A TAX ON BACHELORS!

SERIOUS SCHEME OF A FRENCH REFORMER.

Have Too Many Privileges Now-After Thirty-five, If Unmarried, M. Decrots Would Make Every Man Help Pay the Public Debt.



RANCE needs money, and in order to help raise it one of her social reformers has brought forward a scheme to tax The bachelors. budget for 1895 has, with the greatest difficulty, been arranged.

there seems but little likelihood of that of 1896 being properly balanced, or of an equilibrium being established by the Ribot ministry, so that the financial condition of the country is causing alarm, not only to those who have the reins of the government in hand, but to all parties.

Patriots are ransacking their brains for new devices by which the empty coffers of the state may be replenished. Among recent lucubrations which have been taken into serious consideration by the minister of finance are the taxes on noblemen, a heavier tax on alcohol, and, finally, the project of taxation on bachelors. A World correspondent has had an interview with the originator of the latter system of taxation, which appears to have been his hobby for the past thirty years. M. Decroix, founder of the league against the abuse of tobacco, has forwarded his petition to the Chamber of Deputies, where he hopes it will be examined before long. Said

"The idea of taxing bachelors is an old one with me. Although my latest petition is only half forwarded to Parllament, I have been thinking the matter over for the past thirty years. This is how it came about. I was a veterinary surgeon at the time, in a regiment of chasseurs, in Africa, I noticed that the chief of a squadron in my regiment, a married man with a family, had the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet. On the other hand, his colleagues of the same grade, receiving the same pay, with no private income, were leading a most agreeable life.

"It was from the observations of these two men that I derived my idea of imposing a tax on bachelors. I expressed the opinion that the difference between the lives of two officers of the same rank should be lessened. Ever since I have conducted in France a campaign in favor of a tax on bachelors, in the same way, but not with such good results so far as I have achieved in the campaign against the abuse of tobacco."

"My first petition was forwarded to the Legislative Assembly in 1862 and met with a very indifferent reception. Three years later a prefect of police en couraged me to continue my efforts, so I persevered with my petitions. And although people say that within the past thirty years times have changed considerably from an economic point of view, my principal argument in the sixtles was precisely the same as it i. in the nineties.

"I tried to make clear to the representatives of the people that, at an epoch when everybody is pinched by the want of relative luxury, bachelors enjoy a veritable privilege. They pay less taxes than the poorer classes. Consequently they have more money at their disposal for all kinds of dissipation, which is more injurious than useful to society at large. In my opinion, there is no excuse for a bachelor when he has attained the age of thirty-five years. From that period of his life until his death, unless he should marry, I propose that he should pay an additional 10 per cent of the amount of his ordinary taxes.

-SI

"This would be far from making things equal, but it would be a step in the right direction. Of course, officers of the army, sailors and the clergy would be exempt from this bachelor taxation."

One Question Rightly Answered.

The spirits came to grief at a seance given by Mrs. Ada Foye, in Chicago, the other night. Mrs. Foye asked her audience to write the names of the spirits wanted on a sheet of paper. Mr. Krausz wrote the name of his grandmother on his slip. She was a Hungarian, who died twenty years ago. Upon being told that he could ask a question either mentally or loud, he chose the first method, and when the spirit answered "yes," Mr. Krausz was rude enough to laugh. He explained that he had asked: "Is this medium here a fraud?" The medium was much confused, and hastened to explain that sometimes her own spirit answered a question before the right spirit was consulted. This did not mend matters, and amid a roar of laughter the seance

broke up.

School Teachers Must Not Marry. The twenty female school teachers appointed a few days ago to teach in the West Chester, Pa., public schools during the ensuing year, were required to sign an agreement not to get married during the year for which they were appointed. There is no rule against courting, provided it is done out of school hours. The board says it is by no means opposed to matrimony, but that it has found such an agreement necessary in order to prevent breaks in the corps of teachers at inconvenient times.

Will Have Beer Somehow.

A "growler" disguised as a camera is the latest means of evading the Sunday closing law in New York.

LIVELY BUNCH OF BANANAS. A Three-Foot Snake Was Discovered in It and Quickly Dispatched.

