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Reserve Fund 600,000
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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles
CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

SEEN ON THE STREETS.

Anxiety in Men's Faces as They Go to Business.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text—"Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets."—Prov. 1: 20.

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals of Europe, there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature, day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms, preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet, white-bearded, denouncing us against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature, but how few of us learn anything from them. You go to the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again, and often with how indifferent a heart you pass through these streets. Are there no tints of truth growing up between these cobblestones beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of age and the quick step of childhood. Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and this morning I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smoke stacks, and a-rush with traffickers. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, on this dray with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is as rapid as tossed and driven back in its beauty. In the confusion and confusion of its confusion, the carpeted aisles of the street, the woods from which the clouds shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, busy street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business, and coming home again, I charge you look about; see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement, and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayers all the sorrows, all the bereavements, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and I present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must co-exist. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness; the high forehead despises the flat head; the trim hedgerow I will have nothing to do with the wild cresset; and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart; the noblest health meets with sickness; honesty confronts fraud; every class of people meets every other class, impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meet on the same block in the same street in the same city. Oh! that it were what Solomon meant when he said, "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right, and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation. In the maelstroms and Hell Gates of the street, how many make quick exits; back to a battle and it comes down into the navy-yard we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of sharp-shooting of business life, and yet sails on victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not much as the patch of a canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an axe and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best time there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh! it is strange that when a man has devoted widows' houses he is

disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquakes to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightning to smite him. Aye, all the armies of God are on the street, and on the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others, amid the marts of business proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses us with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime grows, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand, asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and three. "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a throat splashing on the back of his hand. "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write." The man asked the question twice and three. "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a throat splashing on the back of his hand. "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remembered to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the streets to get things to fetch home for the folks to eat? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never had no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read and write, sir. I don't read neither. Oh! I—these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Oh, let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black cloths while we go down on that mission. While we are trying an elaborate knot in our cravat, or the smaller wooden knot of the study, or some period rhetorically, we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. O Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you in the mire. Beware! the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxuriant banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches to dip the cups in the wine of heaven; but the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect.

LIKE THE BROOK.
Excuse me, said the new neighbor, as he leaned over the fence, you have a daughter who plays the piano, I believe.

I have, answered the man on the porch.

Well, said the other, I have been a great student of nature in my time—have spent many years on a farm—and I want to say that your daughter's music reminds me of the music of a brook.

Ah, said the pleased father, I confess that there is an undeniably murmuring sweetness running through her music that resembles a brook, now that you have called my attention to it.

Yes, agreed the new neighbor, there is all that. And, besides, there is another way in which the resemblance is very marked. Probably you have recalled that line, which calls attention to the fact that the brook goes on for ever.

And with a cold stare he walked back to his porch and picked up his newspaper.

TOO BUSY.
Uncle Joshua—I suppose sense yer son John got back from collig he's helpin' y' considerable on th' farm? Ebenezzer—Naw, John jes' haint' got time; he's too plague bizzzy swingin' dumbbells an' smokin' cigg'rets.

LEMU-EL.

Across the field floated the trembling voice: Lemu-el, Lemu-el. Floated softly, yet far, with a half musical, wholly pathetic cadence, and seemed to nestle and die away the foot of the low hills which the village folks politely called "The Mountains."

A little old woman with a snowy cap, a small shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a dark dress, stood at the door of a cottage. The smooth silvery hair and the soft wrinkled cheeks seemed to suggest the charm of an earlier day; perhaps she had even been very fair in her long-ago youth. But the large, dark eyes had a strange, restless look, and the hands twitched nervously.

A younger woman stepped up beside her from within. She was taller, larger, and less comely. She and the old woman from them bespoke no relationship.

"Yes, yes, mother," she said, soothingly, laying her hand on the other's shoulder. "Some day he'll come. I wouldn't call him any more now."

"Some other day?" the older queried, a faint color tinging her cheek.

"Yes, yes, some other day; come and get your cup of tea," and she seated her mother to the table and handed her a glass.

