



From the Washington Star: "Woman-an," remarked Mr. Geosling of Georgetown, "is heaven's best gift to man, but whether it means a married woman or not, I am not so certain. Now, there's my wife; I've known a good many women in my time, and I don't think I'd be willing to change her for any woman I ever met, saw or heard of. We've been married twenty years, and in all that time we've never had a cross word that we didn't get disposed of somehow before we had many more. It's the only way to get along with a woman. I'd rather yield a dozen times a day than to eat the kind of meal my wife can have brought to the table when she's a mind to. I'm willing to make as many concessions as the next man, but I really think there is a limit that any reasonable woman ought to observe. Not that my wife is not as reasonable as any other married woman, mind you, for she is. But there are times when she makes me doubt the strict accuracy of the time-honored maxim I have quoted. Now, for instance, the other day I was doing something or other around the house, like a man has a right to do on his own premises, and, just as men sometimes do, I put my finger where I had no business to put it, and hit it a lick with the hammer.

"Well," said I to myself, though my wife was sewing by the window on the other side of the room, "I'll bet the biggest darn fool in ten states."

"All of which I had a perfect right to say, but my wife looks up from her work, and says she:

"William," says she, "don't you know enough about the ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?"

"That's what she said, and under the circumstances, what on earth could I say but nothing, and that's what I said. But I hit that nail a lick with the hammer that drove it clear in over its head and broke a pane of glass that cost a dollar to replace."

Has a Woman's Heart.
Rarely has a woman's kindness of heart been shown so forcibly as it was last week at the camp where Lieut.-Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff and his wife

were enjoying an outing in the Adirondacks. Gov. Woodruff received a message from William W. Durant of Camp Sagamore asking that the carpenter at the Woodruff camp might make a coffin for a boy of 16 in Mr. Durant's employ who had died suddenly of cholera. There was no undertaker within many miles and the carpenter at Sagamore was away.

The coffin was made of plain boards in about an hour and a half, but it seemed so boxlike that Mrs. Woodruff herself stained and varnished it, making it look less crude. Still she was not satisfied with its appearance, and looked for white material to line it, but could find none. Nothing daunted, she took a white muslin gown of her own and draped it softly inside the casket, with a little lace-trimmed ruffle to finish the edges, and in this receptacle the boy's body was sent to his mother in New York.

