

YOUNG WOMEN READ THIS.

To Be in It This Year You Must Own an Old-Fashioned Stock.

To be considered a thoroughly up-to-date young woman it is necessary to own this season an old-fashioned stock, with a genuine Empire ruffle. It must look as if it had been made for George Washington instead of the fashionable girl of '97.

The stock must be very high, and the ruffle most conspicuous. It can be bought in plaid, silk or sheer lawn, and is considered one of the special novelties of the autumn. The stock, after being wound round the neck, is then tied in a smart bow in front. This novelty not only forms a collar, but a chemise, and is worn by the young woman who is partial to quaint poke bonnets and big old-fashioned muffs. It is one of James McCreery's latest creations. But it is not only this high stock with the Empire ruffle that the fashionable girl must wear this autumn. It is required of her that she own a large collection of neck-ties and collars. And great is the variety for her to select from.

If she wishes to be just a little different there is the Vesta Tilley scarf, fresh from London. All the Johnnies will wear it, as well as the tailor-made girls. The most remarkable thing about it is that it is made from a piece of old Paisley shawl. This was Vesta Tilley's own idea. However, it can be made from silk in the Paisley design and colors if one so wishes.

Then it must be remembered that there is a special way of wearing the Vesta Tilley scarf that gives it an added touch of novelty. It is in a four-in-hand, but the ends are left so long that they reach way below the waist line. The linen collar worn with this scarf must be unusually high.

But it is not only Vesta Tilley that the fashionable young woman is imitating so far as her neckwear is concerned this season, but the venerable Mr. Gladstone. For among the latest novelties there is the Gladstone collar, with its high cut points and an exact copy of the stock which he wears daily. It can be bought ready made in black satin, but can be made to order in any of the new fashioned shades.

The gay colored Roman scarf is perhaps the most popular necktie of the fall. It comes in a four-in-hand, to be tied the new way, and also in a string tie. The Roman silk four-in-hands are most gorgeous affairs. They give just the right touch of color to a sombre gown. They are made with a straight stiff collar of the silk, and the knot of the four-in-hand is tied just over the bust. The ends are long and flowing and through one of them a jeweled pin is caught.

This idea of pinning one end of the necktie to the bodice of the gown is a special fad of the hour. It is not so long ago that the pin which adorned a necktie was always thrust through the knot. But now that is considered particularly bad form. The pin must never be worn unless it holds one end of the scarf to the bodice.

The Roman string ties look well with any shaded linen collar, but just at present they are being worn the most with the collar which has a turned over edge all the way round.

With many of the handsome costumes this season and with almost all of the fashionable coats there are collars so high at the back that they are startlingly conspicuous. There are velvet collars in an exaggerated Medice shape, which are covered with jeweled lace and edged with fur, and then there are other collars reaching half way up the head at the back and made entirely of feathers.

Many of these collars hide the ears from view, but they are all considered extremely fashionable.

The broad mill necktie which made its appearance late in the summer is growing more and more popular. It can be bought this fall in soft liberty silk and in mousseline de sole, with borders of lace applique. The bow is tied in the direct front and the ends are unusually long.

The jeweled dog collar is also in favor this season—in cut steel and pearls. It is most effective over a high, smooth-fitting collar of bright satin.

Monopolies in Germany.

Among the odd things about official life in Germany are the monopolies that are granted for all sorts of business. People have the exclusive privilege of doing things here that everybody else has the right to do without permission in other countries. For example, chimney sweeping is a monopoly, and the man who controls it has to be paid for sweeping your chimney twice a year whether he sweeps it or not. You may employ somebody else, or you may not have your chimney swept at all, but he and he alone has the legal right to do the business, and he will call upon you every spring and every autumn for his fees. He never does any work himself. He is an important and usually a wealthy individual, and in Nuremberg is said to enjoy a revenue of \$7,500 a year from his privilege, but out of this total he is compelled to pay a gang of boys who do the sweeping for him.

The number of drug stores is limited by law—one to every 1,000 of population—and they have to pay a heavy license to the city. Therefore they charge high prices for prescriptions and get rich.

Origin of the Term Spinster.

