

TAKE THESE LITTLE HINTS

They Will Do Away With Several of the Little Annoyances of Everyday Life.

Are you annoyed by the perspiration or wind dislodging your nose glasses? Nose glasses can be held firmly to the nose by the use of powdered rosin. This is flesh-colored and the heat will make the glasses stick so that neither ordinary wind nor perspiration will dislodge them.

Are you a housekeeper or a mechanic and suffer from cracking finger nails made brittle through your work? Finger nails can be kept from splitting and breaking by applying a little olive oil to them once or twice a day.

Do you find scaling fish an unpleasant task? Then dip it in hot water a few minutes before doing so and see how easy it becomes.

Does the day's work leave you in a condition that will not permit you enjoying life? Then draw water into the bathtub, get into it and let the water from the hot water faucet run on a towel, lay this lengthwise down your spine, gradually applying colder water until it is direct from the cold water faucet. You'll feel like a different person. If some relative will kindly take a handful of dry salt and gently rub your back while it is wet from the hot water you will be receiving the treatment recommended by the world's most famous nerve specialist.

THIS SOLID EARTH A JELLY

It Quivers and Vibrates, Responding to Wind, Water and Frost, Say Scientists.

The "solid earth" is evidently a misnomer; at least, two German scientists claim that the land is almost as unstable as the sea.

They, by a long series of observations, have proved that the earth has regular waves. In Germany these oscillations are extremely small, have a duration of between three and ten seconds, and seem to have some relation to the waves of the North sea.

The most curious discovery was that the seismograph at Goettingen shows very irregular oscillations of the earth, having periods of from three-quarters of a minute to three minutes, which have some sort of a connection with the frosts of south-eastern Europe. These oscillations are at a maximum at six o'clock in the morning and diminish until three in the afternoon.

Even the wind has set up vibrations in the soil that the instruments are delicate enough to detect.

CORK VARNISH FOR SHIPS.

In order to protect the interior of ships from the humidity caused by condensation upon the metallic walls during changes of temperature the Italian Marine has experimented with a kind of hygroscopic varnish or coating the essential compound of which is ground cork, which is consolidated by pressure with copal and litharge, and applied to the walls. It has been found that the cork varnish absorbs the watery atmosphere to the extent of eight or nine grammes for every square meter of surface exposed.

POT THAT SERVES TEA OR COFFEE.

It may be desired to serve several beverages such as tea, coffee and cocoa, and an Ohio inventor has a combination pot, which has a number of independent compartments to receive the different beverages. A single spout has openings communicating with their respective compartments and valves controlling these openings are worked from a point near the handle so that the person pouring can open any particular valve and so cause tea, coffee or cocoa to discharge from the spout.

UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM.

"What caused Plunjer's downfall?"
"He lost his balance."
"His balance?"
"Yes—at the bank."

TIGHT SKIRT.

"What do you think of that skirt, Jobson?"
"Reminds me of the last car home at night. Standing room only."—Tit-Bits.

JUSTICE AND COMMON SENSE

They Do Not Always Coincide in Administration of Law in This Country.

"It's all a muddle!" exclaims one of George Eliot's characters. He spoke of economic conditions in England, but his remark has some aptness applied to the administration of the law in this country—and, indeed, the world over.

We make no reference here to glaring miscarriage of justice. We have in mind the good-intentioned acts of judges and magistrates that sometimes jar on the sensibilities; such an act as that of the presiding judge in general sessions in New York the other day who sentenced an old man of seventy to the penitentiary for three months for stealing a pair of spectacles.

It is right and proper that a man should be punished for theft, but justice should be largely tempered with mercy in the case of a poor old man. We have had one or two magistrates in this town who would have discharged him and given him the price of a pair of spectacles; and there is a possibility that in this case such a "punishment" would more nearly fit the crime. Knowledge of law is a mighty good thing to have on the bench. A big heart, a sense of proportion and common horse sense are even more important.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MILK PROBLEM SOLVED HERE

In Cuba the Infant Takes His Lactical Fluid Direct From the Goat.

