

Immersion is the German water cure for pirate craft.

Count Boni de Castellane has just bought a chateau in France. The Gould roads have been making money lately.

It has been remarked with some degree of unanimity, also, that the salt trust has gone up the river of the same name.

Young King Alfonso wants to have it distinctly understood that he intends to do the cutting up for the whole family.

The Duke of Marlborough declares he will never set foot on American soil again. What have we done to deserve this kindness?

Here's the best news of the day: When the school bell rings in Porto Rico 1,200 schools are filled with 50,000 future Americans.

Whistling soloists weddings are among the latest Eastern fads. We shall next hear of somebody whistling "Lead Kindly Light" at a funeral.

If the Duke of Veragua resembled his illustrious ancestor of the period of 1492 he would be a good man to send in search of the North Pole.

England is disposed to admire America's public school system. Every now and then England discovers something worthy of attention in this country.

A book lover who lent two or three and forgot where, is advertising for them in the papers. Never lend a book. What are the public library and the bookstores for?

A girl has applied to the Circuit Court to have her name changed. There are lots of other girls who could tell her a quicker and more satisfactory way of securing the same result.

Pearcy says the arctic regions would be the best place to send consumptives. This suggests a reason why he wished to discover the North Pole. He may have planned to convert it into a health resort.

An Eastern scientist predicts that in five years the air ship will take the place of the automobile. Are we to understand from this that in five years the air ship will get to killing others besides those who operate it?

According to Rev. A. B. Simpson, the celebrated pocket compeller, the "novels and books that are given to our young people to read to-day are a scandal and a disgrace. They are clever, eye, very clever. As clever as the devil, in fact." This is unjust to the devil. If that old serpent is not cleverer than 99 per cent of the books read by "our young people," then he is as much of an ass as the legends make him out to be.

Mr. Rockefeller's gift to science in the form of an endowment of pathological research has already borne most interesting fruit, if it is true, as reported, that investigators working under the endowment have discovered the germ of cholera infantum. Anything which should help to prevent or check the ravages of a disease which carries off so many thousands of children every summer would make Mr. Rockefeller's gift one of the most valuable the world has ever known.

"Wealthy and wonderful" is as good as alliterative phrase to be applied to the West as "wild and woolly." Moreover, it has the advantage of truth. The new civilization of the plains is pictured by a recent incident ten miles from a Kansas town. A farmer, riding under an awning on a sulky plow met, at the end of his furrow, the rural mail wagon. The driver tossed the farmer a bundle of mail, and as the team took up its steady course back across the half-mile field, the farmer unfolded the daily paper, printed that morning two hundred miles away, and read the happenings in China and the news of the political campaign.

Burglars should always be polite, but some of them are carrying refinement of manners to the point of insolence. For example, the burglar who made a business call at a house in Thirty-first street, New York. For twenty minutes he searched the house for keepsakes. Meanwhile, outside, one man was looking for a policeman and another man was waiting for the caller to come out, and, inside, the burglar alarm was sputtering away and not alarming the burglar. At the end of that time he came down the steps calmly, lit a cigar, walked jauntily past the watcher and disappeared. We should hate to be convinced that a gentlemanly burglar can be ungentlemanly, but it was insulting to the watcher to sneeze by him, and the cigar was a detail positively arrogant.

The mannequin worm is sometimes a little slow in turning, but when he does turn his revolutions are amazing. The Pennsylvania man who objected to his wife's written rules of conduct has been contained by an upright judge—did he refuse to "take a bath all day once a week," or "to go to church on Sunday school," but because he insisted that he was not bound to an agreement pledging himself to any other specific articles. Therefore...

His wife deserted him and demanded a regular allowance for her support. But she forgot that the applause of a woman's club is not necessarily the edict of a court of justice, and Mr. Sutton is now free to marry a woman who will not present him with a written order to "get up at 5 o'clock without calling you." Little by little, with the helpful support of the judiciary, we men are getting back to the old business basis.

