

COOKING IN CYPRUS.

With a few simple ingredients, the cook can make many delicious dishes.

The days in which Americans only had a byword and a by-name are past, long past. In our national dish is still pure—and there are many good Americans who, thinking aside, have every local such delicacy as Boston baked beans, Rhode Island chowder, New England fried clams, and the like. And the cooks of New York, too, hardly declare that it is no loss to say that there is no longer a poor, soggy under-shelf full of unappetizing nor is it usually servable results.

To be sure, we have here a simple and pleasant sort of cooking. It can at best mean but little, however, when he is in it, and a physician always lists you as "compromised."

But if we have civilized our kitchens in a nation we have still regions where the worst of the old ways prevail. A young, lone man in one of the northernmost villages in a New England state, many miles from the coast, found this out to his cost. He found on the table little to eat but frippings—doughnuts, eggs, tarts before and after breakfast, as well as with a mid-morning intermission—no meat that was not salt, golden potatoes and almost no fresh vegetables.

He visited his sailors from the first,

and soon his digestion revolted.

His kindly, as-kind-hearted as he was intelligent, observed that he was looking "kind of peaked," and, good-naturedly

resolved to procure him a change of diet.

One day he left the house immediately after breakfast, and returned only in time for his evening meal. The good man came running out to meet him, bursting joyously:

"Come right in!" he cried, cheerfully.

"I hope you're good and hungry!

You got a surprise for supper. Fresh hamsteak—I made just after you left,

and put it right on to boil. It's been

on back of the stove all day, and I guess it's not about done now. It ought to be

realasty and tender. Come right in!"

He came in, and tried nobly to look

gratified, but her expectations of that steaming viand she had never before had to do with—were not fulfilled; and his were—all too well. Nevertheless,

there was a good result; for she her

willingness to provide what pleased

him resulted in success if he

had to teach him how to do it.

Indeed, that is just what he finally did. She had never before cooked; but the good theory, while she had practice, and between them, before the summer ended, there was evolved in one kitchen of that unfortunate village a knowledge of the elementary principles of plain home cooking. The results of his ministerial teaching during that season he was unable definitely to determine; but his lessons in cookery were highly successful.

REMARKABLE LOYALTY.

A Case of Friendship in the World of Crime That Has Rarely Been Equalled.

A dramatic story of self-sacrifice on the part of a crook has thrilled out through the grim and uncommunicative criminal courts, says the Los Angeles Times of a recent date.

The young banker, Bert Clayton, is said to have gone to prison to save his friend old pal, Thomas Snow. The circumstances were such that they could both have a slim chance of going clear or one could of certainly go free if the other would go to prison. Clayton insisted upon going to prison and letting the old man out.

The two of them conspired to rob old man Venable in a "spiteful" card game at Long Beach. Venable "bluffed" to the police, and both of the bank men were caught. Their bail was fixed at \$2,000 each. They couldn't raise it singly either of them.

Although Clayton told the Judge who sentenced him that he had been only led into the crime in his desperation to get money to send east to his sick young wife and two little children, it appears that he had the most money of the two.

He could not collect quite \$2,000, however. He scraped up some, and his young wife brought him more. Snow got together what money he could, and between them there was a pile amounting to \$2,000. It was enough to let one of them give half and skip out. Here was a situation to test the character of a better and more generous man than a crook. Young Clayton, after talking it over with his young wife, told Snow that he should be the one to go free. When the old man demurred to accepting such a sacrifice, Clayton said to him: "I am a young man yet, and I can stand a few years in the still. You would die before your sentence expires."

So old Snow took the \$2,000 they had all three raised and deposited it as bail. Then he promptly shook the dust of this city from his feet and vanished.

Clayton got three years in San Quentin.

According to the etiquette of the underworld of the crooks it is now "up to" old Snow, till he will be expected to set the proper machinery in the proper devils works to run him to see that Clayton wife and children are well taken care of.

Just how these things are done only a few of the insiders are able to know.

He stopped for check.

May 30th. Greeted papas of the alarm for 30th night.

George. Indeed. Didn't you remark the other night that the King was monotonous and annoyed you?—the sea Gazette.

THEIR TEST AND FOOD.

Re Mrs. Hardy's trip to Asia, and There Was a Reason. He Should Eat.

The storm burst suddenly and with violence upon the helpless ship, and high above the shrieking blast and the savage howling of the foam-tossed billows rang out the trumpet cry: "All hands to the pumps!"

They worked like men who could see death running at their elbows, relates Ally St. John. Through the black darkness and the long, weary watches of that reared night they pumped with grim resolve and iron earnestness to stem the gap, leak through which the cruel waves poured, and though despair dazed every motion of their aching biceps, and hope died howling on the pitiless blast, yet still they stubbornly pumped on.

There was one man who, even amid that gallant band, where every unit was a hero, seemed yet to tower morally a head and shoulders above his fellows. As, one by one, exhausted nature compelled each fearless heart to drop the iron crans and fall helplessly abeam the streaming binnacle, while other hands, no less willing, staggered blindly into their vacant places, this man alone held steadily on. His tireless arms swung to and fro with machine-like regularity, and even amid the wildest phases of the storm his eyes blazed, and neither did a certain calm serenity forsake his otherwise insinuating brow.

