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dresses in rich dress bodices.  
 dresses in preparation are visible.  
 de la reine are in velvet.  
 own and biscuit material for spring  
 and figured, millinery pur-  
 buttons of entilver mountings.  
 dresses have with a frill below  
 of summer serge with a pleated much shorter, and, forming a and a puff at comes down into at the back, ar and ruffle of  
 underdresses of new summer pale beautiful mauve dyes, tops under black, crimps, amber, and new gold for satin slips. For "second?" dove or violet- tionable dress-  
 crape-like tis- frequently com- pekins, in two- The stripes rays or across- woolen mater- scribed, show- pekin on each shape of a close s turned back a plastron of he stripes run- se of the skirt. so of pekin to  
 avas grounds, ed stripes on displayed, and ve serge, mo- and like na- lines of ric- and narrow summer home- plain grounds. stripes en au- r chevits are of gray, also, ecra, hunt- irth border u- terns. These have a wide to come, as eassy, effective- general occa-  
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## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

The two most engaging powers of an author are the power to make things familiar and familiar things new.

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

Nearly everything has its aim to be better than he is. Improvement is chiefly the regulation of the propensities and passions.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

We always know everything when it serves no purpose, and when the seal of the irreparable has been upon events.

Our aim in life, to be effective, needs concentration; the marksman who aims at the whole target will seldom hit the center.

There is a kind of magic in truth which forcibly carries the mind along with it. Men rarely embrace the dictate of sincere reason.

Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both and is more bewitching than either.

He who expends his in his conduct, justice and charity, accomplishes the most beautiful works; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.

We have too many resolutions and too little action. The Acts of the Apostles is one of the books of the New Testament. Their resolutions have not reached us.

After all, it is the divinity within that makes the deity without; and there have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence though deficient in personal charms than have by the most regular beauty.

There may be a fault in our own custom; work that can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place and scene and fellowship. There must be none in the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Next to clothes being fine they should be well made and worn easily, for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat if in wearing it he shows a regard for it and is not so easy in it as if it were a plain one.

Evils are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false and the impotent when called upon to assist; the really great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks and words press difficulties.

The love of singularity proceeds from a restless mind, possessing some portion of genius and a large portion of vanity; it prefers novelty to truth, and aims at being distinguished for its talents rather than its deserts.

Life should be our only and great regard, for the first office of wisdom is to give things their due valuation, to estimate aright how much they are worthy, and the second is to treat them accordingly to their worthiness.

The world is full of false representations of "make-believes," of shams, of shadowy visions. The world calls darkness light and light darkness; it calls bitter sweet and sweet bitter, and tries to cover up all her guilty tracks with excuse, to make evil appear good.

A servant who was somewhat of a philosopher was asked to bring the best piece of meat in the market. He brought a tongue. The next day he was told to bring the worst piece. He again brought a tongue. On being pressed for an explanation he said: "The tongue is the best and worst thing in the world. If it is good there is nothing better, and if it is bad there is nothing worse."

Where you are, whatever your station, there, in that station, serve God. Establish in your own heart the principle of a Christian life and in your home, the atmosphere of a Christian household. Be regular in your habits of prayer, search the Scriptures daily, resist temptation courageously and do good gladly.

Albino slung sternly and upon principle. If for an other reason, because it shows the narrowness of your vocabulary. It is the favorite refuge of the slovenly and of the indolent. If your thought does not deserve a neat dress, keep it in some dark closet of your own brain.

In the morning, fix thy good purpose, and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, and how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought; for in these things thou hast often times offended both God and thy neighbor.

The man who regards himself as a machine calculated to do a certain amount of work in the course of the year, with no more rest given to the gear of mechanism, is sure to lose the fruit of his folly. It may come in great weariness of life, or in impaired strength, or in the total collapse of the whole system—perhaps the most melancholy fate of all.

Man has a various nature which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste as well as bones and muscles, and he is grievously wrong when he confines his attention to the one, neglecting the others for bodily subsistence.

Use the reason and strength God has given you to mend what misfortune you can; and what you cannot mend, you must simply accept, for there is no other alternative. Pleasantry is but set to one side. Yet, withal, be cheerful. As the old Spanish proverb says: "A stone that will fit into the wall will not lie long in the way."

## SAUERKRAUT STATISTICS.

Some Peculiarities of its Manufacture in Berks County, Pa.

