

A NEWPORT IDYL.

The ballroom at the Casino was aglow with light and pulsing with music. The ball was at its height a moment before supper.

Standing near a door was a young man whose features were drawn and white, and whose set lips made a picture sadly out of place in that gay throng. His dark eyes followed a slim, graceful girl, with a crown of golden hair and tender, violet eyes, whose dark, long lashes lent them a pathetic look just then.

They seemed to be seeking for some one, but whoever they sought was not found until the dancers had twice made the tour of the room. Then the two pairs of eyes met for a second. Those of the girl had a wistful, questioning look; those of the man an expression of stern relinquishment.

The music ceased just then, and in the little ensuing flutter they lost sight of each other in the crowd.

The man, with a sigh so deep as to be almost a groan, turned away, and, scarcely knowing how he reached there, found himself seated in an easy chair on the wide porch. He gave himself up to bitter reflections.

"I must be crazy to come here tonight. I might in time have learned to forget her, but to see her again, so sweet and so far off. I could not ask her to marry me now on 'little or nothing a year.' She has been brought up to wealth and luxury. It is part and parcel of her daily life, and I would be the most brutal of brutes to ask her to share my poverty. Poor little Nellie! She didn't look any too happy, either. Well, Jim, if you are not a coward you will start now and go—so far away that she will never hear of you again."

Just at this stage of "Jim's" reflections several persons came along, and in their gay conversation Jim had no part. He half rose to go, when he heard his own name mentioned. In spite of the old proverb about listeners, he remained in his chair, which was in deep shadow.

"Poor Jim Alden! Did you see him? He stood by the door, looking like the ghost at the feast. What a pity that he went on Wall street! He might have known better. He seemed to be particularly cut up when he saw Miss Burton dancing away and never even looking at him."

"I hear that Miss Burton's engagement to Lloyd Appleby is announced."

"What, that old man! Well, he's rolling in wealth."

"She did not need to marry money."

"The ways of women are past finding out."

The figure in the dark corner glided away swiftly. He had borne all he



NELLIE ADVANCED SLOWLY.

could. He strode on down toward the Point, scarcely knowing where he was going, until with a sudden sense of a new pain he found that he was standing by the rocks where he had sat only two days before with Nellie.

Then the hot sun blazed down and the heat pulsated from the sand and sea below, and the rocks above, and then, too, there was not the knowledge that he had lost every dollar he had in the world.

The long line of silver light laid across the water suddenly wavered and grew blurred and dim. His eyes filled and a sob was wrung from his aching heart. He remembered the dimpled fingers that had clasped the parasol, the odor of the flowers at her breast, and the clinging against his cheek of a few strands of golden hair tossed there by the wanton wind. He stood there, a black outline against the moonlit water beyond.

Back at the Casino another little drama had been enacted. Nellie had seen more than her trained features had shown, and she knew that unless she acted promptly she would have looked her last upon Jim. Suddenly Jim was more to her than all the world. All the other men and women in the world were effaced from her heart and mind as utterly as if they did not exist. She must find Jim—she must.

Out on the wide portico she flew, with her Aunt Ellnor and Mr. Appleby behind her. Jim was not there. With the presence of love she knew where she should find him, and, snatching a white scarf from her aunt's shoulders, she said:

"Aunt, you and Mr. Appleby wait for me; I am going to find Jim."

"Nellie! Nellie! You will compromise yourself fatally!"

"I don't care; I love Jim."

"Nellie!"

But Nellie was gone. Mr. Appleby smiled as, under the shadow of a column, he said:

"Let her go, Ellnor. Nellie is right. Jim is worthy of any good woman."

"But he is poor."

"That he isn't. I brought the news to him that he had just inherited a

bigger fortune than he lost. He doesn't know it yet, and, Ellnor, we can all be married together. Eh?"

"Oh—Lloyd!"

"We've waited long enough, dear, I think."

