#### HIS DEFINITION.

And what is a girl? A morsel of ribbon and feathers and lace ; A mischievous elf with an angel's face : A thorn that will tease you. A rose that will please you. A wil-o' the-wisp for eluding your chase

And that is a girl! And what is a girl? A riddle whose meaning no mortal can guess

With "No" on her tongue when her heart would Say "Yes!" Half artful, half simple, Half pout and half dimple,

Whose eyes will betray what her lips would And that is a girl!

#### -Harlem Life. THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

Must you go, Mis' Summers?" Miss Jane followed the stiffly starched, rustling skirts of her portly visitor to the front door, and stood standing on the threshold, her thin arms folded under her blue and white kitchen apron as a protection against "If you'd stay an' eat a bite, Elviry will make some hot crumpets, the kind brother Luke used to be so pow-erfully fond of, poor soul! An' how's your garden, Mis' Summers?"

"Mr. Summers ain't had time to tend to plantin' yet," Mrs. Summers replied complacently, fastening her black-cloth cape securely around her pink, creased neck. "He's been spendin' the week in court. Them great lawyers there are jest wild for his opinions, an' nothin' would do but he had to get on the jury. They feed them had to set on the jury. They feed them grand. He writ home he was havin' a splendid time eatin' at the hotel there. Mr. Summers allus was found of society an

dissipatin'."

"Ain't that pot of roses in your back window a handsome sight? Is it General Jacq'minot, Mis' Jane? The one Elviry's brother, Jasper's wife, Matildy, gave you off his grave afore she took up with that second handed man she married? How many buds has that rose got?"

"Twenty-four," answered Miss Jane promptly, as her guest cast a last admiring glance at the gorgeous plant on its table in the sunny window. "Them little green bugs nearly eat him up last week; but the General's real bale an' hearty, an' he jest seemed to get his temper up an' fight them away. What do you think, Mis' Summers?'' Yesterday a greenhouse man had the impudence to come here an' ask me to sell the General. Sell him? think of it! Why, I set more store on him than I do on my own flesh an' blood! It's not a rose to me; but it's a message from Jasper, lyin' there forgotten in his grave while his widow goes an' puts on airs a-marryin' a second-banded man from town.

'Oh, I'm not a-critisizin' anybody, Mie' Summers. Matildy stopped bein' one of my family when she went back to her peo-ple the day after the funeral; but the General has more than took her place, an' he's as much a member of my family now as me or Elviry is. An' money can't buy him! Miss Jane declared most emphatically, her eyes flashing in determination all the time. What did he offer you?" Mrs. Summers had a commercial appreciation of values which few of her neighbors possess-

ed. "Ten dollars, pot an' all," Miss Jane

announced importantly.
"Well, it does seem to me that I'd wait a mighty long time afore I refused ten dolfrom Jasper when the thaw sets in. guess, if instead of rememberin' the dead so much you'd not be forgettin' the livin', folks wouldn't talk so much, Miss Jane. Elviry ain't lookin' well this winter. Of course when a girl gets to be over twenty-five an' unmarried, she begins to be an old woman. I tell my Emma if she's goin' to be an' old maid I jest want her to pattern and then drove to the only store in the Elviry Osmond. I've sent to the city for a new dress for her. She's goin' to wear it to the minister's pound party next

"Elviry ain't but two years older than your Emma," Miss Jane retorted quickly, biting her narrow lips to conceal a rising

Mrs. Summers coughed discreetly behind a fat, red hand. "Well, folks says she looks much older," she amended. "She's that slim an' faded lookin' I said I thought he paid her so much attention afore he went away, an' now he's back he won't look at her? Oh, well, a man is jest like a big bumblebee buzzin' around the flowers: he finds out the sweet clover for himself. Now, come over real soon an' bring your carpet rags along with you."

Miss Jane watched her neighbor depart,

a vigorous wrath gathering active shape within her. That her niece should be made the comment of the villagers and her changed appearance criticized added fuel to a slumbering fire.