"Mary, put a piece for Lemuel, he might like a bit too; and why do you forget?" she added half fretfully. With a patient sigh the daughter obeyed. How many weeks, months and years was it she had gone through her useless task?

"He'll come to-morrow," the old woman murmured half to herself.

"Yes, to-morrow he'll come, surely," Mary answered cheerfully. It was almost stereotyped, their brief talk, repeated daily. For years the mother's heart had yearned and waited for the absent or the dead. But each morning life renewed itself and hope sprang up again in the cloudy mind. Each morning of all these long years.

"To-day, to-morrow, he will come!"

In the meantime the hamlet had grown from a straggling settlement to almost the proportions of a town. The narrow, congested main street, where butcher and baker were huddled together in confused proximity, had been widened, and more pretentious stores and offices had taken the place of the smaller wooden structures of twenty years since. Factories and mills had their clustering shops and workmen's dwellings and long fringes of outlying streets with more or less ornate villas and cottages, had succeeded to rural lanes or short cuts across the common.

The street on which our cottage was situated had been graded and kerbed to the foot of the hills which it was meant to climb, but had faint-heartedly given out, and though approached on the other side by many more showy residences the cottage still held its own and looked across the fields as it had done when first built on what seemed almost a prairie. It and the enclosed plot on which it stood was a pathetic remnant of the old homestead, and even so, it brought no shame, and even so, it was an example to its larger neighbors.

Trees and vines had grown about it, but they were kept sharply trimmed. All necessary repairs were promptly attended to, and each new coat of paint reproduced, as nearly as might be, its predecessor. No changes within or without showed themselves, no added luxuries or adornments crept into any of the bedrooms, for the little mother grew restless and unhappy, and what remained for poor Mary but to guard her peace.

Nearly twenty years ago father, mother, son and daughter had occupied the home. The father, somewhat taciturn and cold, had unbent little to his children and frowned upon what he called their idle follies; when, in the case of the son, his eldest born, folly sometimes deserved a stronger name, he reproved fiercely and sometimes unreasonably. The boy, fired with the independence of youth resented and rebelled, and quarrels ensued till it ended in the father's turning his son out of doors, with the injunction that he should never come back on his own again. Too literally had his best been followed. The mother had idolized her boy, and under the strains of silent grief her mind gradually gave way. No word had come back from the wanderer. He had written to his mother several times but the father had destroyed the letters without handing them to her, and when one was returned, Lemuel unopened he wrote no more. He tried to drown the memory of his youth in wild dissipation and, sobering down at last, he tried to put his old life from his thoughts amid new scenes and surroundings.

To his whereabouts neither mother nor sister had any clue, so great a silence had fallen between them. The father's heart was so hard that he could see no sign, not even on his deathbed, which followed in less than a second twelvemonth.

For years and years the two women had lived on together, the snows of age whitening the mother's hair, while the roses of youth departed from Mary's face. The whole village knew the story, and even the stranger passing by would shake his head and guess something of its pathos when a woman's voice rang through the field: "Lemu-el! Oh, Lemu-el!"

Was it a stranger, that bearded man that one day came along the road, with slow steps looking here and there, as if half in a dream? Back from the hill came a faint echo, "Lemu-el!" and he started and pressed forward. He turned unerringly into the gate, passed through the open door, and throwing himself on his knees buried his face in the old woman's lap as she sat by the table? "Oh, mother! mother!"

"Why, father!" she said, with only a faint surprise in her tone. She half put out her hand as if to stroke his hair, then drew it back. The man rose and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "She does not know me."

Mary stood and grasped the table, looking at him speechlessly for a minute. Later she broke out: "Oh, Lemu-el! you! Why, why have you never sent us word all these years?"

"Never sent a word! for these years?"

"Didn't I write again and again, and this is all I got—my own letter returned, and he drew from his pocket an old envelope with postmarks of ancient date."

"Oh, father!" Mary murmured, and then she turned away to stop the fast-flowing tears.