Nellie flew like a white angel down to the Point, her slippers felt scarcely touching the ground. Yes, there was Jim. Was he about to commit suicide, as he stood there so rigidly still? Nellie caught her breath and then advanced slowly, stilling her throbbing heart by a miracle of power—a power such as is only given to womankind.

"It's a lovely evening, Mr. Alden, isn't it?" she said, quietly.

"Nellie, little Nellie!" said Jim, in such a transport that it is lucky he couldn't see the sudden color leap to Nellie's cheeks. "I beg pardon, Miss Burton. I forgot for a moment."

"There is nothing to forgive."

"Ah! Where is your aunt—and Mr. Appleby?" asked Jim, stupidly.

"I left them on the porch, setting the date of their wedding day."—Boston Globe.

WOMEN OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Their Redeeming Feature is Their Personal Cleanliness.

The aristocratic Philippine matron and her daughters indulge in no greater bodily exercise, if they can help it, than that required for driving or shopping. But the peasant woman shares her husband's work, whatever it may be, laboring at the plow behind an ungainly carabao (water-buffalo) in the paddy-field, or helping to pole a huge lorch, or coconaut raft, up or down the river, besides attending to her domestic cares. And I take pleasure in saying that, whatever its proprietor's rank or station, the native Philippine nipa hut is invariably a marvel of neatness and cleanliness as to its interior; far superior in this respect to the average dwelling-house, be it that of a merchant's clerk or that of the governor-general. So far as the latter are concerned, a decent servant-girl, such as are employed in America and England, would not be content to remain in one two days. Hundreds of girls are employed in the great cigar factories, and others in the convents labor to weave the far-famed pina lace of the Philippines, several at a time squatting on the floor around a single frame, picking and manipulating with deft fingers the infinitesimally delicate fibers. Sometimes they work for months to complete a single mantilla or handkerchief. These native women are rarely employed by the European residents as domestic servants, except in the capacity of lady's maid or children's nurse, and even these positions are often occupied by boys. They are very unreliable, and the utter absence of the sense of gratitude, so characteristic of the entire Philippine race, renders it an almost hopeless and very exasperating task to attempt to train them as servants. Their only redeeming feature is their sense of absolute personal cleanliness, but in spite of this many European women prefer to go to the expense and trouble of importing a Chinese ama from Hong Kong or Canton rather than to intrust her children to the care of a native girl; although when in her own capacity as a mother, the Filipina, so far as observation goes, leaves nothing to be desired.—Woman's Home Companion.

COLLEGE WOMAN IN HER HOME.

The College Recedes to Its Proper Place the Academy of Life.

"Another means by which a woman's success and happiness are secured at home is in making herself felt as the mistress of the household," writes Katharine Reich in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She must be the one to arrange hours of work, and not the servants. She must be the one to regulate the habits of the children, and not they themselves. It is for her to set the standard of the home life. Her position requires firmness and every member of the family should recognize and yield to her authority in her own domain. Let her assume with courage and dignity the authority which belongs to her, so that every one shall feel she is equal to it, while at the same time she welcomes counsel and suggestion from others. There are women who are too ignorant or indifferent to guide their homes successfully, and women too weak to meet the responsibility, women who are in terror of their servants, or slaves to the whims of children or husbands. It is not so that nappy homes are made. Just as a man directs the work of his subordinates and keeps the control of all his business in his own hands, so the woman who has a home to guide must be ready to assume and control the affairs of her household. Observation and experience go to show that as the years bring added responsibility, and also added comforts to the woman at home, she finds her restlessness growing less and her satisfaction growing deeper. The college recedes to its proper place as the academy of life, and the wife and mother realizes that heart and mind are filled to the utmost. Her great anxiety becomes rather to use all the opportunities open to her than to wish for others. She finds herself absorbed in her work without the feeling that she has been thwarted in her most serious ambitions."

THE FUTURE OF SAMOA.

Effect of Policy to Be Adopted by the Three Powers.