Miss Jane entered the house and noise lessly stepped out to the kitchen, where stood the red rose in all of its glorious beauty. Looking down on it silently, her thin hands working nervously together, her weather-heaten face bent over it so that its rich, spicy aroma could delight her nortrils. Every morning she performed this silent devotion to the flower. Every night before the same shrine she paid homage before covering it from the chill of the coming darkness. The velvety, crimson leaves were as the soft, rosy cheek of an endeared friend. The hardy branches had become comforting arms against which she often leaned her head in the early twilight, when there was no one looking, longing for the cool, soothing, moist touch of their tender foliage.

More than all this, it was a symbol to her of the nephew she had loved with the same unreasonable fervor. She bowed her gray head over a bursting, satin petaled rose and weakly cried. The taunt that she should not forget the living in remember-ing her beloved dead stung her to the quick. Times had been hard with her ever since Jasper was stricken down in his manhood. With his wife, he had made their home in the little cottage, exerting his energies to keep a roof for his kin on exhausted foundations. Only the incessant thrift of Miss Jane's fingers had kept the truth from her neighbors after he was

After enduring privations of the body, she could not tolerate further goading in in idle disparagement of herself or her kind. She deposited the plant on the floor, and to his present intentions. She donned her fell on her knees, softly kissing it as if in dolman and set out across the fields withfarewell; then with trembling fingers she wrapped papers securely around the bush, over this a stout gunny-sack which disguised its outlines altogether. space for plowin Her much-worn, black cashmere dress was taken out of a closet and warmed before Drake bimself.

ed dolman on the table so that Elviry would not notice that anything was miss

ing.
"Elviry!" she called up the stairs,
where she heard the tread of the girl as she

where she heard the tread of the girl as she made the beds.

Elviry glided deprecatingly into the room, her arms full of gay, red and yellow carpet rags; a needle in a long, black thread dangled from the little, breakfast shawl around her shoulders. Her aunt scanned her sharply, with a sinking heart. The faded prettiness of her face was accentuated by the uncompromising smoothness of ed by the uncompromising smoothness of the light brown hair brushed back from her high forehead. An ugly, dark brown calico dress took away all of the remaining

freshness expected of youth.

"Take down your hair," commanded
Miss Jane sternly, "an" go get me your

Elviry, acoustomed to submission, obey without any questioning save an astonished expression in her blue eyes.

"Sit down!" Her aunt pushed her with decision into a straight backed chair as she returned, taking out the few hair pins that held in place the stiff, little knot at the back of head, letting the silken mass fall unconfined.

"La me, Elviry, what beautiful hair you've got—an' hidin' it so folks can't see it! You'd ought to be ashamed yourself!" she commented aloud. "You jest take after your father-brother Luke's whiskers was the grandest sight I ever see, all glintin' with little, golden lights like the sun shinin' on a copper plate. An' they was wonderful growers, too. Cousin Joe Stetson's wife stuffed an elegant cushion with them, an' people didn't know but it with them, an' people didn't know but it was real swan's down, it was that soft. He had promised her all of the next cuttin' but I guess the Lord thought it was sinnin' for him to come up to the golden gates with nothin' on his face, bein' a man, so he was took jest before he had them cut again. Cousin Myra was real disappointed like, for she had embroidered the cushion all ready with hereball. all ready with harebells.

"Now you jest let me fix your hair as I see it in a picture the other day." Miss Jane twisted the shining mass into a thick, graceful braid, pinning it at the nape of the neck; then she fluffed the front, roll-ing it in her fingers so that it made a soft, cloud-like frame for the girl's thin face. She stepped back to survey her handi-

"La me, Elviry, but it jest takes five years off of your face! Look!" She held

the bit of mirror up to the girl's face.

