

THE CORSAGE BOUQUET.

A report from Paris announces that the passion for unbroken lines in women's garmenting has gone to such extent that during the coming season not even so much as a bouquet will be permitted to mar the symmetrical simplicity of the gown. She that would have a show of bowers about her must content herself with such as embroidery about the waist-line can simulate. Suggestion adds that slender girls may weave whole garlands of silken blooms about them, but those of a plumpness must be content with a delicate spray. Should this edict hold sway for any considerable period, there will pass away from romance and from dramas one of the most useful as well as beautiful of their joint properties. Hardly anything of a maiden's dress has been so often remembered by lovers and described by novelists and poets as the corsage bouquet. In days of old, when real flowers were worn, the bouquet was generally a gift of the adoring one. If the lady wore it, all was well. If she did not, either the unscrupulous duenna had stolen it or the end of sweet love was at hand. Even when artificial bouquets came in there was a chance for love to use it as a token and for beauty to wear it as a sign. It was something about feminine dress a man could recognize at sight.

It would be difficult to find anybody who remembers the last fatal duel in this country. The date was May 20, 1845, and the place a spot on the shore near Gosport. Lieutenant Hawkey of the Royal Marines, believing Lieutenant Seton had paid too much attention to his wife at a South Sea function, called him a villain and blackguard, threatening to horsewhip him and attempted to kick him. Although dueling had been forbidden by articles of war in 1844, after the horror caused by the death of Colonel Fawcett at the hands of his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Munro, in 1843, the provocation in the Hawkey-Seton case was such that a meeting resulted. Seton fired and missed. The hammer of Hawkey's pistol being set on the safety notch, it would not go off. At the second discharge Seton fell. Hawkey fled to France.—London Mail.

There have been royal journalists as well as royal authors. George III. contributed seven articles to the Annals of Agriculture, a monthly magazine, edited by Arthur Young. These were published under the pseudonym of Ralph Robinson, and, according to one of his biographers, "display a most profound knowledge of agriculture." Louis XVIII. was a journalist of quite another type, says the London Chronicle. For some years after his accession to the throne he was in the habit of sending anonymous political articles to various Paris dailies. Some of the opinions expressed in these were so advanced that the king had the pleasure of seeing them vetoed by his own censor.

A Philadelphia policeman lassoed two drowning canoeists, saving them, and then dragging a third to safety by the hair while another man helped the rescuer by the feet. He evidently belonged to the ideal class of policemen who remedy people's troubles before the latter have a chance to tell what they are.

Now that the season of open windows is at hand, the man who swats the fly will be tempted to transfer his energies to swatting the backyard cat and the early milkman.

A woman physician says that a baby's sleep must not be disturbed. This is easy enough to arrange for; the trick is getting it to go to sleep in the first place.

It is a close race between the man who writes seed catalogs and the man who writes up summer resorts. Each is trying to get the furthest from the truth.

A treasury official warns us that there is a new counterfeit \$20 bill in circulation. Thanks, old chap. We'll be more careful in handling our small change.

The Boston man whose wife threw a pail of water on him while he slept has awakened to the fact that married life is not always a happy dream.

A Binghamton woman has beaten the record for gaining equal rights with men. She was recently sent to jail for whipping her husband.

Why is it that the youngster who looks upon a bathtub with fear and trembling will splash around a swimmer's hole all day?

Those Cornell professors who named the seven modern wonders never will be popular in Detroit. They failed to mention Ty Cobb.

