HONEST TEA IS THE BEST POLICY

LIPTON'S TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

HOME

Favorite Recipes.

Sponge Layer Cake.—Cream together one level tablespoon of butter and a cup of powdered sugar. When those two are beaten till the mixture is of a feathery lightness, add four eggs which have been beaten at least three minutes. Beat all together until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Sift one level cup of flour, into which one slightly heaped teaspoon of baking powder has been sifted, and gradually stir into the above mixture. Bake in two layers, being careful not to put more of the batter in the centre of the pan than around the edge, or the cake will not be level. This cake requires about fifteen minutes in a rather quick oven. When cool, remove from the pans and put the following filling between and on top: Two tablespoons of sweet cream, three-fourths of a cup of powdered sugar, and two tablespoons of unsweetened chocolate, which has been melted. Mix the cream and sugar until there are no lumps, add the melted chocolate and a half-teaspoon of vanilla. It is better eaten when it is perfectly cold, for then it cuts better.

Mother's Chowchow.—Four and one-half quarts of green cucumbers, or cucumber pickles may be used, medium sized ones, four and one-half quarts celery or celery seed, two and one-half quarts green tomatoes, four and one-half quarts red tomatoes, not too ripe, five quarts cabbage. Boil in salted water till perfectly tender but not too soft, then drain well. Dressing.—One gallon and three pints of vinegar. Take two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one ounce of turmeric, and one-fourth pound of ground mustard. Put in a vessel and mix all together thoroughly until there are no lumps left, then gradually add part of the vinegar until you have a thick, smooth paste; thin still more with the vinegar. Pour this, with the rest of the vinegar, over the vegetables. Cook until dressing thickens, stirring constantly to keep from sticking. This makes quite a good deal, although the vegetables boil down some. Make in a granite or porcelain vessel; tin or brass is poisonous with the vinegar. This is delicious served with either cold or hot meats, and this quantity will last through the whole winter season.

Chicken Pie.—One cupful flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoonful lard, one-half teaspoonful salt. Rub this together, then moisten with one egg and one-half cupful milk. This will be a batter. Take left over stewed chicken and cut up fine and heat in the gravy. Then pour this batter over it and bake in moderate oven for about one-half hour.

Pork Tenderloin Baked.—Split pork tenderloins almost through. Make a stuffing as for fowl, using fine crumbs, a seasoning of salt, pepper, a little thyme and grated onion; two tablespoons of butter or pork fat for each cup of stuffing. Spread a thick layer of this over one of the opened loins, cover with the second loin, tie together in three or four places. Roast in a quick oven, basting often. This is equally good when cold to serve in thin slices.

Cooking a Chicken.—Prepare a good fat hen as you would for baking and cut the skin under the wings and put in some pieces of bacon and rub a little salt inside. Steam over three pints of water in which has been placed a medium sized onion and two or three sticks of celery. Steam until the chicken is tender, filling in hot water if the fowl requires a good deal of cooking. Cut up dry bread for dressing and moisten with some of the broth after you have strained it. Add salt and pepper and a little sage. Stuff your chicken and add a little of the broth and brown it nicely. Set aside some of this broth to cool, remove the grease, reheat, and add salt and pepper, and serve in bouillon cups with wafers.

Corn Muffins.—Sift together three-quarters cup cornmeal, one and one-half cups flour, three tablespoons sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Add two well beaten eggs to which has been added one cup sweet milk. The last thing add butter (melted not hot) the size of an egg. Beat about five minutes. Bake in muffin pans in a quick oven about twenty minutes. This makes one dozen.

Home Hints.

Rouge powder is the best cleaner for tortoise shell ornaments.

Delicate colors should be dried in the house, or at least in the shade.

Alum in the rinsing water will prevent green-colored dresses from fading.

Air and sunshine are beneficial to the hair, but extreme heat will fade and burn it.

Grease spots may be removed from gowns and draperies with the help of French chalk.