Elviry stared at the reflection, hardly believing its flattery. "You—you don't think it's wicked, do you, Aunt Jane?" she said in awe." "It's wicked to hide it as you've been

doin'!" her aunt declared stoutly. "Now change your dress quick, an' I'll go an' hitch the horse. Hurry now, Elviry!" Elviry looked in amazement at her; there was a strange inconsistency about her aunt's actions and recent speeches. 'But—you said last night that I must seed over those onions for plantin', an' there's these

rags to—''

"I've changed my mind," her aunt announced authoritatively, "We're goin' to town." She whisked out to the little barn where the horse was peacefully munching fragrant wisps of hay, and in a trice brought the light road wagon around to the front. "I guess I ain't done right to the livin' all this time," she was saying severely to herself; "but them gossips shan't say it."

The trip to town stood out in the gray routine of Elviry's life as if suffused with a roseate vapor; such pleasures were infrequent, and she enjoyed every minute of the

jogging drive. Her aunt left ber at a dilapidated lookhotel which reeked of the orders of fried meat and food, driving off with the queer, brownish object in the back that had engrossed her constant attention dur-ing the journey. When Miss Jane reappeared there was an air of suppressed excitement about her and a little streak of red in her cheeks. They ordered a cup of muddy coffee and a dry-bread sandwich,

Elviry was amazed at the purchases her aunt made, all of which were for her. Shopping with Miss Jane, however, was a Spartan duty; she had been overcome at parting from her rose at the florist's, and ner grief had moved the clerk to assure her that if she was able to reclaim the plant within a month it should be her privilege to do so for the same sum at which she had sold it. Her jubilance was checked by the realization of the futility of her being she was eatin' her heart out for Tom able to produce such a sum; she thought of Drake. Funny, ain't it, Mis' Jane, that it during all the time that she selected a able to produce such a sum; she thought of dainty pink, rosebud challis for Elviry.

When they reached home, the empty table in the window arrested her troubled

Elviry's eyes followed the directness of hers. She gave a balf uttered exclamation of surprise. "Why, Aunt Jane, where's

heart during all the next day. She felt as if some one had died. Work with her was purely mechanical. To divert her mind she set about at once to collect what apparel she could that might be turned into money; but what with repeated making over and over year after year neither she over and over year after year neither she nor Elviry possessed any. Jasper's garments still hung in their old place. She assorted them silently, feeling as if it brought her into a fleeting companionship with the dead. A host of memories struggled within her at sight of his old, blue, jumpers, mud stained and threadbare in places. This was more Jasper tunn manifestly new store clothes in which he This was more Jasper than the

had been married. An inborn habit made her turn pocket inside out. It was because she did not expect to find anything that she was all the more surprised when in one pocket of the jumpers her fingers did encounter something firm that rustled like paper, and brought to light a letter. Her feeble eyes discovered that it bore a date many months ago, the day that Jasper had been stricken in the flush of his manhood. It was addressed to Elviry, and in one corner Drake's name showed plainly as a precau-tion against its being lost.

She yearned to read it; but honor was religion with her, and tolerated no equivocations or compromises. There was only one thing to do: it must be delivered at once to its rightful owner, Drake. She had a dim idea that perhaps the message he then had penned might be totally foreign to his present intentions. She donned her dolman and set out across the fields without a word to Eviry. Midway in her course she saw a man with his hand over his ever reflectively message are left. a dim idea that perhaps the message he

Miss Jane was breathless; but it was note from excitement than from haste. She thrust the white, square missive to-ward him before she had gained his side. "I jest found it, Tom"—she fell into her old vernacular unconscionsly. "It was in Jasper's jumpers. I guess he got it at the post office the day before he was took; an' bein' so sick an' goin' off so suddenlike, he forgot it."

Drake opened the letter, too astonished to find his voice to answer, and read it hastily "If it hadn't been for the General, I never would have found it," Miss Jane added solemnly. "It's jest a message from

The young fellow stared at her uncomprehending. "Does—Elviry know?" His voice had a queer sound.
"I ain't told her yet," Miss Jane said.

