

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A New York Tribune contributor who spent some years at work in a powder mill describes an uncanny experience as follows: The last explosion that occurred during my experimental powder monkey had an uncanny incident, or forewarning, as some persons would call it, connected with it, that has always been a subject of much curiosity to me. I have never been a believer in the supernatural, but the case was exactly as I will state it. One warm evening in early June I started out for a stroll after supper, and on my return, about 10 o'clock, I had to cross a bridge over a stream connecting two of the mill ponds. The coming mill was situated behind a bluff about 300 feet from the road, leaving only the peak of the roof visible from the bridge. The water looked very inviting and I was soon dressed and swimming around in the pond. After I had tired of this I climbed out on the bridge and was leisurely dressing myself, when, chancing to glance in the direction of the corner mill, a strange sight met my gaze. There perched upon the peak of the roof was a grinning skull, the bony conformation lit up with a bright phosphorescent light, and the vacant cavities at the eyes, nose and mouth perfectly black, gazing at me with its blank, unwinning stare. I looked at it for some time in astonishment, then finished dressing and advanced slowly until I had approached it within a short distance of it; but still it remained, with the same steady, baleful stare. I felt a cold, creepy sensation pass over me, and although not really frightened, a feeling of awe took possession of me, looking back now and then to see if still grinning after me. About half-past 6 o'clock the next morning the corner mill exploded, followed immediately by its near neighbor, the glazing mill. If the explosion had occurred shortly after seven the loss of life would have been large, as it was the custom of the man who carted the powder from the mill to begin his day's work at the glazing mill, and usually there were five or six, and sometimes more, gathered there about that hour every morning. But the forty-five minutes' time saved the lives of all but the man who ran the corner mill. The pond, in which I had been bathing the night before, was drained and fragments of his body were found strewn all over the bottom. After the mills were rebuilt and ready to resume operations I handed in my resignation.

"I HAD an experience near Sweetwater, in Nolan County, Texas, about ten years ago," said Harry L. Esley of Wichita, Kan., as he sat in the rotunda of the LaSalle House, St. Louis. "I was a cowboy in those days. I was riding alone from Buffalo Gap to Big Springs. The second night I was out I went into camp about an hour by sun. I staked out my horse at the base of a prairie mountain, and while hunting around for some fagots with which to make a fire, I ran across an opening in the hillside. Upon investigation I found it was a cave. My curiosity got the best of me and I concluded that I would investigate it. I cooked both of my pistols and proceeded cautiously. Before I had entered ten feet in the cave I was attacked by an army of ferocious bats. I beat a hasty retreat, of course, but they followed me outside and flew at me from all sides, striking me in the face with their sharp-pointed wings and biting me on the hands and ears. I fought them as best I could and only frightened them away by firing off my pistol several times, and the flash of the powder had the effect of driving them back into their nest in the cave. Of course I moved my camp that night. The next day I met a sheep herder and related to him my strange experience. He then told me that a few months before a rancher living near Fort Concho was traveling in that vicinity and had met with a similar experience, only more serious than mine. He camped close to the cave, aroused the bats and they beat his eyes out with their wings. He was picked up two days later, wandering around over the prairie, by a party of emigrants. He had been made crazy from his terrible fight, and two years later I learned that he had died in the madhouse at Austin. I understand that the cave was blown up with dynamite about five years ago."

THERE was a sensation the other Sunday at North Derby, Conn., which the worshippers who had a share in it will not soon forget. A dog and bull formed a combination which proved demoralizing to the congregation of the Long Meadow meeting-house, otherwise known as the Church of the Freedom, as it was the first church in the state to take under its roof colored people on an equality with whites. The dog was taking in carriage which was tied near the church, when a stock dealer drove a herd of cattle by the meeting-house. The dog ran among the herd and stamped the cattle. One steer, becoming frightened, dashed into the church and came to a stand in the centre of the edifice. The pastor was in the midst of his sermon. As far as his hearers were concerned the discourse ended then and there, as everybody tried to get out once and the steer was left in undisputed possession of the place. The clergyman grew hoarse in his endeavors to have some of the men remain and drive the animal out. He came down from the pulpit to undertake the task himself, but he was not successful, and had he not sought refuge in a pew where the steer could not reach him the infuriated animal would have made short work of him. The clergyman was compelled to sit perched on the back of the pew and watch the steer demolish the church property. When the animal became tired he trotted out. The pastor re-entered the pulpit, and when his congregation had returned he took up his sermon at the point where it had been so rudely interrupted.

