The Stouffville Tribune.

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The Tribune

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Friday Morning

—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space	1 year.	½ year.	¼ year.
One column....	$70	$40	$25
Half column....	40	25	15
Quarter column	25	15	9
Eighth column	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $4 per year, $3 for 6 months.

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Advs. of 2 or 3 lines, such as Lost, House to Let, Servant Wanted, &c., 25c. 1st insertion, 75c. per month.

Locals—All notices, excepting of entertainments for which the printing is done by this office, 7 cents per line each insertion. Black line locals 15 cents per line.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than noon on Wednesday.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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At reasonable rates on good security.

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Formerly with Murphy & Miller, Toronto.
Office—Sanders' Block, formerly occupied by the late Mr. McLean, Stouffville, Ont.

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HOLMES & GREGORY,
Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc.
Toronto Offices:—Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, (take elevator). Markham Office:—Town Hall, Markham Village, (upstairs)
Money to Loan at Six per cent.
Mr. Gregory will be at Markham office every Saturday from 9 a. m. to p. m. and at Webber's Hotel, Unionville, from 3 to 5. 51—1y

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATERSON.
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J. M. WELLS,
DENTIST, AURORA,
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A. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville the 15th, 16th of the remon[illegible] Brown's Hotel, Lake Simcoe, on the 17th of each month; Markham's Hotel, Mt. Albert, on the 18th; Queen's Hotel, Aurora, on the 21st. When these days fall on Sunday the following Monday will be other days.

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GRADUATE WITH HONOR of Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Fellow in the Veterinary Medical Society. All diseases of domestic animals treated skillfully by the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or mail promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Special attention given to Dentistry.
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
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Montreal, New York, London, Eng., Winnipeg, Northwest Provinces and British Columbia.

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Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at 4 per cent. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.
Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.

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Manager

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CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humours of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, and curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula; Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
For Sale by all Dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

$5000.00 a year is being made by John E. Goodwin, living N.Y., who works for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how you can earn from $5 to $20 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All ages. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything which EVERYONE EVERYWHERE wants. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

According to the security you offer her, Fortune makes her loans easy or ruinous.

Let us watch that we never undo with our hands what we say with our tongues.

No man ever went to heaven without learning humility on this side the grave.—(Liddon.

DAFFODIL.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED)

She handed him the book and he opened it as they sat down under a shady tree.

There was a quaint touching little stanza which he commenced to read.

"Yes all is ended now for I have weighed thee
Weighed the light love that has been held so dear—
Weighed word and look and smile that have betrayed thee.
The careless grace that was not worth a tear.
Go on, gay trifler! Take thy childish pleasure—
On thee, for thee, may summer always shine!
Too stern were justice, should she seek to measure
Thy dutiful love by the strong pain of mine."

"I fancy that was what Jack Daycer thought when his wife sent him from her presence."

"Jack Daycer!" the girl cried, starting away from him. "Then you know him! And that is why you have looked at me so strangely sometimes. Ah what must you think of me."

He took hold of her hands and took them away from her face.

"Yes I have known it all" he said, sternly. "And I am glad you realize what it was you did when you cast him off."

The tears rolled down Daffodil's cheek.

"He is happy now, though, in his second marriage," She faltered.

"He is not!" Mr. Brown denied. He prisoned both her hands in one for a moment and then let them fall, suddenly.

"Let go for our sail now," he proposed, going down to the boat.

She shook her head. "Yes" he persisted. "Come!" She went down to the beach and he helped her in. It seemed as if he were her master.

"Daffodil," he uttered, as his hand lingered on her arm, "I blame you very much for your treatment of my friend, Jack. I wish did you not know he never married a second time? He considers you as his wife still."

"What!" Daffodil exclaimed, standing still in the boat. "Did he not secure a—"

"No" he said. "But I cannot tell you the story. You must ask his mother some day."

They pushed far out to sea and Mr. Brown let the boat go where the wind listed to drive it.

"What a strange incomprehensible creature a girl is" he mused aloud. Daffodil did not look up. She let her hand float in the green water over the side of the boat.