There are few persons that have not looked into the dictionary "special" who know how the term "spinster" originated. We often find it in Shakespeare and other of the English classics, but it is not always used to define a spinner. It is its specific meaning, its general significance is wider. There was an old practice, in the years ago, that a woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easy the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and fixed.

HIS WIFE'S ASHES IN A TIN CAN

Wanted to Scatter them to the Four Winds of Heaven.

General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers, United States Army, was sitting in his office in the War Department the other day when a person of very dubious aspect appeared in the doorway. It was a man, with clothing tattered and torn, a two weeks' beard, and carrying an ordinary tomato can in his hand. A tramp, obviously; the tomato can, accepted as the emblem of Weary Willie in the comic papers, seemed to settle it. But the general is accessible to people of all ranks and conditions, and he bade the stranger walk in and tell his business.

"I'm in hard luck," said the man, sitting down on the edge of a chair. As he did so he placed the tomato can on a corner of General Wilson's desk. The general assented, as much as to say that the confession was no surprise to him.

"I've been carrying this here can around for two weeks," added the stranger, indicating the receptacle with his thumb.

"Indeed," said the general, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"It contains the remains of my deceased wife," the man continued, wiping one eye with the frayed tail of his coat. "She was cremated a fortnight back."

"You don't say so!" said the general, this time really surprised, and looking doubtfully at the tomato can, as if he wished it somewhere else than on his desk.

"Fact sir," replied the stranger. "And her last request was that the remains should be disposed of in some genteel manner. I couldn't afford an urn. You know, one can hire an urn at the cemetery, but its awfully expensive. So I brought 'em around for two weeks for want of knowin' what to do with 'em. Now, I've decided, and I've come to ask for a permit."

"A permit for what?" asked the general.

"To chuck 'em from the top of Washington Monument," said the man, "and scatter 'em to the four winds of heaven. That would be rather genteel, don't you think?"

"I suppose it would," assented the general, with a gasp.

"They told me I'd have to come to you for a permit," explained the stranger.

"No, sir," responded General Wilson, decidedly. "You can get no such permit here. The Washington Monument is not intended for burial purposes. Good day, sir."

The general said afterward: "Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent the man from scattering a bucketful as ashes from the monument if he wanted to do so. But if I granted a permit for such a thing, cranks from all over the country would be coming here to distribute the remains of their relatives from the top of the marble shaft. It would never do, indeed."

Flourishing Underground City.

In Galicia, in Austrian Poland, there is a remarkable underground city, which has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day. It is known as the City of the Salt Mines, and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. It has its town hall, theatre and assembly room, as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from the pure, crystallized rock salt. It has well graded streets and spacious squares, lighted with electricity. There are numerous instances in this underground city where not a single individual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun or has any idea of how people live in the light of day.

Fashions For Little Girls.

Much gay Roman striped ribbon, according plaited, is used on the various frocks for little girls. Besides the plaids the materials most in favor are the wool novelty goods and the poplins, which are noted for their excellent wearing capacity.

AN ARMLESS EDITOR.

Writes With His Toes and Signs Documents With His Teeth.

There is an editor in Texas who writes with his toes and signs his name to checks and other documents with a pen held in his mouth. He was born without arms, but has substituted his feet for hands and his toes for fingers, and has learned to get along very well with the handicap set upon him by Dame Nature. His name is Aaron Smith, and he is editor and proprietor of the Times-Review at Mount Pleasant, in the Lone Star state.

Mr. Smith was born in Arkansas twenty-nine years ago, but was raised in Texas. He is the second of ten children, and the only one that is deformed. At the time when other children were using their hands this baby was using his toes. As he grew older the ability to handle things with his toes became more pronounced. His toes have never been cramped in tight shoes, but have been used as fingers. They resemble fingers more than they do the average toe. They are no longer than other people's toes, but they are straighter and are free from big joints and corns.

When he was seven years old young Smith learned to write. He attended school, and was always at the head of his class. On the playground he could shoot a marble as skillfully as any boy of his age, and he learned to play a good game of croquet.

During his boyhood he learned to play on the guitar and the piano, but he never became particularly proficient, not having a good deal of musical talent. At that time he was offered a large salary to travel and exhibit himself. The offer has been repeated at various times, but he has never paid any attention to the propositions. When looking about for a profession he decided to study law. His friends and relatives dissuaded him, urging his physical disadvantage. This only spurred the young man on, and he was admitted to the bar when but twenty years old. He was successful as a lawyer, and was especially convincing in addressing a jury. He followed the law for some years, during which time he became interested in politics and was a candidate for district judge.