ALL the poetry and gun play has not yet been eliminated from life in the far West. A Cheyenne paper tells of the killing of seven men in the vicinity of Hyattville, Wyo., on one recent day.

Two deputy United States marshals, James Huff and William Nautcher, hunting for outlaws who killed another deputy some time back, came upon a camp of the folk they were after. Huff and Nautcher were killed, but they ended the lives of three of the enemy. It appears Nautcher was a "hard case," a ruster in the late cattle troubles out that way, but Huff "was not a bad fellow." Both were made deputy marshals because of their grit and their knowledge of the other hard characters of the region. This is the principle on which the British, centuries ago, made Morgan, the boldest buccaner of the Spanish main, a Knight and Governor of the Island of Jamaica. This worth immediately set to work to clean out all the other pirates in the interest of law and order. On the same day that the two marshals had their deadly fight with the outlaw band two rustling gentlemen, setting out from the neighborhood of Hyattville with sixty head of stolen horses, were overtaken by "professional thief hunters," who came upon them on Big Horn river, "shot them from behind, and left their bodies for the coyotes."

How much of method there is in madness sometimes was startlingly illustrated by a lunatic from the Friends' Asylum, who the other day broke away from his keeper while the two were walking in Frankford, says the Philadelphia Record. Wildly gesticulating and looking as determined as if he were about to leap over Niagara, the man ran like a deer to a point a little way ahead of the Reading Railroad's Frankford branch "dinky" locomotive, which hauls carloads of earth, etc., and which was going too fast to be stopped in less than a square. The engine and eight cars passed over the insane man. The engineer and trainmen, looking back with horror to the spot where they expected to behold the mangled body of a suicide, saw instead that self-same lunatic leap to his feet and wave his hand in demoniac glee. He had carefully lain a quiet and as low as possible midway between the rails, so that even the engine's low fire-box and the brake apparatus on the cars cleared him as nicely as if he had had only been a sheet of very thin American tin. The keeper grasped the madman and hustled him back to the asylum before any names could be learned.

PEOPLE are amused over the revelations caused by a French will. A Paris restaurant keeper died, leaving about \$50,000 to a nephew, on condition that a new cooking recipe should be affixed daily to his tombstone in lieu of any other inscription or epitaph. He left a complete stock for the first year, namely, 365 recipes. These, he insisted, would be available for all good citizens who survived him. To secure them, people would have to go to the cemetery, and as he put it, "to remember me." Paris authorities declined to allow the recipes to be pasted on the tomb. Priests complained that it was more sacrilegious than eccentric to have people tramping to a graveyard for a recipe for a new soup or an omelette. The dutiful nephew appealed to the law to have his uncle's will conditions enforced, but he was beaten. He appealed. Again he lost. All his interest vanished with the legal decision. Now the entire fortune is to be devoted to purchasing Sunday dinners for 2,000 Parisians, the executors to designate the diners and send each an invitation.

A WEIRD and uncanny story comes from Fort Reno, in the Comanche Country, but its truth is said to be well vouched for. Some months ago the Kiowas and Comanches made a treaty with the Government through the medium of the Rev. Joshua Given, a full-blooded Kiowa, but an educated and ordained Presbyterian minister. Lately the Indians have become dissatisfied with the treaty, and lay the blame of its defects on Given. About three weeks ago several of their medicine men held a meeting, and after performing several mystic rites they produced a skin with a picture of Given drawn on it, and one of them shot an arrow through the breast of the picture. They then went through some more mysterious performances, and afterwards sent word to Given that after twelve days he would begin to bleed at the lungs, and that the hemorrhage would continue at intervals until his death followed. As the appointed time grew near Mr. Given was very much depressed, and when the time came was taken suddenly ill and had a violent hemorrhage. Several others have followed.

