

Buffalo is about to build a driveway the whole twenty-seven miles to Niagara Falls that is meant to be the handsomest in the world, and the local papers have a lively fight as to whether or not he shall be styled "the Boulevard."

The announcement being made that an enthusiast has "discovered perpetual motion" after spending \$30,000 in experimenting on the subject, an exchange remarks that "coming right on the heels of the disclosure that the world is going to come to a perpetual standstill in 1900, the news is rather tantalizing."

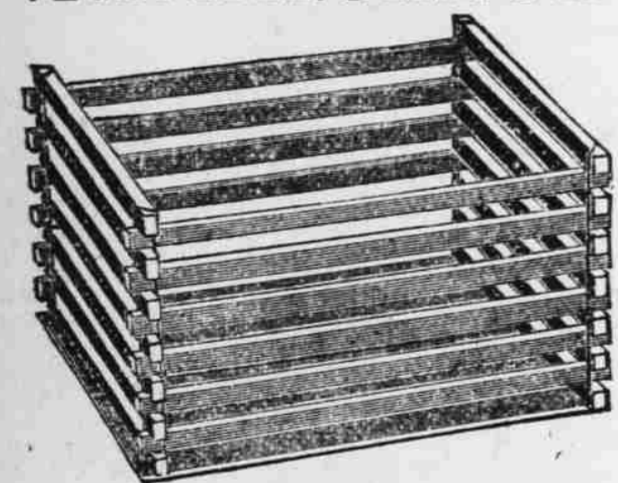
George R. Graham, of New York, was the founder of the old *Graham's Magazine*. He has lost two fortunes, and after several years of blindness, has recovered his sight at the age of seventy-five. With a heart full of gratitude, and with all the confidence of youth, the old man has again taken up his pen with the determination to enter the literary arena and make a living.

A Brazil paper reports that an ox suffering with carbuncle was killed and eaten a short time since at a place near Conceicao dos Garulhos. The result at last accounts was that two persons had died with that disease and some ten or twelve more were attacked by it. It is said that many animals were suffering from carbuncle in that locality. Later advices stated that seventeen persons were under treatment for this disease, three of whom were in a serious condition.

"The Bohemian oats swindle has been succeeded by the hay-fork game," are the words of warning issued by the *New York Graphic*. "This consists in storing a lot of forks in the barn of some farmer, whom the owners tell that if he will take care of them and sell them he shall have a commission of from thirty to seventy-five per cent. On this representation the farmer is induced to sign a receipt 'merely as a matter of form,' and in a few weeks the receipt turns up in the hands of some other party and proves to be an agreement to pay about four prices for the forks. It is generally cheaper for the farmers to pay than to fight the swindlers."

The face of the late United States Attorney-General Brewster was disfigured by burns received when a mere child in the rescue of his baby sister from a fire. A newspaper story, current a few years ago, embodied what purported to be Mr. Brewster's own statement. One of the lawyers during the trial of a case had a bad taste to allude to the marred features of his opponent. Mr. Brewster, in dignified and simple language, told of a faithful nurse, wearied with untiring labors, who fell asleep while holding a little child; the tired arms relaxed, the precious burden fell on the hearth—and when the little one was saved the face of her rescuer "was burned as black as the heart of the man who could twist another of a personal deformity!"

THE BEST THING OUT OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRATE



It is used by grocers in displaying and delivering goods, by farmers to gather and store fruit and vegetables, and market gardeners to transport products to market.

AS A BERRY CRATE

It is made in two sizes to hold twenty-four and thirty-six quart baskets respectively, with hinged cover and rack to keep the baskets separated, and being open allows free circulation of air, so fruit is less liable to decay.

Made of best material, are light, durable, and superior to baskets, or any other crate made.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST.
L. P. ROGERS, WARREN, PA.

GRANITE IRONWARE.

BROILING, BAKING, BOILING, PRESERVING, LIGHT, HANDSOME, DURABLE, IS WHOLESOME.