That year happened to be a bad year for the Democrats in Texas, and he was defeated. He was a delegate to the state convention that selected delegates to the last national democratic convention.

Mr. Smith has always had a liking for the newspaper business. A few years ago he purchased the Times-Review in his home town and has conducted it successfully ever since. It is one of the most influential county weeklies in the state. The armless editor uses a typewriter, though he can write easily and rapidly with a pen or a pencil held in his mouth. But when he sits down and begins pounding the typewriter keys with his toes copy is turned out at a surprising rate.

Mr. Smith is married and has a baby girl that he thinks is the prettiest baby in the state. His wife is a woman of more than average intelligence, and Mr. Smith says that he owes much of his success to her. She assists in his newspaper labors, though Mr. Smith attends to all the details. He has used his feet in place of his hands for such a long time that he is surprised that anyone thinks his accomplishment at all wonderful.

How Flies Walk Upside Down.

In our youth we were taught that flies adhered to the ceiling or to the window pane because their feet were provided with suckers from which they had the power of exhausting the air. This was disproved from the fact that a fly could run up the side of an exhausted glass receiver when a vacuum under his feet would do him no good even if he had the power of creating it, and by the further fact that a microscopic examination showed that his feet were not provided with suckers, but with multitudinous hairs from which exuded a fluid in minute drops. It was then suggested that this fluid was viscous or gummy, so that the fly adhered by a sort of mucus. This, too, was disproved, as it was shown that the fluid possessed no adhesive properties. By a series of careful experiments detailed in Our Animal Friends for September Mr. Dreghold proves that capillary attraction is the adhesion of water to a surface, is enough to support a fly even if he were 50 per cent heavier than he is. The hairs give out an infinitesimal drop of water, and as there are a great number of them the fly is enabled to hang on the ceiling and to tickle any sensitive surface on which he alights in a highly scientific manner.

Curious Foster Mother.

Alexis Drouad, gardener at Boulin, La Vendee, in France, found some days ago in a hole four infant rabbits that seemed deserted. Taking pity on them he turned over in his mind how to rear them. The thought struck him that a cat which had recently been deprived of three out of a litter of four kittens would have no objection to bringing them up. He first took a little white kitten resembling the kitten she was nursing. She received the foundling in the kindest way and set it on to a teat. The others were brought one by one and treated in the same way, but the cat does not see the young rabbits bounding about, and corrects them for so doing. She evidently thinks their manners bad, and tries to make them smoother. The single kitten and young rabbits play, but they do not know what to make of the youthful feline when it thinks it fun to strike their noses with its paw. The cat's anxiety about the adopted family makes her quite feverish.

Paving blocks made of meadow grass are now manufactured. Their inventor was a clergyman, and the meadow grass, impregnated with oil, tar and resin, is pressed into blocks and finely bound iron straps. The advantages claimed for these blocks are that they are noiseless and elastic, resist the wear well and are impervious to heat and cold.

The father of a lawyer now well known in San Francisco was in his last illness talking with a clergyman when the latter asked him if he had made his peace with God. "Sir," replied the old gentleman, "the Lord and I have never had any trouble."

THE UPPER OTTAWA'S SOURCE.

Returned Missionary Tells of the Strange Country.

An Indian missionary, the Rev. Father Laniel of the Oblate Order, has returned lately to civilization from the longest trip yet made by any of his order to minister to the aboriginal inhabitants of the wild and little known country watered by the sources of the upper Ottawa river. From the outer confines of civilization at Mattawa, the missionary traveled no less than 800 miles through this rough north country, the greater part of his journey being made in a birch bark canoe. He passed by the head waters of the Gatineau, the Desert, the Culonge, the Damoine and Lake Keewewa visiting also the Indians of the post of Barriere, Grand Lake Victoria and Grassy Lake. At Barriere the missionary found 150 Indians congregated to trade with the factor of the Hudson Bay company. Their method of bartering with the company is quite ingenious. For the first day or two after their appearance at the post they say nothing of their hunt and make no offer to sell anything to the factor. Finally their discretion is overcome by their want of tobacco, or flour, or linens, and they cautiously advance with a few skins, which they dispose of for the means of supplying their immediate wants. To all inquiries they reply that the hunt has been a poor one, and that they have secured but few trophies of their chase.