An Italian laborer of Detroit, Mich., was paid some money the other day, \$23 in all, and took it home to his wife. After counting the money over together they laid it on the table for a moment while they adjourned to the corner grocery to celebrate their wealth. Returning in a few minutes, they found the money gone. There was nobody in the house but a mazy yellow cur, and after looking high and low for the funds they concluded that he must have stolen them, especially as on examination they found a bit of green paper adhering to his teeth. Accordingly the dog was sacrificed and a post mortem held on his remains, with the result that all the money was found in his stomach. It was torn into pieces, but these were carefully fitted together and forwarded through a bank to the Treasury for redemption.

The young peasants of the government of Kiev, Russia, have a way of their own to avenge themselves for disappointed love. If one of them woos a girl and she refuses to accept him as her suitor, without explaining the reason why she rejected him, the fellow assembles all the young men of the village around her house. They bar the door and windows from without, so that no one can leave the house or enter it, and make a fiendish noise the whole night through. This is sometimes repeated for a whole week in succession, and the girl and her folks are deprived of their liberty and their night's rest.

Of all the extraordinary scientific experiments, surely the most extraordinary is that reported by the London Times correspondent as having been made at St. Petersburg. Some trials of armor plates were going on, and "this trial was made use of to carry out a very curious experiment to decide the effects of heavy gun-firing upon the nervous system of animals. A number of rabbits were slung up in bags on frames close to the

line of fire, and dogs and cats were also tied up under cover beneath the muzzle of the gun." The result is not given, but it is easy to imagine that the nervous system of the poor brutes suffered rather severely.

The following described device is in use by the milk peddlers in Berlin, Germany, to prevent the separation of cream from the milk, through the motion of the wagon. A large conical-shaped piece of tin, perforated with holes as large as a quarter at the small end and smaller holes at the larger end, is inserted, point upwards, in each can. It is claimed by the Berlin milkmen that by the use of this simple contrivance the milk at the bottom of the can, after a day in the wagon, will be as rich as the first drawing in the morning. Milk in Berlin is sold for 1/2 cent a litre (a litre is a small fraction more than a quart.)

Railway experts in Chicago have given out the very curious piece of information that when the bulk of heavy traffic moves Eastward, and the cars return practically empty, the whole road-bed shifts to the east about three feet a year. When heavy freight is moving the other way the tracks are about stationary. This is a very curious fact, if true, and apparently contrary to reason, for when the freight is moving toward the east, one would think that the constant push of the locomotives would have a tendency to shift the track in the opposite direction if at all.

The latest feat in spoon carving is reported from the capital city of Iowa, and was accomplished by S. E. Wilcox. He took a common Iowa souvenir spoon, one bearing the Iowa coat of arms on its handle, and wrote the whole of the Lord's Prayer in its bowl. Every letter and comma is in its proper place and can be easily read with the naked eye. A local paper in commenting on the feat says: "The general use of such spoons would make religious instruction more easy and greatly improve the spirituality of coffee and tea drinkers."

A STRANGE character has lately gone over to the majority in London, and his death is the most absorbing subject of interest in the papers. Montagu Williams, the well-known barrister, is dead. He was extremely popular with criminals, who called him their "professional pal," and could go with perfect safety into the lowest resorts of vice and crime in London. In fact, he was hale fellow well met with all the crooks in the Seven Dials or Whitechapel, and his death will deprive his clients of an able advocate and a merciful judge.

A RETURN of marriage made recently to the County Clerk put on record the first ceremony performed in Marion County, Indiana, by a woman. The bridegroom was John S. Harris, of Shelbyville, a carpenter, and Miss Sallie C. Haverstick, of Indianapolis, was the bride. Rev. Miss Minnie Thorne officiated at the ceremony.