Down in Cuba they have solved the problem of the bottle and the baby. No more unwashed bottles, nor half-soured milk threatens the little life with the dread specter of cholera infantum. When a Cuban infant has had its morning bath the click-clack of little hoofs is heard in the patio. Enter a sleek, well-fed nanny goat, led by a maid, or perhaps by the adoring grandmother. Baby is held in position by his fond mamma or nurse, and while somebody else grasps the animal firmly by the hind legs the child takes his breakfast direct from the same lactical fount as the kid. These four-footed wet nurses are now kept in every well-to-do Cuban family where there are young children. They are not allowed to roam at large, but are carefully fed and regularly bathed and brushed by a special attendant.

PREHISTORIC FORT.

Archaeological researches made at a spot some twenty miles from Kars have brought to light a completely intact stone fortress of prehistoric date. The masonry of the primitively designed forts and bastions is somewhat roughly but extremely well laid. Among the many and various objects found are quite a number of well preserved figures of heathen gods, mostly in animal forms and in a kind of hard baked potter's clay. According to the description of these figures given in the Kars dispatch they appear to bear a close resemblance to similar objects found in ancient Scythian tumuli in the Taurida.—London Standard.

MODERN MIRACLES.

An Irishman, who had returned from a visit to the old country, was telling a friend of the sights that had impressed him.

"But the funniest of all is their little tellyphone," he said. "Tis a square little instrymint that ye put up to your face, wan end to your ear and wan to your mouth; and then ye say, 'Are you there?' and the fellow at the other end answers yes or no—as the case may be."—Youth's Companion.

A CHANCE GAME.

"That runaway steer was not afraid of policemen seeing him gambol."
"He wasn't?"
"I know, because I saw him toss coppers on his way."

THE TEST.

"She's of very cheerful disposition, isn't she?"
"Yes, indeed. She even sings when washing dishes."

THE RULING PASSION.

"Say, Henry!"
"Well?"
"I wish you would crank up this ice cream freezer for me."

GOOD ONE ON TILLY HAYNES

"Women Run Everything in New York," Said Tourist, Seeing His Name on Hotel.

An excursion party of seeing New Yorkers was taking in the urban sights from a Broadway open car. It was late in the afternoon, possibly half-past five, and as the car neared Great Jones street the young woman in the linen suit prodded the young woman in the blue serge enthusiastically.

"Oh, Sallie," she cried, "I do think New York women are too enterprising for anything. They can do any sort of business thing a man can, it seems to me. Just look at this hotel with all the men sitting in chairs on the sidewalk! Doesn't it look too homelike for anything? I declare, it reminds me of Summerfield Center—our hotel has chairs outside, too, in the evening. You'd know a woman ran this one, even if you didn't see the sign over the front door, wouldn't you! Only a woman would know how to make a place look comfortable and—and—sociable like that. But there's the sign: Broadway Central, kept by Tilly Haynes. Women run everything in New York."

THEIR QUARREL



Peggy—Silly boy? Why did you take me seriously? Though my words were severe, you must have seen that I was smiling.

Reggy—Well, your mouth is so small that I didn't notice it.

CYLINDRICAL LIGHTNING.

What appears to be a well-attested instance of lightning in the form of a cylinder, since it is reported in an Italian scientific journal by Prof. Ignazio Galli, occurred at Rome on January 3. At seven o'clock in the evening, when a brilliant discharge of lightning occurred over the city a glowing cylinder three decimeters long and one centimeter in diameter issued from a wall at the point of attachment of a telephone wire. It passed horizontally over the table containing the telephone, and between two persons seated close together, and then went out of an open door. A few seconds later an explosion was heard. None of the persons present felt any effect from the presence of the cylinder, which was silvery white, with a slightly bluish or violet tinge, and no noise or odor was detected during its presence, which lasted only a few seconds. The cylinder did not change its form.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN ZIONISTS.

The Federation of American Zionists has just held its fourteenth annual convention. It is their object to regain Palestine for the Hebrew race, and their plan is to purchase 100,000 acres there each year for the establishment of Jewish colonies. Already they have 38 agricultural colonies in the Holy Land, and but recently they opened a settlement near Jaffa for artisans as well.

LUCKY IN ENTERPRISE.

The women of Whitehouse, N. J., thought it would be nice to have concrete sidewalks and as the council would not provide the money they formed a Wishbone club and are raising the money. They are going to hold a bazaar this summer to complete the amount needed.

REALISTIC MEANINGS.

"Pop, what do they mean by a cast of countenance?"
"It means when people throw looks, sonny."

THE COME BACK.

"We are turning a lot of young lawyers out."
"Don't worry. They'll get back at us by taking us in."

