

THE MAN THAT NEVER SWEARS.

I've often wondered how he feels When troubles come his way...

HIS WEDDING-DAY.

It was one o'clock on a hot day in June. The approach to St. George's, Hanover Square, London, was through...

The church was filling rapidly. In the chatter and curiosity and whispered criticism a long figure of a rather obscurely dressed man slipped past the bridesmaids...

The pale guest had been carried forward by the eagerness of the crowd, but finding himself close to the bride, he stepped back, lowering his head to escape observation...

When the bridegroom, following the clergyman, said, in a deep, audible voice, "I, Henry, take thee, Pamela, to be my wedded wife..."

husband's arm, looking about her with less self-possession than she had shown on her entrance...

"I never saw a more threatening countenance in my life," said one lady; "poor Pamela was terrified, I could see; and did you see her expression when her husband would not let her have the letter?"

"Oh my dear Fanny what ideas you have got!" "Well such things have happened before."

"Hold yourself up, darling," said another lady, tapping her child across the other one's hat, "and do not all stop at the altar huddled together..."

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After the incident which I have described, it was not to be supposed that such company as gathers at a fashionable wedding should not talk.

Henry Mortimer was fifteen years older than his bride, Pamela Churchill. He was well known in two worlds, sporting and dramatic.

To quote the evening paper, "the service was choral, and efficiently conducted." The young couple walked out of the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's magnificent Wedding March.

influence over her, and everyone knows they were most intimate. She was madly in love with him. At the wedding, I was told by the cousin of a woman who was there herself...

"Let me relieve you," said a somewhat cynical listener to the lady speaker. "I met a man last night at the Turf who had seen the Mortimers at Monte Carlo. He was gambling most recklessly. From this you will surely infer the worst."

"Oh, Harry, at last we are alone! Must we go back to the house?" And she pouted playfully, drawing the least thing nearer to him.

April's Wild Flowers. Where They Are to Be Found and How to Know Them. The bloodroot is among the earliest of the wild flowers. It is often found as early as the middle of March...

The wood anemone, as its name suggests, has its favorite haunt in the woods, although often it may be found close to the more open ground.

Better known, at least in literature, than almost any of the wild flowers which have been mentioned here is the trailing arbutus, the Mayflower of the pilgrims and of the present day New Englanders generally...

Croquettes, or, as the rural visitor termed them, "hash cakes" are of the best known means for getting rid of cold meats. They are always palatable and make delicious dishes for breakfast or tea.

A Fair Martyr. Maud—"She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs." Ethel—"Dear me! What are her beliefs?"

How the Samoan Lives. Isles of the Pacific.

Apia is the capital and the largest city of Samoa, and is situated at the base of a large hill bordering the shores of a beautiful coral formed semicircular bay.

The natives live in rudely constructed huts, which are circular in form, the rain or hot tropical sun being kept out by the thick layers of banana leaves, which compose the cone-shaped roofs.

A peculiarity about the Samoans, which I at first thought was natural, is that almost all of them have red hair. It was undecidably as to my belief for, after being a few days on the island, I met a native whose hair seemed snow white, and upon inquiry, I learned that they put lime on their heads every morning regularly, washing it off toward noon.

Though white men have inhabited Samoa for almost a half century, the natives are far from civilized. A large number still believe in false gods, just as their ancestors did, and when it comes to warfare they fight more desperately and longer than their forefathers did.

The Samoans are a very hospitable people, especially so toward Americans, whom they almost worship. I remember distinctly partaking of dinner with a prominent chief of Samoa within one of their intramural during the late war.

Concerning the value of the local paper—and all papers large or small, daily or weekly, are local in a certain sense—in advertising the advantages of towns as sites for business, and heralding their attractions as places of homes and business resources, Bro. Collins gives some ideas which are so sensible, so true, and have so wide an application that we take pleasure in transferring an abstract from his essay to our own columns.

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The irrigation of milk must cease.

for the gathering. Then, too, the sea produces fish in plenty, and the reef's at-ford many things edible, the capture or fetching of which is merely classed among the Samoan national sports.

As for clothing, what little the Samoans require is made either from leaves plucked in the bush, or from the bark of the paper mulberry tree. This last however, being exclusively the work of the females, the men have plenty of time for what they love—most—sleep.

