

Defining a Stock Gamble.
Senator La Follette was discussing with great approval the President's suggestions toward the abolition of stock gambling.
"Such marginal transactions are not business," said Senator La Follette. "Look at them. After all, what is a successful stock gamble?"
He paused and smiled. Then he answered his own question neatly.
"In a successful stock gamble," he said, "you pay for something that you don't get, with money that you haven't got, then you sell what you never had for more than it ever cost."

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.
It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly.
Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint, and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Took Her Sister's Cap.
An interesting picture of a war relic has recently appeared in an English periodical. It is a French "Cap of Liberty," carved and gilded and taken from the masthead of a war vessel.

In 1794, during the war between England and France the Revolutionary, a splendid French ship of eleven hundred and forty-eight tons, was taken by a British vessel and added to the British navy. Two years later the Revolutionary, still keeping her old name under the English flag, commanded by Capt. Francis Cole, captured her former sister ship, the Unite, a frigate of thirty-six guns.

The liberty cap from the main mast was appropriated by Capt. Cole and is now owned by some of his descendants.

The Limitations of Royalty.
The late King Oscar of Sweden was the least fortunate of monarchs, but he had to courtesy to custom, nevertheless.

The king and Monsieur Bonnier, the botanist, met as strangers. The New York Sun's foreign correspondent says while out in search of flowers near Stockholm. They were soon the best of friends and Bonnier suggested lunch at his inn.

"Come home with me, instead," said the other.
When the way led to the palace gates Bonnier hesitated.
"I'm sorry," said his companion, "but I happen to be the king of this country and this is the only place where I can entertain my friend."

A nursemaid in Irkutsk, Siberia, poisoned the child given in her care to get rid of the trouble of watching it.

Only One "Bromo Quinine."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Whistler's Odd Ways.
Lord Redesdale once gave a description of Whistler's methods to a meeting in London in support of a memorial to the great artist. He was painting, he said, a portrait of a lady. Whistler took up his position at one end of the room with his siter and the canvas at the other end. For a long time he stood looking at his model, holding in his hand a huge brush full of color, such a brush as a man would use to whitewash a house. Then he rushed forward and smashed the brush full of color into the canvas. Then he ran back, and forty or fifty times he repeated this. At the end of that time there stood out on the canvas a space which exactly indicated the figure, the form and the expression of the sitter. There was a pathetic storky smudge at the picture. The balliffs were in the house when the picture was finished. That was quite a common occurrence, and Whistler only laughed, but he went round his studio with a knife and deliberately destroyed all his canvases, including this picture, which was to have been his (Lord Redesdale's).—Dundee Advertiser.

One Flung Sure.
A young lady whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the eligible parti: "I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would settle the question by lighting a cigar and setting the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth," cried the imperious beauty.

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there."—Everybody's Magazine.

ROSY AND PLUMP.

Good Health on Light Food.
"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts. "About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The doctor recommended milk half water but it was not sufficiently nourishing."
"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and to-day is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen."

"These are plain facts and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate in the least, the value of this great food."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in plays "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER VII.

"Here begins the first chapter of Alison's failures," whispered Alison, in a funny little voice, as she encountered Roger on her way downstairs on Monday morning, and she laughed merrily as she shook her key-busher excitedly in his face. Roger opened his eyes very widely at this, then he stepped back a few paces and looked at her admiringly.

"How ever did you get possession of that thing?" he exclaimed. "Do you know, Allie, my dear, that shabby little brown basket has been a bone of contention between Miss Leigh and Miss Fotheringham for the last month. Miss Leigh clings to it as her sole hope, and refuses to give it up. It has ended by Missie's neatly abstracting it at night. She has done it three or four times."
"Yes, I know. Poppie told me all about it. Well," in an amused tone, "I have only paid Missie in her own coin. Thanks to my good habits, I was dressed before she thought of stealing. So I stole in, got my key basket, and wished Missie good morning at the same time. I am afraid she will come down dreadfully cross."

"As though that were anything new," returned Roger, contemptuously, as he took up the paper and retired with it to the window, while Alison busied herself with the coffee pot. Shortly afterward there was an unwelcome sound on the stairs.