"Where is father?" the man asked, a stern note coming into his voice.

"In the churchyard this many years," she answered. And he sat down heavily.

The old woman glanced at the newcomer furtively, but silently. The other two fell into talk in low, suppressed tones, going over briefly the life that lay between them and their parting.

"Yes, I sowed wild oats enough at first," the man said, "but I managed to work my way across the ocean, and then there came over me a great disgust of myself and my evil ways. Father was hard enough on me—but I was wrong, too, very wrong, and for mother's sake I should have been patient and tried to do better. Please God, my boy shall have no such experience."

"Your boy!" Mary asked eagerly, her face lighting up.

"Aye, my boy—bless him. He's a great lad. Well, I settled down in England, in a good, sizeable village, after awhile, and I did fairly well. Then we married and we had this one boy and a girl."

"Where are your wife and children?"

He turned his face away for a moment to conceal its quivering. "The boy is with me—the other two lie under the sod. When they were gone Lemuel and I didn't care to stay. So we've been wandering a bit. Then it came over me that I must see the old place once more, and here I am."

"But where is your boy?" pressed Mary.

"He's down at the hotel. I just wanted to walk around and take my bearings first—it's all so changed except this house."

"Yes, mother always wanted this kept just the same until you got back. How like you've grown to father, Lem. Is your boy like you?"

At every mention of his son, the man's face lightened up. "Yes, I suppose he's like me some, but he's taller and rosier, too, since he's English born, whilst I see a look of the mother in him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. "I am pining to see him."

"Yes, I'll go and fetch him now," he said, rising. "It's seldom we're so long separated."

She bustled about, tidying up the always neat little house, and looking into the glass to give some touch of improvement to her own personal appearance, of which, poor soul, she scarcely ever thought, but she had a sudden wish to be pleasing in the strange young eyes.

The mother wandered around restlessly, going again and again to the door and looking out toward the hills, but saying no word. And thus they waited. At last the click of the gate sounded, and the two, father and son, came up the path, the latter looking around with questioning eyes. As they entered a wild cry rang out, and the old woman threw herself upon the boy with passionate caresses, exclaiming unconsciously in the words of Scripture:

"O, my son! my son! He was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found!"

"Humor her, lad," the father whispered, and the boys rosy cheeks grew rosier as he stooped to her embrace.

Then she drew away, yet still clinging to him and looking imploringly to the elder son.

"Oh, father! he friends! he friends! he's a good lad; he means to help!" and the two men clasped hands silently, while a tranquil happy look crept over the poor harassed face.

No more the old cry rang over the fields, but an old woman and a boy might often be seen walking together on the road near the cottage, and the late roses bloomed on the faded cheeks, and the sad eyes grew calmer, though reason no more fully resumed its sway.

HIS RECOMPENSE.
To his surprise, there came one morning an effusive letter from the company stating that his recommendations had done them so much good that they ventured to send him a hundred dollars.

The next page came to an end. This will never do, said the doctor. It is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything.

Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran:

Of our circulars for distribution. A popular physician has been much pleased with a certain aerated water and by his assiduous recommendation procured for it a celebrity it justly deserves. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return.

Householder—Do you mean to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn? Gas collector—I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I may say that the meter measures the amount of gas you will have to pay for.

HOME.

SUMMER RECIPES.
Jellied Chicken.—Boil a chicken until the meat slips readily from the bones. Season highly with pepper, salt, celery salt and butter. When the chicken is cold, take out the bones, and chop the meat fine. Soften one-half ounce of gelatine in one-half cupful of water. Strain the liquor of mint in the bottom of a wet mould. Pour a layer of the gelatine, then all of the chicken, the remainder of the gelatine. Place in refrigerator for at least six hours. Remove and garnish with light golden yellow nasturtium blossoms.

Ham Mousse.—Chop very fine two cupfuls of boiled ham, season with Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in two spoonfuls of hot water, add one-half ounce of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly the ham and prepared gelatine. Place in a mould on ice for three hours. Slice very thin and serve with a mayonnaise to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of horseradish, one teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful Worcester's sauce.

