

The ILLNESS of ELLIOT

"I DON'T know what's the matter with me," said Elliot to his wife at the breakfast table. "I am restless and almost feverish at times. It isn't so bad here at home, but the moment I get down into the city I begin to feel worse. I am so restless and irritable that the boys in the office are talking about it. I have to force myself to work, and this afternoon I lost a good contract simply because I felt too badly to quarrel with old man Harkins over the preliminaries. I don't seem to take any interest in anything."

"You'd better see Dr. Robinson," said his wife.

That afternoon Elliot went over to the doctor's office and described his



"YOU'D BETTER SEE DR. ROBINSON," symptoms to the sympathetic physician.

"There don't seem to be anything definite the matter with you," said the doctor. "We'll wait and see what develops. Come in and see me again in a week."

Going home that evening on the train Elliot sat in front of two young men who were talking so earnestly that he could not fail to overhear what they were saying.

"Fought for 30 minutes," was the first thing that caught his ear, "and when I landed him he weighted four pounds and a half."

"Large mouth?" inquired the second youth.

"No, indeed. He had a small mouth and the gamiest fish I ever got a hook into."

"When are you going up?" asked the first man.

"I'm going on Wednesday evening to spend four days. You see, Thursday's Memorial day, and we close at noon on Saturday anyway, so I'll only lose a day and a half, and I can get four days' good fishing out of it."

That evening when Elliot got home he took down the big tin box which contained his fishing tackle and overhauled its contents. There was a delightful memory in every reel and spoon hook. He oiled up his favorite multiplier and fitted together his pet



"COME IN AND SEE ME AGAIN IN A WEEK."

bamboo casting rod. His wife had to call him several times to come to dinner, and when he came she noticed that he seemed to eat with a better appetite.

"How do you feel to-night, William?" she asked.

"I believe I feel a little better," he said. "The doctor says he thinks I need out-of-door exercise, and I think I'll stop in the morning on my way downtown and make a few casts at the pool in Garfield park. But he couldn't decide what was the matter with me. I'm to see him again in a week."

But when Elliot got to his office shortly before noon the next day he

seemed to have suffered a relapse. He had spent an hour casting a rubber frog at the pool in Garfield park and there was an unnatural color in his cheeks. He was even more distraught and nervous than before, and several times during the afternoon he got up from the desk, and, seizing the light bamboo rod by the butt, made vicious lunges about the office with it and then smiled complacently to himself. His partner looking on in wonder half questioned whether or not poor Elliot was mentally affected.

Elliot left the office early and visited a big downtown fish market, where he bought half a dozen black bass, an eight-pound pickerel and a "mess of croppies." When Mrs. Elliot remonstrated with her husband for bringing home such a wholesale supply of fish he was inclined to be angry.

"You know well enough," he said, "that I have no appetite. I can't eat a thing, and I'm losing flesh. You ought to be glad if I can find something which appeals to me. You seem to think there's nothing the matter with me. But I know I'm in a serious condition. I'm nervous and restless. I've lost interest in my business, and the doctor is utterly unable to diagnose the case. And here you are kicking because I bring home a few fish. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now let's have the croppies fried for breakfast—I don't suppose they'll taste like anything—and the pickerel baked for dinner."

When Elliot went to the doctor the second time he felt that he was fast going into a decline. The physician listened to him and then made a thorough and searching examination.

"It's strange, Elliot," he said, finally, "but I can't tell for the life of me what's the matter with you. You are certainly suffering from an extreme-



HE MADE VICIOUS LUNGES ABOUT THE OFFICE.

ly obscure disease. I'll give you a tonic, and I want you to telephone me as soon as you notice any new symptoms."

The next day was the Wednesday before Memorial day, and when Elliot got to his office he found among the mail on his desk a somewhat dirty and crumpled letter which was post-marked at a logging town in the big woods of northern Wisconsin. For some reason he laid aside such more important business letters bearing on some big contracts and tore open this disreputable envelope. It contained a sheet of paper evidently torn from an old account book, and the writing was painfully crooked and laborious.