"If it were not perfectly incredible, I should say that was Rudel's footstep," Roger observed, in a doubtful tone.
"Oh, yes, it is Rudel," returned Alison, brightly. "I woke him, and made him promise to get up. Miss Leigh says he has got into bad ways. Good boy, as Rudel entered, looking very much as if he were going to make a bolt for it, with a very angry look on his forehead. Poppie, who came in a moment afterward with Miss Leigh, was not quite so reticent."

"What is that for?" she asked, with a child's innocence of grammar, but in much surprise, as Alison kissed her warmly, and said, "Good morning, Poppie, dear."
"Poppie means that we are not accustomed to these little civilities," put in Roger, as Alison looked perplexed for a moment, "nobody says good morning to anybody else at The Holmes except Miss Leigh and I; we always do, don't we?" shaking hands with her as he spoke.
"Father just says an inclusive good morning to all," said Poppie.
"I am afraid you are very much shocked," said Alison, "and Miss Leigh, merrily, "Mabel sets Rudel and Poppie such a bad example in this; no one thinks of such a thing except Mr. Roger, and he is always so very thoughtful."

When Mr. Merle came into the room a few minutes later he seemed quite surprised at the unwelcome cheerfulness. He nodded to Alison, and then took up his letters, but she was not satisfied.
"You have not kissed me, papa," she said, as she carried him round his cup of coffee.
"Oh, I thought only Pussie cared for kisses," he said, good-humoredly; "Poppie never comes to me for one."

Poppie returned, and bent over her plate in much confusion. Roger, who was next to her, saw the child's eyes were full of tears.
"I expect Poppie is afraid of bothering you," he observed. "You would like father to kiss you sometimes, as he does Missie," he said, kindly.

"Is that true, my little girl?" asked Mr. Merle, who had just caught sight of Poppie's quivering lip. The poor child, who was very sensitive, was on the point of bursting into tears, but Alison happily intervened.
"Papa is too busy to think much about such things. You must go round to-morrow and ask him for one, as I did to-day; he won't refuse either of us," and she looked laughingly at him from behind her hair.

The brightness seemed to rouse him effectively. He had looked pale and weary when he entered the room, but good-humor was infectious.
"You look very nice, dear," he said, approvingly. "I like to see you there, Alison."
"I like to see her there, too," observed Roger, boldly; "it is her proper place." Missie, who had just opened the door, caught both these remarks; they did not evidently conduce to her amiability. She gave Alison a withering glance as she passed by her, to greet her father, and, taking no notice of her or the others, desired Rudel rather crossly to give her more room, and began her breakfast rather sulkily.

But for once her humors were disregarded. No one troubled themselves about her, and the conversation was renewed with scarcely a break. Perhaps both Roger and Alison were doing their best to carry it on, but their sense of effort was lost in the general good.
When breakfast was over, and Rudel had rushed off to school, and Mr. Merle and Roger had gone over to the mill, Alison asked her sister pleasantly how she proposed to spend the morning.

"That is my affair," she answered, very rudely. "I am not accustomed to give an account of myself to gratify people's curiosity. I may as well tell you, once for all, that I dislike interference."
Alison felt inclined to laugh—there was something comical in Missie's mode of showing her temper, but she knew nothing provokes people more than to laugh at them, so she prudently refrained from showing her mirth. "I am just going round the house with Miss Leigh while Poppie prepares her lessons," she returned, as coolly as though Missie had given her a fair answer. "In another hour I shall be quiet at your convenience, if you would like to practice with me."

"Thank you," returned Missie, with freezing politeness. "I have no need to trespass on your valuable time; Eva will be here soon."
"Who, my well?" returned Alison, still in perfect good-humor; "then I will get my easel ready in the school room and paint a little, if Miss Leigh will allow me."
"Of course you must paint in the school room," returned her sister, tartly; "I suppose you do not intend to litter up this room with that great ugly easel, and Eva and I will be in the drawing room."

"I dare say when I have finished you will let me join you there," replied Alison, in a conciliatory tone. As she was about to make Miss Hardwick's acquaintance for her own purposes she took no notice of sundry remarks in an undertone, that were fully meant to reach her ears, about people never knowing when they were not wanted.

Allison was soon too busy to remember Missie's existence. Miss Leigh, who was desirous of resigning her household duties into Alison's hands, having had in the background and only acting as a side-camp, was soon explaining to the bewildered girl all her little pet theories with regard to kitchen and store room.