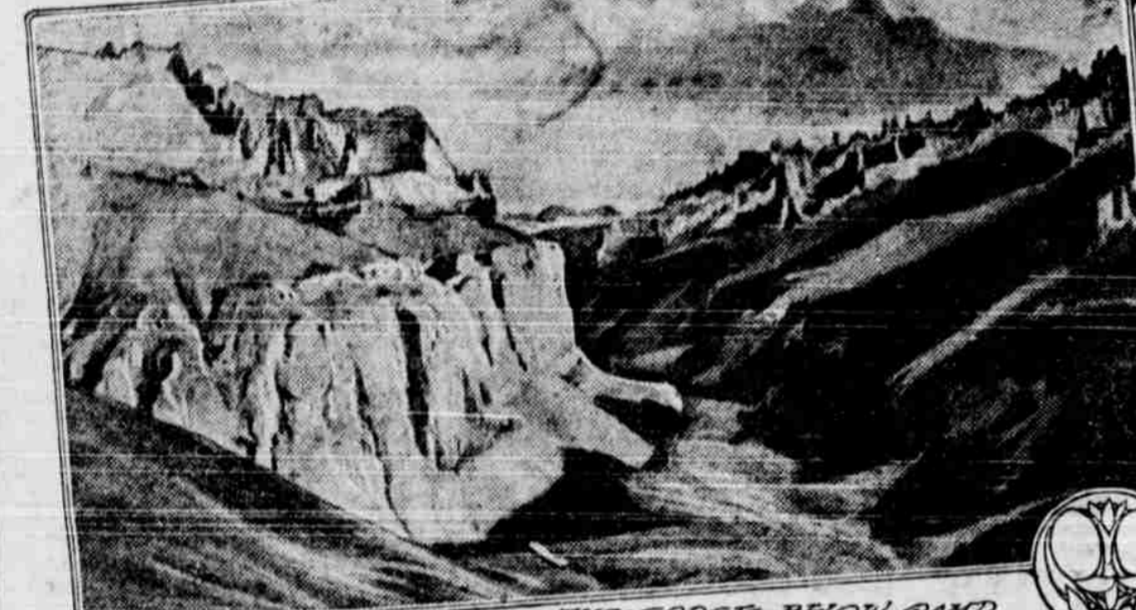
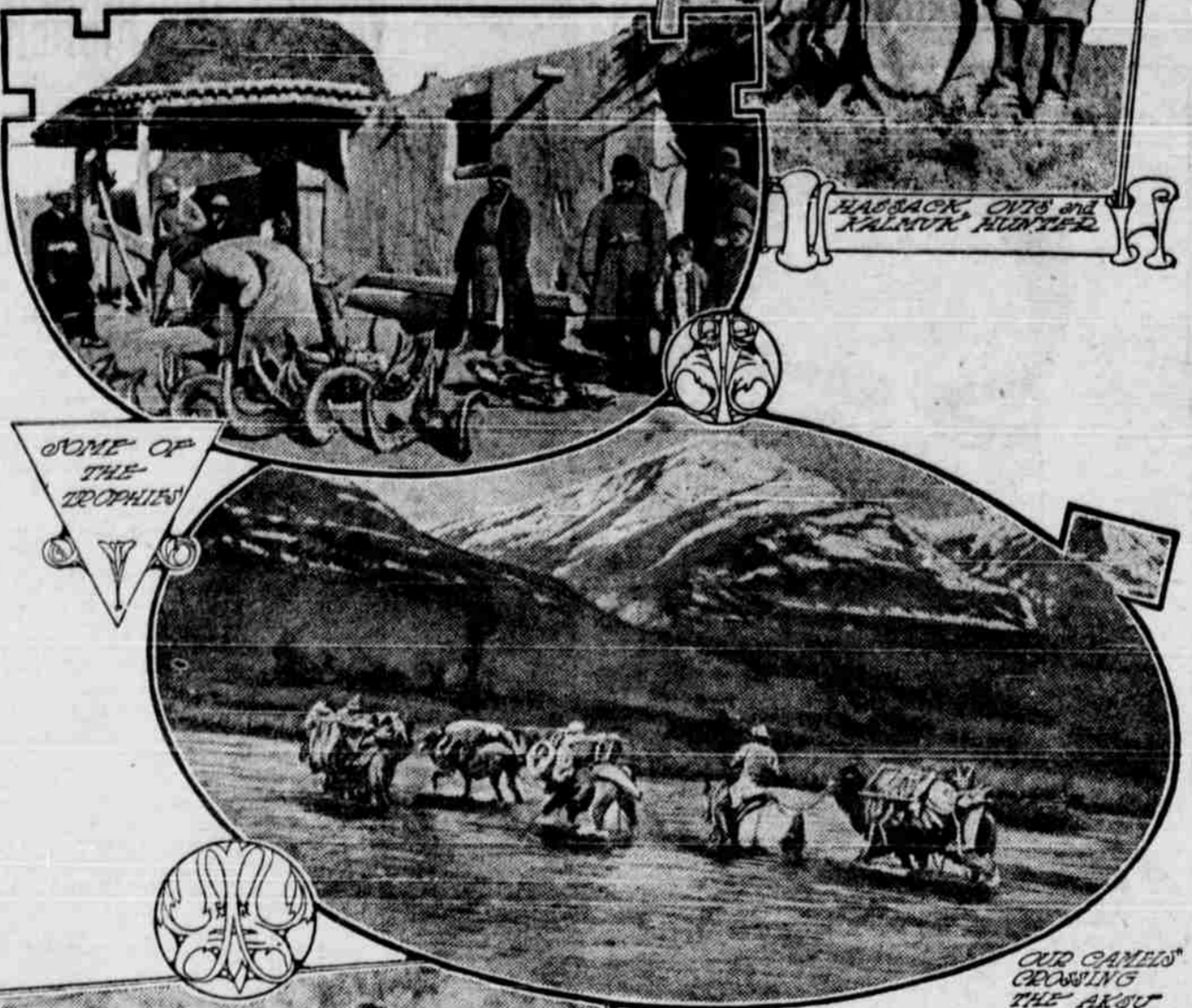
Girls have no liberty in upholstered cages, says a female agitator. Poor things, by all means place them in reed hamper.