The questions now come up, says the Independent: Will the three governments interested be able to work in harmony and will the general effect be educative on the people, tending toward the development of the power of self-government? As to the former, much will depend on the ultimate purpose of the governments. If the islands are to be exploited for the prime advantage of Germany, England and the United States, then we can scarcely expect anything else than a renewal of the crimonations and re-criminations of the past years and harmony may as well be thrown to the winds. If, on the other hand, it is made evident that in the conduct of the government of the islands the first thought is what will be best for them, even if it involves some sacrifice of other interests, then there is no reason why there should not be a happy and prosperous future for the community. Upon the same thing depends the answer to the second question. That the Samoan can rise to self-government few, if any, will deny. Whether he will attain to it, however, is a very different question. If he is made to feel that he is simply an agent to further German-English-American trade interests, his keenness may be developed, but not his character. That will only come by recognizing his manhood, trusting while at the same time guiding his judgment; stirring his ambition by opening to him new opportunities.

AT HYMEN'S ALTER.

Wedding rings are supposed to be always the same, but still the fashion of them has altered lately among smart people. The newest brides are wearing plain gold circlets which are about two-thirds narrower than those formerly worn. Jewelers are also showing a new ring. When worn it is exactly like any conventional wedding ring. In reality it consists of two separate gold bands, each made in a spiral. These fit so closely together as to form a perfect ring without visible joint. This marriage ring is symbolic of the joining of two into one.

Seventeen years ago a bequest was made to the city of London by a benevolent Italian gentleman of \$4,000 to form a fund to give a marriage portion of \$60 each to three poor girls every year. Unfortunately, the sum was quite inadequate, and up till now the wishes of the testator have not been carried out. However, the trustees have allowed the money to accumulate and in two years' time the capital will be sufficient for three girls to be enriched according to the desire of the Italian benefactor.

The much-prized wedding raiment of certain American brides has been treated to various discouragements. One bride lost hers in a fire at Newport and another had hers ruined by leakage in the hold of a ship en route to Europe. Hence a new fashion has arisen of having a special box for preserving a relic of the wedding cake, covered with a piece of the same stuff as the wedding garment. It may be square, round, or heart-shaped, with an initial or crest on the outside. Sometimes, besides the bridal cake cut on the table, there is a smaller one, to be retained as a souvenir, bearing the names of the bride and bridegroom in silver frosting, with those of the bridesmaids and best man and the ushers. On the round box, in the center of the lid, a water-colored portrait of the bride is introduced, and these boxes fasten with a silver clasp, formed of the united initials of the happy pair.

There is also a new fashion in the boxes employed for sending wedding cake to friends—some are white, some ivory and some are pearl and white, bearing either a silver or pearl monogram or pretty little cupids or hearts on the covers. Occasionally the handwriting of the bride is represented by her Christian name written across the top. Sometimes every box is hand-painted and these are intended to be kept as a memento of the event.

Where They Hang Out.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "I was traveling through a thinly settled district up the country some time ago," said a drummer, who can't tell a lie when he sees one, "and had occasion to stop at a small town off the line of the road. The only vehicle I could get at the station was a ramshackle buggy driven by an old dandy, and as we snailed up the road I amused myself by pumping him about people and things. Finally it occurred to me to get some pointers on the best place to lodge. 'Look here, uncle,' I said, 'where do folks generally hang out here?' The old man gave a sudden start and glared at me with evident apprehension. 'Well, boss,' he replied in a hoarse whisper, 'they mos' generally hangs out on that thar big chestnut tree yonder, second lim' from th' bottom.'"

The Serenade.

Miss Matilee—"Do you believe black cats are lucky?" Miss Angora—"Well, some are. There's Tom Fitch been serenading for the last hour and no one has been able to hit him yet."

An Advantage.

Of course, Maud, you have one advantage over me. "And what is that, Mabel?" "You can spell your name with a final 'e'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

JERSEY CAT FARM.