Stuffed Eggs.—Hard boil six eggs, halve carefully. Remove the yolks, make a smooth paste of them with one tablespoonful of melted butter. Add a cupful of chopped cooked lamb or beef, a dash of cayenne, salt. Mix thoroughly. Fill the eggs carefully. Rub a trifle of raw egg white over the first hard-boiled egg, then in fine bread crumbs, deep fry in very hot fat. Serve cold on lettuce leaves.

Anchovy Eggs.—Cut in halves six hard-boiled eggs. Mash the yolks with one tablespoonful of melted butter, one minced bay leaf, one tablespoonful of chopped calf's liver, one tablespoonful of anchovy paste. Fill the whites of the eggs with the prepared yolks, press the halves together. Place on ice until very cold, serve with French dressing.

Peach Salad.—Pare, halve, remove the stones from five ripe peaches. Stand cut side upward on ice, with one teaspoonful of sugar and three drops of lemon juice in each cavity. Crack one-fourth of the stones, chop these kernels, add to the whole stones and simmer. Strain, add one-half teaspoonful of ground sage, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cold, add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, pour over the peaches, keep on ice until serving time. Arrange the peaches on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Apple Salad.—One cupful of celery and two cupfuls of tart apples, cut into dice. Cover immediately with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Scrape with this French dressing: Cover one teaspoonful of salt with cayenne, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and six tablespoonfuls of olive oil. When these ingredients are thoroughly blended, add a piece of ice the size of a buttering, stir five minutes until the dressing is perfectly chilled. Remove the ice, beat until thick, serve the salad at once.

Water Cress Salad.—A pint of water cress and a lavish amount of nasturtium blossoms compose an artistic appetizing salad. Serve immediately with French dressing.

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice two cucumbers, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, two cupfuls of cold water, simmer until the cucumbers are very tender. Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in warm water, add to the cucumbers and strain. Line a mould with slices of cucumbers and fill with the jelly. When cold serve with mayonnaise on celery, cress or lettuce leaves.

Tomato Salad.—Pare medium sized five tomatoes. Place on ice. Cut off the top, stem end, take out the seeds. Dressing: Two eggs beaten separately, one-half teaspoonful each of white pepper, mustard, salt, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar. Add salt, pepper, mustard, to the beaten yolks, next slowly the vinegar and butter. Cook carefully over water until thick. Place on ice. Just before using fold in a cupful of whipped cream. Fill the tomatoes, serve very cold, on a bed of green leaves.

Compte of Peaches.—Boil together one cupful of water and two cupfuls of granulated sugar, fifteen minutes. Remove, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and one teaspoonful of rose extract. Pare eight fine ripe peaches, remove the pits. Place in an agate bake dish, pour the syrup over the fruit, cover, and bake until the peaches are tender and not a minute longer. Place the peaches on iced cream. Boil the syrup again until it is a deep pudding dish. At serving time, cover this fruit jelly with whipped cream which has been colored a light dainty pink. Arrange the peaches handsomely on this, fill their cavities with fresh graded cocoanut.

Peach Foam Pie.—Line a deep pie plate with a rich pie crust, brush it with egg white, bake. Pare nice ripe peaches, rub through a coarse sieve. Beat four egg whites, stiffly. Add slowly four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, then gradually the ripe pulp. Serve this pie very cold, heaping whipped cream artistically over the top.

By a day's work you may turn out a stylish skirt in pique, linen or denim. Such a skirt is comfortable itself, and being easy to make and inexpensive there is no reason why every woman should not be plentifully supplied with them. To avoid similarity the skirts may be trimmed in numerous pretty ways. Rows of braid or embroidery can encircle the lower part of the skirt, or in narrower graduated widths or in serpentine waves. If you are stout, a

A SUMMER SKIRT.

more becoming effect would be attained by running the trimming up and down. Let it follow the seams, and let corresponding rows in between. A very pretty way is to run the trimming down the front seams to within six inches of the bottom, then turn it backward, extending it around the skirt, but not crossing the front breadth. Two or even three rows look particularly well. One instance let each turning form a hollow square instead of merely a corner. White is always the daintiest material to use, but colors make up smartly. Natural-colored linen is extremely popular this season. Trimmed with itself or white the results are very pleasing. Bands of dark blue, of red or bright plaid are charmingly effective and easy to apply, while they have the additional advantage of being inexpensive. Always shrink the goods before using.

