

THE WOMAN OF TACT.

The Numerous Ways in Which She Makes Herself Loved.

She had been talking pleasantly to two or three women. She had made her good-byes all cheerful and bright, and, after she had disappeared, one woman turned to another and said in a tone that was scoffing: "She is a thorough woman of tact." Now, in this case, the woman who had said none but pleasant words, who, by a bright story, had prevented the discussion of a petty scandal, was a woman who was as brave-hearted as any that ever lived, and who bore, not only her own, but the burdens of a good many other people, yet she saw no reason why she should inflict her troubles on her friends, or why she should not be in its best sense a woman of tact.

A woman of tact is one who feels that the story told to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form, and inconsiderate of the feelings of others.

A woman of tact is the one who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young, and who makes herself agreeable to all women in all conditions of life.

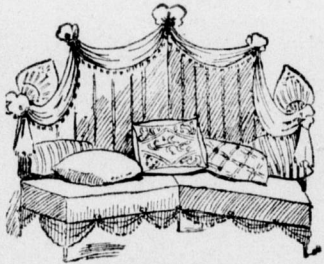
A woman of tact is one who makes her good-morning a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day, and her good-bye a hope that she may come again.

A woman of tact is one who does not gauge people by their clothes, or their riches, but who condemns bad manners.

A woman of tact is one who is courteous under all circumstances and in every condition in which she may be placed. She is the woman who can receive the unwelcome guest with a smile so bright and a handshake so cordial, that in trying to make the welcome seem real it becomes so. A woman of tact is one whose love for humanity is second only in her life's devotion, and whose watchword is unselfishness in thought and action. By making self last it finally becomes natural to have it so.

Making a Corner Sofa.

With little expense a pretty corner sofa may be made for a sitting or drawing-room. The platform, one foot in height, may be made by any amateur carpenter. Upon this is fitted a mattress or cushion, which may then be covered as elaborately or as simply as desired, the same scheme being carried



A CORNER SOFA.

out in the curtain at the back, which should be lined with a plain color. The looping is done by drawing the fulness through brass curtain rings, the last on either side being finished with an ornament such as a Japanese fan, or any other effective bit of color. Piled up with cushions this makes a charming piece of furniture.

Tea by Courtesy.

Every one is aware that much of the tea we drink is tea in name only, so much is it adulterated. But there are many beverages called teas which are not fraudulent manufactures, though they are called by the name of the delicious Chinese leaves. In Mauritius, for example, they make tea of the leaves of an orchid.

In Peru, they drink mate, a tea made from a native species of holly. The Abyssinians make tea from the leaves of the catha edulis, which has such stimulating qualities that to chew a single leaf will produce all the effects of a strong cup of coffee. It is most valuable to travelers.

The Tasmanians are said to be the lucky owners of no fewer than 100 kinds of leaves from which tea can be made, while the Tonkinians have tea from berries, leaves, woods and barks of trees.

In Sumatra coffee leaves are put in the teapot and the result is said to be excellent.

The Siamese Bridegroom.

Every Siamese girl who reaches a certain age without marrying is ticked and labeled and placed in a privileged class, under the special care of the king, who binds himself to find a husband for them all. His method is delightfully simple. A prisoner in any of the Siamese jails may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the ineligible class. Whether he is already married or not is not of great consequence, for in Siam it is not necessary to draw the line at one wife.

Might Be Adopted Here.

There are curious customs in some parts of the Middle Empire, as China is called. Young girls who are marriageable wear their hair in a long plait down their back, while in this a red ribbon is interwoven. This can only be worn by one who is unmarried and is not bound by marriage engagements.

His Unfortunate Argument.

She—After all, you must admit that women are better than men.
He—Oh, I don't know. The Bible doesn't say anything about seven devils being cast out of a man.
She—No, of course not; he has every one of them yet.

Proper Derivation.

Gooseberry fool is a corruption of gooseberry foule—milled or pressed gooseberries.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

At this time of year I am sometimes reminded of an odd adventure which happened to me one mad March night during a journey from north to south, beginning at the town of Preston, Lancashire. Having adjusted my wraps and made myself comfortable in the corner of the third-class carriage which my porter had got for me, I took stock of the three other passengers who occupied the other end of the compartment.

A big, lusty, fresh-looking fellow in stout tweeds, and wearing a Scotch cap, was seated with his face toward the engine; a young lady and a young gentleman faced him, the young gentleman having the corner, the lady resting her head on his shoulder.

From an opening in the folds of his overcoat I caught the gleam of a pair of handcuffs. He was a captive.

The lady, however, smiled tearfully, and in soft, coaxing tones, said: "Mr. Sutcliffe, couldn't you loosen the irons? They're chafing his wrists so."

"Didn't he say he'd shoot me?" answered the big man, who I now understood was a policeman in plain clothes taking a prisoner south.

Then the lady burst into tears, and with a laugh Sutcliffe met her half way, unlocked the horrid bracelets, and let loose one of Dandy's wrists.