The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen. Manufactured only by the St. Louis Stamping Co. St. Louis

For Sale by all Stoves, Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers. Cook Book and Price List Free on Application. Be Sure to Mention this Paper.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

The dancing, joyous brooklet free,
Babbles onward to the sea,
Flowing ever,
Resting never,
Singing gayly till at last,
Ocean's billows hold it fast.
As the brooklet winds along,
Oft it murmurs in its song,
A soft "Farewell!"
A long "Farewell!"
Then it hastens on to meet
And swell the ocean's billows deep.
We have passed through happy hours,
We have gathered fragrant flowers,
Trusting ever,
Resting never,
Singing gayly till at last,
Childhood's joyous days are past.
—Annie L. Buchanan.

A KITCHEN QUEEN.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The pleasant February sunshine was weaving its brightest in and out among the stems of Miss Alice Netley's geraniums; and there was an atmosphere of spring in the chirp of the blue bird, and the frosty sweetness of the outside air—so much so, in fact, that Alice felt the heat of the little wood stove in the corner of the room almost oppressive as she came in.

"Why, Lill, you are roasting here!" she cried, to the pale, pretty girl, who sat with some lace-work in her lap. "Wouldn't it do to leave the window open just a trifle? Ah, I forget, you haven't been exercising, like me! I'm a selfish thing—I'm always forgetting!"

Alice Netley, even in her faded garnet merino and last year's style of bonnet, was very fair to look upon—a radiant, rose-cheeked blonde, with living sunbeams coiled in her hair, and the blue of the sky itself shining under her bright lashes. Lillian, on the contrary, was pale and slight, like a flower that has grown in the shade, and there were dark shadows under her eyes, and a downward droop to the corners of her mouth.

"You're not working, Lill. Have you finished the pattern?" Alice asked.

"No."
"You're tired, then. Let me get you a cup of tea. Or is it your poor eyes that ache? Oh, Lill! pleaded the younger sister, moved inexpressibly by the sight of a single crystal-bright tear stealing down the delicate cheeks of the elder, "what is it? Tell me, Lill!"

Lillian brushed away the tear, and tried to smile, after a feeble fashion.

"It's only what I have expected this long time, Alice," said she. "Doctor Creamer was here to-day. He says that pain in my eyes is not the result of a cold, nor yet of any neuralgic affection. He says I am losing my sight."

Alice stood like one stunned.
"Oh, Lill—dear Lill!" she cried out, "and it is all my fault for letting you work at that hideous point-lace for the Woman's Exchange, that perhaps nobody will buy when it is finished."

"Hush, Alice—it was my own idea!"
"But I never should have allowed it. I should have known better. Oh, Lill! what are we to do?"

Lillian put one hand tenderly on Alice's bowed head.

"We must trust in Providence, Alice, and do our best."
But the yellow-February sun had gone down behind the woods, and the twilight shadows had gathered around the room, before Alice had wept the fountain of her tears dry. And then she went spiritlessly up to her room and looked around her.

"Something has got to be done!" she murmured. "Up to this time, I've had only myself to think of—now I have Lill, also. I have never been taught any trade—more the pity—and there is too much competition in this town for me to earn a living out of any of the genteel professions. But we can't live on here like fine ladies. If Lill goes to that eye hospital for treatment, I have got to earn money to pay her board and her doctor's bill. But how?"

She kept her perplexities to herself, declaring, brightly, that "she had a plan," in answer to all Lillian's wistful inquiries.

She sewed diligently to put her sister's wardrobe in order, and sold her little gold necklace—the sole remaining ornament of former days—to buy the railroad ticket to Philadelphia for Lillian.

"I wish you were going with me," said Lillian, clinging to her sister's hand as they stood side by side on the platform, waiting for the train to come.

"I wish so, too, dear," said Alice. "But the fare is high, and city board higher still—and every cent counts. We cannot afford it, Lill."