He was no sailor—that was evident, and was certainly not one of the crew. Merely a volunteer, merely a simple passenger. Yet when morning dawned, and the fury of the gale had lessened, and baffled death shrank off like a whipped cur clutching to the tail end of the hesten tempest, they knew that to him, and to him alone, was the saving of the good ship due.

"Who is he?" "What can he be?" they whispered one to another. And the gray-haired captain, with tears in his eyes as he pressed the stranger's hand between his own horny palms, murmured brokenly:

"I can never thank you sufficiently, sir. Without your aid we should all have been in Davy Jones' locker hours ago. Do not deem me impudent if I ask what you may be? You are doubtless some trained athlete—some strong man of world-wide renown—some."

He was silent for a moment, then added:

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EFFECTS OF CERTAIN DRUGS.

Condition of the Mind Under the Influence of Different Remedies.

Mr. Choo-Choo looked at him, sighed and closed her eyes.

"From Vienna we go north," said her Mimic, Nuremberg, Dresden, Hamburg—a day in each of the capitals, half a day in lesser towns. I think we can knock out Continental Europe in about four weeks, and then I intend to tackle the Land of the Midnight Sun."

DOING EUROPE.

Programme of Our Rapid American in seeing the "lights of the Old World."

A propos of Americans newly arrived at Naples, we met one with his family in the winter garden of the Grand hotel. They had just reached town the day before, and were leaving the day after, says a writer in the Argonaut.

Choo-Choo Chimmie (as we shall call him) had been dragging his "women folks" up and down and around the hills of Naples till poor Mrs. Choo-Choo was as limp as a rag. But Choo-Choo Chimmie himself was in fine fettle. I asked him what he thought of Naples.

"Naples," he replied, oracularly, "is a fine town. We have not had time to do it as thoroughly as I would wish, for one day is scarcely enough, even for a small city." Still we have been to Pompeii, went up the mountain far enough to say we had done Vesuvius drove rapidly to Sorrento, spent ten minutes there, ten minutes at Castellammare, caught the little steamer Nixie, and just got back in time for dinner.

"The madame is a little tired," indicated Mrs. Choo-Choo, who smiled faintly—"but the girlie here is all right, and so is yours truly."

"May I ask," said I, "what your movements are after having explored Naples so thoroughly?"

"I propose," said Choo-Choo, "after we have done Greece, the archipelago, the blue Aegean sea, the Ionian Isles, and that sort of thing, to watch I have allotted four days—I propose to go to Egypt."

"We stop at Alexandria for four hours, and then go to Cairo, remaining there over night. We shall go up the Nile as far as the third cataract—three days up, one day there and three days down. I have allotted a day and a half to doing Cairo, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Boulaq museum and old Cairo, leaving half a day for traveling to Alexandria before catching the post office boat to Suez at Port Said. I take her because she is much faster than the ordinary P. & O. boats."

"We shall arrive at Brindisi at 4:25 p.m. March tenth and I intend to do the Italian peninsula in about seven days. Skip Naples—one day and a half for Rome—one day for Florence—half a day for Milan—a day for the Italian lakes—the rest for train time. Lodging, sleeping meals etc., including us with

half a day for Venice, whence we will sail for Trieste.

"We then do the Balkan peninsula in about four days, reaching Vienna by March the umpteen—umpteen. Here," said Choo-Choo Chimmie, gravely—"here we may consider that we have at fairly started, and we shall take up Copinental Europe."

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A SWELL SOCIETY DEBUT.

At Which the Faculties of Wealth Were a Trifle More Than Copious.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Thetford presented to society last evening their only daughter Milliette in a reception unique of its kind, relates the New York Times.

Brilliantly dressed the debutante and her parents received their friends in the center of a floral arch composed of maidenhair ferns and greenbells, and decorated with rose American beauty roses (official colors), fastened to the arch by diamond brooches nine inches in length.

The debutante herself was attired in a sweetly simple and appropriate gown, composed of gold certificates—no designation under a thousand dollars being employed throughout—with jewels, roses, and girle of United States Steel coupons. She wore no ornaments of any description save an American dollar sign fastened in her hair, made of pearls as big as walnuts. In her hand she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and their leaves, composed of emeralds and pearls. The whole costume is designed conservatively at no less than \$10,000. A corps of plain clothes men continually surrounded the belle and ward off the approach of any suspicious-looking的目光.

Syrupine, it is given in too large doses, is injurious rather than otherwise. It is often given for various nervous disorders, and it results in the desire of greater energy, but while on the one hand small frequent doses will have the desired effect, large doses result in an energy that is more or less spasmodic. Strychnine intensifies heat, causes small, touch and slight, in hysterical cases where the body is very sensitive and where there are flashes of light before the eyes, cocaine does actual harm.

Coca and cocaine stimulate the entire brain, but they have two special actions, one to lessen the sensation of hunger and the other to lessen fatigue. The propulsive force of food should be given after the normal appetite has been satisfied. The drug is not a food, and excessive exercise after a large meal result in harm. Since all drugs are harmful, it is often necessary to keep the dose small.