Tillisch & Co. received a consignment of bananas Wednesday, which were taken out of the shipping cases and hung up, says a Watertown (S. D.) paper. Some little time afterwards a lady was looking them over and discovered a snake colled around the stem of one of the bunches in such a way as to be entirely concealed by the overhanging fruit. She was greatly startled and called the attention of Mr. Forter, the clerk, to the fact that a snake was there, and he immediately got a pitch fork and proceeded to investigate further. At the first jab of the fork the snake ran a hasty survey of its surroundings, seeming to be somewhat irritated at having been disturbed. Mr. Kean, who was standing near, hit it on the head with a stock he happened to have in his hand and partially stunned it, and it was afterwards dispatched without ceremony.

It measured 3 feet and 1 inch in length, its color a brownish yellow, with irregular spots of a darker hue on its back and sides. It is not known definitely what species of snake it is, but that it came from the tropics and is of a venomous character there is no doubt. It is claimed by some that it is a spotted adder, but we have not yet met any one competent to vouch for its identity. It is on exhibition in Duffner Bros,' window, being in a glass jar filled with alcohol, and attracts a great deal of attention. Mr. Forter certainly had a narrow escape from being bitten, as in taking out the bunches and hanging them up he is certain he must have touched it with his hands without knowing it. He is quite certain on one point, however, that hereafter bananas will be handled in that store

A STRANGE FAMILY.

A Hen Adopts a Litter of Pups and Keeps Charge of Them.

A hen with a family of ducks is not an uncommon sight, but a hen with a family of pups is a sight rarely witnessed. Such a sight, however, can be seen any day at the farm of John Leyda, Marion Township, a few miles east of Beaver Dam, Pa. Three weeks ago a Scotch collie dog belonging to Mr. Leyda gave birth to a litter of seven pups. During the day the dog left the barn and her family and went to the house for something to eat. In the barn near the pups was an old hen on a nest full of eggs. During the absence of the mother dog the pups began to whine. Straightway the old hen left her nest, went to the pups, and began gathering them under her ample wings as well as she was able, and soon clucked them to sleep. When the collie returned she made no objection to the arrangement, but laid down with them, and from that day to this the old hen has had charge of the little animals.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Say Nothing but Saw Wood.

A sensation was created in Jersey City Monday night by the performance of several young women of the South Bergen Reformed church, who engaged in a wood-sawing contest for a handsome prize, and incidentally to get money for the church. The contest occurred at a church fair in two large tents. Logs of equal circumference were selected and arranged on sawhorses, which were gayly decorated. Each contestant at a signal placed her knee against the log, in true backwoods style, and began to saw.

PLEASANTRIES.

Scientists say that "plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty." "That's so; even a tall hat looks worn when it loses

Bell Boy-The man in 44 is a congressman. Clerk-How do you know? Bell Boy-He ordered a glass of seltzer and a syphon of whisky.

"Blessed if I an't a regular Trilby," muttered the man in the crowd after being stepped on half a dozen times; 'everybody gets on to my feet.'

"My old aunt has sent me a jar of brandy cherries," said a toper to a party of friends, "and, though I don't care much for cherries, still I fully appreciate the spirit in which they were tendered."

"At last, my dear fellow!" "What's "You will hardly believe it. am in love and I am loved in return, 'You are perfectly happy, then.' "Nearly so-only-it is not the same

"She left the ballroom a few minutes ago, saying that she didn't fancy be-Was ing squeezed in the crowd." Charley with her?" "Yes, and I think that by this time he has found a place where there is no crowd."

Jones-Did your daughter prove much of a success as a typewriter? Brown-Did she? Wefl, I should say so. Married her first employer before she'd worked three months. He is worth \$20,-000 at the very least, too.

Mr. Suburbs-Yes, we live only thirty miles out of town. The last girl we had staid with us six weeks. Servant Lady-Oi don't want th' place. Six weeks! Yez don't get th' chance to hypnocze me if I knows mesilf!

Maiden of Blushing Fifteen-You have changed a great deal of late. Charlie. Callow Youth-To my own advantage, I hope. Maiden-Certainly to your own advantage. ' Formerly you brought me a box of candy every day. Time to Flee .- "Mungerson, our state's favorite son and candidate the presidency, has disappeared, l

hear," remarked the politician. "I won-der what's become of him?" "He "He heard that a delegation was about to call on him for his views on silver." "I licked him," said the boy, mourn-

fully. "I licked him good, an' now there are a couple of big fellows in the next street jest a-layin' to lick me 'cause ' licked him." "My son," said the father, earnestly, seeing an opportunity to impress a lesson in international polities upon the boy, "now you realize the position that Japan is in."