"Mr. William Elliot, Esq.," it began. "Dear Bill: I thought I would write you a letter to let you know that the muskies are biting like the devil this spring in the south fork of the Flambeau. The ice has all been out for three weeks, and me and Murph have jus' come back from poll'n' up to the lake. We caught a 18-pound cuss at the foot of Little Bull rapids, and up at Fishtap we got about a dozen big pike in half an hour. There has been high water this spring in all the lakes, so the fish could get up through the creeks, and I miss my guess if they ain't the best fishing this spring we ever seen in this country."

"Say, you remember that bunch of bass we pulled out of them sunk tree-tops at the mouth of Squaw creek? Me an' Murph stopped there last Friday and we yanked 18 out in 20 minutes. And we got a lot of strikes casting around the shore near the Pork Barrel with frogs the next morning."

"Murph and me has both got a new canoe, extry wide and 30 feet long. We pinched the trees down on the reservation this winter and got 'em

down the river without the Injans ever gettin' on to us.

"If you're thinkin' about coming up this spring you better bring about eight dozen frogs along and mebbe you better send me a telegraph message, so I kin get everything all ready. Ed Johnson was over from Milwaukee already and had a good ketch. Well, good-by, until I see you again, frum

"Andy, the 'bum guide.'"

Elliot read the letter over again. Then he laid it down on his desk and walked over to his partner's desk.

"Frawlett," he said, "I've just found out what's the matter with me. I'm suffering from a severe attack of muskellunge on the brain. I've been to the best doctor in town, but he couldn't do a thing for me—didn't even know what was the matter with me. Just now I got a letter from my old north woods guide, 'Andy,' and he diagnoses my case to the dot. He says muskies are biting like the devil this spring, and he says if I'm coming up this spring to wire him. I've sent him a message already



"I GOT TO GET MY HOOK IN A MUSKY."

and I'm going up to-morrow night to stay over Sunday. To-morrow's a holiday, anyhow, and we close at noon on Saturday, so I'll only lose half a day. I want to go fishing—that's what's the matter with me. I got to get my hook in a musky. I'm feeling like a different man already."

When Elliot told his wife about it that evening she smiled indulgently.

"I thought that was what was the matter with you," she said, "but I knew you'd be furious if I should suggest it. Anyway, I'm relieved to know it is nothing more serious."—Chicago Tribune.

Subscribing in Sweden.

In Sweden a person may go into the smallest post office, and if he wants to subscribe for any publication in any of the countries of the postal union, or at least of that part of it which has united in this business, all he has to do is to fill out a blank and pay the price. A quarterly government publication, much like a telephone book in appearance, gives the sum to be charged for each newspaper and magazine for the various periods—one year, six months, three months, etc. The postmaster remits the receipts from this source with his other business returns, and his general bond covers the transactions.

Scientists Secure Rare Specimens.

The party of scientists which has been engaged in original research and the collection of botanical specimens at the station maintained by the university of Minnesota, on the west coast of Vancouver island, will finish its summer's labor shortly. Two new species of algae, a form of marine plant life, have been discovered by the scientists and many rare specimens have been collected. The party was headed by Prof. Conway MacMillan, of Minnesota, a recognized authority on botany. Miss Josephine Linder, also noted as a scientist, was with the expedition.

Just a Hint.

"Let us sit nearer the music," she said.

"But then you can't hear what I am saying to you," he urged.

"Quite true," she admitted, sweetly.

—Chicago Post.

Springs of Misconduct.

"You haven't any manners, Jack; why didn't you offer to escort that young woman home?"

"Oh, I have manners all right; but I didn't have street car fare."—Chicago Record.

Domestic Peace Assured.

Wife—And so you got your lie insured for my benefit. That's lovely.

Husband—Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide you won't get a cent.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pearls Before Swine.

They are finding pearls as large as chocolate drops in Iowa, which, says the Chicago Record-Herald, is one of the greatest hog producing states in the union.