A mixture of rainwater, lavender and benzoin is an excellent remedy for a sunburned skin.

If the rings on a curtain pole stick when you draw the curtains, rub the poles with paraffin.

The hair should always be brushed out and left free at night, that the air may circulate.

Hosiery should be pinned to the clothesline by the open end of the stocking instead of the toe.

Printed linen chintzes, so much liked for the summer-house, may be washed indefinitely.

The fashionable voiles with raised dots or figures should always be ironed on the wrong side.

In measuring a room for wall-paper, remember to allow for a great deal of waste if the pattern is a large one.

A solution of orange shellac and alcohol applied to the heels of white shoes will leave them with a satiny finish.

All summer dresses should either be ironed till dry, or thoroughly aired after ironing, if you would avoid creases.

A cooling lotion for sunburn and freckles is made with six ounces rosewater and two drachms of tincture of benzoin.

Net collars and colored embroidery should be washed in soapy water and rinsed first in warm water, then in cold. The latter should have a little salt and vinegar added to set the color.

Pure chloroform will remove paint, grease and other stains from colored garments. Put clean blotting paper under the spot and pour the chloroform—a few drops—on it, in the open air.

A good summer dessert is made by lining a pudding dish with sponge cake and filling the dish with stewed fruit. Put more sponge on the top, press till cold and coat the whole with boiled custard.

To make green pea puree, boil good green peas in light stock with two or three young onions and a sprig of mint. When cooked, drain and rub through a cheesecloth. Mix with a very little thick white sauce.

In preparing salads, the lettuce, endive, etc., should be perfectly cleansed, but not left in the water. Dry them by tossing in a napkin, and do not prepare with dressing, etc., till the last moment before serving.

One of the best ways to keep the eyes clear and healthy is to give them a bath night and morning in a salt solution, using a level teaspoonful of salt to a pint of boiled water. Let the salt settle and use the solution with an eye-cup.

If a book gets grease spots on its leaves, they can be removed by dipping a camelshair brush in rectified spirits of turpentine and moistening the spot. When the latter is dry, moisten it with spirits of wine, and the turpentine will disappear.

Salad jellies are an excellent way to utilize all sorts of left-overs. Sometimes the foundation jelly may be made with the water vegetables have been boiled in, combined in the usual way with gelatine. All such jellies should be sliced with a warm knife.

Table jellies mixed are delicious—pineapple and raspberry, or lemon and cherry, according to taste. A jelly added to stewed fruit improves it and thickens the syrup. Sufficient may be added to make a mold and turn out to serve with cream or custard.

A substitute for egg is made by preparing a thick paste of flour and water, then dip the fish or cutlet to be fried into batter, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. You will find this answers well, giving a beautiful brown appearance and preserving the delicate flavor.

When making a baked custard, add two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Delicious with stewed fruit. When making a boiled custard, add a spoonful of corn flour, mixed with a little cold milk, and boil in the usual way. This just thickens it and prevents burning.

Delightful scent bags or pillows may be made with any dry, fragrant leaves of flowers—geranium leaves, rose petals, heliotrope, lemon verbenas. Tie in bags of gauze, or make pillows of gauze.

Prepared.

Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors' Club said: "Speaking of fresh eggs I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger while away the evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been selling eggs all day.'"

Money is not easy to earn, and it is generally very difficult to keep, and some people find it is much easier to earn than to save their money.

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

"Where is you mistress?" he asked in her language.

"In the dressing-room," replied the woman, shooting a glance at the departing Trevor.

Morgan Thorpe went up the narrow stairs—the houses in Cardigan Terrace are small, not to say poky—and knocked at the door. A low, clear voice, with a singular metallic ring in it, said "Come in," and he entered.

The room was richly but garishly furnished, the air was thick with perfume—there was an odor of cheap scent all over the house, by the way; and the hangings of rose pink were soiled and stained.