"I guess I'd better tear it up," he laughed forcedly. "It's too old now."
"Don't!" Her hand fell on his, staying

"I always will love Elviry," he said simply. "I loved her when I wrote this letter the day after we quarreled, askin' her to send me one word that she forgave me. I didn't want to go West unless I knew I could come back to claim her as mine. An' when she never wrote, I thought she didn't care." His voice broke curiously. "I guess it's writ up in heav-en in the great, white book that I should go on always a-lovin' Elviry," he said rev-

"I guess you'd better say that to El-viry," advised Miss Jane. "It was the General's fault you found the letter. If it nadn't been for him it would never have

happened."
"The General?" Drake repeated blank

Miss Jane laughed; but there was a peouliar break in her mirth. "I sold him
yesterday," she explained gravely. "He's
the rose off of Jasper's grave, an' he was
full of buds. The greenhouse man gave
me ten dollars for him—I jest had to sell
him." She stopped with a convulsive little movement of her lips. "He—he said I
might buy him back in a month—if I
could—he can't hold it any longer—an' so
I was lookin' over Jasper's old clothes to
sell to Matlidy's second handed husband
when he comes tourin' through—an' I
found your letter. It's a letter from the
dead hisself."

Drake said nothing; he looked out across the reddish brown, faded fields that were beginning to quicken with the throb of inner life. "Do—do you think Elviry would see me—if I came over—to-mor-row?" he asked huskily. "I do." Miss Jaue's voice sounded as a

benediction. Time passed slowly the morning after.

It was only by maintaining the strictest guard over her tongue that Miss Jane succeeded in being able to keep her secret from her niece; but as the hours went by and there was no sign of Drake, she began to grow apprehensive and restless. Perhaps he had changed his mind ; the doubt kept her nerves vibrant so that she started at the sight of the least black object moving along the road. Early in the afternoon as she took up her

carpet rags by Elviry's faithful little bas-ket, the click of the gate sounded. "What's that?" Miss Jane sat upright

on her chair, with a quick glance at El-The girl glanced in the direction of the window. "It's just the wind, Aunt Jane," she replied, quietly, in bliesful ignorance of the excitement that threaten-

Miss Jane rose and went out to the kitchen on a pretext of getting a drink, Far down the road an indistinct speck was moving. She was afraid to watch it for

fear of being disappointed.
"Elviry," she called out abruptly.
"You'd better look up that pattern Mis" Sanderson's cousin's wife cut for you two years ago, an' we'll begin on your dress to-night. You must wear it to the minister's pound party next week.

"Oh, aunt, I don't want to go!" Elviry expostulated.

"You've got to go! That's what I got that dress for," Miss Jane said sternly. "I jest won't have them gossips talkin' any

more!" Her heart gave a spasmodic leap as a step fell on the front stoop. She clung dizzily

to a chair as Elviry answered the knock at

the door. The girl's exclamation, half tearful, half joyous, cut her sharply. Miss Jane sat down in the chair to keep from falling. completely unnerved by Elviry's emotion.

Drake's nervous laugh filled in the si-

lence. "Where's your aunt?" he asked, before he had crossed the threshold. Miss Jane walked unsteadily out of the kitchen. There was a familiar, brownish object held carefully in his arms. He de-"Don't you say a word!" Miss Jane cried sharply, "I jest decided it was a sinnin' for me to make an idol out of a flower. so there!"

There was a heaviness in Miss Jane's heart during all the next day. She felt as it some one had died. Work with her was it some one had died. Work with her was heart during all the next day. She felt as it some one had died. Work with her was heart during all the next day. She felt as it some one had died. Work with her was heart during all the next day. She felt as it some one had died. Work with her was heart during all the next day. She felt as it safely and tenderly on the floor. "I've brought the General home, Miss Jane," he deposited it safely and tenderly on the floor. "I've brought the General home, Miss Jane," he had sent the message, it wouldn't be polite if we didn't have him here to help celebrate. I couldn't give you a ring—like I could to—Elviry." He gram red over the girl's name, although He grew red over the girl's name, although he spoke it boldly. "So I got the General for you—you don't mind, do you?" "Mind?" Miss Jane sank piously on

her knees, tearing off the brown wrap-pings with ice-cold hands, frantically kissing each soft, green leaf and velvety, red bud as they were released.