Canoe and boat building is the business of a few experienced men, who are very well paid for their ingenuity and extraordinary labors; and house carpenters, too, are of considerable importance in the islands.

The women and girls, the first thing in the morning after rolling up the sides of their houses and putting away the sleeping mats and mosquito screens, pass an hour or so in weeding in front of the huts, gossiping continuously the while, as soon as the sun is well up, they quit their outdoor labor until night, doing sewing, making mats, etc., during the heat of the day.

In the evening the men assemble in village council, gravely discuss island politics and the affairs of the village. At these meetings, the men almost invariably bring with them small bundles of coconut fibre which, while listening or talking, they plait into sinnet, or native string. To any steady, settled work, however, it is quite impossible to bring the ordinary Samoan.

The machine is very simple, or at least the inventor says it is. If applied to an ocean liner it would occupy little space. Sheffield claims that all that would be needed to supply it with necessary force to drive a steamship like the *Easton* across the ocean in three days and a half is a barrel of ordinary powdered sugar, a barrel of chloride of potash and enough sulphuric acid to supply the combustion needed to keep the machinery in motion.

Sheffield's machine is so simple a child could manage it. He obtains his power through the explosions resulting from the ignition of the sugar and potash by contact with the sulphuric acid. The ingredients are introduced into the proper chambers by air pressure, and, as they mingle a rapid series of explosions result, which drive the piston rod back and forth at a high rate of speed. The chambers are constantly cooled by water pumped through tubes from a tank at the lower left side of the machine.

Cylindrical chambers on either side of the vacuum box at the top of the machine are reservoirs for the sugar and potash. The gases which are evolved by the meeting of the three elements in what would be the steam chamber in an ordinary engine, are said to develop a force more powerful than steam, and much less dangerous.

The local paper must fairly be credited with being the principal fruition and successful issue all sorts and kinds of enterprises, beneficial to the community.—Press and Printer.

The World of Women.

The waists of the new French gowns are either quite round or just a trifle pointed in the back.

Black satin has come to stay. It peeps out on evening gowns from the midst of lace and other filmy materials and fairly weighs down the street gown in the wealth of its affection.

In the Wisconsin House of Representatives on a recent occasion the morning prayer was made by the Rev. Mrs. Bartlett, a minister of the Universalist faith. It is said that the prayer was the most thoughtful and appropriate of any delivered during the session and was listened to with reverence rather than impatience even to the amen.

Long stemmed flowers in high quivers clustered, and in contrast, many flat wreaths of briar roses, hawthorn, geraniums, etc., are on new French hats. Grasses, thorny stems and pussy willow sprays are arranged in novel ways.

The velvet cape that reaches just to the waist line was the prettiest wrap out on Easter day. Some of them were violet, some green and some of the tri-descent shades, another was of checkered velvet. One of these velvet capes was covered with passementerie of wadded cords. The long fringes about the waist are as fascinating and irresistible as ever and are loth to depart.

A certain coat that we saw last year on a well known woman has thus been renovated and is very lovely. It was black, braided heavily with gold, apparently an expensive affair. This spring it appears with sleeves and vest of black satin. A high plaited collar and a full frill from the vest front convert it into a charming this season's model. It is such little things that pay and which make our cloths seem always up to date.

To jump right into summer modes we must tell you of a white duck suit that is being made for a blonde beauty by a tailor who finds in her a model with which he can find no fault. The skirt is to be box plaited all around and a little short jacket will open over a yellow silk shirt waist. These duck suits promise to supersede the serge ones that have been popular so long. The goods are shrank before being made up, and after that the wash tub is all that is necessary to restore your tailor gown to its pristine beauty.

The spring girl is in great contrast to the winter girl. Her skirts are yards and yards around the bottom. The latest skirt is the Lois Fuller skirt. This is a circle of cloth only less in diameter by two-thirds than the circumference—that is to say, it would be wider if it could, but the diameter will not permit of it. If you would have a Lois Fuller skirt, measure twice your length from the waist line to the floor. This is the diameter from the centre of which describe the circle. From its centre cut a small circle, whose circumference is your waist measure, and when you don it the gathers fall naturally. The proper trimming for this skirt is narrow ribbon woven for the purpose, and one thread of which forms the shirring string.