At a muslin-covered dressing-table sat a lady. She was in a dressing peignoir—also rather soiled—over which a mass of black hair hung like a torrent. She was small but pretty, more than pretty, for no one had ever looked at her face without being more or less fascinated. The features were small and exquisitely chiseled. Her eyes were black as sloes, and remarkably expressive. They could be sharp and brilliant, and they could be soft and languorous, just as their owner chose. Her face was pale, of that ivory whiteness which sometimes goes with black hair.

She was beautifully formed, and very graceful, with hands and feet like a fairy. In short, she was a beautiful little woman, with the face and the charm of a siren, and with about as much heart.

She turned the corners of her dark eyes upon her brother for a second, then went on with her occupation, which was the application of poudre de riz to her beautiful face; and she did it with the delicate touch of a skilled and born artist.

"Well?" she said, as he looked down at her with a smile; and there was a world of significance in the word.

"A new friend is coming to dinner, my dear Laura," he said.

She looked at him in the glass.

"Who is it?"

"A friend of Trevor," he said. "A young fellow by the name of Deane. Quite a boy—a charming boy."

She made a slight contemptuous moue.

"Ah, do not despise the day of small things, my charming sister!" he said, lightly.

"I hate boys!" she said. "And a friend of Trevor—sulky, and sullen, and awkward as hmiself, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, a handsome, nicely mannered, and, as I have said, quite charming boy."

"He will be a change, at any rate," she said. "I am getting wearied of that bear."

"Take care you do not let the bear see it!" he said, warningly. "We have not got all the bear's skin yet, my dear Laura." She smiled.

"And is this boy coming only because you have taken a fancy to him?" she asked, as she drew a thin, exquisitely thin, line under her eyes. "What—who is he?"

"Cramming for Sandhurst," he said.

She smiled contemptuously.

"I know the kind. An allowance of a hundred a year, and promised his dear good mother down at the parsonage that he wouldn't play. Oh, I know!"

"I don't know what his allowance may be," he said. "But I fancy he will be worth a little attention, my dear Laura." He took up a newspaper which lay—with a fan and a lady's cigarette-case—on the couch. "See here!" He read aloud:

"The Great Electric Storage Company, Ltd.
Capital, $500,000.
Directors:
Lord Borrowmore, Impecuny Castle.
Theodore Mershon, Esq., The Firs, Leafmore.
Peter Deane, Esq., Woodbines, Leafmore.

"See? A son of the man who is in the swim with Theodore Mershon ought to be worth a little attention. You are looking sweet to-night, my dear Laura. What are you going to wear? That soft yellow dress with the—er—low neck? Right! He's a nice boy. A nice, frank boy. The sort of boy to fall in love with."

He pointed to the glass, in which the fascinating face was reflected, and, with a soft laugh, left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bobby dressed himself with more than his usual care that evening; spoiled half a dozen ties before he could get one to set to his satisfaction, and brushed his short but wavy hair until it shone like raw silk. It was his first invitation to dinner since he had been in London, and he was quite in a small state of excitement about it.

Punctually at seven-thirty he presented himself at 31 Cardigan Terrace, and was shown by the French maid into a small drawing-room. It was the usual London drawing-room; there were a good many colors in it, and it looked rather gay to Bobby after the rather shabby one at home; but the cretonne was rather dirty, and there was an odor of scent and cigarettes which rather surprised him.

The door opened and Mr. Morgan Thorpe entered. He looked very handsome in evening dress, and he welcomed Bobby most cordially.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Deane," he said, with his winning smile. "Trevor is not here yet; but my sister will be down presently. Did I tell you that she is a widow? Poor girl! she lost her husband soon after her marriage. It was not altogether a happy union; but I must not bore you with our family history; suffice it, that Time has healed her wound and restored something of her old happiness. I think you will like her, my dear Deane. She is a dear girl—for she is only a girl still—and a great comfort and joy to my life."

At this moment the door opened and the great comfort and joy of Mr. Morgan Thorpe's life entered. She certainly did look only a girl, and Bobby was startled not only by her youth but by her beauty. There was something about her which literally took the boy's breath away.