OWNER PAYS A NICKEL FOR A GOOD RAT.

Mice Worth Three Cents Each—Tried to Economize and S. P. C. A. Got After Him—Was Doing a Rushing Business.

At last rats and mice have an American market value. A man in New Jersey is prepared to pay five cents for every healthy rat delivered, and he quotes mice at three cents each. Jerome Shephard, an old sea captain, is bulling the rat and mouse market, and is anxious to buy 5,000 rodents. Captain Shephard already has a supply of rats and mice, but owing to the attitude assumed by the New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he has been forced to advertise for rats and mice so that his stock may not become depleted. It so happens that Captain Shephard is the proprietor of a cat farm near Caldwell, N. J., and rats and mice are necessary to his business. Four years ago the captain, who looks every inch the typical "seadog," gave up the sea and determined to devote the rest of his life to raising cats. While on his cruises Captain Shephard secured a valuable collection of high bred cats. For four years he has been raising cats, and is said to have made a small fortune from his farm. Angoras, Maltese, Siamese, Indian, Russian, Japanese and, in fact, every breed of cats known to the fancier can be found on the Shephard farm. Each breed is kept in a separate corral, and pedigrees are preserved carefully of each new arrival. The cats are first domesticated and made familiar with people, especially children, by constant petting, and are next trained as ratters and mousers. It is owing to this latter fact, and to Captain Shephard's original methods of training his cats that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has threatened his industry with extinction. Captain Shephard has probably 200 cats always on the farm, and it required a good many rats to go round. In order that one rat might serve to train several cats, the plan was adopted of placing a rat in a glass box or a wire cage set in the corral. Naturally the unfortunate rat created a great deal of excitement in the corral, and when it became exhausted from fright the rat was taken to a cage to recover. Sooner or later the rat was turned loose among the cats, that they might taste his blood. Sometimes rats were tied with a string and hung just beyond the reach of the cats. The society seriously considered Captain Shephard's case at several of its meetings, and finally, a few days ago, notified him that he must cease torturing rats, but consented to permit him to give the rodents outright to the cats. As a result Captain Shephard is at his wits' end to keep up his supply of rats, as he uses about 100 each week. Consequently he has been compelled to enter the rat market and pay \$5 a hundred for rats and \$3 a hundred for mice. The stable boys in the vicinity of Caldwell are investing in rat traps and expect to reap a harvest as a result of Captain Shephard's offer. Some idea of cat farming from the fact that over 1,000 kittens a year are raised and sold from the Shephard farm. These, all well bred and thoroughly trained, bring from \$2 to \$5 each. In many instances especially well bred cats, with pedigrees elaborately inscribed on parchment, bring \$20.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN.

She Knows Why a Man Is Sometimes Irritable.

I have never found a woman battling her way in the world who has not grown more sympathetic with human suffering, more patient with the little trials of life, more lenient and forgiving with the erring, and more appreciative of home and family ties, says the Woman's Home Companion. Independence, self-reliance and the adoption of honorable business methods need not destroy the inherent gentleness of woman's nature, unfitting her for the exalted station of an affectionate wife and tender mother. And as the lessons of the practical realities of life must come sooner or later, must be learned by most women, if they be learned in early womanhood, the dream life displaced by the real life, no "rude awakenings" to the world as it is await the woman. When acquainted with the trials and disappointments that confront business and professional men the wife can more fully appreciate the wear upon the nervous system due to the constant grind of daily cares. Knowing the real work of life, she becomes a companion. Indeed, fully appreciating the joys of success and the disappointments of failure, sharing in both alike with her husband, and when thus appreciating the feeling of nervous exhaustion and irritableness she quietly passes over these manifestations, which to the inexperienced woman often prove the beginning of estrangement, as between such a and a dejected husband there can be but little real companionship and sympathy.

TARANTULA HAWK.

A Wasp That Kills and Eats the Female Tarantula.