When Lillian was gone, Alice went back to the old home—dismantled now, and being cleaned and whitewashed, preparatory to the moving in of a new tenant—for her little carpet bag, and left it at the cottage of an old colored woman who had once been a servant in the Netley family.

"What be yo' gwine, honey?" said Aunt Flutilla, taking her pipe out of her mouth.

"To earn my living, aunty," said Alice, with rather a forced laugh.

"But what?" persisted the old woman.

"I'll tell you, when I have begun to earn it."

And Alice went straight to a handsome brick mansion in the centre of the town—a house with a close-cut lawn in

front of it and a pair of marble vases, filled with the earliest pansies of the year.

Mrs. Valendor was at home; she would see Miss Netley, said the white-capped maid who came to the door.

And Alice was ushered into the reception-room, where sat a pale, tall lady, writing notes at a desk.

"Ah, Miss Netley!" said Mrs. Valendor, with a curious mixture of the courtesy due to one who had once been on her visiting list and the coldness which she felt toward a "reduced young person" whose sister had mended lace for her queenly self, within the year. "Very sorry, I'm sure, to hear the sad news about your sister's eyes!"

"You are very kind," said Alice, going directly to her point. "I called here to answer an advertisement which I saw in the papers from this house."

"Ah!" Mrs. Valendor elevated her bright eye-brows. "Yes—for a woman to cook, wash and iron. Is there any one whom you can recommend to me?"

"Yes," Alice made answer, with composure. "I would like the place myself!"

Mrs. Valendor's pen dropped from her hand; her large light eyes glittered like sickly glass marbles.

"I believe myself to be quite competent," said Miss Netley, with a calmness which astonished the fine lady more and more, "as I have taken lessons at the Cooking School in New York. In the matter of washing and ironing, I have had plenty of practice at home, and for the last few months we have been unable to pay a laundress. As I am capable of doing my work well, I shall expect fair wages. In regard to references, this is my first situation; but, since you have known me from a child, that is, perhaps, of little consequence."

"Do—do you really mean it?" stammered Mrs. Valendor. "You—Colonel Netley's daughter!"

"Is there any reason why I should not mean it?" said Alice, smiling, calmly.

"I am compelled to support myself. My father's army title will do little toward that. I could starve genteelly in giving music-lessons; I could visit my distant relations, until I had exhausted their coldly-extended hospitality; I could post myself in the dreary army of gentlemen who are endeavoring to obtain 'situations not menial,' in every intelligence bureau in the land. But I don't choose to do this. Nothing is menial that is well done and honestly done."

"I—I—but it would be so awkward!" said Mrs. Valendor, clasping and unclasping the bracelet on her arm.

"Why awkward? You want a cook, don't you? And I want a situation."

"I expect my girls to wear caps," faltered Mrs. Valendor.

"Very well. I am willing to wear caps. Why should I not?"

"And then, of course, you would require a separate table—"

"I shall require nothing of the sort. If I am to become a wage-worker, it would be the proudest affection to feel myself above my fellow wage-workers."

said Miss Netley, with a quiet dignity that Mrs. Valendor could not understand.

"But Mr. Valendor is so very particular as to the table," went on the lady.

Alice smiled.

"I will engage to suit him," said she.

"What wages do you expect?"

"Eighteen dollars."

Mrs. Valendor lifted up her hands in dismay.

"Eighteen dollars!" she exclaimed.

"Why, I never paid but sixteen before to regular professionals!"

"Well, I am a professional," said Alice. "I am going to give you first-class cooking, and laundry work that a Chinaman couldn't excel. And at the end of the month, if I don't suit you, why, then you may discharge me."

So Mrs. Valendor engaged Alice Netley as cook and laundress.

"It seems a queer sort of thing," she said, feebly, "to hire, to work in my kitchen, a girl who danced here at the last ball that I gave. But I couldn't very well help it."