Lightning knocked off an Ohio man's hat the other day but failed to injure him. Solid ivory, it seems, is a non-conductor.

We refuse to be surprised at the claim that jam can be made out of spinach. Perfume is made out of petroleum.

AFTER WILD SHEEP in CENTRAL ASIA

Among the many happy hunting grounds in which I have found myself during the last thirty years, I know of none which has interested me more than the Great Altai mountains, where, last year, I had the good fortune to spend a month in search of the Ovis ammon. I have said interested me, and it should be understood that this interest and experience were from the sportsman's point of view, quite unique, owing to the total absence of any native hunters to assist, or even to give the least clue as to where the great sheep might be found. It may be superfluous to add that one invariably has the services and benefit of a second, and usually very keen, pair of eyes to assist in finding the game and subsequently to help in the stalk. In the present instance, however, it was a case of single blessedness with a vengeance. The reason of this absolute dearth of local shikaris is accounted for by the rooted objection which the native inhabitant of these wilds, the nomad Hassack, has to walking. To his ideas it is not the thing to do. Ponies and camels, again, are plentiful, and the Hassacks of both sexes, when on feet, shod as they are in a kneeboot with a grotesquely high heel, stump along in a most uncomfortable manner, as though every step would bring them down. Luckily, I had hunted the big sheep before, and was fairly conversant with his ways, so one morning soon after



dawn, I started off to search the valley, at the mouth of which we were encamped. The morning was beautifully clear, and I took matters somewhat easily, as I had left directions for one of our Mongol escort to follow me up with the lurch and my pony; for, as usual with these gentlemen, he was late, and enjoying his endlessly earned "twelve" hours' repose. Needless to add, I saw nothing of him—nor of the lurch—that day. Working my way steadily up the half-frozen stream at the bottom of the valley, after a while I made out the forms of two rams at the head of the nala. They appeared to suspect nothing, and soon began to feed on the new grass shoots. Then two finer rams came to view. I felt I was in luck, but "there's many a slip" Scanning the rugged ground and looking for the best way to approach them I soon recognized that it was not such an easy matter. To follow up the stream bed, over the snow and ice meant being seen. The left side of the valley, a slope of broken rocks and shale, was equally out of the question. I therefore resolved to try the rightside, though not without misgivings, on account of the snow slopes and forbidding-looking precipices. I concluded that if I succeeded in tracking this right side that I should be able to work round and above the sheep. After waiting for an hour, the fine beasts made things somewhat easier for me by feeding down and behind a small rocky point. During my long watch I had been dreading lest the Mongol with the ponies should appear and scare away the sheep. Changing this, however, and judging I knew my Mongol, I started off up the stream. Some little way on I managed to cross on a snow-bridge, expecting at any moment to disappear through the soft snow. Then followed a long and steady ascent over huge boulders of broken rock, interspersed with soft, wet shale. Here was where the local knowledge of the man on the spot would have been invaluable, for I had not been able, up to this, to discern that to reach the high ridge immediately above the sheep was impracticable. A change of plans was, therefore, necessary. Holding on, I tried to scale the rocks to the right, which rocks, I am convinced, would have delighted the heart of an ibex or that. Had a hunter been with me, I could have succeeded in this clambering ascent; as it was, I had to work down to the lower ground again and make the best of a bad job across the open. A bad job, too, it turned out, for having got within one hundred yards of the ridge, behind which the sheep had disappeared, to my disgust I discovered two rams standing on the top, staring straight down at me. Sinking slowly to the ground, I sat motionless. One ram then moved behind the ridge, and the other, having been joined by a third, followed suit. The last sheep carried a fine head, and was very white—evidently an old one. As they had moved off slowly, I hoped that I might find them feeding, and be still able to get on terms; but they took no chances, and when I got to the top of the ridge there was not a sign of them. I was just about to retire when I saw a grand sight. Several thousand feet above me were my five rams,