Gradually more and more peltries are produced, and soon the entire season's hunt is disposed of, immediate use being made of the goods obtained in exchange, with no regard for future necessities. Nominally, these Indians are Christians, but practically they live in the grossest immorality. Father Laniel in his last trip persuaded five couples to pass through the ceremony of matrimony, and other missionaries testify to the difficulty which they experience in preventing polygamy and in inducing some of the leading men of the tribe to put aside their superfluous wives. These Indians are still exceedingly superstitious, and the killing of a bear is the occasion of a remarkable festival among them. The bear's head is placed upon a pole with a piece of tobacco in the mouth. While some contend that this is simply to show other Indians that bears have been found there, or to keep the skull beyond the reach of dogs, others say that it is to honor the animal and propitiate the spirit of its kind. At times many bears' skulls may be seen upon the same pole. Occasionally the skulls of beavers are treated thus. But this season beavers have been exceedingly rare, and but few have been killed, and now the animal is to be protected by law until 1909.

Apart from the skulls, the bones of animals killed in the chase are buried in the ground, thrown into deep water or consumed with fire. The pelted skin of a bear cub forms an essential part of the outfit of the conjurers or medicine men. One of the Indians met by Father Laniel killed a bear in one month. These animals are now reported to be very plentiful. The moose, the red deer, and the caribou are plentiful in the country hunted over by these Indians, who are consequently much more fortunate than those whose hunting grounds are in the interior of Labrador. Immense fish are taken in the Grand Lake Victoria and other waters over which these Indians paddle their birch bark canoes, including sturgeon weighing up to 275 pounds each. Pike and lake trout are caught up to forty pounds each.

Advantages of Bare Feet.

Visitors to Scotland used to be horrified on seeing so many children running about barefooted. Bare feet are less common now than they were a generation ago, and perhaps the change, while showing a growing prosperity in the nation, is not altogether to be commended. Children's feet grow so fast that to keep them always properly shod is a matter that requires considerable care and some expenditure. It matters very little to a child's future wellbeing that at some period of its childhood the sleeves of a jacket have been too short or the skirt of a frock too scant; but the compression of feet in boots too tight, or even worse, too short, may be a cause of torment in future years. Infinitely better are bare feet than clumsy, ill-shaped boots. In winter the feet may indeed want some protection from cold and wet, but during a great part of the year children may safely go barefooted.

Some mothers, by no means of the poorest class, are convinced that the comfort and symmetry of the feet in maturer years are largely to be gained by giving them freedom during the time of growth. At a very fashionable marriage some time ago a child bridesmaid was seen silk-robed, but shoeless. Where shoes fit every stage of growth can be easily obtained, it may seem an excess of care, almost an affectation, to dispense with the conventional foot covering, but if it makes it easier for the wife of a small tradesman—with whom the shoe problem is a difficult one, never solved in a comfortable or hygienic way—to let her children go barefooted if she sees the hair of the dukedom enjoying the full ease of his uncramped feet, we should, says the Hospital, beseech the duchess to take away his shoes. No doubt the young hope of the peerage would take his emancipation gladly. And if shoes are undesirable, how much more so are gloves. Except the thick woolen ones for winter warmth, gloves should be banished from the child's wardrobe. How many youngsters "dressed to death," or near it, would echo the complaint of a West India negro soldier when for the first time he donned full uniform: "Barracks for de hands too bad—too bad!"

Mr. Garmoyle—How is your brother now?

Miss Woodruff—He isn't any better, but we are greatly encouraged.

Mr. Garmoyle—It seems rather singular that you should be encouraged when he isn't any better.

Miss Woodruff—You see, we've just found a doctor who admits that he doesn't know what is the matter with the poor boy, and this leads us to believe that at last will be in the hands of a man who knows his business."

ABSENT-MINDED JONES.

(By Charles B. Lewis.)