### A Popular Wedding in Paris.

A marriage is always a great event in popular Paris, and whether it be that of a workman, of a shopkeeper, or of a well-to-do manufacturer who gives a handsome dowry to his daughter, it attracts the attention of the whole neighborhood. In order to get duly married in popular Paris there are three formalities indispensable—going to the town hall for the civil marriage, going to church for the religious marriage, and going to the Bois. In closed carriages or in open landaus, in omnibuses or breaks drawn by three or four horses, according as the wedding is more or less distinguished, the party rides out to the Bois de Boulogne, makes the tour of the lakes, and halts at the Cafe de la Cascade or at the cheaper cafes outside the gates at Surresnes. The programme is invariable. While the coachmen take a drink, the cortege visits the cascade, that little artificial Switzerland which the genius of M. Alphand has concentrated within a space of two hundred square yards. The bride, the bridegroom, the bridesmaids, the groomsmen, the parents, and the guests climb up the steps and pass along the gallery under the cascade, whose waters form a liquid crystal curtain, through which is seen the magnificent panorama of the plain of Long-champs and the soft hills of Surresnes and Saint Cloud. Then follows further driving in the fine avenues of the Bois, the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and the boulevards, and so to the various restaurants of different grades that make a specialty of wedding feasts—Gillet, Lemardelay, Vefour, or the more modest restaurants of the environs and of the faubourgs. The table has a joyous aspect in all these establishments; it is laid with art and served with apparent abundance, whatever the price may be; and the wedding guests are joyous and noisy until order is called for the speeches and songs. In a popular Parisian wedding the bride has to sing her little song like the rest. The poet of the family recites some verses, and everybody has something to say, to sing, or to do, inasmuch that a wedding dinner is often merely a pretext for eloquence and amateur histrionic talent.—[Harper's Magazine.]

### RELIABLE RECIPES.

PANCAKES.—Two cups of milk, one egg, two spoons of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder, a little salt, flour for a stiff batter; fry in hot lard.

RYE BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two cups of rye meal, one half-cup of molasses, 1/2 cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix very soft, and bake at once in a roll pan or muffin rings.

SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter; one cup powdered sugar; half cup boiling water and wine-glassful brandy. Cream the butter and sugar, add the brandy and boiling water, and beat until very light. If you object to brandy you may substitute the juice of one large or two small lemons.

CHEERY SALAD.—Cut your celery into inch lengths, lay it in a bowl and put it on the ice until needed. After it is brought on the table pour over it a French dressing consisting of three tablespoonfuls of oil, two of vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of white sugar and three or four dashes of black pepper.

### FOR THE LADIES.

#### FASHIONS IN COSSAGES.

Fashion favors the round waist and the one that is slightly pointed back and front equally. Some cossages are made in natural length and others with a tendency toward the short empire style, and again others are in directoire fashion, with long tabs front and back and velvet bretelles that spread out widely on the shoulders and taper to a point at the waist.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

#### DARNING AS A FINE ART.

Do you know that darning really is a fine art? It is not as it is usually conducted, but as it may be it is. A three-cornered tear, that worst of all blemishes to repair, may be so finished that it will need the closest inspection to show where it is. All woollens are woven after a regular fashion. Find what it is by looking carefully at the cloth. Under the rent baste a piece of cloth. Take ravellings of the goods, a fine needle and darn just as the weave of the goods runs. Cut the thread each time the needle has come to the other side. Trim smoothly and press. You will be surprised at your fine work.—[St. Louis Republic.]

#### HOW A WOMAN CAN MAKE A LIVING.

Here is a scheme for some woman who is wondering what she shall do to make a living. Let her get up a business card stating that she will do all kinds of mending for gentlemen, work to be called for and returned, and leave the cards, with some self-addressed postals, with the landlady of every good house she knows of, to be distributed among men whose laundresses can neither darn, mend nor sew buttons on. If she does it in a business-like way and at reasonable rates she ought to get up enough trade to employ two or three girls. A man hates to throw away a silk handkerchief because the hem has ravelled out, or give away garments that happen to have a slit in the wrong place.—[New York World.]

#### VEILS OF PURPLISH NET.

Clever Parisienne! Will her innocent little ruses ever fall where dress and personal appearances are concerned? So says the St. Louis Republic's Paris correspondent. She has just hit upon a little trick by which she imitates even what is generally considered an unkind touch of nature. "Nearly all the grand ladies at Paris are wearing veils of purplish net and gauze. I can't make out why they do it, as it makes them all look more or less frostbitten." So a gentleman reports who has just returned from Paris.

