

We are all tools of Chance, generally with loose handles.

It is impossible to please the woman who doesn't know what she wants.

They say the Kaiser wants to annex South America, and the little girl once declared that she must have the moon.

Chauncey Depew has written an article advising young men to marry. He doesn't say anything about old men marrying.

The most cheering literary note of the day is that poet Laureate Austin is throwing all of his poor poetry into the wa-ta basket.

Miss Goelt wore the Roxburghe miscalls at her wedding. The other party to the transaction had his pockets full of Goelt rocks.

A Kansas farmer complains because he paid \$5,000 for a gold brick and found it worth only 50 cents. Doesn't he count experience worth anything?

With the hay at \$130 per ton and beefsteak \$7.50 a pound in Dawson, why don't the people there try living on prunes and white? Prunes are always cheap.

Perhaps the United States will be permitted to exercise its choice as to whether it will have Pauline Blagow's war with Germany or Professor Small's. We could hardly be expected to stand for both.

We are now informed that Russia and Japan have come to terms—the Czar gets Manchuria and the Mikado captures Korea. This will give the bear an opportunity to rest up for another mouthful of China.

The story of a man, who, after being speechless for two years, was cured by chewing tobacco is going the rounds of the press. It is all right, but loss of speech is a very rare disease; what will cure an excess of loquacity?

A New York divyne says that society is indifferent toward vice, and does not even raise its hand to drive it out. There is a well-established rule in America that no person is to be compelled to give incriminating evidence.

The women should complain less about their lot in life. After they have eaten a big Sunday dinner they have to bustle around and do the dishes, and this activity is good for their health. A man, having no dishes to do, gets sluggish sitting around and becomes miserable. We fear that the women do not appreciate all their advantages over the men.

Young Mr. Rockefeller recently found some resistance in his Bible class to the plea that a person might be very rich and still not be without passports to the blisses of eternity. Mr. Rockefeller, however, did not apply the supreme test. He did not ask if anybody would accept a snug fortune "off-hand" and take chances beyond this "vale of tears."

Large corporations are responsible for an ill repute that is attracting undue attention. Many of them are undertaken to suppress drinking, cigarette-smoking, gambling and other habits declared to be objectionable and common with their employees. The movement is especially strong in the West, and the prospect is for its spread until it meets the great employing concern, a re involved.

Most merchants will sell anything if there be profit in it. Not so one of our leading manufacturers of shoes. For philanthropic reasons only and to his considerable loss, he has recently taken patent leather shoes off his list. "Patent leather is practically air-proof," he says in defense. "It prevents the foot from breathing and is the direct cause of untold misery. I shall no longer be a particeps criminis in the profligation of corns and those awful enlargements over the metatarsal enlarged joint of the great toe, known commonly as bunions, or inflammation of the bursa."

While the people are often apathetic and careless in the exercise of their electoral prerogatives as the real rulers of the state, they are never indifferent to a champion of sterling fiber who takes the field as a determined and sincere crusader against political immorality. History has again and again exemplified the popularity of such moral heroes. They have been carried on the restless waves of public acclaim to the highest places within the gift of the people. What the American people especially detest is a coward or time-server or a time-server. What they admire more than anything else and delight to honor is a man so destitute of fear and so distinctly inimical to all manifestations of dishonesty as to make him the active foe of every abuse that can vitiate popular government. There is never a moment when there is not a chance for a strong, single-hearted man to achieve distinction by holding up for public decency and insisting upon its practice in the management of public affairs.

What this country needs is a fixed, stable market price for blouses, or at least no near a fixed price as possible. If it is true, of course, that one can always buy a blouse from another blouse in glory.

but not to the extent indicated by the proposition prices put on kisses by those who have the goods to deliver. Kisses have been known to range in value from a few dollars far into the thousands—in the one case as absurdly small as in the other ridiculously large. Now here is Miss Stitt who thinks that Mr. Darby should pay her \$25,000 for a single kiss. If she had asked the price before the kiss was taken she might have received it for any man of experience will tell Miss Stitt that the value of a kiss dwindles amazingly after it has been sampled, and \$25,000 for a fleeting vanishing, evaporatory kiss is as unjust as the usual restaurant price of an omelet souffle, which it closely resembles. This is why we say that the ladies should get together and agree on a rational sum—not entirely prohibitory, but still large enough to make a man pause and reflect before he rushes into the expense. The statutes should then provide the penalty and see that it is enforced. A kiss is a species of intoxication, and the best man is likely to succumb to its allurements. It should be punished, but always with discrimination, with charity and with a reformatory purpose.