When Miss Leigh and Poppie went back to the school room, Alison settled herself and her painting apparatus in the furthest window, and tried to forget all her perplexities in hard work, but while Poppie dived over her lessons, Alison's thoughts would stray to a far different scene—to a shady room full of sweet dovecots, with a tall figure standing before an easel. "Oh, Aunt Di, if I were only painting beside you now!" she thought, with a sharp, involuntary pain.

"Oh, how beautiful!" If I could only paint like that!" The words were spoken, with a sigh, just behind her. Alison started; she had been dreaming indeed; the middle sun was streaming into the room. Poppie had put away her lesson books, and had run off, and Miss Leigh's place was empty, and standing just behind Alison's chair was a young lady dressed very simply in a gray linen dress and a broad-brimmed hat. At Alison's obvious start the young lady blushed and seemed confused.

"Oh," she stammered, "I am afraid I startled you. You were so busy that you did not see me come in. I have been watching you ever so long."
"I must have been painting in my sleep," returned Alison, with a frank smile, but as she looked at her palette and brush, she cast a scrutinizing glance on the young girl beside her.
She was a slight, pale girl, evidently a little younger than herself; somewhat plain in feature, but with a pleasing, gentle expression, though a painful hesitation in her speech, almost amounting to a stammer, marred the effect of a singularly sweet voice. Even in that first moment Alison, who had a true artistic taste in all matters pertaining to dress, wondered at the had judgment that could select dull, neutral tints for a complexion so colorless; the large hat overshadowed her features, and hid the soft hair that was her only beauty.

"You are Miss Hardwick, I suppose?" observed Alison, with a shrewd guess that this was the young sister of whom Miss Leigh spoke.
"Not Miss Hardwick," corrected the girl; "I am only Anna. Eva and Mabel sent me here because they wanted to talk to each other, and they always find me in the way. Will it trouble you if I stop here a little and watch you painting?"

"Oh, no; not at all. We shall be nice company for each other," returned Alison, smiling. "I have only this little bit of background to finish, and then I shall be free to talk to you."
Alison painted for a few minutes silently; she was thinking. Then she laid aside her brush.
"If you will excuse me a moment I want to speak to your sister and Mabel," she said, rather quickly, "and then, if you like, we will go and sit in the garden until luncheon is ready."

CHAPTER VIII.

Missie looked up with a frown as her sister entered the room, but Alison took no notice of her. She walked up straight to Miss Hardwick, and held out her hand with one of her pleasant smiles.
"I have just made acquaintance with your sister," she said, with quiet tact; "we are going in the garden, as the house feels so close this lovely day. I shall be so glad, and I am sure Mabel will be, too, if you will both stay with us to luncheon."

"I thought you knew better, Alison," Missie interrupted, pettishly, before her friend could speak. "Dear papa is so nervous and worried about business and Roger's wretched management that he is not able to bear luncheon visitors. Eva understands this, don't you, dear?"
"Oh, yes, darling," returned Miss Hardwick, with assent; "but perhaps you sister, who has been so long at school, has made a mistake. That is very natural."
"Oh, no," returned Alison, trying to keep cool. "I am making no mistake. Papa will not be in to luncheon, or my brother, either, as they have business a little way out of town. So I thought, as we should be quite alone, that it would be a good opportunity, Mabel, for you to have your friends."

Missie's pink cheeks became crimson with vexation; it aggravated her to see Alison taking upon herself so quietly the duties of the mistress of the house; and she was still more injured that her father's movements had not been first noticed to herself. She took no notice of her sister's remarks, and added no word, as Miss Hardwick accepted the invitation with great alacrity. When Alison left them, after a few more words, she listened reluctantly to Eva's criticism.
"I had no idea your sister was such a stylish person," she said, when the door closed on Alison; "she has fine eyes and a good figure, and she knows how to suit her own style in dress. She is not quite as you, darling of course, but she has some claims to good looks."

Alison did not return these moderate compliments; she was not at all attracted by Miss Hardwick. She was a large, heavy-looking girl, rather handsome, but her face had no play of expression, and her manner was decidedly artificial.
After she spent a pleasant hour with her new friend under the lime trees, she soon grew interested in Anna's artless talk. She was evidently very young for her age; though she was seventeen, she was still childish in manners. Probably she had been repressed and kept in the background by her sisters.

