hat is normally on the level | chair is drawn up as if awaiting the of a man's eyes, and when the car occupancy of the mistress. On a cenaisles are packed poor man is powerless to dodge the points of hatpins, which stick out in all directions. In rounding sharp curves when there is clothing and other articles. The picmuch swaying among the strap-hangers, a man faces blindness or a terri- of years, and are ready to drop to the ble gouge in the cheek from the exposed point of the hatpin. It is suggested that cerks be worn on the sharp points to save injury to the pub- the fatal hour, and in keeping with lic. They might be made very ornamental, and as a safety device would ual silence. The window curtains, be welcomed.

Women With Federal Jobs. It is more than forty years since the cottage. Decay and ruin are pain- that the wax was not scratched off at General Spinner, who has been called fully evident. The moths have eaten all. The brasses were merely plunged "the father of the employment of women in the Federal service," found clothing, bedding, furniture and wall bits of wax to melt and run off of places for a few women in the Treas- adornments are ready to crumble with their own accord. The polishing of ury Department at Washington. He a touch of the hand, or a breath of the brass was the work of the man was then Treasurer of the United air. saddening, because it was suggestive States, and there was a great dearth | Perry Mugg is bending now with polishing brass is a matter of more the drafts made upon the young men | white, but he is still true to his first | sesses. of the country by the Civil War. General Spinner proposed the employment him the spirit of her whose memory of women in place of men, and the he so devoutly cherishes, dwells near idea which he started has gone on al- this house and passing it daily going most uninterruptedly since, but not to to his work he enforces respect toward the extent that is popularly supposed. it. "When I meet her in another appears that there are 122,000 men in | may be used or torn away, but not bethe Federal service of the Government | fore," he declares, as clerks, bureau chiefs and messen-

gers, of whom not one-half receive \$850 a year or less, There are 11,250 women and girls in the Federal departments, of whom 6868, somewhat more than half, receive less than \$720 a year, Of this number 2000 are in the postoffice service, 1150 in the Treasury Department, 1500 in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, 1000 in the Indian service, 650 in the Government Printing Office, 209 in the War Department, 950 in the Pension Office, 86 in the Navy Department, 797 in the Department of Agriculture and 19 in the Department

Less than ten per cent, of the Federal employes are women, and a great majority of them hold minor positions at small pay. An outery was made line, after the close of the Civil War by those who feared that by the employment of women and girls men were deprived of a fair chance of livelihood in Washington, but the fact is that the number of men has increased very much more largely than the number of women in Federal departments during the last twenty-five years .- New York

Rage For Irish Crochet. If there is a craze for real Irish cro- more consequence will be longer, says

ten as an art. When she got the idea of making it a source of revenue to tiful embroideries. had not lost the cunning of the

making it from her; learned the few patterns the old lady knew, and then set herself the task, first of teaching

Lady Aberdeen learned the art of

youth.

why, in the end, Irish crochet lace has cause inventors have so far failed to come to be the most important lace in put on the market an electric refriger-

that the thread is much finer and the it has been demonstrated that a one knots and threads are repeated many horsepower plant can be operated at a times more often. The patterns are cost nearly fifty per cent. less than miniatures of the real Irish patterns, the price of 800 pounds of ice daily, and now number somewhere in the which is its equivalent in refrigerating thousands, as against the three first power.

learned by Lady Aberdeen. And now France-the ubiquitous-is making Irish crochet and Baby Irish: this most exquisite and snowy lace.

Haven Register.

A House of Silence. "The silent house," standing near

Center, Howard County, Ind., has a pathetic history. Twenty-three years ago Perry Mugg built the house for mated couple of all the country round. But after a year the young bride became ill and died. After the body was consigned to earth in the tage and without removing or touchtre table is a Bible, a hymnal and Sunday school papers. From the pegs and nails on the walls hang pictures, tures are all but obscured by the dust floor with a crash when the rotten cord shall have given away. On the mantle is the little clock that marked its surroundings relapsed into perpetnow frayed and musty with the ravgreat holes in the carpets. Curtains,

love, and has never remarried. To By the last Government report it home above, this earthly structure



The princess skirt is shown in many lew designs, and various materials

For fall wear the tailor gown is the first one needed, and as usual there are

The newest skirt is circular in design, and the long, tight-fitting coat is worn with these. Some skirts are pleated and others

and hips, spreading well at the foot Simplicity is the keynote of all the designs-simplicity of lines; for trim-

elaborate in effect.