The look of pleasure seen on the face of the ubiquitous German as he steps out of his favorite lager-beer saloon these cold days tells the passer-by as plainly as do the printed words that hang outside the door that the day of sauerkraut lunch is here. The German bier-hall is not complete without its steaming dish of kraut for lunch, nor is the custom of giving this favorite German delicacy confined entirely to the natives of the Fatherland. Irish and American saloonkeepers offer it as an extra inducement to customers. Germany is the original home of the dish delectable to the German palate, and the Germans are responsible for its introduction into this country. Up among the Pennsylvania Dutch in Berks county sauerkraut is during the winter, the staple food of the farmers and tradesmen, and there is no place in the country where it is made better or eaten more regularly.

In the fall of the year, about the week of Halloween, the farmer selects from his crop of cabbage as many of the firmest heads as will suffice for his family's use. In every community there are one or two sauerkraut-cutters which are hired out to whoever wants them. The cutters are made of a long board, with several sharp knives set in the middle. A box that will hold one or two heads of cabbage is made to fit over the knife-board, and this is pushed back and forth over the knives, which shave off the cabbage in thin, almost transparent slices. The vessel which receives these shavings is called a "stetter." It is simply a high, narrow barrel. After the bottom of the "stetter" is covered with a layer of about four inches of the cut cabbage coarse salt is sprinkled all over it, and then, with a heavy wooden stamper, "shentlema," as it is called in Berks county Dutch—the mass is vigorously pounded, and the salt is worked through it. The alternative layers of cabbage and salt and the pounding go on until the barrel is full to within six inches of the top, when it is covered over with boards, and weights are placed on it to soak the pickle out of it. It is ready for use within six weeks after it is made.

It is said that in some of the farming districts of this State, instead of using the wooden pounder to pack it in, they use a barrel, some of the family get into it and tramp it down with the bare feet, generally laying a cloth cover over the cabbage. Of course the feet are first given a good bath. This method of stamping is not generally used, though it is certainly sometimes done. They cook it generally with a good-sized piece of fresh pork as fat as the pork can be had. Sometimes they add to it while boiling a quantity of potatoes cut in quarters, but they generally have with it a great dish of mashed potatoes, and of this compound of sauerkraut, "speck" and potatoes enormous quantities are consumed daily in the farm-houses of Berks county.

There is a German settlement up in New Jersey called Riverside, where, it is said, there is little else than pork and sauerkraut eaten. The place has become famous for the excellence of its favorite dish and the custom has lately grown among these people to give sauerkraut parties. Germans from all the near towns flock to these social parties and eat the greasy compound in satisfaction and settle it down with an all-night dance.

There are two sauerkraut factories in Philadelphia, where it is manufactured in great quantities and sold by the hoghead. This kind is considered by the Germans as not as good as the home-made article.

Sauerkraut is becoming a favorite dish at the hotels, and can often be found on the bill of fare at the different first-class hotels. That used at the hotels is said to be imported from Germany.

Woods That Will Not Make Ships.

There are sixteen species of trees in America whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (condalia ferrea).

Another is the black locust (condalia ferrea), which is more than thirty per cent heavier than water. Of the others, the best known are the lignum vitae (guaiacum sanctum) and mangrove (rhizophora mangle).

Another is a small oak (quercus grisea), found in the mountains of Texas, Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet.

All the species in which the wood is heavier than water belong to semi-tropical or tropical regions. The only Florida or Gulf of Mexico species is the ironwood.

A New York firm has split 2,000 tree-dollars into, and turned each dollar into a pocket matchbox.

## HORSE NOTES.

—Dexter's teeth are badly worn, and some care has to be taken with his feed.

—Elmer's horse, the "Kilburn," is now in the West, riding for the Collier stable temporarily.

—There are reported to be twelve entries to the \$3000 guaranteed stakes of the Cleveland Course.

—Lester Colford drove Minnie Warren and Mollie Harris, a mile in 2:30, over Fleetwood last week.

—A horse moved on to feed to meet a shaft over the grave of Hambletonian, at Chester, Orange county, N. Y.

—Weston's Girl, one of the entries to the 3-minute class at Suffolk, trotted a mile in 2:26 at New York this week.

—Six colts and fillies of the Palo Alto shipment, died of pneumonia on the journey from California to New York.

—The track of the Chicago Driving Park is built on leased ground, and the lease, which will expire next year, is not likely to be renewed.

—The once famous trotter Young Bruno, 2:22, is now owned by C. K. Lake, of Belvidere, N. J., and the old fellow is still well and sound.

—The trotting mare Sunset, in foal, owned by A. Cooper, fell through the stable floor at Oswego, N. Y., on the 6th, and was killed.