"A girl—yes!" she answered. "A woman is so different."

"I know one woman who is different, at least!"

"Laila is a very womanly woman, indeed!" his companion agreed, with a slight smile.

"She is, that!" Mr. Brown echoed. "Would you like me to marry your sister. Daffodil," "Yes," sincerely. There was no marrying for her now—she was still a wife.

Mr. Brown turned the boat to shore, "I must tell Laila that," he said, smiling.

The next day Daffodil went over to Mrs. Daycer's.

"Mrs. Daycer," she asked, confidently. "Do you think Mrs. Syriston is thinking of marrying? Has she said anything to you?"

Mrs. Daycer laughed a little. "We talked marriage all the afternoon yesterday. Perhaps she is thinking of it."

Daffodil looked so thoughtful that Mrs. Daycer asked her what the matter was.

"If Laila marries I must go away. Where shall I go?"

"You may live with me. Would you?" her hostess said. "Daffodil, I love you like my own child. Come to my home in the country and be my own daughter."

"Oh I could not!" the girl said with a white face. "I must not. I must go out into the world again. I deserve to suffer and be miserable. If you knew! Dear Mrs. Daycer, did you never think that that other Daffodil and I could be one and the same?"

Mrs. Daycer rose up and stood back. "You!" she uttered." "You that girl! What a blind fool I have been!"

She stood pale and still, looking at the girl at her feet with strange unnatural gravity. Daffodil understood her attitude to mean complete repudiation of their late friendship—it was all over. She went away out of her mother-in-law's presence. She encountered Mr. Brown at the very door. She was surprised but in silence passed on. He overtook her and put her hand in his arm.

"Darling!" he said, "Let me tell you—"

"Don't speak to me" she exclaimed. "You are a faithless suitor. Laila——"

"Laila," he interposed, "Is nothing to me! It is her sister I want to win."

"But I am not free!" she told him, meeting his eyes and shrinking away.

Nevertheless he folded her in his arms. The action made her thrill with a sensation that at last she defined. "Oh!" she uttered, lifting her eyes to his. "Where is it that I have met you before. We must have met somewhere. Tell me!"

"I will tell you some day! It is a strange thing that you should not know."

He let her go then. "When may I see you again?"

"Never!" she told him, looking down. "It must be goodbye for always."

"Daffodil!" he exclaimed. She drew farther away from him. "Go now please;" she pleaded, with tearful eyes. "I cannot accept your love."

"Daffodil," her lover begged. "Tell me at least, why you—nay, I know you are not free! But there is no man I will give you up to but to Jack Daycer. If you say you wish to retrieve the past and let him come back to you, I will yield. I told him he or I should win you!"

"That shall be my future," Daffodil told him, bravely. "His mother shall tell me the story and call him back if she will."

Her eyes were bent on the floor and she did not see Mr. Brown's face.

"I am glad for Jack's sake," he said, turning away. "Goodbye."

And he went out into the sunshine of the happy world about him.

Daffodil went back to Mrs. Daycer whose fingers strayed over the piano keys in a sad sweet strain.

Daffodil stole up behind her. These were the words on the page before her and the fond mother sang them in a breaking undertone.

"Oh where is my wandering boy to-night—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light
The child of my love and prayer."

"Dear mother," cried Daffodil, putting her arms around her. "Tell me the story of Jack's life. Can I not atone in some way?"

Mrs. Daycer turned. Her eyes were kind. "I believe you may, if you will. I for one, should be glad. And Jack has never ceased to love you."

So she told Daffodil the story as we know it and the parts we must know now to understand it all.

"Haidee had won him at last, she thought, when after the night he rescued you from Kayter he told her they should be married as soon as the divorce papers could be made out—"

"Oh!" said Daffodil in great bewilderment, "Was it he who assisted me that night? I ran away from him, by changing the order he gave to the cabman. I thought he was but another wolf in sheep's clothing. How considerate he was to refrain from revealing himself at that moment. And how changed he was—I did not know him."

"He is the most considerate boy in the world."