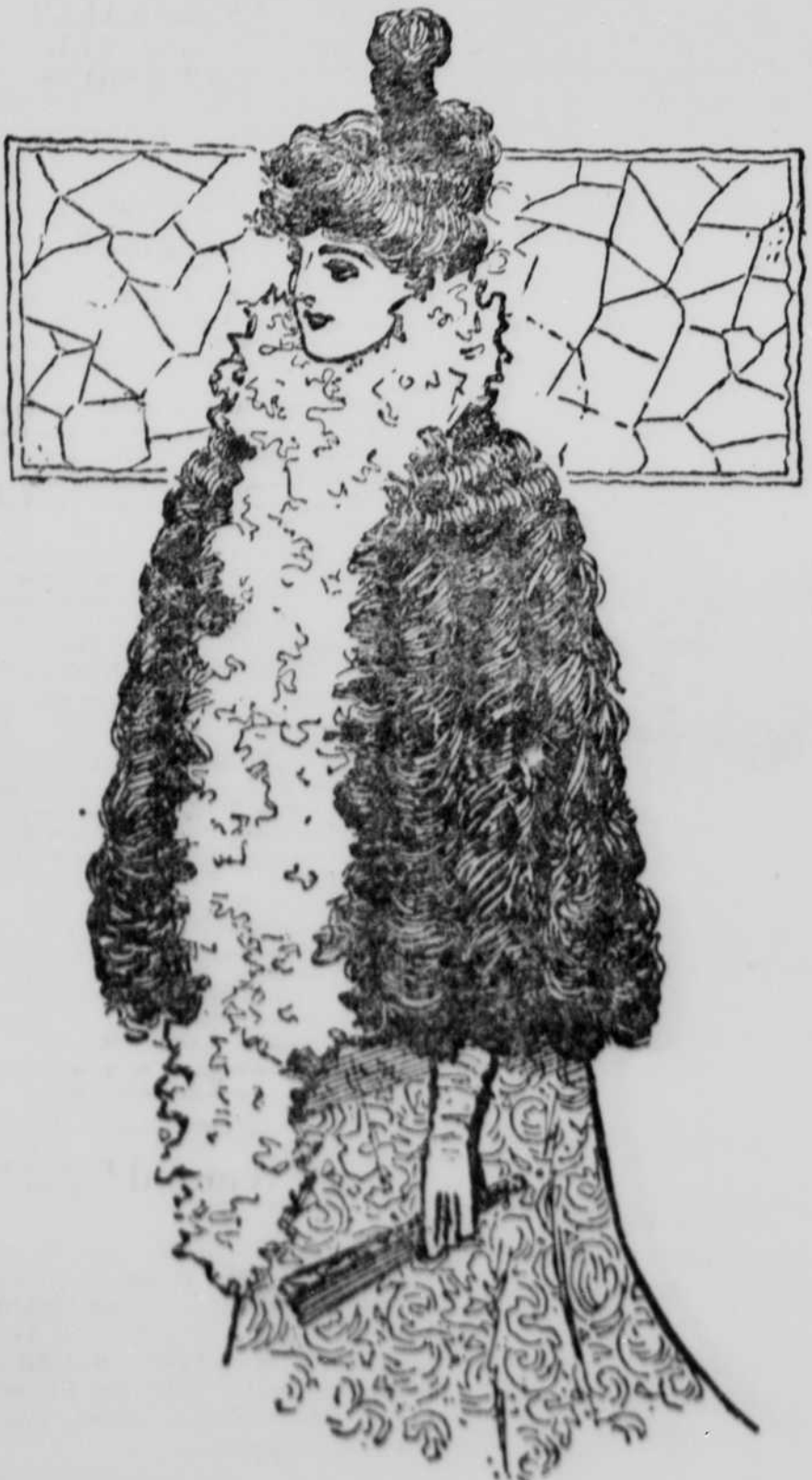
Mrs. Woodruff, in relating the incident to a friend, said she had never before undertaken a task so grieved and depressing.

SMART ETON JACKET.



In greenish covert cloth, decorated with bias stitched velvet and combined with cream and green-striped broadcloth, which forms the small vest; the turback cuffs and the bishop pouffa below the elbow. A double row of tiny buttons complete the trimming.

SWELL NOVELTY FROM LONDON.



It is composed entirely of black ostrich feathers and has a full ruche and bon of white chiffon, edged with narrow white feathers.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS



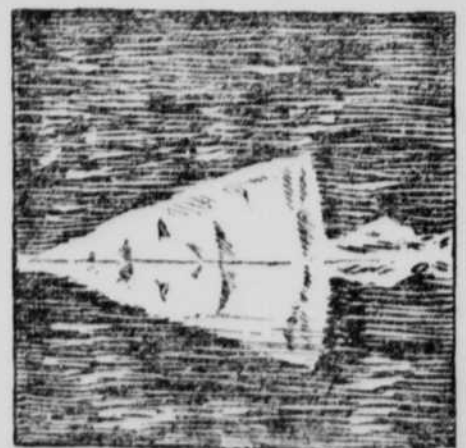
Speculation as to the composition and surroundings of the sun and its corona has run on many lines, but there have been very few investigators who have suspected the existence of dark bodies in such a neighborhood. Such suspicions have existed, but there has been very little to support them until the recent eclipse. Skepticism on the point was fully justified until the fact was definitely and clearly ascertained, since in the case of an object so brilliant as the corona it was so easy to mistake a mere interval between two bright structures for a dark one, and this objection applies even to the photograph. It is to the photograph, however, that we owe our knowledge that dark bodies do exist in the vicinity of the sun and its corona.