stalking quietly away along the top of a stony ridge. The leader, who was the largest and whitest, had thick, massive horns, and they all, with one exception, would have made a fine trophy. I congratulated myself on thus getting a second chance, and watched them as they went "stiltily" along. In the way they move when scared. At length the procession stopped, and they lay down on the steep side of the slope, from whence they commanded the whole of the valley. Off I went again, over huge, sharp boulders of broken rock; but I was soon held up on coming to a large open patch of deep snow. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently and make myself as comfortable and warm as possible among the boulders.

After an hour or so, about 1:30 p. m., they rose, stretched themselves, scanned the whole country-side, and again moved slowly off, away to the north. They were evidently in a nervous mood. Following them, after a while I crossed the snow patch, plunging through the snow, which in places was up to my middle, and following in the deep tracks of the herd.

It was stiff work, and was followed by a still stiffer climb to the top of a razor-backed ridge. This I descended, the rams still in view. The ground here was quite open; but wild sheep usually look for danger from below, and I remained unnoticed. They finally disappeared slowly round the slope of a high rounded hill, about eight hundred yards ahead. I quickly started off to gain the crest of this hill, hoping to intercept the game, but was doomed to further disappointment. There was not a sign of them. My aneroid here registered eleven thousand feet, and we had reached the highest part of the downs. A cold wind was now blowing, mists came rolling up out of the valleys and it looked like snow.

Taking up a couple of holes in my belt and a pull at my flask, I followed along the north face of the mountain. Avoiding the patches of soft snow, in which I noticed the marks of sheep's hoofs, suddenly on the opposite side, and some way below, I saw my five old friends, evidently bent on shifting their quarters still further to the west. They must have got my wind. Clouds occasionally hid me from the sheep, so, under cover of these, I determined to make a dash back for less open ground, and to move dash and try to get in a shot. I had now been steadily on the move for over twelve hours, and had worked back towards the open valley, though away from the camp. My hurried move failed. Now that the excitement of the stalk was over, I vented deep anathemas on the Mongol's head for not having brought up the ponies. When within a mile or so of camp I was met by our whole retinue, who had turned out to conduct me in. Search parties had gone out, thinking I was lost. After a hearty meal of our standing dish—Hassack mutton—I soon turned in, and thus terminated one of the hardest and most pleasant days which have fallen to my lot, and certainly one that I am never likely to forget.

The next few days I spent looking for those fine old rams again, but without success, for these