She buried her face deep in their spicy

fragrance in silent worship, unable to speak. There was a feeling of suffocation in her throat.

"It's just a message from Jasper—all the way through!" she quavered brokenly .- By Luellen Cass Teters.

## Do It To-Day.

If you have a flower to give, give it today. One throb or gladness is worth more to the living heart than a wealth of costly blooms laid, however tenderly, above the dead one.

If you have a kindly visit to make make it today lest another step in and lay his quiet hand upon the longing heart and still forever its fret and pain and power or glad response. In the city of the dead, is the silence of the grave, hearts are never lonely any more. They have no heed of need. If you have kisses to bestow, let the dear living lips their sweetness know today,
If you've smiles to give, give them to-

his eyes, reflectively measuring a probable space for plowing. The rough gray of his clothes she recognized at once; it was some heart from breaking, some soul from the same shadows. taken out of a closet and warmed before the stove before she put it on. She placed her shabby, black bonnet and old fashion
Take bimself.

Drake bimself.

Drake bimself.

Be treognized at once; it was some heart from breaking, some soul from falling. No word or cry can break the sea to-morrow—if death whispered then—to the way of telling people to step lively, please."

Book on Reptiles of the State is in Preparation

Professor Surface Asks That Specimens Be Sent Him From All Over the State.

State Economic Zoologist H. A. Surface is preparing a book on reptiles of Pennsylvania. It will take months, possibly years, to complete the work, but its publication is sure. Professor Surface, however, wishes aid from almost everyone in the State who may be interested.

The book is to be a treatise upon the

habits of both reptiles and amphibia, two closely allied divisions of the vertebrate form of life. Reptiles include snakes, turtles and lizards; amphibia include frogs, toads and salamanders.

To the non-students of animals there is

little difference between a lizard and a salamander, but Professor Surface can give plenty of points about that. One main difference is that lizards have scales and his action. 'It will be just as new to El. salamanders have not. They want both viry—what you say in there—" Her sharp eyes never left his face. "Of course—if you're feelin's have changed to her in the zoological department, however, as well as other kinds of reptiles and amphibia. fixes.

Many specimens have already been re-ceived and preserved. As fast as any are sent in they are put away in preservatives and kept for study. During the Summer when they are husy collecting specimens employes of the office have little time for analysis. That will come during the cold

Then the exterior and interior construction of the animals will be studied and the data carefully tabulated and filed for use data carefully tabulated and filed for use in the forthcoming book. A copy of this book will be sent to each person who shows sufficient interest in the work to send in any specimens, but Professor Surface has made a particular request that no one write now for the book. It will not be published for months, but sending a specimen will be sufficient to insure one's name being placed moon the medical in name being placed upon the mailing list for use when the edition is struck off.

It does not matter if specimens are du-

plicates, Professor Surface says he cannot have too many and will be glad to re-ceive and care for all that shall be sent. In sending specimens notes shall be made of the manner and locality in which they are caught and any of the habits or peculiarities which may have been observed. No one need fear bandling any reptiles in Pennsylvania except the rattlesnake and the copperhead snake. Those are the only two of any kind which are poisonous. Other snakes, the lizards, the salamanders, etc., are all harmless.

#### Evangelist Whipped Bully,

A Methodist minister of this city tells the following story about the late Sam Rozel, the great Virginia evangelist, who in his day was one of the best known pul-pit orators in the South: "Sam Rozel was a very big man and had

a wide reputation for physical strength. In his college days he came off the field of combat, usually a circumscribed and secluded area of the campus, wearing the laurel of victory on many occasions, and after he became a preacher stories of his physical powers were spread far and near. 'One day he went to a village to hold a protracted meeting. The village black-smith, who was a very big man, and who was recognized, especially among the tavern habitues, as a puglistic wonder, heard about the coming of Rozel, and the vil-lagers did not fail to tell him all they had heard about the size of the parson's arm and the length of his legs, and of the con-vincing way he had of closing an argument

"All this nettled the smith considerably, him out and asked him to fight.