That was a good word which Anthony Hope Hawkins said recently in appreciation of the modern novel. He characterized it as "fresh, alive, readily responsive, full of healthy curiosity, courageous to the verge of audacity, greedy of every new experience." He further said: "Its faults are not the vices of decadence, but defects of virility and confidence." The word of assurance is a relief from the chorus of wailing that comes from critics who affect to survey the field of fiction, and see no Thackeray, no George Eliot, a Meredith already past 70 and a Thomas Hardy preferring to write poor poetry than good prose. The great mass of fiction writers, they hold, have little idea of good art and care less. The immense sales of novels which can live only a brief day show the crude taste of the public seeking the popular sensation. Is the case so bad? Have not the popular novels their reason for being, and that a good one? "The Crisis" may not be a great work of art, but it responds to a deep, loyal sentiment of the American people, evoked anew by the Spanish war and by comparison reviving interest in the earlier critical period. "The Octopus" may not be immortal. It has its weak points, but a moral as well as an economical principle is at stake in which the public at large is interested. The work of fiction which deals with a question of this kind is sure to have large sales and numerous readers. The intensely practical life of to-day must eventually find expression in a truly artistic way, just as the passion for beauty found artistic expression in Greece and the passion for religious feeling is shown in the art of the middle ages. Art in any new direction is slow in coming to perfection. Meanwhile critics sigh over the past without looking to see prophetic glimpses of new and perhaps better things.

When Browning's "Paracelsus" first appeared the London Athenaeum saw no promise of the future Browning. It dismissed the work in three lines: "Not without talent, but spoiled by obscurity, and only an imitation of Shelley." It is never worth while to cling too regretfully to the past, and critics would do better to look for signs of promise in the mass of what they are disposed to pronounce mere verbiage. They may then come to Anthony Hope's conclusion and find the faults which they lament to be the defects of virility and confidence and not the vices of decadence.

The Quiet Man in the Corner. I lingered over a checker game a night or two ago; The one I played against me seemed to be no ghost of show; I had a bunch of lousy kings that strutted all about And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out. Way over in a corner shrunk a timid little man Who stood right in his station ever since the game began. He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song, And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long. But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away, And not another moment did that little fellow stay. He bounded over the board and took three kings in one fell swoop, Then landed in my king-row with a wild, ecstatic whoop.

You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought And never made a noise while the others raged and fought; The whole community had come to think of them as dead, Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled. The chaps with recognition for their portion pose and strut, And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut. But some day, when 'most every one is looking 't'other way, This quiet fellow sees a chance to break into the play. He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored; He puts into the life-game all the energy he's stored. Through all the years of silence. So you'd better not forget A still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king-row yet! —Los Angeles Herald.

Troubling the Tables. Among the students at a Chicago medical college was one who frequently tried to "play to the galleries" by twisting his answers in such a way as to raise a laugh. But one day the laugh went against him, says the Chicago Record-Herald. One of his hits, although not at all original, was his description of a remarkable red bat he had seen. The class was much interested, but the professor was skeptical, and intimated that he should be better studied if he were to see it. "I've brought it with me," said the student, and taking the paper off a package he exhibited a brickbat. The other day he was asked about the origin of cholera. "Asia, they say," he answered, "but from my own experience I should say it was in the abdominal region." "I did not mean cholera infantum," remarked the professor, blandly, and the joker couldn't see for some time what the others were laughing at.

When you look at some people the first thing you think of is a club.