"It is so good of you to let me talk to you," Anna said. "Mamma and Eva say I am such a chatterbox, when I begin to ask them questions. I think I am fonder of talking than most people. Anthony says that makes me so troublesome."
"Who is Anthony?" queried Alison, a little curiously.
"Oh, he is my cousin; he is staying with us now. Eva says it is so nice, because we have no brothers, and he can take us about. Eva and he are great friends; she always calls him Tony. He is such a handsome fellow, with a big black mustache like a cavalry officer. He is in the army, you know. I am dreadfully frightened of him, because he laughs at me, but it is only his way, he means to be good-natured."

"Alison prudently refrained from all comments, but said, lightly, "Now we have talked all this time, and I wonder what has become of your sister and Mabel? I propose that we have afternoon tea under these trees, and that you and I, with Sarah's help, should prepare a little surprise for them. Will not Poppie be delighted?"
Anna might have been a child from the way she clapped her hands; she had never enjoyed herself so much in all her life as during the next half hour, as she and Alison dragged chairs across the lawn, and arranged the little tea table, with the nice hot cakes that old Nancy had prepared, some fresh

strawberries, and a little vase of roses in the center. Even Missie looked pleased when, on returning from their hot walk, she caught sight of the snowy cloth under the trees.
"That is really a good idea," she observed, in a grudging tone, however; but Eva very nearly made her cross again by saying:
"How delicious of your sister! I really would hug her for this. What a pity we never thought of this before, dear, and then Tony might have joined us!"

When Roger returned from his work, an hour earlier than he expected, he stood quiet transfixed on the gravel walk; for certainly such a pleasant little picture had never been seen before in the garden of The Holmes.
"You may have my chair by Miss Leigh," exclaimed Poppie, eagerly. "Oh, the cakes are so nice, Roger, and there are two left."
"I must make you some fresh tea, you poor tired day laborer," observed Alison, as Roger threw himself into the wicker chair and removed his hat.
"Oh, let me do it!" exclaimed Anna, eagerly. "I know the way to the kitchen quite well."
"Yes, and I will go, too," added Poppie. "There are some more strawberries, I know."

"Bring me a big plateful," called out Roger, as Poppie frisked away; but he looked after them both rather curiously. His little friend looked different, somehow, he thought. Was it Alison, he wondered, who had put those comely-looking roses into the little gray gown? And a face looked dimpled and smiling. Her blue eyes quite shone when she came back. She and Alison and Roger had a long talk, while Miss Leigh listened and knitted industriously. Missie and Eva had wandered away again—most likely to avoid Roger. He had addressed Miss Hardwick with studied politeness, but she had tossed her head and hardly answered him. She would make no terms with the enemy who had wounded her vanity so grievously.
"We will take one more turn, darling, and then we must really go," she had said to Missie; and in a few more minutes they heard her calling for Anna.

"Come, Anna, don't dawdle. We must really go now."
"Good by. I have had such a happy afternoon, thank you so much," whispered Anna, with a timid kiss that Alison warmly returned. "One day you will have me again, will you not?"
"Come whenever you like, dear. I am sure we shall be good friends," returned Alison, forgetting the necessity of lowering her voice.

Miss Hardwick laughed affectedly as she heard the speech.
"You are a lucky girl to have got a friend so quickly. Is she not, Mr. Roger?" Oh, I forgot; you are her friend, too, with a little spice of venom in her tone.
"I shall be most happy to be considered Miss Anna's friend; and I am sure Alison will say the same," rejoined Roger, in his downright manner. "Good by, Miss Anna."
(To be continued.)

WHEN HAITI WAS AN EMPIRE.

An Account of a Rather Funny Incident in History of the Republic.
The little republic of Hayti, which now and then chooses to enlighten her domestic and foreign affairs with a so-called revolution, can boast of a rather funny period of her history, says Harper's Weekly. In 1811 the negro general, Christophe, proclaimed himself emperor and, in spite of the smallness of his empire, surrounded himself with a pompous official household like the grand monarchs of Europe. He ended in 1820 by suicide and up to 1819 the little state could again enjoy its party fights and revolutions as a republic. In the latter year another negro, Gen. Faustin Soulouque, seized the government, and on Aug. 26 took possession of the state as its proclaimed emperor, calling himself Faustin I.