"Low down on the Rio Grande river," said a man from Texas, "where the sands are heated almost red hot with the sun, there grow the biggest centipedes, the biggest rattlesnakes and biggest tarantulas in the world. If you can look at one of these tarantulas when he is pinned fast to a board with the naturalist's thin steel pin, and you are sure that he is good and dead and can not spring at you and shoot his poison into you, he forms an interesting subject to study. They are horrible-looking, hairy things, with eight legs and eight eyes. Their colors are dark brown and black. The female tarantula is said to be a fickle spouse and to have a summary way, all her own, of getting rid of her consort when she is tired of him. She woos and weds all right, assumes the entire care and support of the family. The first matrimonial jar she has she turns to and kills her husband. Not content with killing him, she eats him. The female is the larger and the stronger of the two; they are simply gigantic for spiders. I have seen those that measured six inches between the stretch of their legs. They are the terror of man and beast. But there is one little animal of the insect family that wicked Mrs. Tarantula stands in as much dread of as a man stands in dread of her, and that is a big wasp that in Texas is known by the name of the tarantula hawk. The tarantula hawk has an exceedingly bad opinion of the tarantula. It will fly around over the head of the tarantula, make a lightning-like dive down, get a good clutch of the monster spider, fly away home with him, then all the tarantula hawk family sit down to sup. The tarantula hawk will not hurt men. On the contrary, it is a blessing, and you never hear of a western man harming one of them. It is said that these Rio Grande cattle ranchers are indebted for the tarantula hawk to an old New England professor, who, while down in that country in pursuit of his studies as a naturalist, was stung by one of these monster spiders and nearly died, and would certainly have died had it not been for the whiskey flask of his guide. In that country where rattlesnakes, tarantulas and centipedes are so big and so plentiful, no rancher leaves his house without his whiskey flask. Shortly after the old professor left that part of the country the rancher received a small box of these tarantula hawks with instructions what to do with them. He turned the big wasps loose, they increased and multiplied, and now they are holding their own against their enemy, the tarantula."—New York Sun.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The algrette is to disappear from the headgear of the British hussars and royal horse artillery, and its place will be taken by an ostrich plume.

Examinations have been completed at Washington navy yard of twenty-nine applicants for commissions to the marine corps, and the result of the findings submitted to the secretary of the navy for approval. It is not known what the result is, but it is presumed that not over twenty, if that number, met the requirements. The same board, it is expected, will examine a second list of candidates for other vacancies shortly to be designated by Secretary Long.

The Dewey fund continues to drag along in a most discouraging fashion, but there is more hope that the subscriptions will swiftly increase. They now amount to about \$19,000, but more interest in parts of the country is shown in the raising of the fund, and the daily receipts are growing. It is said that in case the total does not reach the amount contemplated a number of wealthy men stand ready to put sufficient to run the total up to \$100,000. No official information has yet been received in Washington as to whether the admiral will accept the residence to be offered him, and there is still a belief that he will advise that the money be turned into a home for invalid sailors. This is largely conjecture, however, and the officials in charge of the fund say that it has had the effect of stopping subscriptions to some extent.

PASTOR MUST LEAD HIS FLOCK.

He Should Not Come Down to Their Level.

"The minister should be given to understand that his congregation expects to share in the ripest knowledge he possesses, and will appreciate his most careful thinking," writes Ian MacLaren in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When he rises to his height on any occasion and preaches a great sermon, it does not matter whether every person has understood every word or some of them only about one-half. He ought to be told that all the members of his church are proud of him and thank God for him, and that even if he were beyond them this was not because of obscurity but because of elevation, and that they are pleased to have a minister who lives at such a level. He must not come down to them, but they must strive to rise to him. It is a miserable business for a preacher to repeat the commonplace of his people in a showy form so that the man in the street goes home congratulating himself because he has heard his paltry ideas tricked out in a showy dress. It is the function of the prophet to lead his flock onward, even though the march be sometimes through the wilderness, and they ought to follow close behind him and tell him that they are there, and that they will not cease to follow till he has brought them into the fullness of the land of promise. Under those conditions a man will feel bound to read the best books and to think out every subject to its very heart; he will grind no labor of brain, no emotion of soul, to meet the expectation of a thoughtful, broad-minded people, and if he come at last to be a leader of thought whose words fly far and wide, then to this congregation will the credit be due who believed in him, and demanded great things of him, and made of him more than he, in his most ambitious moment, could have imagined."