Comparative Cost of Education.

London, with 4,600,000 people, spends about \$12,000,000 a year on popular education. New York, with 3,500,000, spends about \$15,000,000.

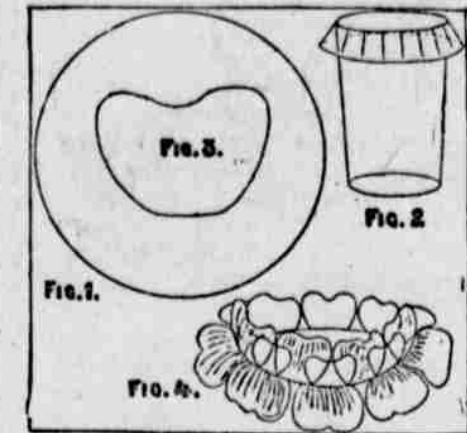


ICES SERVED IN ROSES.

Taste Better from Such a Pretty Receptacle, the Making of Which Is Here Described.

A hostess need not wholly depend on the caterer for attractive devices in the serving of food, especially creams and sherbets. A little ingenuity and deftness of hand sometimes go a great ways. There is no prettier or more artistic way of serving ices than in homemade shells in the form of roses—American Beauties preferably, although those of different colors are scarcely less attractive, and for a large entertainment lend variety of hue.

The making of the paper shell is a very simple matter. Select a thin-edged drinking glass and cut out of heavy unruled writing paper a circular piece about half an inch larger than



HOW TO MAKE THE SHELLS.

the opening in the glass and mold the shell over the top. This is very easily done by having a round piece of thick cardboard the size of the opening, putting the palm of the hand over the glass and pressing the cardboard down while you mold the edges of the paper with your thumb and fingers. By turning the glass with your other hand backward and forward you can very easily press the paper into the required shape.

Let the glass set on its bottom with the paper shell covering it, cut a quantity of rose leaves out of crepe or plain tissue paper of the desired color, and with a little flour paste and a small brush touch the lower edges of the rose petals and stick them on the paper shell, putting the first row around the edges and the second around the bottom of the shell.

It is a good plan to have several drinking glasses, and when the paper shell is drying on one to mold a new one on another glass. By doing this the shells retain their shape better and you can progress more rapidly with the work.

When the petals have dried sufficiently to hold tight to the paper shell they can be slightly curled by running them between a knife blade and your thumb until they take on quite a natural appearance (Fig. 4).

To further carry out the pretty conceit that one is eating cream from the heart of a rose, a spray of natural rose leaves may be laid on the plate and the rose set amidst the leaves, or if these are not obtainable artificial leaves of green crepe paper may be used with artistic effect. If the cream be delicately flavored with rose the conceit is all the more realistic.

Either white or pink cream is pretty for white or pink roses, while lemon cream or lemon and orange sherbet may be used with good effect in yellow roses.

These shells should be lined with confectioner's oiled paper. Cut out a circular piece a little larger than that used for the shell, mold it also over the drinking glass, and it will fit very neatly within it.

These linings can be easily lifted out of the shells after the cream has been served in them and fresh linings put in, so that the roses can be used for several occasions.

When cream is to be served in these shells it should be made quite hard and taken out in little pyramids, by using molds, such as are kept by confectioners. If these cannot be had, two large spoonfuls of cream pressed together will make a very nice-looking pyramid. Ices thus served become a pleasure to the eye as well as to the palate.—Washington Star.

Antiquity of Crackers.

Crackers are the oldest form of bread. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, supposed to belong to the neolithic age—an age dating back far beyond the received age of the world. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process. Thin, unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a great length of time, and they were convenient to carry, and this afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

To Make Red, Wrinkled Members Plump and Smooth Requires Lots of Hard Work.