He established his government upon the pattern of Napoleon's. That he, who was born as a slave, had some difficulty in reading and writing did not bother him. For his coronation he ordered exact reproductions of the crown and the coronation robe of the emperor of the French; to pay for them, of course, he deemed unnecessary, and "purveyors to his majesty" were glad to receive some part payments by and by. The civil list of the emperor was fixed at 150,000 goudres (1 gourdre equal to 96 2/3 cents); that of the empress, black as her spouse, at 50,000 goudres. Her court attendants included two ladies of honor, fifty ladies of the court and twenty-two waiting maids.

The court had a grand almoner, a manager of the imperial theater, a governor of the imperial palaces, etc. The emperor founded two orders of knighthood; the order of St. Faustin of military merit and the order of the legion of honor. His division generals and vice admirals he made princes and dukes, and the brigadier generals counts; every superior customs officer became a baron. All at once Hayti had its not quite 10,000 square miles and its population of about 900,000, had fifty-nine dukes, 100 counts, 336 barons and 340 knights.

The names of the brand-new aristocracy were taken from farms and fantastic feudal estates which Faustin had created by mere word and given ridiculous and burlesque names. John Joseph, the emperor's brother, was named duke of Port-de-Paix (Port-au-Prince); Ch. rics Aierre, great-bread-chaubertain, was Duke des Cachots (i. e., of the prisons); de Mare, Duke de la Limonade; Luding, Duke de Marmelade. The most humorous names were those of some of the counts.

There were the Count des Cotes de Fer du Nord; Noel Jean Jacques, Count de Coupe-Haloine (he was the librarian general of the empire); Dumas Labroude, Count de la Tortue; one Count du Numero-Doux, one de Grand Gossier (large throat); des Geupes (wasps), du Diamant, de la Bombe, etc. One of the knights had to bear himself called Knight Coco. In 1838 a military revolt made an end to this glorious monarchy, and wiped all these fine names, titles and dignities out of existence as quickly as they had sprung up.

A Dear Friend.
"I hear your friend Fanson's married again."
"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear friend to me. He's cost me three wads of presents an' two wreaths."—Dundee Advertiser.

Old Favorites

Christmas Bells.
I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And thought how, as the day had come, The bell-voices of all Christendom New roll along The unbroken song Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Till ringing, singing, on its way, The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime, A chant sublime, Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

But in despair I bowed my head—"There is no peace on earth," I said; "For he is strong, And mocks the song Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep, "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep! The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men."
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Aim of Life.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some.
Whose fast blood sleeps, as it slips along their veins,
Life is but a means unto an end; that end, Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

The dead have all the glory of the world.
—Philip James Bailey.

A SEA CHANGE.
Bathing Costumes of Today and Those of a Century Ago.
A brisk little old grandmother, coolly established on the beach, chattered reminiscences not long ago, as she watched her pretty granddaughters, short-skirted and sandaled, their heads picturesquely bowed with gay kerchiefs disporting themselves in the surf.

"I went in bathing when I was young," she confessed, "but when I look at those girls today, and remember how I used to look and behave, it actually hurts my vanity, even now."
"My bathing suit was of the heaviest dark blue flannel, made with long sleeves, full Turkish trousers and a full skirt half way below my knees. As soon as I was fairly in the water the skirt flopped and ballooned about me. The trousers sagged around my ankles and my hair, worn free and flowing, whipped my face or clung in wet strands over my eyes. I didn't swim; I dived and squealed and thought myself very brave if we ducked instead of jumping as high as possible when a wave came. When we came out, looking awful frights, our water-soaked toggery was so heavy we could scarcely stumble out of the beach."

"Yet we girls wouldn't have worn the things girls do today, pretty and convenient as they are. We should have been shocked at them. But I'm not shocked now. You see, I remember that unprogressive people were shocked at us. My great aunt Ann reprobated seriously with mother on the indecency of public bathing and the positive disgrace to the family of a costume that was unfeminine and grotesque. Though I don't think I disgraced the family, she was right about that costume. I'm glad there were no snap shots then."

The old lady laughed, sighed and lifted her opera glass to follow the scarlet kerchieved heads bobbing far beyond the line of surf.
"It's always good to see young folks having good times," she said, reflectively, "but particularly the kind of good times we never had ourselves."
Times have changed, indeed. But two generations farther back than the brisk old grandmother and Madame de Bolgne, a distinguished French woman, visiting Dieppe—now one of the best known of French sea resorts—to take sea baths for her health, found the place a hamlet of fishermen and curious housewives, who thought her baths a mad whim. At first they thought her mad in another sense; they believed her a helpless victim of hydrophobia, whom her relatives in pity for her and precaution for others, had brought there to drown.