Her Blue Bandbox

By Gordon Thompson

The train rolled into the little station and as Gregory Moore stepped from the platform he looked for some means of transportation to his sister's country home three miles distant. The only public conveyance was the long rattling stage drawn by a pair of lean grays, and as the interior of that ancient vehicle smelled strongly of mold, and as it was minus springs of any sort, Gregory decided in favor of the clear autumn air and prepared to walk to Greenlands, after arranging for his luggage to be sent over.

As he left the station a smart little trap rolled up to the platform and an extremely pretty girl inquired for several express packages placed in the trap, while on the seat beside the girl was poised an enormous blue bandbox.

"Be careful, please," warned the girl anxiously as the express agent handled the box.

Gregory swung down the road that led to Greenlands with a keen anticipation of the walk ahead of him. The road was a shady one, dipping up and down with the conformation of the land and affording delightful glimpses of the richly tinted autumn foliage.

He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when there was the sharp rattle of hoofs on the hard road, and the little trap passed him swiftly, the blue bandbox swaying perilously.

He watched her gain the rise beyond and then she disappeared in the depression of the road, only to be silhouetted against the sky at the next hill. As he walked down into this first depression his eyes fell upon the blue bandbox lying in the dust where it had spilled from the cart. He picked it up by the string that fastened it and walked on, quite confident that the girl would miss the box and return for it. He was not displeased at the opportunity afforded him of meeting the pretty girl.

When he next saw the cart it was still bowling smoothly along the road ahead of him, and the girl appeared not to have missed the blue bandbox from the seat. To Gregory this was perplexing because she had appeared so solicitous concerning its welfare.

The bandbox was light and probably contained one of those lacy creations that are beloved of just this sort of pretty girl, decided Gregory as he hastened along the road.

The trap still kept about twenty rods in advance of his hurrying feet and gained a little whenever he panted up a hill and lost a trifle as he sped down the next incline. Once he shouted, but met with no response and, keenly conscious of the absurd appearance he must present as his stride hastened to a dog trot, he was silent.

Occasionally he paused to mop his heated face, and once he stooped to drink from a wayside spring, but each delay only increased the distance between the blue bandbox and its fair owner.

At last he stopped and, turning around as he fanned himself with his hat, he was conscious that somebody was following him as industriously as he was pursuing the girl of the blue bandbox. Lumbering along the road behind him was a large fat negress who shook a threatening fist in his direction, while her other hand beckoned him to pause in his steps. As she came up to him she glanced fiercely at him and swooped to snatch the bandbox from the ground beside him, but Gregory was too quick and backed into the bushes with the box securely behind him.

"Well, mammy, what's up?" he asked as pleasantly as he could considering that the girl and the trap had entirely disappeared from sight.

"What's up?" she sputtered wrathfully. "Ah'll show you, young man, what's up if you don't hand back that there ban' box! What you thinkin' of—a nice respectable young man a-runnin' off with a lady's best bonnet? Give me that ban' box!" she commanded as Gregory showed no signs of yielding to her orders.

"I'm sorry, mammy, but this bandbox belongs to a young lady who has—" he was beginning when she interrupted him.

"That there hat belong to nobody 'cept me, mister; it's mine and I can

prove it," she said solemnly rolling her eyes at him.

"If you can prove it I will gladly turn it over to you," returned the exasperated young man. "Only, I would like to suggest, mammy, that hereafter you avoid such cartwheel hats as this one must be!"

"You mind yo' business, young man," said the woman, sternly. "Now, I can shut my eyes an' tell all about that hat an' you can open the box an' if it ain't so, I'll eat my words."

"Go ahead," urged Gregory with a glance over his shoulder at the deserted road.

"Well," began mammy, closing her eyes and smacking her lips as if about to partake of a feast. "It's not so big an' it's blue with a soft blue ribbing bows an' teeny blue forget-me-nots all over it. Now look at it an' see if I ain't right!"

Gregory stared at her as he removed the lid of the blue bandbox and disclosed just such a hat as mammy had described. It was a trifle faded here and there, and it



His Eyes Fell Upon the Blue Bandbox.

would set oddly enough on the woolly tufts of the old woman's head. She must have read his thoughts, for all at once she broke into a mellow laugh.

"Fo' de lan' sake, young man, you don't think I'm goin' to wear that hat?"