Of course he, being a man, could not be expected to penetrate the secret underlying this fashionable curiosity. The facts are, however, simple. A large number of Parisian ladies are addicted to the plentiful use of cosmetics. But, although the "snow-and-roses" complexion conjured up by means of powder, rouge and rouge is all very well for warm weather, it becomes unnatural in the days of rime frost and nipping cast winds, the correct thing for complexions in cold weather being a slight admixture of the purple tint resulting from cold air. The purple veil supplies the shade almost to perfection. Hence "the latest in veils."

#### FASHION'S CAPRICE IN HAIRDRESSING.

The prevailing style of hairdressing shows a distinct downward tendency, and many smart women now wear their hair three or four inches below their collar. The desirable thing is to dress it so as to make the most of it, for the purchase of additional hair is open to many objections. It may come off, awkward questions are asked about it at times, and women friends get to know of it. The hair should be waved all over the head, a provision which nature does not always make, but which can be attained by the use of curling tongs. The long style of dressing the hair is not so becoming as the round, when this is sought in to show the lines of the head. It rather ruins dresses and coat collars, too, but is very well for the evening. Indeed, one smart lady says it furnishes the back of her neck. The only hat which suits comfortably over such an arrangement is a flat pan-cake-like affair, which may be pulled about with impunity. Even this has a tendency to slip gently down one's cranium unless a comb is put in the knot of hair at the back to keep it up.—[Chicago Herald.]

#### LEMON PERFUMED BOTTLES.

The woman whose purse-strings are not of the longest, but who enjoys a breath of fragrance in her own particular snugness has resorted to the use of sliced lemon, which by the by is a particularly awakening and refreshing odorizer. Upon the toilet table stands a tiny jar, within which several slices of the golden-rimmed fruit repose, these diffusing throughout the apartment the most pungent and fascinating of perfumes. Fancy runs riot in the matter of lemon jars; anything and everything goes, provided the top is large and flaring. There is the grotesque Japanese jar, mounted on three fantastically twisted legs, which may be picked up at almost any curio shop. The bright carmines, rich blues and old golds that decorate it lend a dash of charming color to the room which it adorns. Then there is the commonplace glass jar with its fluted rim and puffy sides on which clever fingers have outlined with brush and paints a branch from which droop miniature lemons and their leaves. In fact, soft-hued specimens in china of all shapes and sizes offer this novelty perfume a home; but it remains for a bright young woman to eclipse these everyday affairs by a piece of her own handiwork. Six sections were cut from lemon-tinted celluloid, alike in shape and size. These when laced together formed the sides. The lower ends were turned under, and attached with a few stitches, to a pasteboard bottom covered with yellow silk. The slightly curled tops of the celluloid sections gave a tulip-like finish to the receptacle. A small glass bowl placed within this fetching trifle was the resting place for the lemon.

This toilet dainty does double duty, as a scent and complexion aid, for when madam bathes her face, knowing that lemon juice has the effect of whitening

the skin, she squeezes a few drops into the water, and she also uses a bit of the fruit for keeping her nails pearly white. It is needless to say that lemon juice will have an extended run since they act in economical fashion both as perfumer and a beautifier.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