FURNISHES A VALUABLE SOOT.

Substance Left by Acetylene Gas Makes the Finest Black Ink.

The flame of acetylene gas has been found to furnish a soot which is especially valuable in the color industry. When such gas is burned with a smoking flame the result is the production of three or four times as great a quantity of soot as is the case with mineral oils. Moreover, it is very light in weight and exhibits an absolutely black color without a tinge of brown and has none of the tarry admixtures or other substances that characteristically appear in lampblack. The substance is likewise noted for being very bulky and is found to be admirably adapted for India ink and the colors of fine inks for such lithographic work as requires a positive black. It is now being manufactured in France by a patented process, almost absolute purity of color and texture being obtained at a comparatively small cost.

A MAD MONARCH'S FREAK.

King of Bavaria Found Pleasure in Frightening Horses to Death.

"At the time the malady of Ludwig II, the mad king of Bavaria, was at its worst, he gave orders that thirty of his finest horses should be put in the best condition possible for a race," writes Prof. J. H. Gore in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When the report came that no further improvement could be made, he had them brought into an open field where every conceivable form of noise-making device had been stationed. The horses were tied to posts and the king from an elevated stand gave the signal that started the flare of trumpets, the booming of cannon, the firing of bombs and other outlandish noises. The horses reared, plunged, struggled to get free and, finally, breaking loose, started in the wildest gallops from this bedlam. But toward whatever corner of the field they fled they were stopped by noises just as terrifying and sent to another quarter to be frightened again and again. When the horses became too tired to run well the king found the spectacle uninteresting and ordered the orgy to cease. By this cruel freak the royal stables lost a number of their most valuable animals."

An Interesting Comet.

Holmes' comet, which was discovered in 1892, and which aroused great interest because of an unexplained outburst of light that it exhibited while retreating into space, was rediscovered coming sunward once more by Mr. Perrine of the Lick Observatory, on June 11. Its period of revolution is about seven years.

Smart Child.

Boston Traveler: "What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it; he wants him to think he's out."

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TARANTULA HAWK.

A Wasp That Kills and Eats the Female Tarantula.

"Low down on the Rio Grande river," said a man from Texas, "where the sands are heated almost red hot with the sun, there grow the biggest centipedes, the biggest rattlesnakes and biggest tarantulas in the world. If you can look at one of these tarantulas when he is pinned fast to a board with the naturalist's thin steel pin, and you are sure that he is good and dead and can not spring at you and shoot his poison into you, he forms an interesting subject to study. They are horrible-looking, hairy things, with eight legs and eight eyes. Their colors are dark brown and black. The female tarantula is said to be a fickle spouse and to have a summary way, all her own, of getting rid of her consort when she is tired of him. She woos and weds all right, assumes the entire care and support of the family. The first matrimonial jar she has she turns to and kills her husband. Not content with killing him, she eats him. The female is the larger and the stronger of the two; they are simply gigantic for spiders. I have seen those that measured six inches between the stretch of their legs. They are the terror of man and beast. But there is one little animal of the insect family that wicked Mrs. Tarantula stands in as much dread of as a man stands in dread of her, and that is a big wasp that in Texas is known by the name of the tarantula hawk. The tarantula hawk has an exceedingly bad opinion of the tarantula. It will fly around over the head of the tarantula, make a lightning-like dive down, get a good clutch of the monster spider, fly away home with him, then all the tarantula hawk family sit down to sup. The tarantula hawk will not hurt men. On the contrary, it is a blessing, and you never hear of a western man harming one of them. It is said that these Rio Grande cattle ranchers are indebted for the tarantula hawk to an old New England professor, who, while down in that country in pursuit of his studies as a naturalist, was stung by one of these monster spiders and nearly died, and would certainly have died had it not been for the whiskey flask of his guide. In that country where rattlesnakes, tarantulas and centipedes are so big and so plentiful, no rancher leaves his house without his whiskey flask. Shortly after the old professor left that part of the country the rancher received a small box of these tarantula hawks with instructions what to do with them. He turned the big wasps loose, they increased and multiplied, and now they are holding their own against their enemy, the tarantula."—New York Sun.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The algrette is to disappear from the headgear of the British hussars and royal horse artillery, and its place will be taken by an ostrich plume.

