For The Summer Cottage

The summer cottage home should be in these days a bower of artistic beauty. This, too, at a trifling cost. The furnisher finds a bewildering variety of attractive prices that do not deplete the moderate pocketbook. A few simple pieces of rattan furniture made the foundation and the stuffs do the rest. The display of beautiful cotton fabrics seemed never so profuse and fascinating as this season. They are shown for cushion and furniture coverings and for curtain and portier draperies, and charm at once.

A Terrible Fate.

Jones—There is one thing worse than dying.

Brown—What is that?

Jones—Living until all the people you can borrow from are dead.—Truth.

A Universal Feeling.

Friend—Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money?

Father (feelingly)—Unceasingly.—Judge.

A Regular Snap.

"What is Smith doing now?"

"He is traveling with a circus."

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?"

"No he has nothing to do except to stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day."—Texas Siftings.

Busy Johnny.

"Well, Johnny," said a doting uncle to his little nephew, who had been fishing all day, "did you catch a good many fish?"

"No, uncle, but I drowned a good many worms."—London Tit Bits.

Vegetable Diet.

Jones—That's all nonsense about eating meat being injurious to health. My ancestors for hundreds of years ate meat.

Vegetarian—Yes, and where are they now? Dead, aren't they?—Texas Siftings.

The Proof of It.

As they passed an open gateway a dog within the inclosure growled and bristled up very perceptibly, whereupon Jester remarked: No doubt about his being a watchdog."

"How can you tell?" inquirep Quester.

"Why," returned Jester, "didn't you see the hairspring?"—Richmond Dispatch.

In the Glad Future.

"Maria" said the husband of the new woman at the breakfast table, "the next time you come home late from the lodge and put your bloomers to bed and hang yourself over the back of a chair all night I'll go straight home to papa, there!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Jules Verne is as spry as a cricket although eighty years old. He has five stories ready for the printer and is at work upon a sixth.

More Horse Sense.

You'll find the horse,
If you'll inquire,
In favor of
A broader tire.

Road Work by Convicts in Hawaii.

There is no doubt whatever of the practical value of employing convict labor on the public highways—wherever it has been tried it has proved highly successful.

In the Hawaiian Islands, for instance, the road work is done entirely by the convicts, and the result is that the little republic away off in the Pacific Ocean can boast of far better roads than the United States.

During over a year's stay in the islands I had an excellent opportunity to watch the working of this system, and in several hundred miles of wheeling never came across an unridable road.

The Hawaiian convicts themselves told me they preferred road work to any form of punishment, as it gave them a chance to be out in the free air and occasionally see their friends.

From the Honolulu prison, gangs are constantly being sent out to the other islands to open up new roads and keep the old ones in good repair. The majority of the prisoners taken in the recent revolution are employed in this way. No trouble has ever been caused by the prisoners during the many years the system has been in operation.

In various South American countries also the convict system has proved highly successful.

Why should not the system then be tried in the United States, where good roads are so badly needed?—R. Percy Crandall, U. S. Navy.

Fully Qualified.

Harper's Magazine published, more than twenty-five years ago, an amusing story of the ineffectual efforts made by a young man to escape from serving on a jury:

When I was a young man, I spent several years at the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there, and it was not always easy to obtain jurymen. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused.

On my name being called, I informed the judge that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"Where do you reside?" inquired the judge.

"I am stopping for the time being at Port Hudson."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there, but have rooms in another part of the town."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge. "I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall for the length of time you name without having dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder! The court does not excuse you."

He Credits Everything.

The Sedalia Bazoo is a newspaper which really exists, says Moses P. Handy in the Chicago Times-Herald, although many people doubt it, just as many people used to doubt whether there was really any such a place as Oshkosh or Kalamazoo. Sedalia is a flourishing town in Missouri, and the Bazoo is a good paper published there by Col. Goodwin, a unique type of Southwesterner. A few years ago, at a dinner of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York, Col. Goodwin followed Charles A. Dana in the speech making. He said: "I am mighty glad to meet Mr. Dana and hear him talk. I admire him and his paper very much, but have always had a grudge against them both. One day the Sun had an editorial on 'Plural Wives,' which seemed to me to be a pretty good thing. So being short of editorial matter that day I just scissored it and slapped it into the Bazoo. During the next few days I had to barricade my office and keep my revolver out of the drawer. There was a constant procession of indignant men who called me to account for making personal reflection on them. I had to come out the next week and explain that the article was from the Sun, and was only aimed at Mormons. That taught me a lesson. Now I always credit everything I take from other papers—especially what is likely to hurt anybody's feelings."

The Stopping of Fast Trains.

When railway roadbeds have been made as nearly perfect as possible, and, as far as practicable, leveled, and when the best types of locomotives and cars have been devised, how fast will steam be able to carry us? An answer to this question, based on a scientific examination of the conditions involved, is furnished by Mr. Theodore N. Ely, an authority on facts relating to railways. One hundred miles an hour is about the limit of speed suggested by him.

Another very important question growing out of the first is: Within what distance can a train running 100 miles an hour, or but little less than 150 feet in a second, be stopped? The reply is that under the most favorable circumstances, a distance of nearly half a mile would be required.