"And I—the most inconsiderate girl," Daffodil said sadly.

"Haidee however had made a promise to Calta which she did not intend to fulfil. Her treachery cost her her life. One evening, as she sat singing at the piano, a shot crashed through the window pane and found its way to her brain. It was a dreadful death. The man, Calta, who languishes in the penitentiary now, told us of the scheme she had concocted to place you in a false position in Jack's eyes. We believed him for we knew poor Haidee was capable of it." Mrs. Daycer said it regretfully.

"How did you come to adopt her into the family, knowing her so well?"

"Because it was her father who cut his throat that night—you remember that night?"

"I remember!" with a shiver.

"The old man had sunk very low and the coin in the shape of the star you saw was his last possession. He had always said he would kill himself when he had to part with it. And it was Haidee here if who knew that and who yet urged him to bet it as a last desperate chance."

Daffodil broke into wild sobbing. "Oh Jack! Jack how I have made you sin. How you ought to hate me! And yet, if you would come back and let me know you forgive me I would try and atone. Dear Mrs. Daycer comfort me. Can I ever do anything to compensate him for the woe and heartache of his life? I remember you said—though I did not understand then—that he had still a good opinion of his wife."

She clung to Mrs. Daycer with pleading in her sorrowful eyes. "Help me," she prayed, "to do something—And say yourself you do not hate me."

"Hate you?" Mrs Daycer said, kissing her. "I cannot do that. I believe you to be thoroughly repentant now. And I know my son will hasten back, be he wandering where he may, to accept your offer. Though I believe, too, he will not let you sacrifice too much. Ah, child, Laila has told me of Mr. Brown. And when Jack comes, you must tell him if you love the other too much. He would not spoil any heart's happiness—even though it be at the expense of his own."

Daffodil rose and began to pace the floor. "Where is he?" she asked, very pale but determined. "Send for him—for Jack."

"I have heard nothing for some time," said his mother, "but I can write to his last address in Detroit. He has probably left orders for his letters to be forwarded."

"Fail not you want" said a soft voice. Mrs. Syriston had entered. She went over to her sister and stopped her in her restless walk to kiss her. "You are a happy girl Daffodil!" she told her. "Not many girls could claim such a reward after flying in face of Providence as you have done so often" then turning towards the door, "Jack is without" she informed them. "Shall I send him in."

Mrs. Daycer's face lighted up. "Jack is there? Yes, send him in at once!" she exclaimed.

Daffodil sank into a chair. She watched her sister going out. Now she realized what a sacrifice she was making. She realized too that it was in her to love some one and that some one was Mr. Brown. But she said not a word, prepared to redeem the follies of her youth in whatever manner circumstances called for.

The door swung open once more. She put out her hands tremblingly and drooped her head.

"Mother!" a very familiar voice exclaimed and she heard a quick kiss. And then Jack Daycer took his wife into his arms.

She uttered a low sobbing cry as she looked at him and with a breaking light of contentment and understanding peace on her face whispered, too happy to speak, on the breast of "Mr. Brown."

It was the most unaccountable mystery to her afterwards how she could have failed to recognise him in all these long weeks. But a moustache and a shade of sorrow and a deepening of the voice make wonderful changes. It was Laila's turn to tease now and Daffodil did not ask her why she had kept it all a secret too, so long. "It was better so," she says now. "I might never have fallen in love with Mr. Brown, had I known him as my lord and master." So now, if you ever go to Pinkside, that charming little town upon the shore of Lake Ontario you will find there in a cottage whose atmosphere seems made up of love and roses safely barbored at last from temptation and danger, with "her Jack," our Daffodil, a flower of surpassing sweetness sprung from the grave of a dead vanity.

"Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,
The perplexed: the fears annulled, the journey at its close:
And the traveler reteth in complacency home-returned at last.—Tupper.

[THE END.]

MYSTERY IN A CELLAR.

Strange Story of a Crime.