We have fallen into the way of excusing and condoning wrong doing on the score of heredity and environment. Inherited helplessness has taken the place of original sin. "Only lately," complains the London Spectator, in an elaborate article on this subject, "we heard a scoundrel excused on the ground that he had a bad uncle." "A mental twist" is another favorite excuse. It is considered to satisfactorily account for anything from a violent temper, incurable laziness, or inveterate lying, to a mere disregard of ordinary manners; and for the reality of the supposed "twist" a mad cousin or an eccentric grandfather is accepted as ample explanation. There is no question that there is a good deal in heredity, a good deal in environment, to shape one's course and condition; but in 99 cases in 100 there is a good deal more direct force and influence for good or ill in the child's home. It is easy for parents to put the responsibility back a generation or two, or sidetrack it to some collateral branch, but the larger share of responsibility is usually in the child's own home. If there be a good father and a good mother there, the grandfather's faults and shortcomings may be buried with him. The other day in Kentucky two boys, neither over 17 and neither having the characteristic traits that mark the fixed criminal, were hanged for murder. They were desecrating of death—their crime was fiendish beyond description. Yet they were but victims, not of bad genes or eccentric grandfathers, or general environments, but of parents who failed to act their part and to make home what it ought to be. Every day, in every city in the world, children have to be dealt with for the sins of their parents. It is impossible, of course, for people to be perfect in their attitude as parents, as it is impossible for them to be perfect in anything else; but there is no excuse for the failures, worse than criminal, that are so common. For children who are orphaned the whole world warms with sympathy. But for the many more children worse than orphaned—the children of incompetent parents—the world has prisons and gallows. Heredity and environment have influence upon every life; but there is little of that influence, if it be bad, that the home cannot correct and overcome if it be what home should be.

"Neckwear to Order." "Neckwear made to order" is the sign hanging in the window of a conservative and high-priced haberdashery. As this establishment used to impose its own fashions on customers the new sign seemed a remarkable concession to the taste of purchasers as opposed to the modes which the store provided. "We have to do it to save ourselves trouble," one of the clerks explained. "Men used to be content to buy the kind of ties we showed them. But now the men out of ten have their own ideas as to how they want scarfs made. One man wants a narrow scarf and the other a broad one. Some would be delighted to take a scarf if the material were only made in a different form. The upshot of it is the sale of special ties made ties and the neglect of the stock already made up, and we are obliged to satisfy any man, however cranky he may be about what he put around his neck."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Unpleasant Predicament. It is related that on one cold night ex-President Cleveland, who used to fish and hunt a good deal in the Barne Bay district, got lost. He was drenched through the mud and rain and darkness for more than two hours, but not a light nor a road could be seen. At last he struck a narrow lane and in due course a house appeared. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. He banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a gruff voice said: "Who are you?" "A friend," said Mr. Cleveland meekly. "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay there, then." And the window descended with a bang, leaving Mr. Cleveland no alternative but to move on.

Many a woman imagines that all her troubles are due to the fact that she is misunderstood. In what particular is a girl whose wedding is kept a secret any better off than an old maid?

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"I saw two men on horseback near the dead angle at Kennesaw," said George Drake, of Clinton, Iowa. "The Eighty-fifth Illinois led the charge June 27, formed in close order as skirmishers along the full brigade front, and I was one of the skirmishers. I was in Company K, on the left of the line, and went close to the rebel works, say, within twenty-five feet. As we stood firing I noticed two officers on horseback very near me. One rode a white horse and the other a dark chestnut. The one on the white horse was General Harker, I am sure. Turning to me he asked, 'What command is this?' and when I answered, 'McCook's brigade,' he turned behind me and rode at a gallop to the left.

"At the same time the man on the chestnut horse turned back to the right, and I saw neither one after that. I remember distinctly the officer on the white horse. He was the most conspicuous on the field, and he was within thirty feet of the rebel works. I remember that I thought at the time that the riding of a white horse in such a charge was an example of the finest courage, and that it was like Harker. The officer on the dark chestnut horse went in a direction to bring him in line with the officer seen by Major Eakin, of the Confederate regiment in our front. Harker, it is known, was killed to our left and rear. My theory is that in the midst of the charge he had ridden a little to the right of his brigade, and that in going across to his own men he was shot. But, after all, who was the officer on the dark chestnut horse seen by myself and the rebels defending the works?"

"I notice that a good many men are still in doubt as to the utility of the bayonet and seem reluctant to believe there were any hand-to-hand conflicts during the war. There was one at Jonesboro, in which one bayonet was used effectively. Our brigade had charged a battery and the men were among the guns when one of the rebel runners running back to his gun was just in the act of firing it when a man of the Seventy-eighth Illinois took in the situation. There was a cluster of twenty men directly in front of that gun and a pull of the string meant death to most of them. The rebel had been ordered to surrender and the men near the gun supposed he had surrendered, when he changed his mind and decided to give us one more shot for luck.