sheep, when thoroughly scared, travel many miles, and successfully hide themselves. Leaving camp at 4:30 one morning, shortly before dawn, the two hunters and I had not been long at work when the Kalmuk pulled up short, but too late, for we had been seen first by a flock of nine rams, who were taking their early feed on the side of a steep ravine. In no great haste, towards higher ground, but in no great haste. Riding up the ridge along which they had disappeared, we dismounted, and soon viewed them again. They were some distance off, feeding on an open slope, which appeared to be secure from attack; but there was one weak spot. After scanning the herd and noticing three or four good heads among them, I started off with Hussein to stalk. A warm job it proved, up that steep, loose shale slope, and the pace was perforce slow. At length we made the crest, and took it easy to study the situation. The wind, though light, was shift, but all seemed well, for the herd were busy feeding. They were what appeared to be about one hundred and fifty yards off, but on a slope somewhat below us. The difficulty was to select the finest head, for to raise one's self more than enough to just keep over would have soon ended matters. Under such circumstances one is always apt to be deceived as to which head is going to beat previous records! The question, however, was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the herd getting their heads up and beginning to look suspicious. In another second they would have been off, so, taking a quick aim, I fired at the chest of what looked like the largest, as he stood head towards me. A rush and a stampede ensued across the soft face of the steep slope below us. The animals were so bunched up that it was impossible to pick out the largest, and the result of my three shots was to bowl over a moderate-sized one only. The herd then disappeared at racing speed, and when next seen they were in the big valley a long way below. We depended and cut up the dead sheep. This finished, and the old Kalmuk carrying the head over his shoulders, we rode off round the slopes after the herd, eventually pulling up and dismounting at the end of a long spur. Here, while on the look-out, we suddenly saw the herd, now only seven in number, come bolting back towards us, evidently disturbed in their flight by my fellow-sportsman, who just then appeared on the top of the mountain. The oves looked like charging straight at us, but swerved off and made up the mountain, except one, who, overcome by fright or curiosity, forgot his usual cunning and stopped to have a look at me. I heard the "clap" of the bullet as it struck, and he jumped completely round, then disappeared round a small spur a short distance off. Feeling quite elated at such good fortune, I followed up, expecting to find the sheep lying dead. Imagine my disappointment—he had vanished. There was no time to be lost, so, starting the Kalmuk off in pursuit over the shoulder of the mountain, Hussein and I took up the blood tracks. Twice during this latter proceeding I heard the report of the Kalmuk's blunderbuss, and momentarily expected to see him return smiling; thus, thinking all was right, we returned to where the ponies had been left. They also had all three vanished, leaving portions of the first dead sheep's carcass scattered about the mountain-side. It was some time before we had all collected again and the Kalmuk returned, having, I understood, had a great chase after the wounded ram and marked it down in a nala, not far from where we had started the day's work. Loading up the ponies, away we went again, searching fruitlessly for a long time among the numerous nalas. Things looked bad. It was getting late, and we were just about to abandon the search till the morning, when, as good luck would have it, the old Kalmuk stopped and pointed below as he did so. I was off my pony in a second, and, peering over, saw the fine old ram, only just able to stand and looking very sick, about fifty feet below. One shot in the shoulder finished him. It shows the extraordinary vitality of these fine animals that, though badly wounded, he had been able to keep going for so long. My shot had just missed the middle of his chest, and had caught him near the point of the right shoulder and raked along his ribs. His horns measured fifty inches.

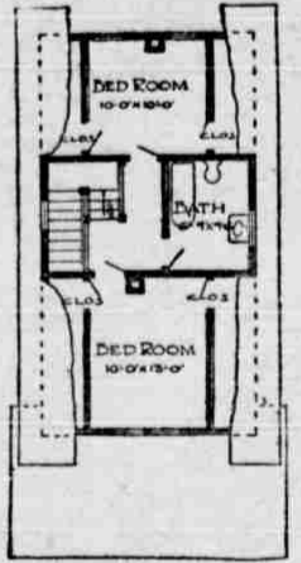
IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the reader of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 173 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Sometimes it is necessary to build a house to fit a narrow lot. As a general thing lots are deep enough to hold almost any kind of a house. Few lots in American cities are less than one hundred feet from front to back, but because of expensive street improvements they are often squeezed sideways until houses get to be very close neighbors. It is unfortunate that it is so but we have to take conditions as we find them and make the best of it. Sometimes these narrow lots are in very desirable neighborhoods, convenient for transportation and convenient for other reasons and by building a house to fit the lot such property may be made very comfortable and attractive.

Such houses should be a great deal more common than they are. It would prevent families who like to



Second Floor Plan.

live nicely from crowding into flat buildings where they have neither light nor sufficient air. This is another excuse for narrow lots. A fifty-foot lot would hold two such houses and make comfortable living quarters for two families instead of one.

IN TENEMENTS OF CARACAS

Portion of South American City That Has Witnessed Many Vicissitudes.