"Rozel, of course, said he did not want to fight; but the smith kept on insisting. and finally Rozel became angry and agreed to gratify the fellow.

They fought. Rozel literally wiped up the ground with the big man. When he had pounded him until the poor, van-quished bully was gasping hard, Rozel picked him up and threw him over a

"The blacksmith had not said a word since the affray began up to this point. As he rolled over to the other side of the fence, however, he called out:
"Say parson, kindly throw

over, too, I'm going away.' "But Rozel followed the man to his home, and had him sitting on a front bench at the meeting that same night singng louder than any one else."-Baltimore

## Artificial Cotton.

Made at Milan From Cellulose of Fir Tree.

Thornwell Haynes, consul at Ronen, writes of an artificial cotton now being made at Milan from the cellulose of the fir tree freed from bark and knots. The fibres, after being pulverized by a special machine, are placed in a horizontal, brass, lead-lined cylinder of some 3500 cubic feet capacity and steamed for ten hours, after which 2000 cubic feet of a bisulphate of soda wash is added and the whole is heated for thirty-six hours under a pressure of three atmospheres. Then the wood, or fibre, which has become very white, is washed and ground by a series of strong metallic meshes, after which it is again washed and given an electro-chemical bleaching by means of chloride of lime. Passage between two powerful rollers then dries the matter, producing a pure cellulose, which when reheated in a tight metal boiler containing a mixture af chloride of zinc and hydrochloric and nitric acids, to which is added a little castor oil, casein, and gelatin to give resistance to the fibre, gives gelatin to give resistance to the libre, gives a very consistent paste. Threads are then produced by passing this paste through a kind of drawplate. These threads after being passed over a gummed cloth, are immersed in a weak solution of carbonate of soda and passed between two slowly turning drying cylinders. Finally, to give the necessary solidity, the thread is treated to an ammoniacal bath and rinsed in cold water, after which the product is pliable and works well.

In Bavaria experiments have recently been made to produce cotton from pine wood, and it is claimed that the trials have been very successful.

—The ordinary microscope reveals objects of the size of a thousandth of a millimeter, or a twenty-five thousandth of an inch. But the improvements lately made by Siedentopf and Zzigmondy have lower-ed this limit very much. These inventors concentrate on the field the direct rays of the sun, and thus render visible particles whose diameter is only one to five millionths of a millimeter.

-So you lost your position as undertaker's assistant?

Commonsense.

A man of original ideas will never be lost in the crowd.

Fill each hour well-live in the NOW and learn contentment. If a man has faith in himself he has lit-

tle to fear from the outside world. Every human being in the universe has his special talent; successful men are those who have kept that talent, before the

Objections can be raised to every course of action. Be governed not by the objections, but by the points in favor.

The only real failure is a failure to attempt the accomplishment of that which one would do.

Take firm hold on life just where you are. Many men fail from always reaching out for the unattainable. The eye of each individual marks his own horizon. Likewise each man limits his career by the boundary he himself

The measure of a man's character is his power to resist the dragging back influence of his environment.

Nothing worth doing is unimportant. Give thought to every phase of an interview which you are about to have, or a proposition you are about to make. Ponder well your words before you speak them.

Do not be discouraged when you seem to be accomplishing little. Look back over the past and you will find that when the most important changes were taking place in your life you did not realize it.

Remember that "every ship is a roman-tic object, except that we sail in." From

in harmony with the spirit of the concern you are with and carry out its plans ac-cording to established methods. When you can improve on these methods, suggest a means to do so, but if your suggestions are not appreciated, fall in line and help materialize the plans of others.

An erroneous idea prevails among some people that the self made man is a success and the college made man is a failure. Many men fail—some of them are college men and some are not. It all lies in the man and his determination to win. This determination leads him, if a college man, to apply his learning; if not a college man, to acquire the necessary knowledge by special study and application. One thing is certain, the unqualified man never wins. -Common Sense.