FOR THE GIRLS' GUEST ROOM.
Timely Suggestions Which Will Help to Make the Visit Pleasant.
Every girl cannot afford a guest room into which she can put her friends, but if possible, she should always arrange one room in the house for a guest, says the New York Times.

It may be her own room or that of some member of the family. In it she can put all the attractive knickknacks that make a room attractive to any occupant, then she can go into a smaller or less comfortable room when the guest arrives.
It is much nicer for a girl to share a room with some member of her family than share it with a guest. There are very few visitors who like to share a room with any one. They may not object to it in their own house as much as they do in another's house.

It is not an easy matter to accommodate one's self to another person's way of living or sleeping or dressing. No matter how well a girl knows her guest, she should give her a room to herself.
If she vacates her own room, which is often the case, she should see to it that enough bureau drawers and closets are left empty for the guest to arrange her clothes in them.
In the closet should always be four or six suit hangers. Possibly there is no one small thing which a guest appreciates as much as this. True, there are collapsible coat hangers now which

come in small boxes, but the majority of visitors do not possess these.
The large hangers are inconvenient to put in a trunk, or a dress suit case, and therefore they are gratefully received when found hanging in the closet.
A girl should not only empty the closet and the bureau drawers for her guest, but she should have fresh paper laid in both. It is not pleasant for a visitor to have to put all her nice accessories and clothes over sheets, dust, crooked pins, and possibly a soiled handkerchief or collar.

The girl who does not empty the closet for the guest and expects her to hang up her nicest clothes on any hook or in any crevice she can find among other people's clothes is a careless hostess and does not deserve the visits of interesting friends.
Another thing that a girl should do ways provide for her guest is enough light. Every one has possibly gone through the experience of being shown up to the guest room, where one is to live for a while, and finds, upon trying to dress for dinner, that the light is dim and badly placed.
One can't see in the mirror or how to fasten a frock. She is conscious of the distressing fact that for the entire time of her stay she will never know how her hair looks and whether her gown is fastened inside down or not.

In these days of easy lighting a girl should see to it that each mirror in a bedroom has the proper light at the side or above it. If she can't manage this she must be sure to get two or four candles, put them in any kind of candlestick and place them in a row in front of the looking glass.
She should put a half-dozen fresh ones in the room so that the visitor will feel sure of having enough light.

ANOTHER KIND OF "TURK."
In Constantinople Hartmann Ohannessian and Mesrob Mamooling were fast friends. They came to America and lived in New York. Had they remained in the East they might never have quarreled. However, they quarreled in the Occident. Mesrob struck his former friend Hartmann, with a copper coffee-pot. Mesrob was arrested by the officer on the boat, called in to soothe the fracas by an officious neighbor.

In the court much perturbation was created in the mind of the son of Erin upon whose broad, blue shoulders the responsibility of presenting the case to the judge was placed.
"Who's this—and what's to be done, Casey?" demanded his honor, eying the rather bedraggled Turk before the bar of justice.
The officer screwed up his face and took another sideways squint at the slip of paper in his hand, muttering:
"That liver is thin named? Huh! Is ut Harrigan, I dunno?"
"Come, officer, speak up!" commanded the justice, with some briskness.
Thus admonished, and being one of those men unable to admit a lack of knowledge upon any point, Casey made an attempt at the names.

"Tis Har—Harrigan O'Hennessey complains against Mum—Mum—had cern to 'em!—M—Mike McMullin," gasped the disturbed officer. "He hit 'im over the head."
A tall, stately figure, in the garb of the Orient, was already gliding forward, making low obeisance to the magistrate.
"Who's this?" demanded the magistrate.
"Uh—huh?" muttered Casey, looking from one to the other of the Turks.
"This must be O'Hennessey?"
The bowing Hartmann presented the following document, translated by one of his countrymen:
Most Royal and Gracious Sir: With my countenance facing the bright stars of the East and the rising sun, I plead for the freedom of my kinsman, loved and revered, Mesrob Mamooling. Be it known, your excellency, that we, the Sultan's subjects, are not prone to fighting or quarreling among ourselves. We are a peaceful family.