"It was a brave thing to do, but it was a terrible thing for us and required quick action. My comrade of the Seventy-eighth Illinois was as quick as a flash of lightning, it seemed to me. He thrust at the man in a way to push him back from the gun, and his bayonet went clear through the rebel's body. We left him, as we supposed dead, but at a later date I found him in one of our hospitals at Atlanta, by the side of one of our own men, wounded the same day. He got well, and if he is living to-day he knows that bayonets were used during the war in a very reckless way."

"There was another hand-to-hand tussle in the fight on the Sand Town road in the Atlanta campaign. We charged the rebel works and climbed on top just as the rebels fired a volley. The bullets went over our heads and the next minute we looked down on the Louisiana Tigers with empty guns in their hands. All our men had held their fire and we thrust the muzzles of our rifles in the very faces of the men below us and demanded them to surrender. Some few attempting to push the guns away were shot, but the most of them surrendered without ceremony. As one of them said, they knew their time had come and that the question of surrendering was not open to debate."

"I had some doubts," said the sergeant, "about hand-to-hand struggles during the first year of the war. Our regiment did good work at Shiloh, but didn't come to close quarters with the enemy. We made our mark at Perryville, but not at close range, and I wondered if any battle was fought in which men strove against each other within reach of bayonet or sword. At Stone River we charged at a run against a rebel line. I expected the old thing to happen, and the enemy to break. I shook from head to foot as I saw the rebels start on a run and at a charge bayonets to meet us. I could see the hair and eyes and facial expression of the rebels as they came steadily and swiftly toward us. "I could see a short man making his legs do their best, and a long-legged fellow in advance. I felt this thing couldn't go on without bayonet striking bayonet, and without the lines crashing together. The crash came sooner than I expected, and not quite in the way I expected. About half of our men went through or over the rebel line, some of us coming down on our heads and others on their feet. It was undignified and confusing, and when we turned we found men in gray standing back to back fighting both ways. There was little or no shooting, but a giving and taking of hard blows and a good deal of rough-and-tumble scrapping. Finally one of the rebels shouted: 'What's the use? Why in thunder don't somebody ask us to surrender?' Thereupon all our fellows shouted 'Surrender!' and down went the muskets of the rebels caught be-

tween our lines.

"There wasn't an unbruised man in our company, but we felt like birds when the rebels threw down their guns and shed their cartridge boxes and belts. They went to the rear, and we went slambang into another rebel line, which, yielding at first, rallied and drove us back. Then we rushed and broke their line, and I never felt happier in my life than when I saw the men in gray scamper away into the cedars. At Chickamauga we waited for the rebels to charge, and they broke us all up. Some of our boys were so completely knocked out that they ran a mile like scared horses, in the belief that the whole army had been routed and that the only thing to do was to get off the field. Then they slowed up, came to their senses, turned and ran the other way, and, falling in anywhere, fought like wildcats to the end, crashing at odd times into the rebel lines with the devil-may-care insolence of football players in a tussle.

"I remember well," said the captain, "when the re-enforcements for Thomas came up late on the 20th of September. Some of the regiments came at a run on a scene of excitement and confusion, wherein lines seemed inextricably tangled. As the men of the arriving regiments stood a minute waiting for orders one of them, looking up to our regiment, posted on a ridge, said, after the manner of one farmer talking across a fence to another: 'All snarled up, ain't you? What's Old Pap Thomas trying to do?' One of our boys, glancing down to a neighborly way, replied: 'He is trying to drive the Johnnies back, and he is very particular about it. He wants to hold these roads.' Then, as the waiting regiment moved off to take position, the man who had asked the question said, in an easy, unexcited way: 'You tell Old Pap the roads are his. And if he sees anything else he wants just let him mention it.' And in ten minutes that regiment was climbing a hill in the face of the enemy's fire. Years after the war I heard General Thomas say that such conversations encouraged and comforted him, because they showed the men in the ranks were taking things coolly."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Frolics in Camp.