Examinations have been completed at Washington navy yard of twenty-nine applicants for commissions to the marine corps, and the result of the findings submitted to the secretary of the navy for approval. It is not known what the result is, but it is presumed that not over twenty, if that number, met the requirements. The same board, it is expected, will examine a second list of candidates for other vacancies shortly to be designated by Secretary Long.

The Dewey fund continues to drag along in a most discouraging fashion, but there is more hope that the subscriptions will swiftly increase. They now amount to about \$19,000, but more interest in parts of the country is shown in the raising of the fund, and the daily receipts are growing. It is said that in case the total does not reach the amount contemplated a number of wealthy men stand ready to put sufficient to run the total up to \$100,000. No official information has yet been received in Washington as to whether the admiral will accept the residence to be offered him, and there is still a belief that he will advise that the money be turned into a home for invalid sailors. This is largely conjecture, however, and the officials in charge of the fund say that it has had the effect of stopping subscriptions to some extent.

PASTOR MUST LEAD HIS FLOCK.

He Should Not Come Down to Their Level.

"The minister should be given to understand that his congregation expects to share in the ripest knowledge he possesses, and will appreciate his most careful thinking," writes Ian MacLaren in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When he rises to his height on any occasion and preaches a great sermon, it does not matter whether every person has understood every word or some of them only about one-half. He ought to be told that all the members of his church are proud of him and thank God for him, and that even if he were beyond them this was not because of obscurity but because of elevation, and that they are pleased to have a minister who lives at such a level. He must not come down to them, but they must strive to rise to him. It is a miserable business for a preacher to repeat the commonplace of his people in a showy form so that the man in the street goes home congratulating himself because he has heard his paltry ideas tricked out in a showy dress. It is the function of the prophet to lead his flock onward, even though the march be sometimes through the wilderness, and they ought to follow close behind him and tell him that they are there, and that they will not cease to follow till he has brought them into the fullness of the land of promise. Under those conditions a man will feel bound to read the best books and to think out every subject to its very heart; he will grind no labor of brain, no emotion of soul, to meet the expectation of a thoughtful, broad-minded people, and if he come at last to be a leader of thought whose words fly far and wide, then to this congregation will the credit be due who believed in him, and demanded great things of him, and made of him more than he, in his most ambitious moment, could have imagined."

FURNISHES A VALUABLE SOOT.

Substance Left by Acetylene Gas Makes the Finest Black Ink.

The flame of acetylene gas has been found to furnish a soot which is especially valuable in the color industry. When such gas is burned with a smoking flame the result is the production of three or four times as great a quantity of soot as is the case with mineral oils. Moreover, it is very light in weight and exhibits an absolutely black color without a tinge of brown and has none of the tarry admixtures or other substances that characteristically appear in lampblack. The substance is likewise noted for being very bulky and is found to be admirably adapted for India ink and the colors of fine inks for such lithographic work as requires a positive black. It is now being manufactured in France by a patented process, almost absolute purity of color and texture being obtained at a comparatively small cost.

A MAD MONARCH'S FREAK.

King of Bavaria Found Pleasure in Frightening Horses to Death.

"At the