"Fudge!" said the squire, a fat man, with a husky voice, and a bald head that glistened like an ivory billiard ball.

"Why is it queer? Men have to do that; why not women? I've got a man in my lumber yard that was once a professor of French. Your new cook is a sensible girl. Here she has a good roof over her head, a nice room to sleep in, and plenty to eat, with eighteen dollars to boot. Isn't that better than sewing at one's relations?"

"But it isn't usual!" sighed the lady.

"Hang usual!" roared the squire.

"Who cares whether it is usual or not? What difference does it make? And she's a crack cook! The crust of that chicken pie fairly melted in my mouth at dinner to-day. It's just exactly the sort of chicken pie that my mother used to make. And the cream pie—and the coffee! I tell you, Sabina, she's a genius! By-the-way, I've ordered brook trout for breakfast. Let her prepare it in her own way. It'll be good. And tell her to give us some more corn bread. One can eat such cooking as that."

It was true. Alice was a genius in the culinary line. She got up a little gastronomic surprise; she never allowed a meal to go by without some exquisite

dish. She concocted artistic menus; she sent up delicately-flavored omelets and fricassees from ysters' fragments. And when the shirts, collars and cuffs came up in the weekly wash-basket, the squire's satisfaction culminated.

"Raise her wages!" said he. "We never had things gone like this before. And who did the cooking Monday and Tuesday?"

"Alice herself," said Mrs. Valendor. "She said she had arranged her work in reference to it. She declined to accept the chambermaid's help."

"Humph, humph!" said the squire. "I'm glad of it! How does she get along with the other girl?"

"Capitally!" said his wife. "Mary Ann thinks that 'the lady-cook' is an angel. Alice has shown her how to mend her clothes, and taught her a fancy crochet stitch to do of evenings when they sit together in the kitchen."

"What does she do in the evenings?" asked the squire, curiously.

"Writes to her sister in Philadelphia," said Mrs. Valendor. "Does fancy work. Reads a book from the library."

"Do you suppose she's contented?" asked the squire.

"She must be," said his wife. "She sings about her work like a lark."

"That lobster salad we had on Sunday evening was perfect," remarked the squire. "And the oysters were fried as brown as a dead leaf, without the greasy tang the last cook used to give 'em."

So things went on till John Meredith came back from the fort in Arizona—John Meredith who had always been called "Alice's beau" in the old boy-and-girl days.

"I've had some luck," said the captain. "I've been promoted. I can afford to keep a wife now. What has become of Alice Netley?"

"A workin' out," said old Aunt Flutilla, "at eighteen dollars a month, a-keepin' Miss Lillian in de eye hospital in Philadelphia."

"Humph!" said Captain Meredith. "Why didn't I know 'er before?"

"Well, I guess 'er ye didn't inquire," said Flutilla. "Was you thinkin' o' marryin' her, boss?"

"You've hit it, aunty," said the captain. "I reckon there's fortune telling blood in your veins, eh?"

"My mammy was de seventh darter ob a seventh darter," said Aunt Flutilla, solemnly. "But dis yah what I'm gwine to tell ye ain't fortin' tellin', boss. It's facts. She's done 'gaged to Squire Netley's brudder, de judge. De judge, he eat some o' de raised biscuits I gib her de receipt ob, an' he made up his mind she was de wife for him."

That was Aunt Flutilla's account. But Alice Netley could have told a different one—how Horace Valendor, lying ill in the house, had been nursed by her care, nourished by the delicate dishes which she had prepared—how he had announced that he should not leave his brother's house without Alice Netley!

She listened almost incredulously to his suit.

It was a home for Lillian, a safe shelter for herself in the haven of a good man's love; but these things were secondary in Alice's heart.

"If I loved you—" she began.

"Take a year to consider it," said Judge Valendor. "Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Ought I to be unwilling to wait a year-seventh of that time for so precious a prize as you?"

"But I am only the cook!"

"You are a Princess in disguise!" said the Judge, with eyes so full of devotion that Alice could but blush and smile back to him.