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Fashions change so rapidly that there are few homes where the remodeling of last season's gowns does not become a necessity, and the question to be considered is how it may be done in the most satisfactory manner. In some large places there are dressmakers who make a specialty of making dresses over, and derive a good income from it, but many women do their own sewing, which is a great saving, and with the aid of good patterns the results are very satisfactory. If one wishes to accomplish a great deal of work in a short time, it is best to have a small room set apart for the sewing room. One cannot keep the sitting room neat if such work is done there, and this consideration, as well as the comfort of the family, will well repay the expense of heating a separate room. There should be a good machine, a cutting table, a large and well-fitted work-basket, and a set of drawers for keeping pieces of various materials left from dresses and other garments, spoils of silk and cotton thread, unfinished sewing, etc. A wire skirt form is a great convenience, enabling one to see at a glance whether they are even all around or not. A woman with a room fitted with all the implements needed can accomplish almost twice as much as one whose tools are scattered. When a dress is to be made over it should be ripped apart, every stitch picked out, and the cloth sponged and pressed before it is put together again. Black silk should be sponged thoroughly, then rolled smoothly on a rolling pin. The economical woman buys good material, then when it becomes faded or she grows tired of the color, one or two packages of dye will make it fresh and pretty again. Navy or indigo blue, seal brown, wine color or bottle green are handsome, while black is always a safe change. The brighter shades are often preferred for children. The sewing should be done as carefully as if it were a new garment, for the little details make a great deal of difference in the appearance of a gown. The safest plan for an amateur is to cut the lining of the waist and fit it on the person for whom it is intended, before cutting the material. Get a good pattern if you do not cut by a chart, and follow the directions in the minutest details, and you can scarcely fail to obtain satisfactory results. The skirt is almost as important as the waist; the top is snug fitting, and the old-fashioned gores are easily shaped without pleating. Two old skirts may be used for one of the new ones with the circular founce, by using one for the gores and the other for the founce.

To Clean a Sewing Machine. To clean a sewing machine place it near the fire to get warm, that the congealed oil about it may melt, and then oil it thoroughly with paraffin. Work it quickly for a few minutes, then wipe off all the paraffin and dirt, treat it to a little more clean paraffin, wipe it again, and after the application of a very little of the ordinary lubricating oil it will be ready for use. People often shirk the trouble of thoroughly cleaning their machines like this, but a clogged and "heavy" machine under this treatment will become like new, and its easy working will be an ample reward for any trouble incurred. To Wash Stockings. All kinds of stockings require careful washing. No socks should ever be used, and the water should be only moderately warm for both washing and rinsing. After rinsing, which should be done in water containing a few drops of liquid ammonia, dry them quickly out of doors in a good current of air and press with a warm iron when dry. Silk stockings require several rinsings, and after pressing (not wringing) the water out of them and pulling them in shape they should be shaken out well and rolled in a cloth to dry.

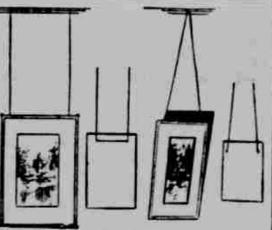
Women's Doings.

THE WIFE IN BUSINESS.

A MAN'S wife often knows more than he does about a great many things, and while he need not lower himself in her estimation by admitting her mental superiority, it is sometimes well for him to silently recognize her superior intelligence, and profit by it. If he is a wise man, he will not be too ready to come into accord with the opinions of his wife, but will affect a great deal of wisdom of his own, even though he knows he has none. It never increases a wife's respect for her husband to know that he is her inferior in anything, and it certainly does not increase her respect or affection to have him intimate by word or look that she does not know anything at all. The judgment of the average woman regarding the disbursement of money is often better than that of the average man, particularly when it comes to spending money for domestic purposes. It takes a shrewd tradesman to get over the average sensible woman, while the tradesman finds it easy to work off stale goods on the average man; and the most conceited man might as well acknowledge frankly that his wife can attend to most of the affairs of her own household better than he can attend to them for her. Women very often have the most acute perception regarding business affairs. If men would only "talk business" with their wives, instead of taking it for granted that women "don't understand anything about business," there would probably be fewer failures. Many a successful business man owes his success to the keenness of judgment of a partner whose name does not appear in the firm or over the shop window, and who is not supposed to have any connection with the business—and that partner is his wife, in whom he is wise enough to confide.—Housewife.

Hanging of Pictures.