The discovery appears to be due to the existence of a light which is not that of the corona, but a faint, diffused light due to the scattering of other light by minute particles, and it is by their showing against this gleam that we are able to convince ourselves of the existence of the dark bodies. What they mean at present men of science do not know and at present have no means of ascertaining. Significance of some sort they must have and to the solution of this problem our astronomers will doubtless address themselves with that mixture of enthusiasm and patience which has given to the world so many notable discoveries. Prolonged exposure of the plates has been the means by which Mr. Maunder has clearly demonstrated that these dark structures possess an actual existence and are not mere effects of contrast, as was suggested with regard to the negatives taken by Mr. Wesley as far back as 1871. The dark rays are of no small extent, one of them coming to an abrupt end at about 500,000 miles from the edge of the sun, and another bordering on a bright streamer is even longer than its companion. The discovery is important even on the ground that it adds a new element to the inexhaustible romance of science.

Sea Currents and Migrations.
The French scientific journal, *La Nature*, calls attention to a recent report of the French consul at Hawaii, which, it thinks, throws light on some problems of ethnography. Not long ago a little schooner, dismantled and its rudder gone as the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii, after eighty-one days of helpless wandering. Hawaiian traditions declare that in ancient days people came from Tahiti, drifting with the currents, and settled in Hawaii. The adventure of the dismantled schooner seems to prove the possibility of such a migration, and it is suggested that the currents of the Pacific, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, may throw light on the distribution of the native races among the island groups.

TURN THIS SIDEWAYS.

If you follow the advice you will be startled by the sudden apparition of



a water god's smiling face. This, moreover, is not a "freak," but a genuine and curious case of extraordinary reflection in still water. The picture was taken at Willoughby lake, a summer resort in Vermont, and the reflection is called locally Devil's Face.

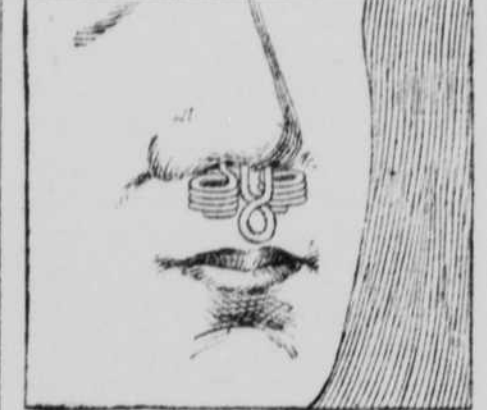
Harvard's Great Electric Plant.
Prof. John Trowbridge has recently had installed at Harvard university the most powerful apparatus in the world for the production of electro-motive force. The plant comprises 29,000 storage cells giving 49,000 electrical units of pressure, and this can be increased to 3,000,000 volts. But in order to obtain the full effect of so enormous a pressure, Prof. Trowbridge says it would be necessary to remove the apparatus into the center of an open field and elevate it at least thirty feet from the ground in order to avoid loss from the inductive action of floors and walls. With this great battery the highest degree of instantaneous temperature yet attained can be produced. Prof. Trowbridge hopes with its aid to obtain some clue to the temperature at which hydrogen exists in the stars. This plant furnishes, he adds, an ideal method of producing X-rays.

Cultivated Roosters.
The village of Brackel in Belgium enjoys the fame of having originated one of the most celebrated races of domestic fowls. The Belgians do not hesitate to assert that the Brackel hens are unequalled for the excellence

and number of their eggs, while the roosters have developed, thanks to generations of cultivation and the influence of "rowing tournaments," a power and rhythm of voice equally unrivaled. The breeders have a theory that the musical contests in which the Brackel roosters are trained serve to develop the peculiar qualities of the race. However this may be, it is certain the cultivation has differentiated these fowls from all others.