Then came Jack Meredith—Jack, whose gold shoulder straps and brilliant black eyes had once aroused her girl's admiration—and then Alice knew that she had outgrown that phase of her life.

His boisterous admiration annoyed her; she did not like it that he so boldly claimed her allegiance.

"We can be married to-morrow, if you like," said Jack, eagerly.

"But I don't like," said Alice.

The Captain retired, discomfited, to the frontier, and Alice married the judge.

"And me, as has to put up with Johnny Reilly, the plumber," said Mary Ann, with a groan. "And she is a judge's lady! Sure, things is on aqual!"

"That's just it," said the new cook, who had been taking lessons of young Mrs. Valendor in the daintier branches of the profession. "A lady's lady wherever you put her."

"And that's thrue!" said Mary Ann. —Saturday Night.

Giles Williams, a Wall street broker of note, who died recently in the metropolis, bought a square of ground years ago in the centre of Chicago. It cost him \$600. He sold it for \$40,000 and was exceedingly proud of the bargain he drove. Chicago tax lists show that the same property is worth \$18,000,000 now!

The King of Norway and Sweden is said to be the only crowned head in Europe who refused to send congratulations to the Pope on his sacerdotal jubilee. According to the census of 1880, there were only 810 Catholics in Sweden, and a proportionately small number in Norway.

The Famous "Bell Buzzard" Shot.

For the last twenty-four years people living in different parts of the South have heard strange tinklings of a bell, frequently in the most unaccountable places. At times the ringing seemed to be far off in space, and then again, in an incredible short time, it would seem to hover near in the trees. Many were the explanations offered at first for the presence of the bell, as great fear had been excited among the superstitious and timid, who regarded it as an omen of some great danger or calamity.

The real cause of the strange occurrence was discovered to be a buzzard of enormous size on whose neck a bell was fastened, and which, with every flap of the wings, gave forth a tinkling sound. After that it continued to make its appearance in various parts of the South, and at times not only confining its visits to one State, but making extended excursions over most of the South, always returning to Tennessee, where it had evidently been reared and of whose history it became a part. The bell buzzard was known in all parts of the State, and the people spoke with pride of their feathery friend.

While Alexander Johnson, of Peacher's Mills neighborhood, was out on a hunting expedition one day recently, and was walking through a dense woods, he came upon what he first supposed to be a huge eagle flapping and fluttering about the ground. He raised his gun to his shoulder and fired and the monster bird fell, beating the ground fiercely with its wings. Johnson rushed up to it just as its wings gave the last trembling flutter, and lifting it up by the neck he saw to his greatest astonishment that a bell hung to it, suspended by a small wire chain, of which some of the links had been worn almost to the thinness of paper. The bell attached—from which the clapper was missing—was round and about three inches in diameter, bearing this inscription, evidently cut with a knife or some sharp instrument: "C. W. Moore, Alabama, 1863."

The absence of the clapper accounts for the buzzard not having been heard for the last few months, leading many to suppose that the bird had left our regions, or had been killed by some one. On reaching home Johnson narrated his story to his family, who assisted him in measuring its size, which was found to be 5 feet 7 inches from tip to tip. The bird has been sent to an experienced taxidermist at Cincinnati, who will mount it, after which it will be presented to the Historical Society at Nashville, there to remain as one of the greatest curiosities of the State. —Nashville American.

White House Pets.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the National premises.

Harriet Lane had a large stag hound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker, and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at the White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory, and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Fillmore's more's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Fillmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.

Lower California is reported to be excited over the discovery of immense deposits of free gold in white quartz, assaying from \$300 to \$200 per ton. If the truth of the reports should be verified, declares the Philadelphia Record, this new gold field may exert a marked influence upon the currency values of civilized nations.

It is proposed to convert about 5000 acres of land in Twiggs County, Ga., into a national hunting ground, with a hotel, club houses, etc., and make it a great resort for hunters. The tract will be stocked with all kinds of game. Governor Gordon and other well-known men are interested in the scheme.