No. 27 Rue de Charonne, in the Quartier de la Roquette, Paris, is a great five-storey tenement occupied by respectable families of working men. Among the shops on the first floor is that of a certain Vacheresse, who stores his goods in two compartments of the great cellar which runs under the entire building. About noon of Nov. 4 Vacheresse and two of his employes went down into the cellar to strabout among the boxes and cases for some stuff that he wanted. The stairway leading to the cellar is in the rear of the public hallway. The workmen, Dirkx and Camus, went down into the first compartment. They did not find what they wanted there, so Dirkx went on into the next compartment. He pulled down a lot of of boxes, and suddenly got a view of something which made him shake all over, and then dash out of the cellar and up the stairs, followed closely by Camus, who did not know what the matter was, but felt it safe to leave the cellar quickly. Dirkx went for Vacheresse, and the three went back into the cellar. There, upon a long box, uncovered by the displacement of the pile of outside cases was the

NAKED BODY OF A MAN.

It was stretched out stiff. The feet were crossed, and one hand was upon the stomach, while the other lay at the side of the body. One would have thought that the body had been prepared for burial, but for one awful fact—the head was gone. It had been hacked entirely away by some rude instrument, and the body terminated in the stump of the neck. In a short time a magistrate, a detective, several police, and a doctor were looking at the body. The doctor decided that the man had been dead at least forty eight hours, that the head had been cut off in some place other than this cellar, that the man was dead before the head was cut off, and that his death had been caused either by strangulation or by a blow upon the head. There was no mark of violence upon the body. The body was found to be that of a man of medium height, dark skinned, and dark haired, and probably a worker in lead. This last fact appeared from the condition of his hands. The police searched the cellar assiduously. They found a few spots of blood upon the stairway and leading from it to the stairs at the end of the neck. But they found no trace of clothing or of the instrument with which the murder was committed and

THE HEAD CHOPPED OFF.

They did find the blood-stained cord which might have been used in strangling the dead man. But there was nothing to indicate who the man was, who his murderer was, or how the body had been got to that place. The detectives worked all that day, inquiring through the house, but at noon the next day they were still entirely without a clue. It began to look as though this was to be added to the long list of mysteries in Paris. In the course of their inquiries the detectives found that the housekeeper was permitting a certain person named Vaubourg to occupy a small room, for which she collected the rent without saying anything to the proprietor. But upon examining into this they found that Vaubourg always came and went alone and never received any visits. They were about to give up when the housekeeper said—"In fact I haven't seen him since Saturday morning. He went out early. He had a bundle of linen under his arm." As a measure of precaution the room Vaubourg had occupied was searched again. The detectives found that the sheets and pillowcases had stripped from the bed, and the housekeeper said she could not understand it at all. They began to search for Vaubourg, and at 10 o'clock that same night arrested him in front of the tenement, to which he was returning. He was cool and calm, and the police at first thought that he was innocent. The magistrate questioned him closely, however. "Did you not bring some one home with you in the last few days?" was asked. Vaubourg hesitated, then said—"I did bring a friend home with me." "And who was this friend?" Vaubourg hesitated still longer. His hands were twisting nervously, although his face betrayed no agitation. At last he said—"His name is Boutry." "And where did you take the sheets the housekeeper saw you going out with?" "I took them to a washerwoman. They were soiled, and I did not want the housekeeper to see." "Now," said the magistrate, "why don't you shorten this and confess that you strangled your friend, and that the sheets were soiled by his blood?" "I have not strangled anyone, sir!" said Vaubourg, who was again perfectly collected. "Who, then, is this laundress to whom you took the sheets?" Vaubourg considered a few moments, and then refused to give her name. The magistrate dropped this line of inquiry, and began upon Boutry. "When was Boutry with you? "Thursday and Friday nights. He left Saturday morning, and I haven't seen him since," and he refused to talk any more. They locked him up, and then found that Boutry had disappeared from his lodgings the Thursday before, and that the headless corpse was his. They also found the washerwoman, and she said that the sheets were