Among the very new models princess street frocks are seen. These are not always in one piece, many of them being made in two pieces. It is probable that skirts will be

wear, while those for occasions of

Mink coats have the fashionable Capuchin hoods, in which a bind or It was the real Irish that Lady Aber- fold of tangerine velvet gives a great deen saved from being totally forgot- effect, and these hoods are the occasion for the introduction of very beau-

The thin woman with her small waist and moderate hips can appear stitches which they had learned in her two thin arms and shoulders are prettily decorated and fluffed out in any style she pleases.

Another Cone to Rest.

Again the youngest soldier of the Civil War is dead. This time he is That's how she came to bring Irish John Botts, of California, who en- easily made by folding paper and how sife came to establish depots in | ment at the age of thirteen.



NO. 23.

Not yet can the busy housewife turn

Dublin and London and Paris; and electric lights, but that is only beating plant of small enough capacity. Baby Irish is like real Irish, except The principle is well established and

MARKING THE LINEN. How many women adhere to the oldbut with her fingers! She is doing it fashioned method of marking linen by machine-throwing the real Irish with a new steel pen and marking ink? designs on the Baby Irish mesh, and It is the simplest thing in the world creating a genuine French edition of to mark linen with a stencil and a brush. Each member of the family All three are to be worn extrava- should have his own stencil, which gantly this fall and winter for trim- does not cost much if only initials are mings-yokes, chemisettes, cuffs, with used. The boy or girl at school will the lace edge down; collars and whole need the full name, which costs more. waists-for the prettiest of all Baby | An entire wardrobe may be marked in Irish is found in the allovers .- New half an hour's time by means of steneils, and the danger of the ink spreading is reduced to a minimum.

> HEMMING TABLE LINEN. Table linen should, of course, be

SOME LEFT-OVERS. Housewives are often in a dilemma as to what to do with left-over cornbread, gems, biscuit, etc. They hate to throw them away, and to serve them cold savors too much of economy. Sprinkle them with cold water, place them in a deep baking dish or pan. cover with a tin and set in a moderate oven, letting them remain there for about fifteen minutes. They will come from the oven almost as good, if not quite as good, as new. Only enough for a single meal should be heated at one time, as all warmed over breads and cakes dry quickly.

CARE OF BRASS WORK.

A housekeeper who lights her dining room and bedrooms with candles smiled at a request to explain the exquisite neatness of her brass candlesticks. "You do not scratch your brasses when you scrape the wax off," said the inages of time, enable the curious to quirer, "and I should like to know how obtain a partial view of the interior of | you avoid doing so." The answer was into hot water long enough for the who took care of the furnace, since

Graham Gems-Use two cupfuls of sour milk, three cups of Graham flour, half a teaspoonful of soda; beat together a few minutes, drop it into hot greased gem pans and bake in a quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes,

Cornment Bread (Creole Recipe)-Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pint of corn meal, Make it a batter with two eggs and some new milk. Add a spoonful of yeast. Set by the fire an hour to rise. Butter

little pans, fill them and bake. Swan Pudding-Half box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of warm water. When cool add three-quarters pound sugar and the whites of two eggs and the condition of the highways. He juice of two lemons; beat all together with an egg beater until stiff; put it in the dish in which it is to be served, cut in gores, close filting at the waist and set on ice or in a cool place. To be

eaten with soft custard. Toasted Graham Gems-Split the gems, toast carefully, and while they | tion to small repairs, thus saving the mings continue to be used, but less | are toasting heat some rich milk to the boiling point, add a little salt and but- for large repairs, which need not have ter and thicken with flour moistened | been made by the official.-New York with cold milk and pour over the toasted gems. Gems left over from the day before may be used for the next morn-

ing's breakfast. Monkey Pudding-Take about half a word," exclaimed Blifkins. loaf of stale bread. Let it soak in as "Then she is the most remarkable short for rainy weather and morning much good milk as you would use for a bread pudding for several hours. Add a little cream. Put in three heaping spoonfuls of brown sugar, two heaping spoons of powdered cinnamon and a few stoned raisins. Cook in the oven with a slow fire until it looks like an old monkey. Serve with of good family or of good breeding and

a stiff sugar and butter sauce. Mutton Cutlets - Have the butcher cut what are known as English chops: have them neatly trimmed. Broil on a gridiron (not too much); before removing from the fire pour over melted butter with parsley minced fine. Place on a large hot platter and on the end of each bone place a little cap; those made of white paper can be had at any house-furnishing store, or they are fringing it. Cut the size of the bone, They will last three or four times,



Public Benefaction.