To give the walls of a room a dignified and restful feeling, nothing must be placed upon them to disturb the vertical effect. A wall should remain a flat surface. The first illustration shows a picture hung with two hooks so that the wire forms vertical lines that harmonize with the lines of the frame. The picture being flat against the wall casts no unrestful shadows. The second illustration shows a very



HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

common but mistaken fashion of hanging pictures. Here the eye is distracted from the picture, which should be the center of interest. The oblique lines of the wire are obtrusive, and the ugly shadow usually cast by the overhanging frame is still more so. In fact, all the lines confuse the eye, so that a wall thus hung with pictures can never be beautiful or reasonable from an artistic standpoint.—Good Housekeeping.

Tranquillity. Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture, it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yea, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm! How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether a great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—November Success.

The New Woman. Oh, "New Woman" you who face the twentieth century with the secret, self-complacent reflection that you are the highest production of your sex, look back with honest impartiality to the woman of colonial days—and grow humble. You are priding yourself not a little because you are a graduate of Smith, of Wellesley, Vassar, or some other great college, that you can stir your clubs with scholarly theses or easy-flowing words, that you are proficient in domestic science, informed politically, that you are traveled; in short, are a brilliant, cultured, attractive woman, drilled to meet the taxing exigencies of modern life. Pardon me if I draw your attention to the fact that all your life-equipment may be acquired by any woman of

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

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SOCIAL INSTINCT OF ANTS.

Insects Who Preferred Duty to the Call of Pleasure.

A swarm of formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrance to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a drop of honey on a piece of paper, says a writer in the International World. At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gormandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social in whom gormandism does prevail.

Compared to the manner of other sociable animals, and especially to those of man, the manner of ants exhibits a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degenerescence through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfillment of this series of acts individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, proves this superabundantly. But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the cast different as regards our actions, though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

I have been unable to give more than a short sketch of the social life of ants. Let each one study it for himself and he will experience in doing so the deep enjoyment that comes from sounding the secrets and laws of nature, while at the same time he will enjoy the most delightful satire upon human wretchedness, and will perceive at least the main lines of a social example that we ought to be able to imitate, though we cannot do so on account of the too large dose of egotistical and ferocious instincts that we have inherited from our ancestors.

DOCTOR WAS TOO CLEVER.

An anonymous physician who has written some "confessions" for the Independent tells this story about himself: "I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever. I responded at once. The patient was one of two elderly sisters whom I had attended for many years. I greeted her in the sitting room and noted her pulse while in the act of shaking hands with her. By some witty remarks I contrived to make her laugh, which enabled me to see her tongue. Then I said in a playful tone: 'If you will let me a glass I will treat you to some of my patent soda water.' She did so. I put a tablet in the water, and she drank it. I want you to know that I take pride in my original methods. I try to educate my patients to like, and not to dread the visits of the doctor. In this case all of my work had been done without the direct knowledge of the patient and I felt very good over it. So I had my patient good-bye with extreme cheerfulness. She looked surprised and then said: 'Of course, you will come upstairs and see my sister?' 'Not to day,' I said. 'Give her my respects.' 'Why,' she said, looking mystified and startled, 'how strangely you talk! 'Strangely?' I echoed. 'Why?' 'Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her. It flashed over my mind in an instant I had prescribed for the wrong sister I was entirely too clever.'

"Humorous Yankee Thief."

An American thief named Arthur Robinson has set Paris laughing by his repartee when arraigned for trial. All the papers publish pictures of "the humorous Yankee." Robinson appeared in the criminal court and asked that the trial be postponed because his attorney was ill and unable to be present. The judge said he couldn't grant the request because two postponements had already been allowed. "Have you confessed repeatedly that you were sentenced in the United States for petit larceny; that you stole this man's pocketbook and struck the officer who arrested you?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, your Honor," Robinson replied. "Then what could your lawyers say in your defense?" demanded the court. "That's just what I'm curious to know," the Yankee said, grinning. He got six months in jail.

Plainly Stated. Mr. Yerning—If you will only marry me, I promise you I'll make you a good husband.

Miss De Terminus—Never fear! If I decide to marry you I'll make you that —Philadelphia Press.

"Bronze Beard" Probably a Fiction. The first fourteen Roman emperors all shaved their faces clean. There is a portrait bust representing Nero with a beard, but it is not believed to be authentic.

A little learning often saves a man from jury duty.