At that moment her face wore a pensive expression, the dark eyes were soft and sad, the red lips half apart. The beautiful dress of yellow accentuated the clear whiteness of her skin and the black hair and brows. She held a black fan in one hand and a bunch of white flowers in the other. Altogether she was a vision of grace and loveliness calculated to move a more experienced man than Bobby to wonder and admiration.

"This is our friend Mr. Deane," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe. "My sister, Mrs. Dalton, Deane."

She laid down her fan and gave her small hand to Bobby, with a smile which showed her white even teeth to perfection, and said she was glad to see him. Commonplace words enough, but they sounded wonderful to Bobby, for the gods, when they are in a good humor, are wont to be lavish of their gifts, and they had bestowed upon this woman not only grace of form and a beautiful face, but a soft and musical voice which she could play on as a skilled musician plays upon his favorite instrument.

"You will find our menage very small, I have no doubt, my dear Deane," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe. "We have taken this house furnished; and though it is not all that we could desire, it is large enough for two, and my sister and I possess contented minds; though I must confess we do find the house rather small after our palazzo in Florence. It was lent to us by our dear friend the prince."

He did not say which prince; but Bobby was duly impressed.

"Ours has been rather a wandering life," continued Mr. Morgan Thorpe, "and though we have many friends abroad we have very few in London."

"Mr. Deane will be a host in himself, I am sure," said Laura, very sweetly and with a slight foreign accent, which made her voice seem still more charming to Bobby, who blushed with pleasure.

Then Trevor came in. He did not look very much better-tempered than when Bobby had parted from him. He gave the two men a nod and a scowl, and going straight up to Laura, handed her a bouquet.

"Got them coming along," he said; "thought you'd like to have them."

She took the flowers and thanked him with a smile, and he sat down beside her and talked in an undertone. The French maid announced dinner.

"Deane, will you take in my sister?" said Mr. Morgan Thorpe.

Trevor had already offered his arm, and he let it fall to his side and scowled at Bobby as he bore Laura off.

The dining-room was small, but it looked very cosy. The table was an oval, and lighted by a hanging lamp, carefully shaded, which threw a soft rose-colored light upon Laura's exquisite face. The plate was electro—but Bobby did not know this—the glass was good; there was a plateau of beautifully arranged flowers in the centre of the table. Champagne stood in ice on the sideboard. The dinner was a good one, and the French woman waited with the noiseless dexterity of her nation. The champagne flowed freely, and Trevor allowed the maid to fill his glass pretty frequently.

He sat opposite Bobby and took little or no part in the conversation, but eat the well-arranged and dainty meal with a kind of sullen appreciation. Morgan Thorpe kept the talk going, and managed to get a good deal of information about his personal affairs from Bobby. Laura spoke now and again, and once or twice addressed herself directly to Bobby. She told him of her life on the Continent; of her loneliness here in London; and she looked so pensive and sad and breathed such a soft little sigh, that Bobby's heart thrilled with pity—for what he didn't know. When she was speaking to Bobby, Trevor watched them from under his lowered lids; and every now and then he glowered at Laura as if he resented her addressing any one but himself.

Mr. Thorpe grew still more cheerful and amusing as the dinner progressed and the champagne circulated, and Bobby thought the meal the most delightful he had ever eaten.

Presently Mrs. Dalton rose and gathered her fan and flowers together and smiled sweetly on the men, her smile resting longest on Bobby.

"Do not leave me in my loneliness too long," she said; and Bobby would have liked to have gone with her there and then.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe got some port and some cigarettes. Bobby felt somehow that he'd had enough wine and declined the port, but Morgan Thorpe insisted, and filled his glass.

"Good wine, though I say it, my dear Deane. It came from the cellars of my dear old grandfather, the earl." He didn't say which earl. "It is the only thing I am likely to have from him, alas!"