INDIAN BOYS AT SCHOOL.

Amos Black Bull Writes About the Horse -He Says It Has Four Legs.

Following is an exact copy, punctuation and all, of an essay on the horse, written by an Indian boy of 15 years, who was at one time a pupil of the Rosebud agency school, in Rosebud, S. D., says the St. Louis Republic:

The horse has four feet and two ears and one mouth and two eyes one tail. He can drink; he can eat grass he can eat corn.

"He can run and walk; he can carry man and draw wagon. He can kick foot is bad. One horse is little and one horse is big. Some horse very stout, hee can pull.

"One red, one black, one white, one gray and one yellow. One is donkey. "One boy ride pony. The pony put down head put up hind feet so boy fall down and cry.

'We have horses is home the boys AMOS BLACK BULL, can ride.

"Aged 15, 3d year in school, 'Rosebud Agency, South Dak."

The Indian pupils, as soon as they have learned to do any writing at all, are much inclined to letter-writing, and on all occasions, when they could much more conveniently speak to their teacher, will send her a letter instead.

The following letter was written by an Indian pupil to her teacher, who was much beloved by them:

"Little Oak School,

"Miss Minnie M-e please. Friday Mary going agency, my sister me very wants my sister he says where is George go over there Little Oak Creek.

'George I want and Friday come quickly come and may please Miss

M-e going please. KOLA MICUSA." "Good-by.

FIRST TIME, SEE?

An' It's De Last Time, Too, Dat I's Agoin' to Do It, See?

"Say, mister, w'ere's de bloke wat gives out dem t'ings wat dey calls lisens, or whatever dey is, de t'ings I calls permits ter git hitched? Is dat de feller? Well, Ise a lookin' fur him good an' strong terday."

And thereupon there walked into the Cincinnati probate court a man who was in search of the clerk who issues the marriage licenses. He was directed to the proper desk and strode up to it with a swagger that would have done credit to a would-be prize fighter who did all his fighting with his mouth.

"Say, pard, I want one o' them things wat permits a feller to git hitched ter his biddy and gives him de right ter lick 'er if he wants ter, see? I ain't never ben up agin dis t'ing before, an' I tell yer right now it's de first an' de last time, see, but I got ter go agin it dis time jus' fur luck. Do I want a certif'cate? Course I do. I want ev'ry t'ing dat berlongs to the match. Dollar an' a half, did yer say? Gittin' perty stiff in der price; Mike, got any dough? I aln't got der price o' money wid me, see? It's all right, Mike, di is der last time an' it's der first, too,

see? an' yer got ter help a feller out." And thereupon "Mike," the friend of the applicant, paid for the papers, and the prospective husband went away with visions of bliss and the right to "lick" his wife.

Couldn't Make It Out.

One evening last November Shep nerd's Bush was visited by a dense fog, making it extremely awkward for pedestrians crossing the road opposite Uxbridge Road Station, where cabs and buses are continually passing to and fro. So bad was the fog that it was almost impossible to see more than a foot or so in front of one says Pearson's Weekly. A gentleman going home from the city, and just coming out of the station, thought it would be safer to cross the road first; then, once over, he would have the assistance of the lights from the shops. He got across the road safely, as he thought, and ran up against a shop window. Being an old resident, he was well acquainted with all the shops, but on looking through the window, this one puzzled him considerably. He observed several persons inside, most of them reading newspapers, sitting in rows and facing each other. All at once, however, while he was racking his brain as to what kind of shop it was, the shop and people glided almost noiselessly away before his eyes, leaving him in the dark again! It turned out it was a tramcar that he had run up against, standing in the middle of the road, and it almost cut his toes off.

A Cusumber Flend.

An Americus bailiff, whose weakness is for cucumbers, struck a store where the innocent-loking undertaker's assistants were on sale. Picking up one about the size of a coupling pin he

asked the price. "Two fer nick," was the brief reply of the up-to-date clerk.

"That's too much," replied the bailiff, 'Tell you what I'll do, though," he added. "I'll give you a dime to let me cat all I want.'