—G. W. Wilson's filly Laungrig, by Palestro, after getting off seventh, finished second in the purse stakes at Lexington, Ky., on the 5th.

—Messenger Chief and Rienzli are looking pretty well doing well, with several sharp knives set in the middle. A box that will hold one or two heads of cabbage is made to fit over the knife-board, and this is pushed back and forth over the knives, which shave off the cabbage in thin, almost transparent slices. The vessel which receives these shavings is called a "stetter." It is simply a high, narrow barrel. After the bottom of the "stetter" is covered with a layer of about four inches of the cut cabbage coarse salt is sprinkled all over it, and then, with a heavy wooden stamper, "shentlema," as it is called in Berks county Dutch—the mass is vigorously pounded, and the salt is worked through it. The alternative layers of cabbage and salt and the pounding go on until the barrel is full to within six inches of the top, when it is covered over with boards, and weights are placed on it to soak the pickle out of it. It is ready for use within six weeks after it is made.

—Budd Hayden, whose training stable is near Harrodsburg, Ky., has a 2-year-old filly by Rienzli that trots in 1:41 seconds, and promises to be very fast.

—H. Clay Meek, of Danville, Ky., has forty colts and fillies on his farm. Most of them are by Messenger Chief and Rienzli. He says they are doing finely this year.

—Macey Cobb was 11 years old when he died at Belmont Course, having been foaled in 1875. He was got by Happy Medium, dam Lady Jenkins, by Black Jack (Prince Nebel), son of Lord of the Isles.

—A young lad called on an advertiser who had "Plate to Rent," and asked to be introduced to one of them. She said she was so hard up for a beau that she would be thankful even for a dude.

—"JOHN, what is the best thing to do for a parent?" asked an elderly lady, her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

—"No indeed," said Mrs. Farven—"No! I don't think it is a fine-looking woman at all. She may have nice eyes; but, mercy me, she's got no physic!"

It is a very general belief that during a considerable fall a person must be asphyxiated by the rapid rush through the air, which constantly accelerates as the distance fallen increases. The suicide of a young girl by a leap from a height of about 215 feet has raised a discussion of this subject among French writers. A Frenchman suggested that asphyxiation may have caused the girl's death before the ground was reached.

Mons. Bontemps objects to this view, and points out that the velocity attained in such a fall is too great to be exceeded by railway trains, and yet engineers and stokers are never asphyxiated.

Mons. Remy states that in 1852 he was shown a native of the island of Oahu who had fallen from a height of about 1000 feet with but little injury, his fall having been broken near the end by a growth of ferns and other plants.

The weight of the body seems to favor the view that, if asphyxiation ever results during falls, the distance fallen must be very great.

A report by Mons. Girard, director of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, gives some interesting information concerning the adulterations by which the French people are victimized. The most common adulteration of this kind seems to be the adulteration of flour, which is mixed with various mineral substances—often of a poisonous nature.

It has been carefully ascertained that adulterated flour is imported into France from Rotterdam, containing as much as 30 per cent of plaster, and 20 per cent of sulphate of baryta. Of 31 flour samples, the laboratory only 13 proved to be genuine, all the others being adulterated.

From experiments on the growth of wheat, T. H. Bailey, and others in solution of various concentrations, it would seem that oats are the least able to flourish in solutions having the strength of 0.5, 0.6, 0.8 and 1 per cent. This is in accordance with the well-known fact that a crop of oats on a soil in poor condition is frequently better than that grown on the same soil which had been much improved by manuring.

Dr. Durey has suggested that solutions of copper salts be used to impregnate clothing, furniture and building materials as a preservative against infectious diseases. He was led to offer this suggestion by observing that workers in copper—whom absorb a considerable amount of copper—never contract cholera, typhoid fever and like complaints, while copper salts protect various materials from parasites.

## FACE-IT.

Jim Curtis and Tom Morton, two New York dudes, while they were going home from the club, were talking about the lightning killing so many people in Pennsylvania the other day.

"I've got a mortal dread of lightning," said Curtis. "I've been struck by lightning." "Nay, but my aunt was killed by a thunderbolt. It was dreadful." "I expect so; but she didn't have any idea how dreadful it was. She hadn't made her will, you see, and another fellow got all the property. Nay, she didn't suffer at all. I was the sufferer."

Some clothes are selling rough and ready boys' suits with an extra seal thrown in. This is the first time we ever knew reserved seats to be sold without charging extra for them.