"I was in a New Jersey regiment," said the doctor, "and in the winter of 1863 we were camped at Fairview with three regiments of Vermont troops. Our regiment was newer than the others, and was nearly as strong in numbers as the three Vermont regiments. We were camped on the slope of a hill, and the Volunteers above us nearer the summit. The camp was a beautiful one and camp life very pleasant. When a heavy snow came the Vermonters challenged us to a snow fight, and we accepted. We organized under field officers as did the Vermonters, and we fully believed we could charge up the hill and drive them out of their camp. "We made the charge. We went up in good shape. Snowballs flew as thick as bullets at Gettysburg. But the Vermonters were old snow fighters. They not only stopped our charge, but drove us back down the hill. After that whenever we passed the Vermont regiments the men would shout, 'Hunt your holes, Jerseys!' At last our boys determined to get even. Some of the men killed a large dog, skinned and dressed the carcass, and hung it up in plain sight of the Vermont camp. We made a show of putting guards about it, knowing the Vermonters, supposing the carcass to be that of a sheep, would attempt to steal it. The plan was to let them have it, and when they made their raid, our guards were not alert and the dog carcass was carried off.

"We awaited developments in a state of wild expectancy, and our spies reported that the Vermonters suspected no trick were on the point of dividing the carcass among several messes. Before this was done, however, the character of the meat was discovered and the carcass was thrown away. After that whenever a man of our regiment met a Vermontier he would whistle, and when the Jersey men passed the Vermonters on the march or in line all the former would whistle and all the latter would shout, 'Hunt your holes, Jerseys!' Whenever I hear a whistle on the street now I think of the frolics the Jersey men had in war time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Spectator's Martial Enthusiasm.

The following is told by a New Yorker who wears a Grand Army badge: "The boys of the 107th supported Cotheren's Battery at Antietam. At about the hottest of the fight the enemy massed themselves opposite our front, for an assault on Cotheren's position. The battery was short of ammunition, and so reserved their fire, while throughout the whole field there was a lull in the tumult. The Confederates advanced in a solid mass with a precision of movement perfectly beautiful. It was a moment which tried the nerves of the bravest. In the meantime one of our lads, becoming quite interested in the affair, climbed a high rock where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets which were buzzing like bees around us. The Confederates came on until we could see their faces, and then Cotheren poured the canister into them. The advancing column was literally torn to pieces by them. Our friend on the rock became frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery section sent a shrapnel which mowed down a long row of Jo'nnies he swung his cap, and shouting so that the flying Confederates could hear him, sung out: "Bull-e-e. Set 'em up on the other alley!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Women's Doings.

Women as Farm Owners.

The number of women in the United States who are studying agriculture grows larger every year. Nearly all agricultural departments of Western universities and colleges admit women on equal terms with men, and there are a number of Eastern institutions where they are welcomed. Secretary Wilson so far approves of women as farmers that he frequently addresses classes in the Columbia Normal School, Washington, where there are forty women pupils, and elsewhere. It is Secretary Wilson's hope that agriculture, or the first principles of the science, will soon be a part of the curriculum in every rural school, and this will mean that thousands of women will have to take normal courses in agricultural science in order to fit themselves for teachers.

In Western schools and colleges of agriculture are many girls who have inherited, or expect to inherit, large farms, which they will manage themselves. Others study special branches of farming, such as dairying, small fruit growing, market gardening, etc. Women are well fitted for these branches, and have made them profitable in so many parts of the country that all doubt of the wisdom of this choice of a profession seems to be dispelled.

A new kind of special farming has recently engaged the attention of women in the Eastern States. At the fruit and flower shows given each autumn in New York much interest has attached to experiments in growing cultivated varieties of chestnuts, peaches, walnuts, etc. Larger tracts of lands in Southern New Jersey have been planted with choice nut trees, the Italian and Japanese chestnut chief among them. One young woman went into partnership with her brother in planting twenty acres of land owned by them, and a few years later resigned a well-paying position in a New York law office to attend to the growing business of their nut farm. She looks after every detail of the work—the gathering and shipping of the crop, and the correspondence, and will probably one day become the sole owner of the property.—New York Evening Post.

The Dressing-Sack Woman.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that household tasks require slipshod garments and unkempt hair. Let the frowsy ones contemplate the trained nurse in her spotless uniform, with her snowy cap and apron and her shining hair. Let the doubting ones go to a cooking school and see a neat young woman in a blue gingham gown and a white apron prepare an eight-course dinner, and emerge spotless from the ordeal. The woman who puts on an apron over her dressing sack by that act openly proclaims that the thing would be better if it was belted in. Then why not a shirt waist? Does one ever see a trained nurse in a dressing sack, even when she does heavier work than any other woman is ever called upon to do? If a woman in the uniform of a trained nurse can do the manifold things assigned to her calling, surely the laundress and the cook do not need a dressing sack.