#### A CHINESE HEROINE.

We do not look for heroines in Chinese story, but there are plenty to be found. The most famous of them was Hwabee, who has been called the Chinese Joan d'Arc, and the comparison is not unreasonable. She was queen of a small State, allied, like so many others, by respect and gratitude to the imperial throne, but independent. When the Japanese had established themselves in all the maritime provinces, and threatened Peking itself, in 1552, Hwabee visited the Emperor, proclaiming a divine mission for his deliverance. He had the wit to receive her gratefully, and put a force at her disposal which she drilled with terrible severity before leading them against the foe. After many defeats the Japanese raised the siege of Nanking, and though the war was continued they had no chance of success afterwards. But a modern instance of heroism among Chinese women occurs to us—it has the guarantee, at least of an imperial edict and a memorial arch at Putung. One would almost like to suppress the name of this extraordinary girl, so absurdly unromantic seems to us the monosyllabic Wang. She was betrothed to a young man of rank in a neighboring town, who died upon the eve of marriage. True love is no phenomenon in China. Poor Wang was heartbroken. Though such a lovely girl, of such family and prospects, could make her choice of husbands, she ran to the house of her dead lover's parents, and begged them to receive her as a slave. They did not want her, and her own family objected vehemently; but when Wang prepared to starve herself to death in the chamber of afterwards the Tai'ping rebels threatened those parts, property was destroyed, slaves vanished, and the old people had good reason to congratulate themselves in the possession of such a servant. Five years she tended them, supporting the household by her labor; then they died, and she buried them. At this time the rebels marched upon Putung. The young girl might have escaped with her people, but she had no wish to live. Putting on her richest clothes, she sewed them to her flesh, laid herself upon her lover's couch, and drank poison. The plunderers found her dead in this array, and gave the body a solemn funeral.—[New York Post.]

#### FASHION NOTES.

Jet belts upon gray cloth gowns are very effective.

Sedan cloth is a new fabric for winter costumes.

Girls who have not at least one Scotch plaid costume are behind the procession.

Tortoise shell card cases, such as our grandmothers carried, are again in vogue.

Jeweled pins for the hair take on many fanciful forms.

Capes of all sizes and shapes are very fashionable.

Stylish French toques are made of velvety ladies' cloth, to match costumes.

The Dutch cup-crown style appears on small bonnets and large hats.

The grays and browns present a wide range of shades this season.

The Parisian jewellers have offered a new necklace, called the "flower collar."

The sachet method of perfuming clothing and personal belongings seems a favorite one.

A new sugar basin—an owl's head with ruffled feathers. It is in silver and has a rest for tongs or spoon.

Plaid silks are favorite linings for wraps, and especially for the close-fitting style of garments.

There is a charming display of dainty shot and striped silks, satins, and French moires for evening wear.

Handsome silks are broadened with tiny rosettes, and have a very quaint and old-fashioned look.

Some of the new sleeves are formed of two or three puffings, and finished with a deep frilling.

The bell skirt is now superseded by many others, but they all bear a family likeness to that once popular skirt.

Tan colored overgaiters and those of seal brown are destined for a winter career.

Milliners must lie awake long hours at night to design the extraordinary hats now worn by the girls of the period.

Evidently Gotham has gone mad on Scotch plaids. Such a run of the material has never before been known there.

Imported green carnations are a fad just now; so too, are the brown chrysanthemums.

Jewels of all kinds are now stuck on the bonnet, hat, and various parts of the gown.

Women these days who do not wear a cape of some kind are in the rear of the crowd.

Nobody ever saw such "loud," gaudy and grotesque fashions in dress as now obtain.

As the season advances, new shapes and styles in feminine hats make their appearance, some "just from Paris."

Fashionable extravagance makes it a rule at the afternoon teas that there should be a silver tea bell in every cup.

Shadow or mirror velvets are used for dress bonnets for afternoon receptions.

Cream, beige and pink felt bonnets are trimmed with piece velvet, in dahlias, violet, green and pinkish tan.

The Marie Stuart bonnet with its arched brim is revived, but this is a special shape designed wholly for special fashions and particular occasions.

The long, crinkled white Mongolian fur is dyed in various colors, and used for the full boss that are now so fashionable.

White gloves with black stitching are worn with evening dresses in which black enters as a trimming, and also with all black toilets.

A dress just completed is made of rose-colored camel's hair combined with an effective tulle in rose, reseda, cream-white and pale amber.

Novel flower-pots are of robin's egg blue, old pink, water green and white china, with an inch-wide band of gilt around them. They come at from \$7.50 upwards.

Quills form an important part of the trimming on this season's hats, and they have the Alsatian bow effect, black being the favorite, although they come in all the colors of the rainbow.

No one can deny the exceptional beauty of the imported bonnets this season. They cannot be duplicated at home, and, hence, like an inheritance, they are "something worth having."

Cloth and velvet toques are trimmed with sable or mink, and laces, sables' tails, guipure lace and aigrette of herons' feathers in some instances are clustered together on one hat.