A modern writer makes the assertion that women have stronger attachments than men. Which is a modest way of saying, we suppose, that coquetting and shade stouter than superstitious drapery.

Nowadays, when a Boston man desires to say something terribly bad of another man, he simply remarks that the latter is mean enough to be a member of the Chicago base ball nine.

How foolish most of our proverbs are! For instance, it is said that a straw shows which way the wind blows, when everybody knows it is the wind which shows which way the straw blows.

"Why don't you write what I dictate?" said a Dallas merchant to his clerk.

"Then turn the paper over and write on the other side, you donkey."

BANK CASHIER TO TALLOR: "You may take my measure for a suit of clothes."

"Exactly. What color do you prefer?"

"What is the go this fall?"

"Well, for bank cashiers Canada gray seems to be the favorite."

"Is not your son a jailor?" asked one New York lady of another.

"Y-e-s, he is a jailor; but you must remember he is a jailor in Ludlow Street Jail, and Ferdinand Ward and some of the most respectable people of New York are in that jail."

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## Too Good For This World.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted."

"This is a man that would resurrect a dead man from behind a newspaper counter, and the clerk turned away by an electric current, and ejaculated: 'Eva been struck by lightning?'"

"No, I'm not particular," said the advertiser.

"Either page will answer," replied the other.

"Want a cut of a death's head and attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser, with long hair and a turn-down shirt collar?"

"Clear type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response.

"All right; want head line in type any longer than Jenkins' ad. in next column, or will you have it put in upside down, or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No; a plain, straightforward advertisement, in space of four inches, will answer my purpose."

"Good enough. Want about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grandfather blacked Washington's boot once; mention of yourself as a member of a circulating library, church, fire company, co-operative store, bass ball club and other important public positions?"

"The customer said he did not care for any notice."

"Of course," said the clerk, "you want a free paper sent to each member of the firm, one for yourself, and the privilege of taking half a dozen copies of the counter every week because you advertise?"

The gentleman expected to pay for his paper, and asked the price of the advertisement. The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked:

"I'll send you my bill around in about a week, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills.

The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he counted the money.

"Ah! you want to ask for 75 per cent. discount and 25 per cent. off for cash."

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates, and here is the money."

A beatific expression spread over the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured:

"Stranger when did you come down, and when do you expect the Apostles again?"

A Medicine Man Shot for Failing to Cure a Sick Chief.

I was talking the other day with Captain Frank Cloud, now living in Arizona, about the Indians out in that Territory. Said he:

"We have a race of Indians in Arizona called the Papagos. Time out of mind they have lived in peace with the whites, but in their battles with the other Indians they have been the equal in pluck and courage of the dreaded Apaches. Some months ago, while temporarily residing among them, I became witness to one of their customs, which, if practiced among the whites, would have the effect of decreasing a certain portion of our population quite materially. One of their great chiefs was stricken down with a fever, and the medicine men did him with herbs and applied all the healing remedies within his knowledge. Notwithstanding his efforts the old man gradually grew worse and finally died."

"The day following his burial I noticed an unusual commotion about the camp, all the men, women and children were gathered together as if for some great religious ceremony. There was an air of solemnity about the scene that justified the impression. The mystery was explained when I saw the medicine man escorted by two young bucks from his tent and take a position about fifty feet distant. At a given signal one of the young men raised his rifle and, before I could reach him, was taking place, fired a bullet into the medicine man's heart, killing him instantly. I then learned that it was the custom of these Indians where a medicine man failed to cure a sick person, to shoot him. The manes other than would-beelected in battle that he must suffer death as a consequence of the failure of his skill."

I asked Captain Cloud how, under these circumstances they succeeded in finding a person willing to accept a position. He replied that the office carried with it a great many perquisites and privileges that made it a very desirable one. "Moreover," he added, "every Indian expects to die 'with his boots on,' as they say out there, and the need of medicine men to save them from the necessity of bearing arms, the chances of death are no greater on the one hand than the other. They bear their fate philosophically, and have never been known to make an attempt to escape by flight."

Not Much Profit in Books.

There is not much profit left in the book business. The cheap libraries have cut the price of books down to almost nothing, until now it pays better to handle old books than new ones. Any foreign work of value that in the olden days might have been sold for a good price is reproduced in 10, 15 and 20-cent editions on this side by a half dozen publishers, American copyrights are being sold for a mere trifle, and the pirates. If I want 20-cent editions of certain popular stories all I need do is to send them to the publisher.

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