STAINED WITH BLOOD

when Vaubourg brought them to her. When Vaubourg was confronted with all this he shrugged his shoulders and said—"Oh, well, I might tell and be done with it. I did kill Boutry. We came in together last Friday morning. We had both been drinking. We ate some potatoes and then went to bed. In the night Boutry turned over, and, in doing it, pushed so that I awoke. That made me furious. I leaped upon him and accidentally killed him. When I saw that he was dead I pulled out the bed and hid him behind it. He lay there three days undisturbed. I was thinking all the time what to do with the body. The odour began to be unpleasant. It interferred with my sleeping, and was every hour getting more dangerous to my secret. Then the cellar occurred to me. I lit a candle late on Monday night and went down into it. I found the place I wanted. I went back into my room, took the body in my arms, and carried it into a side passage of the cellar. It was then clad in a shirt. I took off the shirt and proceeded to remove the head. I had decided that with the head and clothing gone, the body

COULD NOT BE IDENTIFIED.

I had no instrument but my knife. It was easy work until I came to the bones. I had to bend it until they snapped. Then I decided to carry the body into a further compartment. I settled upon that of Valcheresse. The door to it was open. I went back and took the body. I supported the legs with my left arm and held the arms with my right. Thus the body was with its feet in the air and its head down. I had to stop to rest several times. I hid the body behind the boxes. Then I went and got the head. I cut off the nose, the upper lip, and one ear, and buried them in a corner of the cellar. As my candle was getting low by this time I hurried back to my room with the rest of the head. I wrapped it in Boutry's clothing, which I had stripped from his body in the cellar. In the morning I took it to the place where Boutry and I worked together, and threw it into a vault." Thus the second day after the uncovering of the body the murderer was found and had confessed.

A Story for the Year Round.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been since early morning. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to grumble, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And something stopped me—one of God's angels, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, "Thank you, my son, you've always been a good boy to me, Jim." I hurried to town and back. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you." I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over, in all the years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being ever was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind deeds and words, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is richest of all who is most generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kind words and deeds.

Christmas Day in London.

Londoners spent Christmas Day and Christmas week under a pall of impenetrable gloom. It is five days, cables a correspondent since we have seen the sky. Since Monday there has been continuous darkness upon the city, and gas and electric lights have been of slight service in the streets and only partially served to disseminate light in clubs, residences and shops. As a result, business has been almost at a standstill, traffic has been delayed on all the railroads, and London is deserted of all who can flee from her. A fog such as this week afflicted the metropolis is a far more serious calamity than most people imagine. In addition to the extraordinary annoyance caused by the irritated throats and smarting eyes of those who venture in the streets, and the discomfort and inconvenience in getting from one place to another, whether on foot or by means of vehicles, the fog means a fearful increase in the death rate. Some idea of it may be gathered from the following newspaper paragraph, which relates only to one London district:

"While he was hearing an inquest in Bancroft Wood last evening Mr. Wynne E. Baxter was told by one of his officers that there were seven bodies lying in the Morgue awaiting inquests. The bodies were those of persons drowned accidentally in the Mill Wall Docks since the beginning of the fog. The officials of the docks, he said, were busy all day dragging for bodies. The Coroner said the mortality from the fog among people suffering from lung diseases was much greater than that arising from accident last year. He traced the cause of death in no fewer than twenty-two cases to two days of black fog. He traced these twenty-two cases to the two particular days and was satisfied that they originated from the black fog that then hung over the locality."

In addition to deaths by drowning and from lung diseases there are an almost incredible number due to persons being run over by cabs and omnibuses in the streets where the range of vision during the entire week has not been 6 feet. A humorous feature of the situation is the despair of the newspapers, as expressed in their daily leaders. "Why," every newspaper in London has demanded more than once this week, "does not some one invent a process for getting rid of fogs? Why is an intelligent and self-respecting people suffer inanely under a calamity that might be remedied?" The *Times* says that this affliction as a London black fog, of such a duration were visited upon any other American genius would rise to the occasion and invent some method of dispersing it. More than one newspaper has a leader on the rainmakers in the United States with a view to stimulating scientific research in the matter of unpinching kind. Perhaps even the more conscientious of the letters to the editor ventures to suggest a method of exterminating the evil.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Woman's Adieu.