Provisioning a Steamer. Of more interest to ocean travelers the department over which the port steward presides. His task is to provision the ship, and is kept working almost night and day preparing for the hundreds of passengers who will board the ship on her next sailing day. As soon as the amount of provisions needed for the next trip is estimated the requisition sheet for the voyage is made out, and the port steward, with his assistants, begins the marketing, and the purchases run something like this: Thirty thousand to 40,000 pounds of fresh meat, 600 to 800 chickens and ducks, 4,000 to 6,000 pounds of ham and bacon, 3,000 pounds of fresh fish, 2,000 quarts of fresh milk and cream, 5,000 pounds of butter, 1,500 quarts of ice cream, 150 to 200 barrels of flour, 25 tons of several tons of sugar and other things in

Not long livering himself into the hands of the company, ate what food was offered him and said nothing, but nowadays he is as fastidious at sea as he would be in his own home. The result is that the port steward must proportion the provisions so that the passengers may get all they want of what they want, and this is perhaps the most difficult problem he has to meet. Then there is another consideration. Certain provisions perish and there is waste and a consequent. loss. The companies, however, realize that it is better to suffer this than to make a mistake in the other direction. Besides the provisions for use during the voyage, which will take from six to nine days, there is a certain stock of non-perishable coodstuffs, which may be called the "emergency supply." This is in case the liner meets with an accident and is delayed in her passage. This, however, seldom hap-pens, but if it should the passengers could eat without discomfort for over a month.

## The Companionship of Books.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures—of leaf or dress or mineral or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense—not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a sil-very transformation there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit. And while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some othere go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life—a recreation for fatigue, and in-struction for our sober hours, and a solace far our sickness or sorrow. Except the great out doors, nothing that has so much life of its own gives so much life to us.

# Carlons Condensations.

An Italian engineer now residing at Brussels had, it is said, invented an instrument which he calls the telescriptograph, and which will produce in print all conversations held over the telephone. If he has really done this the doom of the typewriter has been sealed, since one would then have only to talk into a machine which would grind out the typewritten letters as

fast as they were dictated England has for many years given prize for the destruction of venomous serpents and dangerous wild beasts in India, but it does not seem to diminish the annual number of victims. In 1903 over twenty-three thousand persons were killed by snake bites, over a thousand by tigers and almost a thousand by hears, leopards and panthers, together with a total of over twenty-five thousand victims.

## Obsolescent Honeymoons

The honeymoon, that institution beloved of all previous generations, is now more bonored in the breach than in the observance. "Of course, I had to be married in June because everybody is," said a recent bride, "but it was a horrid nuisance, losing a whole week of the season."

—Ladies' Field. Useful Housekeeping Hints.

An ice cream freezer of ordinary capacity, says the Chicago Record-Herald, is impracticable for use in preparing individual recipes of ices and creams. A baby ice cream freezer is to be had which holds a pint when frozen and which is very desirable, but several substitutes may be mentioned. A five-pound lard pail, one-pound baking powder can, silver-plated knife and spoon complete one out-fit. A double boiler and Dover egg-beater may be used for another. Substitute, for the baking powder can a jelly tumbler, if the mixture to be frozen contains fruit acids, as the action of the acid on the tin is liable to produce a poisonous compound.

Ice and Salt. Ice and rock or coarse salt are used for freezing ices and creams. Salt has a great affinity for water, causing the ice to melt rapidly, thus withdrawing heat from the contents of the can, which causes the mixture to freeze. The principle of latent heat is here demonstrated. In one case the ice, a solid, is changed to a liquid; in the other case the liquid mixture is changed to a solid.

To produce a smooth, fine-grained cream use three parts ice to one part salt. Wrap the ice in a piece of burlap or bag and crush it fine with a wooden mallet or with the flat of a hatchet. If less salt than the pro-portions given is used the cream will take onger to freeze with no better results ; if

more salt is employed the cream is coarser and less smooth in texture.