Something like a sneer passed over Trevor's thick lips as he filled his burgundy glass with "the earl's" port. As he drank, and he filled his glass several times, a faint flush rose to the pallor of his cheeks, and his eyes began to glow with a sullen fire; but he did not talk, and sat twisting his glass about, his eyes shifting from one man's face to the other.

With the port and cigarettes, Mr. Morgan Thorpe became a still more delightful companion. He seemed, to Bobby, to have been everywhere, and to know everything. He was full of reminiscences and anecdotes. It was, "I'll tell you a thing that happened to me when I was traveling in Hungary with the Duke of Seltzberg," or "a remarkable thing occurred to me when I was staying with the prince at the Marquis of Goodwin's shooting-box in Ayrshire." And he told all these fabulous stories so modestly and with such an air of truth, that Bobby could not but believe him.

The sound of a piano floated out to them from the drawing-room, and, as if it were a signal—which it was—Morgan Thorpe said, with a wistful glance at the decanter:

"We ought to join my sister. Will you take some more wine, my dear fellows?"

Bobby shook his head, but Thorpe filled Trevor's glass again, and Trevor tossed the wine off as if it were water.

They went into the drawing-room. Laura looked over her shoulder at Bobby with a smile, and Bobby, as if drawn to it, made straight for the piano. She had a wonderful touch, and played like an artiste. Bobby had never heard such music. She played Chopin; a soft and sensuous nocturne which filled the small, perfumed room with an exquisite melody.

"Would you like some cards?" asked Morgan Thorpe in a casual way, when the nocturne was over. "Trevor, Deane, what do you say?"

"I don't care," said Trevor. "Yes, if you like."

"Those horrid cards!" said Laura, turning with raised brows and a little moue of disgust to Bobby. "I hope you're not fond of cards, Mr. Deane! I think they are so tiresome."

"I don't care a bit about them," said Bobby. Then, with a boyish desire to seem a man of the world, he added: "Of course I play sometimes—whist and loo."

"Don't play to-night," she said in a low voice. "If you will not, I will sing to you; and you can talk while the others are playing. Mr. Trevor is devoted to cards."

Bobby flushed, and was speechless.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe, "if Deane doesn't care about it, you and I will have a hand at ecarte, Trevor."

He opened the card-table and got the cards, and the two men sat down and commenced to play.

"You said you would sing for me," said Bobby.

"And I will keep my promise," she said.

She sung as perfectly as she played. Her voice was not strong—a loud voice would have been too much for the small room—but it was exquisitely sweet, and managed—well, as artistically as were her eyes, her smile, her complexion.

She sung an Arab hunting song, and Bobby could hear the thud of the hoofs upon the sand, could feel the breath of the sirocco upon his cheek.

"Sing something else," he said.

She nodded at him, smiled, and sung a Tuscan love song. It was so exquisite, so moving, that Bobby's young and unsophisticated heart beat nineteen to the dozen.

The champagne and the port, the air heavily laden with perfume, the fascination of this beautiful little creature, were mounting to his brain. He breathed hard.

"That was beautiful," he said. "What a lovely voice you have. I could listen to you all night."

"But I should be so tired!" she murmured, with a little plaintive smile. "Ah! but no! I love to sing for those who like to hear me, who love music; and I know you love it, Mr. Deane."

Under the spell of her voice, Bobby's head whirled. He could not speak. She rose from the piano.

"Let us see how they are going on," she said.

Light as a thistledown she seemed to Bobby to float across the room. She went behind Trevor, and leaning her hand upon his shoulder, in a way that seemed to Bobby very friendly and girlish, said, gayly:

"Are you winning?"

Trevor looked up at her with an ardent look in his small eyes.

"Yes, at present," he said, nodding at a pile of money beside him.

"I am so glad!" she said. "It is not very sisterly, but I like Morgan to lose."

"He doesn't lose often," remarked Trevor, glumly.

She looked at his cards, and raised her hand to the left side of her head, and stroked the soft black hair. Morgan Thorpe glanced at her hesitatingly. She repeated the action.