VALUABLE HINTS.
A delicious hot weather dessert is lemon jelly and soft custard. But you want your jelly a semi-solid, quivering mass, not hard enough to cut, piled in the centre of a thick, soft custard. Too stiff jelly and too soft custard will spoil it. In stuffing a chicken for baking, where there is a lot of hungry children asking for second helpings of everything including "dressing and gravy" make a generous supply of the stuffing. Fill the cavities in the body as usual, then make an incision in the skin between the thigh and the body, on each side; loosen the skin from the flesh round the breast and down the leg and put in as much stuffing as you can crowd in pressing it close down to the breast and legs. Put another extra portion in the inside of the wings before tying them to the body. Bake in a covered pan and baste frequently.

Figs, dates, raisins and prunes are apt to be regarded as luxuries rather than as rich food substances of a most digestible kind when freed from skin and seeds. Nuts are rich in fat and also furnish muscular energy; they are a form of very wholesome food, with which however, must be taken fruit or other bulky foods to balance the concentration.

Cure for Rats.—Bait traps with sunflower seeds and rats and mice will soon disappear, says one who knows.

RAILROAD MEN'S NERVES.
Most Accidents Due to Neurosis, Says Dr. Scott.

Two or three important points were brought out at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. Alexander Scott of Glasgow, made the alarming assertion that most railway accidents were due to neurosis of railway men, caused by the nerve tension of their duties. To prove this he cited many cases which had come under his own observation.

A man who had been promoted from fireman to engineer soon complained of dyspepsia. The usual remedies failed and he sent the man to a consulting physician. The latter also failed to cure the man. Then the engineer went through a whole course of quack medicine without any success. It was only after a big smash-up on the railway, as a result of which the man was dismissed, that he finally got well. He had simply been suffering from nervous tension.

Another man who had been working on a farm became a railway servant and afterwards a signal man. The nervous tension was so great that it brought on headache, weariness and insomnia. He ultimately recovered and is now an excellent workman, but not a signal man.

Another case cited that of a signal man who was found on the floor in convulsions. When he was able to speak he said he never entered the signal box feeling that he was on the brink of a precipice and that some day a disaster would occur.

Another man who was put in the signal box after doing general railway work developed an acute mania in the form of an affection of the nervous system.

Dr. Scott referred to the Slough accident. In this case the engineer declared that he did not know how he had run past the danger signal. The jury found that the engineer had been afflicted for a moment with an aberration of the mind, yet this same man had conveyed over 150,000,000 passengers without a single mistake.

Turning to the question of driving electric cars Dr. Scott stated that a Glasgow man who was used to driving horses was put on an electric vehicle. He caused a smash-up in which one person was killed and several injured. It was proved that the man had not tasted drink, and the case was one of nervous tension.

The doctor thought it was time to consider whether more attention should not be paid to the temperament of railway men, and he deplored the fact that the medical profession was so poorly represented at inquiries in regard to the causes of railway accidents.

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more becoming effect would be attained by running the trimming up and down. Let it follow the seams, and let corresponding rows in between. A very pretty way is to run the trimming down the front seams to within six inches of the bottom, then turn it backward, extending it around the skirt, but not crossing the front breadth. Two or even three rows look particularly well. One instance let each turning form a hollow square instead of merely a corner. White is always the daintiest material to use, but colors make up smartly. Natural-colored linen is extremely popular this season. Trimmed with itself or white the results are very pleasing. Bands of dark blue, of red or bright plaid are charmingly effective and easy to apply, while they have the additional advantage of being inexpensive. Always shrink the goods before using.