Our love is done!
I would not have it back, I say,
I would nothave my whole year May!
But yet for our dead passion's sake,
Kiss me once more and strive to make
Our last kiss the supremest one;
For love is done.

Our love is done!
And still my eyes with tears are wet,
Our souls are stirred with vain regret;
We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak,
And firm resolve grows strangely weak,
Though hearts are twain that once were one,
Since love is done.

But love is done!
I know it, vow it, and that kiss
Must set a finis to our bliss,
Yet when I felt thy mouth meet mine,
My life again seemed half divine,
Our very hearts together run!
Can love be done?

Can love be done?
Who caresif this be mad or wise?
Trust not my words, but read my eyes.
Thy kiss bade sleeping love awake;
Then take me to thy heart: ah! take
The life that with thine own is one,
Love is not done.

The O'er Neat Woman.

There was once a woman who had earned for herself the title of "The Best Housekeeper in Town."

A certain Sage pondered long and deeply over this title, and at last determined to see this woman and learn from her why she had been thus highly honored. She said:

"I have earned my title honestly, because I am the best housekeeper in town. Every day of my life I sweep and dust my best parlor and my spare bedrooms, though they are never used."

The Sage turned away in silence and went forth to find the Foolkiller and let him know where a large fat job awaited him.

When I hear a woman say that she always washes on Monday, and irons on Tuesday, "whether school keeps or not," I always wait around till I can get a look at her poor husband and miserable some and daughter—if there are any so unfortunate as to belong to her.

I love a slow-going, kind-hearted, good-natured woman; one who does not have a braided rag rug at the kitchen door, and another one at the sitting-room door, and scraps of old carpet and oil-cloth and matting laid around everywhere, and a newspaper spread over the red table-cover to keep it clean.

If I wanted to be as stingy and mean as that about things, I wouldn't let anyone know it for the world!

There never has been, nor never will be, a man who will willingly submit to the petty tyrannies of a painfully neat housekeeper, and what is a ruined carpet to a ruined man.

A dirty floor may make her nervous; but her everlasting aches and pains, sore back, and blistered knees make the entire family—and even some of the neighbors—nervous.

Why is it that the so-called good housekeeper is feared and ridiculed by most men?

All men love order and cleanliness; but they don't want to stand out on the doorstep on a cold morning while the sitting-room is being swept.

A woman who knows her business will not parade her daily trials before her husband. Nine-tenths of the time she will be told they are her own fault, and might be easily avoided if she only would see beyond her nose—and nine-tenths of the time this will be true.

Every woman should learn to make her work as light as possible, and still do her house and herself justice.

How few women there are who can do a thing well and do it quickly. Why? Because they do not make this a point. The honor of doing it well is as much as they can care in one lifetime. Besides not a few women follow in the footsteps of their mothers and do their work "just as ma did it."

They take an entire day to wash a handful of clothes and another day to iron them. The more time they can consume the more thorough the work, they imagine. Now, I am sure if they knew they were wasting time and health in this old-fashioned way they would grieve sorely, for to "save" is the very light and lode-star of their existences.

Each unnecessary rub is just so much waste, for clothes "wash out" as often as they "wear out."

If six strokes of the iron will smooth a tucked, the seventh rub is waste—and still this is the sort of thing some women call "good housekeeping," and if you were to tel them that they were wrong you would be sneered at and told that their mothers did it that way and lived through it and they think they can do the same; and, unfortunately, they do.

It is trying to see a woman go at a thing in a bungling, roundabout way, but when she declares her way the right way, it is almost too much for human endurance.

It will give one that "tired feeling" and one cannot help it.

Woman, know thyself!

Get out and look around you, and try to learn something new every day of your life. Learn what true economy is. Learn to save yourself. An exhausted woman is a nervous woman; an irritable, quick-tempered unlovable woman is a woman with whom no man can be happy.

Don't do a lot of unnecessary work and then expect sympathy when you are aching and trembling in every limb.