"I'll go you double this hand, if you like," he said, carelessly.

She bent over Trevor so that the soft tendrils of her hair touched his red head. He looked up at her with a sudden flash, and answered at random:

"Eh? Oh, yes; if you like. There, I've lost!" he said; and he laughed discordantly as he pushed the stakes across the table.

A fresh hand was dealt, and Laura remained behind Trevor. Something must have been the matter with her hair that night, for her white hand went up to it and smoothed it very often, now on the right side, now on the left, as she bent over him. He played wildly; the flush on his face grew redder, his eyes glanced up at her beautiful face with a kind of suppressed and sullen passion. He lost the small heap of money beside him, and the pile at Morgan's elbow grew larger. Morgan Thorpe stroked his moustache. As if it were a signal—which it was—she went back to Bobby, who had been turning over a photograph album in which her portrait appeared frequently.

"And so you are going into the army?" she said. "How I envy you being a man!"

Thereupon, Bobby was led to talk of his prospects. She listened to him with her soft black eyes fixed on his face with an expression of sympathy and liking. She went to the piano again and sung to him several times; but between the songs she flitted across the room and leaned over Trevor, her hand upon his shoulder as before. And as before, her hand wandered to her hair.

Strange to say, whenever she stood behind him Trevor lost.

At last he rose with a discordant laugh and something like a muffled oath.

"I've lost all the coin I've got, Thorpe," he said. "Here's an I.O.U. for the rest."

He flicked the I.O.U. across the table.

"You've had bad luck, my dear boy," said Morgan Thorpe, pleasantly. "Ah, well; the beauty of cards is, that what you lose one day you win the next."

"Oh, is it?" said Trevor. "I don't find it so. I'm going."

He went up to Laura, and, drawing her aside, talked to her in a low voice. She listened with a pensive smile—the noncommittal smile which a woman knows how to manage so well—then she glided away from him to Bobby.

"I hope you will come to see us often," she said in a low voice.

Bobby tried to murmur his thanks.

The French maid appeared with a spirit-stand. Bobby had some whisky, though he didn't want it; he also accepted a big cigar, though he didn't want that. His brain was in a whirl; his bright eyes were flashing; his heart was beating fast. Laura was standing beside him, smiling up at him with a friendly, almost a loving, smile.

(To be continued.)

"BUFFALO BILL" CODY.

Made Over a Million Dollars With His Great Show.

What boy's heart—boys up to the age of fifty, we mean—did not sink as the owner of it read that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show had been forced to close up shop, and that the sheriff was in possession? But it is a relief to know that Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill" himself, is not seriously affected by the disaster to a once great show which still bears his name. He retired from the business a couple of years ago, having acquired a neat fortune of over a million dollars. A few weeks ago there was a rumor that he was dying in Knoxville, Tenn., but happily it was not so. He is only 75 years of age, too young to pass in his checks yet.

The most picturesque figure of American frontier life never knew the education of the schools. Three weeks of regular school training was all he ever had, and his wide knowledge of the world was gained by travel.

His early life as a child was spent in the freighting business. He crossed the plains many times as a boy. He filled every post of occupation in the border life. He has been freighter, mule-driver, pony express rider, trapper and hunter, stage driver, scout, ranchman, mine-owner, justice of the peace, member of the Nebraska Legislature, an actor in a border play written by Ned Buntline, and later one of the most successful showmen of modern times.