The Senate of the United States has recently passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 to erect a monument in memory of the colored soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the Union service during the late Civil War.

CURIOSITY FACTS.

Engraving on wood was invented in 1490.

Postoffices were established in England in 1464.

Latitude was first determined by Hipparchus, of Nice, about 162, B. C.

The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559.

There is a five-year-old cow in Clay county, Dakota, that stands 16½ hands high and weighs 1888 pounds.

Bears have played havoc with the Canadian Pacific telegraph lines at Griffin Lake and Revelstoke, Quebec.

Four wildcats were captured by a party of hunters from Millbridge, Me., the other day. The largest was four feet and ten inches long.

Preambles were made at Perugia, Italy, as early as 1364, the discovery of gunpowder dating somewhat earlier in the same century.

Two Nashville men went to law about a job of work that was worth about seventy-five cents, and spent \$700 before the matter was settled.

The Druids in England headed the Britons in opposition to Caesar's first landing, 55 B. C., and were exterminated by the Roman Governor, Suetonius Paulinus, A. D. 61.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to lose many of its primitive ways, and became in a sense more refined.

A hospital for the treatment of sick or disabled birds has been opened in Chicago by Mrs. A. F. Moir, and there are already a number of feathered patients undergoing treatment in it.

An important member of the Alpena (Mich.) Fire Department is a large St. Bernard dog which turns out with the firemen at every alarm and has many times saved life and property.

A smart dog lives in Springfield, Mo. When the fire burns low in the fireplace before which he is accustomed to lie, he goes to the woodshed, gets a stick of wood and puts it on the coals.

The biggest silver nugget in the world was recently on exhibition in New York city. It weighs 60½ ounces, and was found at the Greenwood group of mines in the State of Michoacan, Mexico.

England took its name from the Angles or English, a Teutonic people, who, with other kindred tribes, came over from the mainland of Europe and won for themselves a new home in Britain.

An elevated riding school is an innovation in New York. It is located in the third story of a building, and on account of its elevated position is said to possess advantages over schools on the ground floor.

Mrs. Catherine McMahon, of Greencastle, Ind., is 103 years of age and has lived to see the seventh generation of her kind. One of her brothers died at the age of 100 and another at the age of ninety-eight.

W. G. Sterling, of Greeley, Col., recently shot in North Park a magnificent specimen of the golden eagle, one of the largest seen in the States for years. It measured seven feet from tip to tip and was evidently of great age.

Dr. Crowther, of Baltimore, probably owes his life to a parrot. The cries of the bird awakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning. He discovered that his house was on fire and barely had time to arouse his family and get them out before the building was completely wrapped in flames.

A Mythical Snake.

The glass snake is a widely believed-in myth. Even well educated people I have found to implicitly accept the stories told of being factured into innumerable pieces and reuniting itself again little the worse of the experience.

It was my good fortune one evening to see a fully accredited "glass," or "joint," snake, certified to by a white man and a negro. We were walking on a tramway one evening in the summer when I espied a snake about fifteen inches in length in the dust of the road. I carried a small gum switch, with which I struck it a smart blow, when it broke in three pieces. The snake was very prettily marked, and the forward half proportionately large for a snake of its length. Seeing it was about to wriggle away, I struck it again, disabling it, and then examined the section carefully, but without finding any indications that the fracture was different from that which would follow a hard blow in the case of any small snake. This specimen, and several others which I after killed by breaking, did not reunite the several parts. —Country Gentleman.

A contemporary, says the London World, explains that the Queen usually leaves a drawing-room before the function is over because her Majesty cannot stand for any length of time. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Queen really stands during a drawing-room. In reality her Majesty sits upon a stool of crimson and gold, which is arranged that to those who pass before her she appears to be standing.

Six hundred and forty million is the yearly poultry product of the United States.