RTICLES have been printed from time to time showing the cost of bad roads to the country, and how good roads would annually

save millions of dollars

to both producers and consumers in

the United States. But the value of good roads does not rest upon a money standard alone. There are other and equally as important considerations. For several decades the census figures show that the cities have been increasing much faster in population than the country. Much of the best brain and brawn from the farm is going to the cities because of the isolation of farm life. Man is a social creature, and if he can't get association in one place he will seek it in another. The wealth of the nation depends largely upon the farmers. They are the wealth-creators, and if we would increase our farm products and improve the land we must keep our young men at home instead of sending them to the cities. The way to destroy the isolation of farm life now so discouraging to young men is to build good roads. Many young people in the country are deprived of fair education because of bad roads leading to the schoolhouses, and because bad roads render impossible the consolidation and bettering of the schools that are accessible. Good roads would get more of the boys and girls in school, and lessen the average of illiteracy in most of the States of the Union. Bad roads keep thousands from attending church and Sabbath-school, and thus are a bar against civilization and the spread of the Christian religion. Good roads are needed to make life desirable upon the farm, to increase the average of intelligence by putting people in close touch with the world and each other. and for the advancement of education

and for Christianity. How are we to have good roads? With the burden of road construction and maintenance thrown almost wholly upon the farming classes, our highways, as a rule, are no better than they were fifty years ago. Thus has time and experience proven that local systems are inadequate, are failures. We can have good roads only when the expense of building and maintaining them is somewhat equally distrbuted, All the people contribute to the National Treasury, because the money in the Treasury is largely derived from taxes on consumption. National ald to good roads, as provided in the Brownlow-Latimer bill, promises the only solution of the question, and the solution of the question is a .. ational obligation. Every country on earth that has good roads secured them by recognizing road building as a legitimate function of government, and it is safe to say we shall never have them in the United States without the Federal Government leads in the

Rural Mail Carriers and Roads. It must be thoroughly understood that in providing for the constant care and maintenance of the highways in the country, money is scarce and taxes are high, and that voluntary effort must be made in the way of contributions to get good roads without over-

burdening the taxpayers. No one class of citizens in the State travel the roads so frequently and under such adverse circumstances as the free rural mail carriers, men inured to the weather and suffering many hardships to bring the mail daily to the door of the farmer. It would be a wise act for the town officials in charge of the highways to ask the mail carriers if they would not voluntarily form associations for the purpose of reporting daily the condition of the highways over which they travel. Printed blanks could be used so as to relieve the carriers of the necessity of much writing, and the receipt of the daily record would be invaluable in directing the highway commissioners to the spots in the road needing attention. The mail carrier could report daily on printed forms should report it in good order when it is so, and he should report the spot requiring attention when it needs it. A system of inspection thoroughly made by the mail carriers would aid road officials in giving constant attenexpenditure of the taxpayers' money

Tribune. The Senses of the Word.

"She is a lady in every sense of the

woman that ever lived," replied Jon "What do you mean? Aren't there plenty of ladies in the world?"

"Yes; but not in every sense of the word. For instance, if the woman is what you say, she is not only a woman refinement, but she is also, according to the Century Dictionary, 'a sweetheart (local United States); a slate measuring about sixteen inches broad by ten long; the calcareous apparatus in the cardiac part of the stomach of the lobster, the function of which is the triuration of food.' And if she is all that, her fortune is made in the mu-

seum line." After that it was noted that Blifkins usually pruned down the remark to "she is a lady," simply-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LECTRICITY IN THE KITCHEN.

on the cold in her refrigerator by twisting the same switch which controls the

hemmed by hand. That is "the correct thing," but the hemmer of the machine can be made very useful for this purpose in the following manner: Place the edge of the cloth beneath the hemmer. Do not thread the needle, but as you thread the hem let it run through the machine. Turn and press, thus, the full length of every side. Then take way. The neat turning of the hem is the main work. This accomplished,