When he was a boy of 11 he killed his first Indian. He and a party of other wagon drivers were being pursued by a band of Indians, who had broken up their caravan. The whites were making their way along a river bed to a fort. Here is how he tells it:

"Being the youngster of the party, I became somewhat tired, and without noticing it I had fallen some little distance behind the others. It was about ten o'clock, and we were keeping very quiet and hugging the bank closely, when I

"Buffalo Bill" Cody.

happened to look up to the moonlit sky and saw the plumed head of an Indian peeping over the bank. Instead of hurrying ahead and alarming the men in a quiet way, I instantly aimed my gun at the head and fired. The report rang out sharp and loud on the night air, and was immediately followed by an Indian whoop, and the next moment about six feet of dead Indian came tumbling into the river. I was not only overcome by astonishment, but was badly frightened, as I could hardly realize what I had done. I expected to see the whole force of Indians come down upon us. While I was standing thus bewildered, the men, who had heard the shot and the warwhoop and seen the Indian take a tumble, came rushing back. 'Who fired that shot?' cried Simpson. 'I did,' replied I, rather proudly, as my confidence returned when I saw the men coming up. 'Yes, and little Billie has killed an Indian stone dead, too dead to skin,' said one of the men, who had approached nearer than the rest. From that time forward I became known as an Indian killer. This was, of course, the first Indian I had ever shot, and I was then not more than eleven years of age."

He served as a scout in the American Civil War, and subsequently in the same capacity against the Indians who made life miserable for settlers in the South-Western States.

When asked how he gained the title of Buffalo Bill, he replied:

"It was in 1867, the time that the end of the Kansas Pacific track was in the heart of the buffalo country, and the company was employing about twelve hundred men in the construction of the road. As the Indians were very troublesome it was difficult to obtain fresh meat for the workingmen, and the company therefore concluded to engage the services of hunters to kill buffaloes. Goddard Brothers, who had the contract for boarding the employes of the road, made me a good offer to become their hunter. They said that they would require about twelve buffaloes per day. They used only the hindquarters and the hump of the buffalo.

"As this was to be dangerous work, on account of the Indians, who were riding all over that section of the country, and as I would be obliged to go from five to ten miles from the road each day to hunt the buffaloes, accompanied by only one man with a light wagon, for the transporation of the meat, I, of course, demanded a large salary. They could afford to remunerate me well, because the meat would not cost them anything.

"They agreed to give me $500 a month, provided I furnished them all the fresh meat required, and I immediately began my career as a buffalo hunter, and it was not long before I acquired considerable notoriety, and was given the name of Buffalo Bill.

"During my engagement as a hunter for the company—a period of less than eighteen months—I killed 4,280 buffaloes and had many exciting adventures with the Indians."

SLEEP UNDER WATER.

Mothers in India Direct Streams on Top of Infants' Heads.

The sound of running water is said to have the effect of lulling one to sleep. In India the mothers make their babies sleep by letting a small stream of water flow directly on their heads. Apparently this novel liquid lullaby has no harmful effects upon the infants, and they lie sleeping for hours with a stream of water flowing upon the tops of their heads.

This is done by the native mothers in the vicinity of Simla, in India. There the women do a great deal of field work and must leave their babies alone. Few of these women can afford caretakers, and they resort to what they consider the next best thing.

An example of this was noted when a new road was being built and many mothers were employed in some of the work. There were little groove of resting places along the line of the road that was under construction, and here were numbers of babies. Each resting place was selected because of a spring near at hand. The water from the spring was carefully directed to the place where the babies were lying. The babies were placed with their heads on a pillow of earth, and a stream of water directed to flow fairly against the top of the infant's head, and a trough was made for this water to run off in.

According to English officers who reported this method of caring for babies, it was quiet and successful. Never were such quiet and well-behaved babies found as those under the spouts of water. The native mothers laughed at the suggestion that such a thing would hurt their babies, and declared that, on the other hand, it tended to make them strong. In fact, some of the mothers declared that a child not brought up in this manner would be weak mentally, as well as physically, as they believed the water pouring on the heads actually strengthened their brains.

SNUFF AT $900 A POUND.

The Best Quality Is Manufactured In Portugal.

A millionaire snuff manufacturer sat in his $6,000 automobile.

"And so," he laughed, "you think snuff-taking is dying out, eh? You think the snuffmaker's trade is extinct, like that of the armorer? Well, you're off—off, off.