For freezing water ices the proportions should be one-half ice, one-half salt, if a granular consistency is desired, as is the case in frappes or granites, not for water

being at close range we fail to see our own life work in its true aspect. Get into "another ship" for awhile and view your work at a distance; you will then see it at its right valuation.

Don't keep pulling the other way. Get using a spoon handle or stick to press the packing down. Turn crank slowly at first that the contents nearest the can may be acted upon by the salt and ice. After the mixture is frozen to the consistency of mush the crank should be turned more vigorously. Do not draw off the water until the freezing is accomplished, unless there is a possibility of the salt water get-

With Pail and Can. When a pail is used cover the bottom first with crushed ice, put in baking powder can or fruit jar, with cover screwed on and surround with ice and salt in correct proportions, adding them alternately until the pail is twothirds full. Turn the can, jar or tumbler with the hand, and as soon as the mixture begins to freeze scrape the frozen portion from sides of receptacle and beat with a spoon, so continuing until the entire mix-ture is frozen. If the lid is securely bound around the edge with a buttered strip of cloth to keep the water from soaking into the can the cream may be kept in the ice-box for several hours.

Lemon Ice. One-quarter cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice. Make a syrup by hoiling sugar and water five minutes. Cool, add lemon juice; strain and free, using three parts finely crushed ice to one part rock salt. Serve in frappe or champagne glasses.

Orange Ice. One-quarter cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, one-third cupful orange juice, one-half tablespoonful lemon juice. Make syrup by boiling sugar and water five minutes. Cool. add fruit juices, strain and freeze. To obtain orange juice cut oranges in halves crosswise, restrain through choese cloth. A glass lemon squeezer may be used if care is taken not to break the peel. Take out all tough por-tions and remaining pulp from peel and points tops, using sharp scissors. Fill cups thus made with ice for serving.

Pineapple Ice. One-third cupful of chopped fresh pineapple, one-quarter cupful of cold water, one-quarter cupful sugar, juice of half a lemon or less. Bring to boil, set aside until cold, strain through cheese cloth and freeze.

Raspberry Ice. Three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of raspberries, one-third cupful of water, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Sprinkle raspberries with sugar, cover and let stand one hour; then mash and squeeze through cheese cloth to express as much juice as possible. Add lemon juice and freeze. Strawberry ice is made in the same way as raspberry ice, the quantity of sugar depending upon the acidity of the fruit.

Vanilla Ice Cream. One-half cupful of thin cream or one-quarter cupful of heavy cream and one-quarter cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of vanilla and a grain of salt. Mix ingredients and freeze.

Caramel Ice Cream. One-third cupful of thin cream or one-sixth cupful of each of heavy cream and milk, one and a-half tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of boiling water, one-quarter teaspoonful of vanilla, a grain of salt. Put sugar in a small saucepan; place on range and stir constantly until melted. Add water and holl until mixture is reduced to one tablespoonful. Add cream very slow-ly, vanilla, salt, then freeze.

Coffee Ice Cream. One tablespoonful of ground coffee, one-quarter cupful of milk, one-quarter cupful of heavy cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a grain of salt. Add coffee to milk, cook over hot water five minutes and strain. Add remaining in-gredients, strain through cheese cloth and

Chocolate Ice Cream. One-quarter square of chocolate, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of boiling water, one-third cupful of thin cream, a few grains of salt and two drops of vanilla. Melt chocolate in small saucepan placed over hot water, add sugar and boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Pour ou slowly the cream, add salt and vanilla, then freeze.

Wise Counsel.

Don't be too auxious to get a bushand," said the wise matron. "Don't go around hunting for one."

"Think I should just sit down and wait for one, eh?" replied the maiden.
"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."

He-Why didn't you answer my letter? She—Why. I never received it.
He---You didn't?
She—No; and, besides, you wrote it in such a funny hand I couldn't make it out.

We're Never Satisfied.

The sort of weather most folks like, In this or any clime
Is what we do not happen to Be having at the time.