CURES CATARRH AT NIGHT.

Most of the cures recommended for catarrh, hay fever, etc., require considerable care and routine work in order to effect a cure, and the sufferer is apt to neglect a continuance of the treatment until a complete cure is effected, simply because it is "too much



trouble" to attend to the simple details. It would seem, however, that if a treatment was provided that could be applied at night, when it would not interfere with the daily duties or require attention at stated hours, it would have much to recommend its use. The inhaler shown above is so constructed as to be readily attached to the nose, and that, too, without a sufficient pressure on the cartilage to cause annoyance or interfere with restful sleep. The device consists of two absorbent pads connected by a wire spring, the latter bent to a shape convenient for attachment to the central cartilage of the nose. The inventor claims that if a sufferer from catarrh, asthma, bronchitis and other diseases of the nasal passages and throat will apply this device at night a cure will be shortly effected, the medicine doing its work at the hours when diseases of the head and throat make their most formidable strides.

Harnessing a Waterfall.
The harnessing of one of Sweden's large waterfalls has just been accomplished. The water power lies at Quarnsveden and the electric current is conveyed to Domnarvret, about three miles distant. The power station generators, cables and transformers are all from German houses. For conveying this current 46,000 pounds of copper wire is used. The waterfall, which is one of the most powerful and continuous in the kingdom, is estimated to contain 18,000 horse power, 8,000 of which is utilized to operate the sawmills of the company, while 10,000 is used for the generation of the electric current.

Sunshine and Sugar.
The experiments of the French grape growers in Algeria have shown that too much sunshine is unfavorable for the making of good wine. In the more temperate climate of France grapes possess a proper proportion of sugar to acid for wine making, but the hot Algerian sunshine induces so active an assimilation by the vines that the quantity of acid is reduced and that of sugar increased. In consequence the wine makers of Algeria are driven to many devices for improving the flavor and lasting qualities of their wines.

Have Insects Favorite Colors.
It has been asserted that insects are particularly attracted by the colors of certain flowers. Felix Plateau, after investigating the conduct of insects in their visits to various flowers, concludes that while they may perceive colors and thus be enabled to distinguish, at a distance, between flowers and leaves, yet they show no preference among the different colors. Blue, red, yellow, white are indifferent to them. He thinks that the order of flowers affects insects more than their colors do.

Aluminum for Soldering Rails.
Among the uses recently found for aluminum is the soldering of iron rails end to end in order to obtain a smooth, continuous track. Aluminum has the property of producing great heat in the act of combining with oxygen. The ends of the rails are placed together in a crucible filled with a mixture of aluminum and iron ore. The mixture being fired, an intense heat results, and the rails are firmly soldered together. This is said to be quite as efficacious as the electric method of soldering.

Marine Animals Far from the Sea.
Some of the vast changes which the face of the earth has undergone are indicated by the recent discovery in the small lakes scattered among the survival of certain forms of marine animals. Salt plains exist there whose deposits were formed before volcanic forces upheaved the surrounding rocks and created mountain peaks and craters.

MORSELS of WIT & HUMOR

From the Detroit Free Press: "It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in a while ourselves," said the right-of-way agent. "The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line, and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right of way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until last week, when to straighten out a bad curve I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right of way. The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly made grave. I noted to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental; so I put the case before him.

"What!" he cried, "disturb those hallowed bones?"

"I am sorry," I answered, "but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on."

"Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes, and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him, and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth.

"Now," said I, after the papers were passed, "I suppose you will remove the remains at once?"

"Guess not," said he.

"Well, I guess you will," said I, sharply, "that land belongs to us now."

"Wul," he drawled, "I don't suppose the ol' hog what's buried there cares whether he is removed or not."

"Say! that ol' sharper had buried nothing there but a measly hog, and then shed tears over the hallowed bones still I weakened.

"Well, it was on me; so, after advising the old fellow to be careful in the future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right of way, I left."