The cleverest woman I know is one who cleans house and no one ever knows it.

The woman who rubs and scrubs all day and lunches on the cold toast and potatoes left from breakfast, may think herself a martyr, but the neighbors don't spell it that way, and when she has "such an awful wash this week that she can't go nowheres," and then hangs on the line a half dozen of her own white, ruffled skirts and the other things to match, one is tempted to pick out her soul with a cambric needle, and crush it with a grain of sand.

Who or what is benefited by what she has done? Is the personal influence of such a woman elevating? Can you blame a man for seeking companions who are not "worn to a skin and bone by hard work?"

That woman, poor or rich, who can conduct her household so that her husband and family prefer home to all other places, is the grandest woman on earth,

The slaves of toil of to-day are slaves by their own choosing. They do not try to lessen their work. Matter, not mind, is their god. They act on the principle that a sweet cake is better than a sweet smile, a shining stove than a smiling face, and a clean-scrubbed floor the "open sesame" to paradise.

Woman and her Knee.

The difference of weight in the brains of men and woman has long been a source of deep interest to all who discourse of equality and rights. Those extra ounces remain more or less a stumbling block to the unwary. Metaphysical justice refuses to regard them other than iniquitous. Yet certain structural differences escape such close scrutiny, notably that of the knee.

The structure of the knee feminine constitutes in itself a permanent disability for many masculine pursuits. The knee joint in women is a sexual characteristic, as Dr. Ely Van de Warker long ago pointed out. Viewed in front and extended, the joint is but slight degree interrupts the gradual taper into the leg. Viewed in a semi-fixed position the joint forms a smooth, ovate spherold. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the patella in front and the narrowness of the avicular surfaces of the tibia and femur, which in man form the lateral prominence, and this is much more perfect as part of a sustaining column. Muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the the thighs in an erect position labor under the disadvantage of shortness of purchases owing to the short distance—compared to that of man—between the crest of the ilium and the great trochanter. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of a man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the tarsus and the metatarsus.

Women are not well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatomical grounds, in which the smaller quantity of brain substance proves less an adverse factor than the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee and the delicate nature of the foot. These as parts of a sustaining column, undeniably leave something to be desired. Even the right to vote would not confer on womankind the right to be soldiers, Equality, it appears, is quite as much an affair of the knee as of brains.

The Stock Pot.

The stock-pot is a utensil very seldom seen in practical use in the country kitchen. As a matter of fact there is so little fresh meat used in the winter season in many country districts that it could hardly be made available. Where fresh meat is a regular part of the daily diet a stock-pot should be one of the regular utensils of the stove. Any closely covered kettle will do for this purpose. All the bones from uncooked meats, broiled steaks or fried meats thrown in this pot once a day, covered with cold water and allowed to simmer at the back of the stove for three or four hours, will keep a constant supply of mild stock in the house all the time. The meat bones in the stock-pot should merely simmer, never boil violently. In simmering the liquid should throw up bubbles at the side of the pot; it should not be agitated in the centre. When the stock in the pot is done season it with salt, strain it into a large earthen bowl and let it stand in a very cold place for six or eight hours. By the end of this time all the grease will have risen to the top in a hard cake. Remove this and add the stock to the stone pot of stock, kept in the store closet. This stock is useful in making cream soups and other light soups, but it is not strong enough itself to make consommé or clear soup. When so rich a soup as a consommé is wanted chop up enough of the meat of a shin of beef to allow a pound and a half of meat to a quart of this stock. Pour the cold stock over the raw, chopped meat and let it simmer very slowly in the stock for three hours. At the end of this time add to every quart of stock used the following vegetables: Two slices of carrot, two slices of onion, half a leek, or half a small onion in addition to the other if you have no leek, a small bit of celery, a few leaves of parsley, a clove, two whole peppers and a small bit of bayleaf. A whole bayleaf is enough to season a whole gallon of soup. Fry the vegetables and add them to the soup. Let the soup simmer an hour after the vegetables are added. Strain the soup through a thick fl