Prostrated, in deference to your highness, I humbly declare that in my heart I believe that had my beloved countryman, Mesrob Mamooling, not felt in his heart that he would not have allowed his anger to rise, he would have struck me with the coffee-pot, such is the truth; but I, too, would have hit him had he not acted as quickly as he did. It was an unfortunate misunderstanding.

How can I, with these truths in my mind conscientiously appear as a witness against the good fellow? Allah be praised! I see the bright light of the East. Do him justice and let him depart from the dungeon of the law.
I am, most esteemed sir, your humble and obedient servant,
HARTANAN OHANNESIAN.

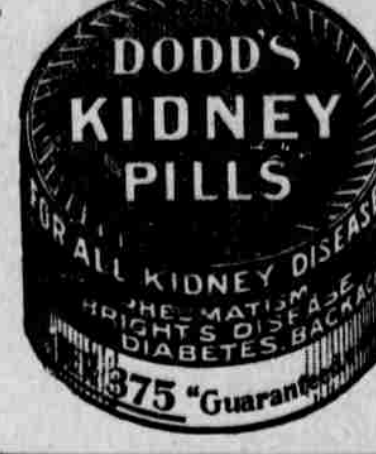
The judge blushing allowed the plea and discharged the prisoner. But Casey ejaculated:
"An' they told me thim fellows was Turks. Why, they're dagos! Nayther of 'em I've seen th' old sod!"

Shield Off.
"We used to be terribly bothered by 'tramps.'"
"That was because you always fed them."
"Well, I can't turn a man away hungry."
"How'd you ever get rid of them?"
"I don't know; they stopped coming shortly after my wife started to do her own cooking."—Houston Post.

Yes, Indeed.
"Some people are puzzled about how an apple gets into a dumpling."
"None are puzzled about how a dumpling gets into a sheath skirt."—Houston Post.

A woman's idea of economy is to buy 5 cents' worth of anything on two separate occasions instead of blowing in a dime all at once.
If a woman will give a man time, she will hear him say of other women all the nice things he has said about her.

No Butter in Great Britain.
The British Isles are in the throes of a butter famine. The state of affairs which now exists in London has never been experienced before in the memory of the oldest living merchant. That city, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Bristol and other great centers of trade may be said to be in a state of panic. There is no reserve of cold stored butter at all. Many of the prominent margarine manufacturers in England report that not for many years have they been working at such high pressure to fill their pressing orders. It is anticipated that during the present high price of butter it will meet with an enormous sale.



Paper from Corn-Stalks.
Uncle Sam's busy chemists in Washington have decided that cheap paper can be made from corn-stalks. We have long known that wrapping paper is manufactured out of old rags, that the back fence can be turned into performed and tinted stationery, and that newspapers are made of primeval forests and damaged reputations. Now they tell us that a common rural nuisance is an asset—that some day every farmer can be his own paper trust.
This proposition from Washington is music to our ears. The disappearance of our forests and the machinations of the Paper Trust have made the price of paper soar like a Wright aeroplane. At the rate we are going now paper is destined to be beyond the reach of ordinary mortals—paper railroads will cost more than real ones, and paper-soled shoes will be a luxury which only the rich can enjoy. If something isn't done about it, a day may come when the Sunday newspaper will be no larger than the atlas of the world, and magazines will cost so much to get out that there will be no room for the advertisements.

But it seems we are to be saved from these awful possibilities. With every farmer growing cook-books and car-wheels and tire-proof theater curtains in the vacant lot behind the barn, there is little danger of a world-wide famine in paper.—Success Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Wetherill*

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.
Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk Crust—Missionary's Wife Made Perfect Cures by Cuticura.
"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."
Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

Over the Eggs and Bacon.
He scraped with his knife a bit of butter off the sporting page.
"The writer of that poem on flying is accused of plagiarism now," he said.
"It's awful," she exclaimed, "the way these men go about the country marring innocent women! Wipe your mustache, dear!"

He wiped his mustache, and, with a frown, inspected the result upon his napkin.
"Plagiarism," he said, "means a literary theft."
"Stole some books, did he?"
"No, no; he stole ideas. They say a woman wrote the poem years ago."
"And now they bring it up against her, eh? Oh, these newspapers! But look at the mess you've made there with your coffee! I do wish you'd try to be a little more careful."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.