The offer was accepted, and the bailiff lit upon a peck measure of cucumbers, eating them ravenously. As one after another disappeared the grocer's boy became uneasy, and after the twelfth had disappeared, offered the bailiff a

quarter to stop. "Well, I could eat a dozen or two more," he replied, looking longingly at the half-filled peck measure, "but being as it's you, I'll call the trade off." And, pocketing the quarter, he ambled away in search of another victim. - Atlanta Constitution.

Happy the man who sees a God employed In all the good and ill that checker life!

COLOR MUSIC NOW.

MELODY IS FLASHED IN COLOR TONES.

Rhythmical Waves of the Spectrum-Remarkable Discovery Which May Prove That Color and Sound Are Closely Related.



AN SOUNDS BE translated in to color, and can the musical tones that now exist solely for the ear be transformed until they appeal definitely to the eye as well? That is the modern and also an old question, which is

being answered in the aff of attive by the devotees of what is known 'color music.'

The art as suddenly become a se rious one and a wealthy artist named Rivington, who lives in London, has recently invented and put into operation, at a cost of nearly ten thousand dollars, himself, leaving those on each side vaa "color organ," by means of which, as certain notes are struck, the melody is reproduced in a bewildering succession of color tones and combinations on a screen, at the same instant they are heard by the ear.

At a preliminary "recital," in St. James' Hall, the other day, the exquisite delicacy of the mechanism of this new instrument was tested, and its responsiveness was found to be wholly adequate. Chopin's preludes were played and the screen showed a bewildering succession of rhythmical waves of color, passing so rapidly that it was hard for the eye to take them all in, ranging from beginning to end of the spectrum, and flashing not only the intermediate tones, half tones and quarter tones of color, but also innumerable lovely combinations which hitherto had never suggested themselves to the imagination, but were the inevitable results of a harmony that worked the same for the eye as for the ear.

Hardly possible, and more within the domain of fairyland than the regions of actual science, seems this art of 'color music," but it is certain that this much was actually accomplished; that unending combinations of color were produced by the mechanical principles that govern the diatonic scale and mu-

What the exact details of his instrument may be, and just how each color Is produced, Mr. Rivington will not divulge. All that is known is that the new "color organ" is played upon a keyboard which is almost the exact made on the Malakand pass. He was counterpart of that used for a piano, in time to join the head of the storming and that whenever a note is struck its color appears upon the screen. Chords show combinations of tints that are only comparable to harmonic combina- awaited the fighting line, and nad to tions of musical notes, middle C corres- make his way back as best as he might ponding, for example, to the low red of to a point where the railway would take the spectrum. The other Cs of the him up. I heard Gen. Sir Evelyn keyboard, when struck, show yet other reds, toning perfectly.

Without carrying the description further, it may thus readily be seen how how the sharpening of a piano note or with a painter's brush yet quite per-

ceptible to the visual senses. This instrument has an especial fascination, for the reason that it is the first in the world to show a definite connection between sound and color. It was the belief of one of the ancient schools of philosophy, at least, that these two perceptions came closely together, and that the borderland between them was narrow and readily to be bridged. There has existed, at all small proportion to the total number. events, among some few people, a mysterious faculty of "color hearing." This was first brought to notice comparatively recently in the experiences of

Dr. Nussbaumer. For Nussbaumer each sound had its peculiar color-this word corresponding to red, this note to blue, this to yellow and this to green. While a child he was striking in his play a fork against a glass. As he heard the sound an impression of a color flashed quickly into his mind, varying in tint by the energy with which he struck the glass, and after stopping his ears tightly he could divine merely by his eyes just how loudly the glass had sounded.

Other men may be instanced to whose organs of sight the waves of sound were in some way perceptible. There was a youth of Zurich recently to whom musical notes presented themselves in shades and tints, high-pitched sounds showing clear and brilliantly to the sight and low ones dully and sombrely. M. Pedrono, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, had a friend, whose name has not been recorded, but whose peculiarity along these lines was very marked. Several young fellows were talking in his presence one day, and a joking expression, "That's as fine as a yellow dog," being popular in their set, they applied it to a man who was heard shouting across the street. The gentleman, who heard in color, immediately lifted himself up in response.

"No," he said, "his voice is not yellow: it is pure red."