Jones couldn't help it. He was born that way. As a baby he couldn't remember his nursing bottle or rattle-box five minutes after they were out of his hand. Sometimes he remembered that his mother was a woman he had seen around the house before, and sometimes he looked upon her as an utter stranger. On rare occasions he recognized his father, and there were times when he seemed to feel at home in the house.

As a baby Jones was a side-show. He was named Henry, but if you called him George or Jake or Hanna, it was all the same to him. He was as bright as the average boy, but he simply couldn't remember. Every page of lesson in school was new to him next day, and it wasn't half the time he could remember the name of the teacher. His mother fretted and worried, and his father scolded and thrashed, but the boy did not improve. They finally got a phrenologist to examine his bumps, and his verdict was: "He was born that way, and you can't do anything with him. Just let him make the best of it."

The "best" was to let him go his way and do as he pleased, and he grew up into a fairly good man. To the wonder of all he turned to business and displayed an aptitude for it. His real troubles began when he got old enough to escort the girls about. If introduced to a strange girl he would invariably lead off with:

"Very happy, indeed, but haven't we met before?"

"I think not."

"Perhaps not; but I was thinking I asked you to marry me."

"No, sir."

"I must be mistaken, of course. Didn't we ever court?"

"No, sir."

"I thought we had. Just excuse me, will you?"

And half an hour later he would be likely to stare at her for a moment with troubled countenance, and then say:

"Let's see? Didn't I ask you to marry me a little while ago?"

"No, sir."

"I thought I did. Excuse me, and I'll try to remember you better."

One day he came home with a very serious look on his face, and when asked what was troubling him, he replied:

"Have we got a cook named 'Mary'?"

"No; her name is Jane," replied his mother.

"Does she expect me to marry her?"

"Of course not. Who put that notion into your head?"

"Why, I'm almost sure I asked somebody's cook, named Mary or Jane or something, to marry me. Please go and ask our cook if she is the one."

His grandmother came on a visit, and the day after her arrival young Jones called her into another room and confidentially observed:

"It comes a little hard for me to remember everything, you know. In talking with you yesterday did I ask you to marry me?"

"Why, mercy, no!" grasped the old lady.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am! The idea of your asking your grandmother to marry you!"

"Well, maybe I didn't," he sighed, "but I was talking with you and one or two other women, and it seems to me I proposed to one at least. If it wasn't you it was one of the others."

It was a nine-days wonder when he got married, and later on it was ascertained that he had been engaged to twenty-two different girls. That is, he had popped the question to that many, and whether all had accepted or rejected him he could not remember. One day he overtook a girl on the village street, and after walking a block or so he suddenly asked:

"Miss Angell, I don't remember some things very clearly. For instance, did I ever tell you that I loved you?"

"You never did," she replied.

"Well, I wish to tell you so now. Perhaps I never asked you to marry me?"

"Never."

"Then I ask you now."

"Yes, I will marry you," replied the girl, who knew Jones to be a very worthy young man, and who was in every way worthy herself.

"I thank you very much. When shall it come off—tomorrow?"

"No; the day after."

"Very well. We will have a quiet marriage at your house the day after tomorrow. I must try and remember that. Just excuse me, will you?"

And he left her to run across the street and into a grocery and say to the proprietor:

"Say, Billings, do me a favor, will you?"

"Of course—what is it?"

"I'm going to marry Sadie Angell Thursday evening. Please help me to remember it."

Billings agreed and about every two hours he had a boy hunt up young Jones and jog his memory. The Jones family also helped him to remember, and altogether the bridegroom-elect did go off fishing on the marriage day they got him back in time for the marriage. Two hours after the ceremony, however, while he was circulating among the guests, he met the bride and smilingly said:

"Miss Angell, did we or did we not get married this evening?"

places, and even then he was likely to get the items mixed up with ten barrels of apples bought of Green. He would try to collect a debt five or six times over, but as an offset would always pay over and over again, if demanded. He set out for the country one day with \$500 in cash in his pocket to buy produce, but after one or two purchases he lost himself and was not found for two weeks. It was an actual fact that he forgot his town and his name, and he had about concluded the purchase of an old saw mill when an acquaintance happened along and told him who he was and where he belonged.

"Then I am Jones?" queried the absent-minded and astonished man.

"Of course you are!"