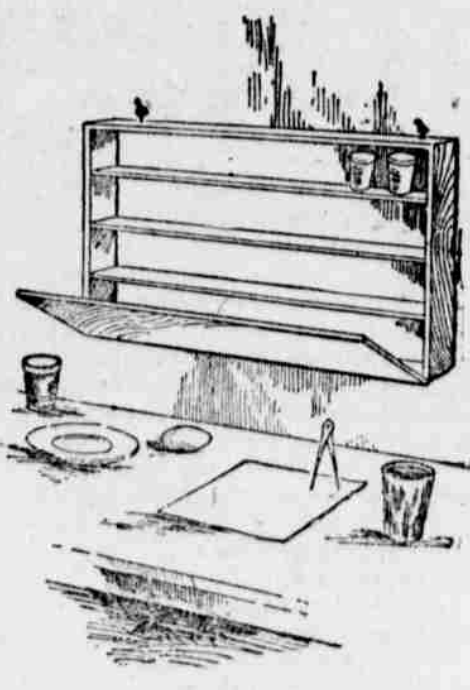
To whiten red, wrinkled hands and make them plump and smooth is a work of time. When young women or those of 35 complain of such hands the circulation is the fault and must be stimulated. Very hot baths for the entire body are the best treatment not only for reddish hands, but for red noses and swollen lips. Yet hot water is such a difficult luxury to obtain even in smart houses that it is always recommended with uncertainty, like a voyage to the Azores or a winter in Bermuda. Between the economics of the kitchen fire and the impossibilities of heating water by electric light or by fancy gas stoves, we will have to depend upon public baths for cleansing and taking cold on the way home, as most people do who use them. Friction, however, is a matter of a coarse towel and brisk, dry rubbing. Gymnastics and health movements combine with the towel exercise, for few manuals bring muscles into play in such a variety of ways as the daily rub down with a big brown length of Turkish toweling. Taken by the ends and sawed across the shoulders, up and down the arms, trunk and legs, rubbing lightly and swiftly until the skin is all aglow, the towel rubs away the dead particles and brings the blood into play. The feet should have special friction to keep them warm. Women who have cold feet in girlhood are apt to have red, thin hands and faces later in life. Special treatment for the hands requires daily application. Soak them at night in a basin of hot soapsuds with a spoonful of sweet oil stirred in. Then the oily water is rubbed off, and the back of each hand gently and swiftly rubbed with a good pomade, working it into the knuckles. Next open and shut the hands 50 to 100 times, counting the motions once by the clock and timing them by it afterward instead of counting. The hands begin to improve under the friction very soon. Finally, on going to bed, rub the hands generously with good pomade, putting plenty on the finger tips, if the nails are brittle, or draw on easy-fitting gloves. Thick joints and knobby knuckles require treatment which only a skilled specialist knows how to apply.—Chicago American.

JELLY-MAKING HINTS.

How to Cover the Glasses in a Way That Is Absolutely Sure to Prevent Mold.

When the jelly is still "piping hot" in the glasses, cover the latter with circles of white paper dipped in the white of an egg. This will stick the paper securely to the glass and make it impervious to air. Thus the jelly keeps free from mold. It must be covered while hot.

Jelly covered with paper that has not been dipped in the white of an egg will mold, but the egg seals it perfectly. If the jelly is "piping hot,"



HINTS FOR JELLYMAKERS.

no germs will remain alive under the paper. A dozen circles can be cut from paper at once, by folding the paper a sufficient number of times.

Make a shallow cupboard of a dry goods box in which to keep the jelly, placing the cupboard in a cool, dry place. Keep shut to keep out the light. Keeping jelly in a dark place is essential; as the light appears to effect a chemical change in the combination of fruit juice and sugar that injures the flavor.—Country Gentleman.

Tons of Cats' Tails.

A hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in one lot in New York for ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. Assuming that an average cat's tail would weigh a couple of ounces, this would mean that no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had been killed just to supply this one consignment.

A Hint About Teapots.

Do not allow tea to stand in a teapot between meals. Make no more than will be drunk, throw out the tea grounds, wash and scald and dry each time the teapot is used.