When pressed for an explanation, he answered quite simply that he could see the color of voices. Medical men examined him, and found that his hearing, his sight, and his general health were all perfect. In explaining the phenomenon they agreed that it was that his chromatic sensitiveness was so sharp that the luminous impression was made before the sonorous one, for they found before he could judge of the

seen it and knew its color. Most interesting of all, there was no sensation of the eye at times. When purpose,

quality and intensity of a sound he had

which the second will be built by the second second second

his eyes were shut and bandaged sounds conveyed direct color impressions to his mind. When his eyes were opened and looking directly at the sonorous body the sound appeared in its color, according to his statement, as near as possible to the body itself. Should a piano be played, the color was over the keys. In the case of a guitar it hung on the vibrating strings, and as and went in rapid succession directly over the vocalists' heads.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S IDEA. It Showed His Consistency Even If It

Did Emphasize His Peculiarities. There are so many sham misogynists about in this affectedly cynical age that one can hardly help extending a measure of admiration to the thoroughness and consistency of a certain rich old Viennese bachelor whose death was announced the other day. In the case of this highly eccentric old gentleman horror and dread of our upfortunate sex had become a positive mania, for it is recorded of him that whenever he went to a place of public entertainment he took the precaution of booking three seats, in the center of which he seated cant, so as to avoid all risk of being obliged to sit by a woman! He even carried his extraordinary craze beyond the grave, by leaving instructions that no woman was to be buried either to the right or left of him, even if it should be necessary to purchase three graves in order to insure the carrying out of his strange behest. One cannot help suspecting that there must have been some painful romance in his life to account for this extraordinary attitude of mind. Perhaps the most curious thing in the whole strange story is the statement that this agreeable old gentleman, left behind him a large bundle of letters, which he had grimly indorsed: "Attempts by my family to put me under the yoke of matrimony." As he appears to have been a very wealthy man, this alleged action on the part of his relatives seems by no means easy to

A Hero of Chitral.

explain.

An Indian hero, whose identity people are never tired of discussing, is the officer, who, being refused leave to go with the Chitral expedition, obtained five days' leave to go shooting. He entrained to a point as near the operations as the railway would carry him, and then, being unable to obtain a horse, set out to march. Equipped with a bottle of gin and a huge sausage as his only rations, he plodded the weary miles over rough ground cheerfully. He reached the head of the column just as the charge was about to be column, and was in the first three on the summit. When the battle was over he had to eschew the camp, and the rest Wood say that this officer is a full colonel. He went into action as a common soldier, tearing the straps of his Kharka uniform that his rank might the colors grade, shade and tone, and not be discovered. For, as Sir Evelyn remarked, with a humorous twinkle in its flattening makes the suggestion of a his eve. if he had been discovered he change in color, hardly to be expressed | would have been put under arrest .-Tit-Bits.

FIGURES TO PROVE IT.

Over 800 British criminals have been executed in England since the accession of Queen Victoria. The household work of the families

in the United States was in 1880 done by 1,075,653 domestic servants. The professional men among our im-

migrants have generally borne a very Over one-half the population of Rhole Island and nearly one-half that of Connecticut is employed in the mills. Over 43 per cent of the Irish citizens

some form of personal or professional Native-born farmers of this country form 26 per cent of its population; farmers of Foreign birth number 17.6 per

of this country find employment in

cent. Of all the handleraftsmen the carpenters were the most numerous when the tenth census was taken, number-

ing 373,143. Agricultural statistics indicate that England has about 1,840,528 milch cows; Scotland, 432,916; Ireland, 1,441,175, and Wales 281,180.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The human skeleten contains 260

Women have usually better eyesight than men. Sunflower stalks are now converted into paper,

If your friends don't treat you right, The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt.

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags hoiled in soda. There will not be another transit of Venus until 2004.

An elephant's skin, when tanned, is over an inch thick. Indian oak, one of the hardest of roods, will sink in water. You can do more for yourself than

any man can do for you. A girl can make herself love a man she hates just as she can acquire a taste for olives. Never tell a secret to a bride or bride

groom. Wait until they have been married longer. Some men do the "devoted slave" act before they are married and then make

their wives do it forever after. A man misses his mother when she dies, for then he has no one he can scare by announcing that he is sick. The head of every Chinese mail infant is shaved when he is about a month

old, and a banquet is a part of the ceremony. People who are learning French can get the exact pronunciation of many difficult words by using a phonograph cylinder, expressly prepared for that TWO BEGGAPS OF PARIS.

Old Woman Who Died of Starvation Had Over \$0,000 Francs.