In the struggling, shabby outskirts of the old part of Caracas one may still trace the necessities of the strenuous days when a man's house had literally to be his castle, and no



count them by the hundreds and they are all practically alike; cheap tenement looking affairs, each house trying to look as near like its neighbor as possible, without any attempt at individual ornamentation. The front yard is usually bare of grass and there is a broken board walk at the side. Generally such houses are boxed in with some kind of a wooden fence that shows signs of weather wear and the dilapidated breakage caused by children at play.

A neat design like this costs very little more, but what a difference in appearance. The shape of the roof and the corresponding roof over the front porch with the proper placing of windows make the difference in the outside appearance. The colors



First Floor Plan.

used in painting of course have a good deal to do with the final finish. A good combination of light shade of paint for the body with darker trimmings carefully chosen to properly match show to great advantage in the finish of one of these houses.

It costs a little more when building a porch roof to give it so much protection, but you have got to do something out of the ordinary or when the house is done you are not satisfied with it.

Every house should be built with modern improvements whether the house is large or small. More attention is being paid to bathrooms with hot and cold water connection than ever before. The time will soon come when a house won't rent or sell unless it has what are generally termed modern improvements. I have known small houses to rent for eight or ten dollars a month and I have known houses that cost very little more to rent for double that amount simply because they were built attractively

mere legal theory could protect it against the lack of physical invulnerability. One may still see the disheveled angles of defense, the entrants and re-entrants, sometimes a notched wall, and occasionally an overhanging machicolation, through the floor of which hot oil, water or molten lead could be trickled on the heads of the invaders.

Often there are loopholes, now plastered up with unshaded mud, while here and there the faded, stained walls show the gouging spatter of some bullet, the souvenir of a stray revolution or perhaps merely the remnant of some brief but conflicting love affair. The once gay red-tiled roofs are blackened and askew with age, and wisps of decayed verdure sprout from between the cracks; ranks of shabby, rusty-black buzzards gather on the walls, scrutinizing in solemn vigilance the chattering sialisterns about the patio walls, surating their charcoal fires or heating clothes while their plump and naked babies shuffle together contentedly in the dirt. It is the tenement-house district, the White-chapel of Caracas.—Charles Johnson Post, in the Century Magazine.

The Kaiser's Joke.
During the German maneuvers recently a company of dragoons was told off to represent a convoy of wagons. The Kaiser, riding over the field of battle and seeing a dragoon lying on the ground, said to him:
"Well, what are you lying down there for?" "I am representing a wagon, your majesty," replied the soldier. "Are you?" said the Kaiser. "Well, get up and go and join the others!" "That is impossible, your majesty," said the soldier, "because I have lost one of my wheels." The emperor burst out laughing and, giving the man two shillings, observed, "Here's something for you to get the other wheels oiled with."—Paris Matin.

Morocco.
Morocco has a population of some 8,000,000, composed largely of Arab stock. The country is poor in natural resources, being largely desert, though scattered, about the territory are fertile spots of great beauty. The natives are hardy and by nature great lovers of personal independence. Their religion is, of course, Mohammedanism, but a Mohammedanism that has greatly deteriorated from that of the days of the Arab glory in Spain and Damascus. It is doubtful if the white man ever establishes his power over the wide, wild, inhospitable region of the interior. The inducements for him to do so are too few.

Used in Place of Bread

Varied Substitutes for the Staff of Life That Are Utilized by Many Peasants.

In various parts of the world the poorer classes consume little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are practically unknown in portions of southern Austria and Italy and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania.

Austrians aver that, in the village of Obersteirmark, not very far from Vienna, bread is never seen. The staple food is sters, a kind of porridge made from ground bechnuts, taken at breakfast, with fresh or curdled milk; at dinner with broth or fried lard, and at supper with milk. This dish is also called "heiden," and is substituted for bread not only in the Austrian district

mentioned, but in Carinthia and other parts of the Tyrol.
Northern Italy affords a substitute for bread in the form of polenta, which is a kind of porridge made of boiled grain. Polenta is not, however, allowed to "granulate" like Scotch porridge or the Austrian sters. It is instead boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot, and is in every sense many an Italian's daily bread. There is a variation of polenta

called mamaliga, the favorite food of the poorer classes in Roumania. Mamaliga resembles polenta inasmuch as it is made of boiled grain, but it is unlike the former in one respect—the grains are not permitted to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.

A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminate, illogical and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her.—Henri Frederic Amiel.