A train running a mile a minute can be stopped, it is estimated, within a distance of 900 feet. By adding only two-thirds to the speed, therefore, the distance required for bringing the train to a standstill would be increased almost three times. It is evident that when we are whirled across the country at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, "a clear track" will become a far more important thing even than it is to-day.

A Philadelphia Mustache.

"I've seen some peculiar whiskers in my day," remarked a 9th street barber the other day, "but there was a fellow in here who simply beat the deck for mustaches. They were of the long, flowing kind, and when in repose hung gracefully down over his shirt front. After I had finished shaving him he asked me to dress his mustache, giving me my instructions how to do it. First I gave it a brilliantine bath and combed it out. Then I waxed it until the points stood out on each side of his face like bayonets. He seemed very proud of it, and didn't object when I asked him if I might measure it. In fact, he seemed rather pleased. I took a tape-line and found that from tip to tip that marvelous mustache measured a trifle over twenty-three inches. He next asked me to curl it. This was a difficult operation, but, after exhausting several curling irons, I succeeded in heating a section of gas pipe to the proper temperature and finished the job."—Philadelphia Record.

Trouble from Lack of Thought.

"You would be surprised at the frequent unnecessary accounts of missing persons that we are compelled to register," said Detective Allmendinger. "If a woman misses her child for a few minutes, without taking the trouble to look around the neighborhood for it, she rushes up here to me and registers the case. We no sooner have it telegraphed throughout the city than she returns and says the little one was in a neighbor's house, or makes some similar statement. They little realize the trouble we are put to, for we have to send word throughout the city that the lost one has been found."—Philadelphia Call.

Change of Ideas.

It is curious to note how the progress of knowledge causes the medical profession to change its opinions. It has always been thought that the use of new bread is most unhealthy, a doctrine which is religiously believed in and acted upon in most households. But a Russian doctor now asserts that new bread is far more beneficial to the consumer than that which has been cut and exposed to the air, and has had time to gather the numerous germs which find in the material a nutrient medium. The heat of the oven is destructive to these germs, and hence new bread is found to be perfectly free from them.

His Dog's Name.

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away, as he had been fishing all day and caught nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired the man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there; what is his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"'Cause he won't bite."

Then the man proceeded on his way.—Erie Messenger.

In 1880 the approximate wealth of the country was $43,642,000,000, an average of $870 to each individual.

Wheel-Tire Philosophy.—Scene on country road, showing deep ruts and disastrous effects of narrow tires.

Couldn't Endure the Profanity.

George Green, the mayor of Leicester, England, in answer to an invitation to attend a local athletic gathering, has sent a letter as follows to the secretary of a certain club: "Town Hall, Leicester. Dear Sir: I do not feel disposed to attend any footboll sports until the managers of such things can purge, by enforcing strict regulations, the players and even the circles of the use of oaths and fout words. Now would I think of the mayoress being degraded by hearing such language as is too often heard at the sport.

A Little Hard on Papa.

"Don't you think the baby looks like me, dear?" asked the proud father.

"Y-e-e-s," replied the mother, cautiously, "when it's getting ready to cry."—Washington Star.

George Moore is one of the most modest of contemporary writers. He does not think that everything he has written is great. After finishing "Mike Fletcher," however, he wrote, "At last I have written a really great book."

John Norton, who is 93 years old, has lived all his life in his house near Compounce Lake, Connecticut, and although he has been in sight of both the Northampton Division of the Consolidated and of the New England railroad, he never rode in a car of any kind until recently.

Fully 23,000 persons annually visit the birthplace of Shakespeare. About one-fourth of them are Americans.

Prof. Schmoller, a favorite with many American students at the University of Berlin, is mentioned as the probable successor of the late Heinrich von Sybel as the head of the bureau in charge of the Prussian state archieves.

Mary E. Wilkins is in luck. She's not only the leading novelist in New England, but has won a $2,000 prize for the best short detective story—a new field for her—with Mr. Chamberlin, of the Boston Transcript, as collaborator.

The Salina, Kas., girl who telegraphed invitations to her wedding knows what to do with a bird in the hand when she gets him.

Shells for Road Making.

A lighter load of snail shells from Mr. Curtis, of Eustis, was received yesterday by the city engineer, and will be used to pave a portion of Main street, on top of the Alachua rock pavements as an experiment. The shells were presented to the city by Mr. Curtis. If this thing keeps on, the entire Alachua rock pavement will soon be covered with different samples of paving material at no cost to the city. The shells from Eustis are snail shells and are said to make an excellent driveway.

Ivory paper is a paper which is considered in many particulars superior to ivory itself. It is peculiarly adapted for the most delicate kind of pencil drawing.

One of the most striking of the experiments in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britian showed a frozen soap bubble floating on liquid air.

Dr. Burggraeve, professor of medicine in the university of Ghent, is eighty-nine years old and actively practices his profession. He smokes and drinks liquor, but uses medicine sparingly.

In each wing of the ostrich twenty-six inches long, white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those in the female shade to ecru or gray. The short feathers are plucked for tips and each wing furnishes seventy-five of these.

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