The dinner favors were the most costly of the affair of the season. For the ladies there were gold bracelets containing each a rope of pearl six yards in length; for the gentlemen, dress suit cases of gold and enamel, three feet long and two feet wide, filled with large diamonds.

Bottle of Antibiotic.

The famous iron pillar of Delhi, India, rises 22 feet above the ground, and stands to an unknown depth, which a leading archeologist has reported to be more than 26 feet, the total height being possibly 40 feet. It tapers from 164 inches to 135 inches in diameter, the weight being estimated at about 17 tons. It is found to be pure malleable iron, although a curious yellow shade long gave the impression of being bronze, but these are no proofs of early iron works, prove, however, how it was welded up. A rough inscription is credibly given authority to the third or fourth century, while others suppose it to belong to a later period.

Mall by Siberian Road.

European mail is now being gathered to the far east by means of the great Trans-Siberian railroad. Letters can today be sent from Paris, Berlin or Vienna via Moscow to Vladivostock and Port Arthur in from 22 to 24 days, while the time required by steamer mail via the Suez canal route is from six to eight weeks.

THE FOOD WE EAT.

Even the Temper of the Individual Is Said to Be Colored by the Daily Bread.

It has been said that a man is what he eats, and this is undoubtedly true to the extent that a man partakes of the nature of his regular food. Physiologists tell us that the human body is constantly changing, and that the individual averages an entirely new body every seven years, and inasmuch as food enters largely as a factor into the composition of this body, there is probably only a small margin for metaphor in the proposition that a man is what he eats. Even the temper of the individual

may be colored by his daily bread.

Farmers who have made the expe-

WOODCHUCK FARMING.

Scheme Afoot to Raise the Animals for Their Fur and Dried Belgian Hares.

A lady had kept in her possession for several days a check from her uncle died, and she hastened to the bank to cash the check. When she found that the bank could not pay the check until it had orders from the heirs or from the court she was surprised, and said artlessly to her husband that she thought of a check as being so much money if the signature was good. The incident shows the value of some information which the National Bank prints. Most business men know it already, but in these days business men are not the only people who have to do business.

The Belgian hare thrived and multiplied nearly as rapidly as potato bugs, but the trouble came when the owners tried to sell their output. While there were customers to buy hares for breeding purposes there was a fair one to be had, but as soon as the surplus animals were killed and put on the market it was found that nobody had any particular yearning for Belgian hare meat, and the new industry languished for want of financial support.

It is proposed, according to a writer in the New York Sun, in some cases to convert the abandoned skunk pens and deserted rabbit burrows into enclosures for the rearing of woodchucks. The fur is good for many purposes, and the meat is much better than that furnished by any of the rabbit tribe. Though woodchucks do not produce more than eight or ten offspring a year, the young grow rapidly, many growing as much as eight or ten pounds when 18 months of age.

The animals are hardy, and will re-

quire no housing beyond what they can provide for themselves.

In fact, it seems that the food that is consumed has much to do with the disposition, and it is possible that scientific supervision of the culinary department will result in great benefit to mankind, the commonest possession of which will be an amiable disposition, the secret of which, according to the authority already quoted, is a well-balanced, carefully-selected diet, one that is adapted to the particular needs and physical condition of the individual. And in this cultivation of an amiable disposition the science of cookery plays an important part.

In respect to focus, as to individuals, it is to be supposed that there is nothing in a name. A diet of sweetmeats cannot be expected to impart

half a day for Venice, whence we will sail for Trieste.

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The woman's missionary societies of the Vermont Avenue, North Street, Second Street and Whitney Avenue Christian church have been greatly gratified by a visit from Rev. J. T. Smith, secretary of the men's work of the National Christian work, as boarder guest, says the Washington Post. This organization supports 125 schools located in Central America, the mountain region of Kentucky and in the black belt of the south.

Mr. Smith has lately returned from a tour among the schools of the south, and relates many interesting anecdotes of the characteristics and progress of the colored race. He says the negroes of Jamaica and those of this country differ materially in that it is difficult to believe that they are of the same origin. Those of Jamaica are English negroes, those of the south, American negroes. The colored people of Jamaica, for instance, are devoid of any sense of the ludicrous. Rev. Mr. Smith has a rich vein of humor running through his speeches, but this is lost on his audience in Jamaica. His funniest stories and brightest sallies were received there in the most somber fashion. But in truth he found the negroes with a keen relish for the humorous, and his most subtle jests were at once recognized and applauded.

As an illustration, he gave an incident that occurred in Edwards, Miss. He was explaining why iron bedsteads had been put in the students' rooms. "You see," he said, "we cannot have wooden bedsteads, because they might get stuck in the floor, and still remain upright, so the negroes are compelled to use iron bedsteads." And then he should express his thought. He began a third time. "You see, we can't have wooden beds because they might be infested with—ah—ants and ants be pauze." A colored man at this juncture spoke up: "Bro. Smith, call 'em knights of labor and go on."