Cut crystal pepper mills, mounted in sterling, for the grinding of whole peppers at table, are exceedingly acceptable to those who appreciate the unadulterated flavor of that spice.

Low, octagon-shaped teak wood stands, showing an inlay of mother-of-pearl diamonds, are in excellent taste for the dining-room or library, to hold the palm. They also come in delicate shades of enamelled wood.

Short tea-gowns are made for youthful wearers in quaint and pretty fashion, the Empire style being a favorite, with a round waist slightly low-cut in the neck, and full sleeves banded and rosetted from elbow to wrist.

### How Fishing Is Made Easy.

"The complete angler" is not in it, says the Sheffield Telegraph's London scribe, with "the automatic angler," which is the name an ingenious gentleman has given to his invention of a method of "fishing made easy." All that the easy-going angler need do is to fix his tackle, light his pipe and wait for results. The fish will catch itself. The automatic attachment by which this desirable process is carried out is simply a reel of ordinary dimensions, fitted with a spring coil arrangement, which, by means of a small lever, can be put in and out of gear at will. It is adapted to all kinds of rod fishing—from that of the lordly salmon to that of the socialistic and revolutionary perch or roach. It reduces the chances of losses from breakage of the line and rods, which is always a serious item, particularly in salmon fishing.

The manner of automatic angling is as follows: When set, the line is held in tension by a light pressure trigger. The moment the fish bites the pull releases the trigger, and allows the line to pay out as fast as the quickest running fish can take it. The moment the fish halts for rest the pressure of the trigger ceases, and the process of rewinding the line commences. Should the fish resent this and dart off again, the automatic angler places no obstacle in his way. Disport himself as long and as frantically as he may, the moment the fish pauses he finds himself drawn in. In the long run the mechanical appliance is bound to win, for in the matter of patience the fish is simply not there.

Of course when a fish, by setting the automatic action at work, signals that he has "taken hold," the angler can throw the automatic gear out of action and play with his capture in the ordinary way. The appliance has been proved simple and certain in action, and rosters who have tried it are enthusiastic. Ladies now indulge in the "gentle art," and automatic anglers will enhance the pleasure of the pastime to them.

### Working from Habit.

On a most prominent corner of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, stands an old white haired man selling papers. He always stands there, rain or shine, come snow, come blow, mud or dust, and has stood there from six in the morning till nine at night for the last six years. His hair is white as snow, and his beard is thick and grizzled. His full blue eyes are shaded by gold rimmed glasses; his clothes are neat and tidy. His language is that of a cultured gentleman.

And that is just what he is. Thirty years ago he was one of New York's big builders. He speaks with pride of the many evidences of his handiwork still standing, and which do not advertise their insignificance even by the side of the nobler structures of this modern day. Now he sells newspapers on a street corner in Philadelphia. He is fond of talking of his young son, an artist of some ability, I am told, and his highest desire is to send him to Rome and to Paris. The young man has been studying under a pupil of Gerome. His great wish is to take lessons directly from the hand of the great master. It is a charming thing to hear his father, the newsmen, huddled in a corner out of the drifting snow, talk of "my son, the artist." He just glories in the subject, of which he never seems to tire.

I asked the old man once why he sold papers. He said it was because he was too blind to do any other work, and work of some kind he must do or he would die. What a story of life such a man could tell.—[New York Herald.]

### AROUND THE HOUSE.

Eggs covered when frying will cook much more evenly.

If you heat your knife you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold.

A convenient substitute for a cork-screw, when the latter is not at hand, may be found in the use of a common screw, with an attached string to pull the cork.

To clean bottles, cut a raw potato into small pieces, and put them into the bottle with a tablespoonful of salt to two tablespoonfuls of water, and shake well together until all the marks are removed.

In cleaning a badly soiled carpet great precaution should be used. Brussels tapestries, Wiltons or velvet carpets may be cleaned with ox gall, one pint to a pail of water. Use an ordinary scrubbing brush, and afterward the carpet should be vigorously rubbed with a coarse cloth; fresh water should be applied. A small portion of the carpet done each day during hot and sultry weather would keep it greatly refreshed in colorings, as well as sweet and clean.