Missed the Train.
From the Detroit Free Press: "I was out in the western part of the state the other day on a matter of business," said Brown. "I expected to get back the same day, but I missed my train and was forced to put up at the alleged hotel that the little town where I was boasted of. I knew that there was another train due at the little burg at 3 in the morning, so when I retired for the night I left orders with the old man who ran the hotel to be called in time to catch it, as my business being finished, I wanted to get away as soon as possible.

"'Go in for an' catch that train, eh?'" said he. "Wul, I don't think ye will."

"Well, you attend to your part and I will attend to mine," I answered, shortly.

"Well, the old man called me about 2:30 in the morning and I started for the station, arriving there in time to stand on the platform and watch the train pass by without stopping. Then it dawned upon me that it was a limited and was not in the habit of stopping at small places. To say that I was mad does not express it, and I charged back to the hotel with the idea of reading the riot act to the old man for not telling me of the fact.

"'Didn't you catch the train?' he asked when I came in, primed to the exploding point.

"'No, I didn't,' I snapped.

"'Wul,' he drawled, 'I didn't think ye would, unless ye wuz an all-fired fast runner. But I wuz willin' to see what ye could do.'"

FOUL WEATHER.



"Dis am foul weather, deacon."

"Yes, sah, jist de kind ob weather fo' em."

Insincerity.
"Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity," remarked the astute person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to a front step where there is a doormat with the word 'Welcome' on it."—*Washington Star*.

Love HE.
I love the fields, I love the fens,
I love the hills and dales;
I love the dancing little waves,
I love the gleaming sails.
I love the frisking lambs, I love
The sky's entrancing blue,
And e'en you Nannie goat I love,
Sweetheart, for loving you.

SHE.
I love the trees, I love the brooks
That gently flow along;
I love the cowbell on the cow,
I love its ding-a-dong.
I love each tender blade of grass
That glistens in the dew,
And e'en the donkey browsing there
I love for loving you.

A Dangerous New Theory.
"Say, ma, are girls with turn-up noses easier to kiss?"
"Don't talk such silly nonsense, George."

"Has the cook got a turned-up nose?"
"Yea. Do be quiet."

"Well, she's the one pa said it to."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

And Go Ahead Slowly.
Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance.
Student—What is that?
Philosopher—When you are sure you are right you should suspect that you are wrong.—*Life*.

First Lesson in Poker.
"Papa," said little Willy, who is always saying something in print, "what is a royal flush?"
"A royal flush, Willy," replied papa, "is—er—well, you see, it might be called a royal flush, for instance—er—when Queen Victoria blushed."—*Denver Times*.

He Had Been Caught.
Willy (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a "man trap"?
Pa—Well, my son, the most effective man trap I know of is an old-fashioned rocking chair in a dark room.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Where It's a Success.
"Is marriage a success?"
"I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer. "Why, there's Lucindy, gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfast, starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a great success!"—*Ram's Horn*.

Working Both Ends.
"Dr. Dosem and his wife seem to be in league together, don't they?"
"How so?"
"Why, he is trying to boom his new dyspepsia cure, while she is running a cooking school."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Riddance.
Englishman—Why do you give your president a second term?
American—That's the only way to get rid of them forever.—*Judge*.

DIDN'T LIKE IT.

"How did you like that Latin play?"
"It was Greek to me."

"I understand that Mr. Billionson has a very serious cough."
"Yes," answered the campaign hustler. "I got fooled by that rumor last week. He has a cough, but it's only in his throat. It'll never get as far as his pocketbook."—*Washington Star*.

In Campaign Work.
"What does Mildred mean when she says that she is engaged in campaign work?"
"She means that she is writing her letter of acceptance to Theodore."—*Denver News*.

Velocity of the X-Rays.
Careful experiments by Monsieur Brunhes, in France, indicate that the X-rays have a definite velocity which is of the same order as the velocity of light.