"And I live at Greenville?"

"Certainly. I have known you for years."

"Well, if I'm Jones, and live at Greenville, I guess I'd better be jogging along home."

There were times when Jones forgot that he was married, and it was one of these lapses which brought his death. If he wasn't bothered with business he remembered that he had a wife and two children. If business matters vexed him he might say to any woman who entered his store:

"A dozen eggs, eh? Certainly, Madam, I do not remember little details as well as I wish I did. Were we ever married?"

"No, sir!"

"I don't know, you know. Didn't I ever ask you to marry me?"

"No, sir!"

"Didn't I ever sit up with you Sunday nights?"

"Never, sir!"

"Well, I'm probably mistaken, and you'll please excuse me."

The woman was likely to go home and tell her husband, and the latter would rush over to Jones to exclaim:

"See here, now, but you'll get your head knocked off if you talk to my wife that way again!"

"Your wife! But I don't even know your wife!" the astonished Jones would reply.

"But she was just in here after eggs."

"Was that your wife? Well, well! And all I said to her was to ask her if she liked boiled eggs."

As a sort of public test of Jones' absent-mindedness, he was told one morning that five men had been killed at the railroad depot. He expressed his sympathies, and ten minutes later he was told the same thing over again. This was continued until he had been told fifteen times. Then a man dropped in and carelessly inquired:

"Well, Jones, any news today?"

"Not a bit," replied Jones.

"Wasn't there an accident somewhere around town this morning?"

"Haven't heard of any."

"What was Griggs telling you half an hour ago?"

"Griggs? Griggs? Oh, yes, I remember Griggs, the carpenter. Let's see. Let's see. Why, he was saying something about an earthquake in Japan, I believe, but I didn't pay much attention."

A few weeks after that Jones had to go to Indianapolis on business. He had his errand written down in four different note books, and there was hope that he would accomplish it. At the hotel in Indianapolis he met a widow who was traveling and had lost her money by theft. His sympathies went out at once, and in his mental excitement he forgot his past—particularly the fact that he was a married man. He began to talk tenderly and kindly, and within five hours had offered himself in marriage. The widow sidled him up for a good man and accepted him, and the marriage ceremony took place in the hotel parlor next morning. An hour later Jones was recognized by a fellow townsman and of course he was in hot water. They tried to make the widow understand that he was an absent-minded man and meant no wrong, but excuses didn't go down with her. He had committed bigamy, and she felt so wronged and insulted that she caused his arrest at once. When Jones was arraigned, all he could say was:

"Dear, dear me, but I'd clean forgot that I ever married. I'm not sure if I really ever did, but if they say so, I shall have to believe it."

The judge said that matrimony was too sacred to be trifled with that way, and Jones was sent to jail until he could get bail. There was a delay of two or three weeks, and he caught a heavy cold in his damp cell and died of pneumonia before the case came to trial. When his wife came to see him she upbraided him, as was natural, and he replied:

"How was I to remember when I had forgotten all about it? You ought to have tied a string around my finger or put it down in the books."

If Jones had lived the bigamy case might have gone hard with him, but the widow couldn't get revenge on a dead man. An hour before he died, and when they told him that death was near, he quietly replied:

"So I'm going to die, eh? It sort of seems as if I had died before, but maybe not. I'll try and remember about it this time, however."

What Causes a Cold.

Nothing is more common than to hear the cold accused of having provoked the disease known by the same name, an inflammation of the lungs, an attack or even an epidemic of diphtheria or grippe. How has it been able to do this? Surely it has not caused to spring up, ready armed, the microbes of these different maladies. It has only been able to favor their intervention or their action. The cold does not give rise to the microbe, but it brings about and analyzes the leucocyte charged with combating against it.

Various other causes may hinder the action of the leucocytes. It is sufficient to bruise the member near the point where an inoculation has been made, to break a bone in the vicinity, in short, to give other work to the leucocytes, who are at the same time the police force and the street sweepers of the organism, charged with making disappear all the dead or deteriorated elements. But they cannot do everything at once, and, while they are working to repair the material disorders caused by the contusion or the fracture, the microbes, that they easily englobe in a healthy member, get the upper hand, because they are free courses.—E. Duclaux, in Chautauqua for September.