There is a cynical adage that runs thus: "Strangers for help, friends for advice and relatives for nothing." Few of us will be bold enough to say there is no truth in it, and the reason is not far to seek. Who should help us if not those who always see our best side? Strangers think us charming, friends admit but pardon our faults, and relatives fight with us. We make our houses spotless for a stranger, but friends can take us as we are. For a new acquaintance there is purple and fine linen, while we offer our friends cold potatoes and remnants of pie. The silver and dainty embroideries are put away for the stranger, while one's husband, who, in a way, is a relative by marriage, eats left-overs out of nicked dishes, and contemplates a dressing sack between mouthfuls.—The Pictorial.

Social Success.

Young girls who belong to the same social set are much on an equal plane between the ages of 12 and 18; whether they are rich or poor, plain or pretty, does not then particularly count, as they have similar pursuits and interests, and are practically on an equality. It is after their social debut that the great differences become apparent and that friends are more or less separated through inevitable circumstances. The social success of some young women is a foregone conclusion. The prominence and wealth of their families, combined with a certain amount of attraction, render any exertion quite unnecessary. They have only to take graciously and sweetly the goods that the gods provide, to be very popular. With the rank and file of maidens, however, it is quite different, and depends upon themselves whether they become persons of note in society or gradually drop out of the running with former associates. Unluckily for the majority, it is only experience that sharpens their wits and perceptions, and that can only be acquired by failures and knowledge of the world. If young people could only get experience without experiencing, or if they would only be content to take what their elders have acquired at considerable cost how many years they might gain

and how much more assured would be their success! If in mental progress one is willing to take for granted what others have discovered, and begin where they leave off, why is it in matters that are personally more important that human nature always refuses to be guided and invariably begins anew?

"I know exactly what would make my girls have a good time in society," said a woman of experience, "but they will not take my advice. They will see some day that I am right, and they are wrong, but then, unfortunately, it will be too late."—New York Tribune.

The Blessing of Educated Wives.

So long as women were absolutely ignorant, men could pass as wise on small capital; but the growing mind of woman lifts the mind of man with two great forces—heredity and socialization. Large-brained mothers make better men, and the sweetheart who is wise as well as kind can do wonders with her lover.

Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son is clear on this point. He strongly urges him to marry a woman who is wise as well as rich, handsome and well-born; "for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool."

The Greeks would not have educated wives, owing to prejudice, tradition and general error; but, as they grew capable of more pleasure than the primitive sex-relation allows, they sought it outside of marriage.

It is wonderful how long a piece of folly will stick in the human brain. Never was a more splendid development of some mental qualities than in Athens, yet there this antique ignorance remained bedded in the fertile intellectual soil like a boulder in a garden.

They would have slavery, and they would have ignorant wives, and—they fell.

To-day, with our new knowledge of the laws of nature, with our great advance in freedom of thought and action, there is still less excuse for us. We know now that a wife is best measured by the position of its women.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Success.

Her Reasons.

She bought a hat—plain, prim and flat— With feathers trained on wittily; It hid her eyes like a disguise, And touched one ear tip-tiptingly; A homely thing of straw and string, And yet she proudly flaunted it, 'Twas all made clear by her "Oh, dear! Another woman wanted it!"

She wears a dress—it cost no less Than ninety-five simoleons; It's faded tan, and looser than That great coat of Napoleon's; It puckers so, and flares as though Some dismal spirit haunted it; It has no style—but she will smile; Another woman wanted it!"

Of bric-a-brac she has no lack, And still she's always buying more; We'd wall designs and ugly stains; Strange foods—she's always trying more.

Once to her flat she brought a cat— A fake Maltese. We taunted her. She sighed: "I know I'm best, but oh, Another woman wanted her!"

Do Not Urge Your Child.

If your child cannot concentrate his mind or commit to memory without great difficulty, or if it seems backward, do not urge it to study. No development which is forced is natural or normal. The mind may be developing unevenly. When the brain cells are more fully developed and the nerve cells more mature, the faculties will balance and the child will become normal, evenly developed. But he must be encouraged instead of being discouraged, for otherwise the result may be disastrous. It is cruel to keep telling a child that he is dull or stupid, or that he is not like other children. The discouraging pictures thus impressed upon his plastic mind will cling to it and become indelible in the brain of the man and handicap him for life.—Success.

Safe Way to Clean Carpets.

An experienced chemist says the following recipe is warranted to remove soil and spots from the most delicate carpets without injuring them. Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fullers' earth to this until the consistency of thin cream is secured. Have plenty of clean drying cloth, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip a brush in it; brush a small piece of the carpet with this; then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge, and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean; then let it dry.—Chicago Journal.

Misunderstood.

Grace—Miss Oldie says she is after a man with money. Barbara—Well, that may be a successful way, but I'd hate to think I had bribed a man to be my husband.