People in Paris have been deceived recently by two remarkable beggars. One was an old widow of over 80. She had been living in a house in the Rue du Texel, upon the charity of the other lodgers. She was an object of pity, this regards singing, points of color came distressed, yet ladylike and gentle old woman, and the little purse made up for her each week was contributed to gladly by those who were under the same roof with her. Her room remained locked for over forty-eight hours and the police were called in. The old woman lay upon her bed. A doctor was called. He said she was dead, and an examination indicated that the cause was starvation. There seemed to be nothing worth making an inventory of, but the police investigated perfunctorily and under a heap of rubbish they found 3,500 francs in large bank notes. A more careful search revealed in the straw of her bed a heap of bonds and other securities to the value of 30,000 francs. The "poor" old woman's heirs are being sought for, but there is not the faintest clue to them. A clever swindler presented himself

in Paris under the guise of a deaf mute. He was first noticed by the police while conducting an energetic begging campaign from house to house. Upon being arrested he went into an energetic pantomime, to which the officers paid little attention. In the police station he suddenly lost his infirmity and uttered a torrent of invective against the police. It was afterwards found out that, speaking five languages, he had piled his trade in all the countries of Europe and with remarkable success. His method of operation was to visit only the houses of the wealthy and to strike for large sums. In Paris his operations netted him not less than fifty francs & day. He would first write to the familles he intended to visit. They were always of the foreign colony. The letters would detail his pitiable state. They were well written and seemed to have the impress of truth upon them. A few days later he would call, and, contriving to be seen by master or mistress, would show a host of certificates of physicians, mayors of cities and commissaries of police in proof of what he had written. The interviews with these wealthy people were naturally had upon paper, and the answers to the questions put to him would be so beautifully and carefully written that they would seldom fail to win the sum sought. This young man-Gustav Remshager-is now held by the police, and his conviction is practically assured.

TRIED TO KILL VICTORIA.

Six Attempts Have Been Made on the

British Queen's Life. Since her Majesty came to the throne she has been the subject of six attacks, but only three of them can be described as attempts on her life. The first attack on the Queen occurred on Constitution Hill, on June 10, 1840, soon after her marriage, the assailant being a pot boy named Edward Oxford. Two years later, on May 39, 1842, John Francis fired at the Queen when within a few feet of her carriage. This outrage also took place on Constitution Hill. In July of the same year a crack-brained ind named Bean leveled a loaded pistol at her Majesty, who was driving from Buckingham Castle to the Chapel Royal. St. James, but the weapon missed fire. In May, 1850, Robert Pate, an exlieutenant in the Hussars, as the royal carriage was emerging from the Duke of Cambridge's gate, struck the Queen with a stick, leaving a mark on her cheek and crushing her bonnet. In February, 1872, a youth named Arthur O'Connor presented an old and unloaded pistol at her Majesty as she was entering Buckingham Palace, and on March 2, 1882, a man named Roderick Maclean deliberately fired at the Queen as she was driving from Windsor Station to the castle, but no damage was

The Poor Bishop.

done.

A well-known bishop, who takes a prominent interest in everything affecting the working classes, wishing to judge for himself what a journey in a workman's carriage was like, took a ticket and joined the miscellaneous crowd who fill these trains on the Great Eastern Railway, says a London paper. After a most undignified struggle for a seat he found himself jammed in between a navvy, smoking a strong black pipe, on his right, and an artist in house painting, smelling strongly of his craft, and carefully balancing a can of green paint, on his left hand. In addition to apprehensions for the safe balance of this can and the very unpleasant odors arising, the good bishop was much shocked by the bad language which garnished the conversation of his neighbors. After a particularly strong expression from the navvy, the bishop, touching him gently, inquired:

"My good man, please tell me where you learn the language you have just made use of?"

The navvy replied, with a suspicion of pride in his tone: "Learn it, guvnor! You can't learn it. It's a giftthat's wot it is!"

Mrs. Kendal's Recipe.

Mrs. Kendal, who is so justly noted for her lovely complexion, gives the following as her complexion recipe; Ten hours sleep every night; a four-mile walk every day; vigorous rubbing in cold water: brown bread, no sweets. and no coffee.

A Curlous Barometer.

A curious barometer is used in Gormany and Switzerland. It is a jar of water, with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps a rainstorm will soon occur.

BY I WASHINGTON