"You said it was yours," said Gregory, still more mystified.

"It's fo' my gal, Evalina," explained the woman proudly. "It was given to me by Miss Helen, Judge Mershon's daughter. I use to work up to the big house before Evalina got a city job. I lives back in the woods an' Miss Helen says to me this mawnin', 'Auntie, I've got a love of a hat comin' from town this mawnin' an' on my way back from the station I'll throw the bandbox as near the path to your house as I can, and you can come out and get it—and inside you'll find that blue forget-me-not hat that Evalina admired so much. I'll wear that new hat home mysef'. So you, sah, she wore that blue hat to the station, and very likely she took the new hat out of the box and changed 'em, and she flung the bandbox near my footpath. When I come out you was a-racin' up the road like all possessed with my new hat!' She threw back her head and laughed heartily, and as Gregory joined her he was conscious of another laugh, light, rippling and amused.

He turned, to find the little trap drawn up beside them, and the pretty girl an amused spectator of the scene. Gregory removed his hat and then, separately, and finally in unison, he and Mammy related the adventures of the blue bandbox. Gregory would have liked to tell the story all over again just to see her lovely smile, and the double row of pearly teeth.

"As you are so wearied in my behalf won't you let me give you a lift along the road?" asked Miss Mershon politely as the black woman trudged away with her blue bandbox in one hand and Gregory's crisp greenback in the other.

Once more the cart dipped up and down the hilly road, and with every revolution of the wheels Gregory's heart beat faster, and the lovely face of the girl beside him seemed to respond to the magnetism of his voice—and yet they spoke of the most commonplace things.

When they discovered that they had left the gates of Greenlands a mile behind them, Gregory met her startled glance and surprised in it a look of wonder, as if she, too, had discovered a new and beautiful secret.

HIS FEE WAS EXCESSIVE

Skilful Dentist Was Not Appreciated by the Young Farmer of the Adirondacks.

A New York dentist, having recovered from a siege of illness, went up to the Adirondacks for a season of recuperation and rest. He got on so rapidly that he decided to open an office there for a few months and combine business with pleasure. His specialty was extraction of teeth, and so much attention and study had he given to this branch of his profession that his fame soon spread, as it had in New York.

One day a young farmer came into the office with an ill-behaved tooth that was causing him much misery. "Better have it out," was the dentist's advice, so the yokel climbed into the chair. The molar had a curved root, and to extract it was a difficult task. There would have been real trouble had the man with the forceps not been past master of his art. With a twist and a sort of "unhooking" movement he had it out in an instant.

"How much?" grunted the patient. "Dollar," said the dental surgeon. "A dollar! A dollar for a thing like that!" howled the farmer. "You're a reg'lar robber. Why, old Dr. Ginks drags yer all over the floor for fifty cents!"

THE DIFFERENCE



She—I felt very awkward in my bathing suit. I felt that everyone was watching me.

He—And now you feel just as awkward if they don't watch you, eh?

AMERICAN PHOSPHATE LANDS.

The phosphate lands which a year or two ago were withdrawn from entry for settlement by the federal government constitute, it is said, the greatest known phosphate deposits in the world. These lands comprise nearly the whole of Uinta county in Wyoming and portions of Morgan, Rich and Cache counties in Utah and of Bear Lake, Bannock, Bingham and Fremont counties in Idaho, making in all about 7,500 square miles of territory which is more or less underlain by phosphate rock. Besides these vast natural deposits it is pointed out that the gases from the smelters at Butte and Anaconda, which are very injurious to vegetation, may be made to yield sulphuric acid for the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizers.—Scientific American.

PRINCESS PLANTED TREE.

When the king and queen of England, accompanied by the prince of Wales and Princess Mary, were in Wales recently they were entertained at the home of Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, and while there each one of the party planted a tree. When it came the turn of the Princess Mary she took the spade and worked so energetically that she threw earth all over her father and mother and every one within the proper distance, but she persevered until her tree was planted.

THOUGHTFUL MAN.

"I certainly have a considerate boss."

"How now?"

"Gave me a two weeks' vacation and three days extra to rest up."

DID HE EXPLAIN?

He (tenderly)—Would you like some Welsh rabbit?

She—No, I never cared for game of any kind.—Smart Set.

VERANDA CHAT.

"How's the society over at your hotel?"

"Very classy. I haven't heard anybody mention less than \$1,000,000."