"Snuff-taking increases. I sell more snuff to-day than I ever did. The Chinese, especially since the abolition of opium smoking among them, have taken up snuff.

"But the rich Chinese, the mandarins, don't get their snuff from me. No, they get it from Portugal, from families owning secret, old-time recipes, who charge as much for their exquisite melanges as $800 and $900 a pound.

"This snuff the Chinaman ages like wine. He carries it about with him in priceless bottles of jade, of agate and rock crystal. He hands it about only at state banquets.

"This Portugal snuff, at $900 a pound, is the best. The worst is the snuff of Smyrna, which is made of 25 per cent. walnut sawdust, ten per cent. brown earth, five per cent. oxide of lead and 60 per cent. cigar stumps."

Oh, Fooey!

"I have been married twenty years," said the little man, "and yet, when I go home to-night or tomorrow night or the next night, I'll bet my wife will be waiting at the door for me."

"Still sweet on you?" asked the big man.

"No," replied the little man. "She's afraid I won't wipe my feet before I come in."

Riggs (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband. Diggs—Silly-looking guy. But say, I didn't know your wife was married before she met you. Riggs—She wasn't. This is a picture of myself when I was twenty-five.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

GUIDE TO RESCUERS.

Practical Hints For Those Who Would Save Lives.

Lake and river take a heavy toll in human lives each summer, but the toll could be greatly reduced, not by increasing the number of brave rescuers, but by having on the lakeshore or river-bank someone who knows exactly how to set about restoring life to the apparently drowned. Scores and scores of those who are "drowned" die not in the water, but on the land! Here are the directions. Study them, cut them out, and slip them into your watch-case. Yours may be the chance to save a life, and it's a good thing to remember having done.

Be quick! Seconds are valuable.

If the mouth and nostrils are filled with mud, etc., cleanse quickly. Remove tight clothing from neck and chest.

1. Lay the person face downwards with arms extended, and turn the face to the side. Kneel astride the patient, your knees just below his hips.

2. Place your hands on the small of his back—the loins and lowest rib—one each side, with your thumbs parallel, nearly touching.

3. Bend forward, with your weight on your wrists, and press downwards steadily on the lower part of the back. Time: while you count one—two—three slowly.

4. Swing back immediately, keeping your hands in position, but relaxing the pressure. Time: a slow one—two.

Repeat the backward and forward movements without pause between them, at the rate of about twelve a minute, till natural breathing begins. Twenty minutes may be all the time required, but keep on. Life has come after three, four, and even five hours.

6. When natural breathing has fairly begun, cease the movements, but watch the patient closely and repeat the treatment immediately should it seem necessary.

The above is the emergency shore, or bank, treatment. Now follows the restoration of circulation and warmth by energetic friction of the limbs and body with upward rubbing, hot flannels, dry blankets, heated bricks, a warm bath, etc. A teaspoonful of warm water should be the first thing given with the return to a power to swallow, and then a small quantity of warm brandy may be administered.

To Non-swimmers.—Store this advice in your headpiece. If you get out of your depth, don't plunge, kick, struggle, or throw your hands and arms out of the water. Tread water with your feet as if you were going upstairs, and paddle with your hands, keeping them under the water. You cannot sink then. Lose your presence of mind, and you are lost.

To Rescuers.—Throw off as many clothes as possible. Boots must go, and pants must be pulled out of your socks, or they will fill with water and drag you down. Approach the person in difficulties from behind, tell him he is all right now, seize him by the hair, turn him on his back, turn on your own, and, with leg movements only, make for the shore quietly.

Young man, think twice before attempting to kindle a flame in a woman's heart. It may cost you a lot for fuel to keep the fire going.

A man may fail in a dozen different lines of activity and then succeed brilliantly in a phase wherein he was unconscious of any ability. The world's greatest and best men were failures in some line, failures many times, before failure was crowned with success.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jones, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I had ever committed in my life." "H'm," growled Thompson. "You must have fallen an awful distance!"

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