"There, mon," said he, "you can put yer arm round'er. But noan of yer little games wi' me. I've carried priss'ners all o'er England, Scotland and Ireland, and never lost a mon yet."

Then the lady pleaded a splitting headache and the cap was drawn over the lamp by general consent, and I curled up in my corner.

We sped on awhile. Sutcliffe was asleep—sound—snoring heavily. Then I dropped off, and remembered nothing clearly till we pulled up with a jerk. I woke. Sutcliffe woke.

The lamp was burning low, but it gave light enough to show us a carriage which contained only our two selves.

"My groom!" roared Sutcliffe. "My bird has flown. Did we stop betwixt Crewe and here?"

I couldn't say. He said no more. Swiftly he grabbed at his cap, his wraps and a small bag, slipped on his boots and opened the carriage door.

One evening, some three years later, my wife being down at the seaside, and I finding the time heavy on my hands, dropped into the pit of a famous play-house.

Before the curtain had been up many minutes my attention was drawn to a big man who had a seat in the front row of the pit.

I looked and looked—and then I recognized my friend Sutcliffe, the policeman of my midnight journey.

After the first act he pushed his way out, and I touched him on the shoulder. "You don't remember me?"

He scrutinized me for a moment, and then nearly shook my hand off. "Why—for sure I do—eh! It cost me my place i' t' force, did that job. Ah've never clapped eyes on that pair since."

Then we got to our places and I saw by his gestures and his looks at me that he was telling his buxom wife the story of that mad March night.

Suddenly I saw his face turn rigid, and he rose up in his seat, as if he was about to leap into the stalls. His wife pulled him back and talked eagerly to him.

Down came the curtain, out came Sutcliffe, grabbed my shoulder in his hands, and said out loud:

"I'm dommed if that theer Dandy beant a-sittin' reet i' front o' me."

I followed his eyes, and at once recognized that cynical curl of the lip, that rather effeminate prisoner who had escaped from custody between Crewe and Stafford.

He was dressed in the height of fashion. He was standing with his face toward the circle, peering at fashion through a pair of glasses.

"Hallo!" said Sutcliffe, "why he's gotten a new missus."

"Yes," hissed a heavily veiled woman behind us. "Now, arrest him, Mr. Sutcliffe. You're not going to let him go, are you?"

We both started. It was the lady who had escaped with Dandy.

"Nay, missus, I'm not i' t' force now. Yo mon catch him yerself—yo let him go."

She was trembling like a leaf in the wind, and casting a venomous look at us swiftly left the theater.

We both of us watched the unsuspecting Dandy during the last act, with scarce a look at the stage or an ear for the music. But none enjoyed it more than the cynical Dandy and his charming lady.

A few minutes before the finale we saw him place a splendid cloak upon her fair shoulders and pass politely along the row to the door.

Our party followed their example. We raced round to the front door, and were just in time to see the escaped prisoner and his new missus get into an elegant one-horse brougham and drive off.

But behind them was a hansom, in which sat a thickly veiled lady and two men. Aad they drove off.

"Copped as sure as eggs is eggs," chuckled Sutcliffe. "Scotland Yard is after Dandy."

Chinese Fans.

Over eleven million fans are exported in one year from Canton, China.

THE PARAGON.

Mrs. Hudson was to give a dinner party that evening. It was not to be one of those elaborate receptions for which she was noted—merely an informal affair, to which only a few of her most intimate friends had been invited.

"My dear," she said to her niece, "you will meet to-night a great friend of mine. He does not care for parties. Will you see that he is not bored at this one?"

"Why must he be assigned to me?" she asked.

"I want you to entertain him, Lillian, because he is a stranger in town. He is by no means a bore. He is handsome, witty, interesting."

"What a paragon, aunt," interrupted Lillian. "I know I shall hate him."

"I believe you will," exclaimed the elder woman in despair, as she left the room.

Lillian resumed her preparations for what promised to be a very disagreeable evening. "Handsome, witty, interesting. That is a good description of some one I know," she thought, as she twined some flowers in her hand. "He used to laugh at my fancy for flowers."

A tear rolled down her cheek. "How foolish," she said, as she hastily brushed it away.

A pretty picture she made in her white silk gown, with the flowers about her head like a crown, when a few minutes later she descended to the drawing-room. So thought a young man who stood watching her as she came down the stairs, and who held out his hands to her in welcome.

"This is indeed a surprise," he said. "I did not expect to see you here this evening."

"Mrs. Hudson is my aunt, you know, or, rather, you do not know. I never mentioned her to you, I believe. I did not know you were friends," she said.

"I am happy to say your aunt is a friend of mine," he said, as they moved across the hall away from the drawing-room, where her aunt awaited her.

And the paragon? Lillian had forgotten him.

"You have changed," the young man said, gazing long and earnestly at her. "You have grown from a child to a woman."

"You also have changed," she replied, noting the sternness of the handsome face.

"Yes, although fortune has been kinder to me than I dared to hope. She has been kind to me to-night," he added, bending over his companion.

She turned and looked from the window near which they stood. The house was large, the guests few in number, no one molested them.

"How well I remember the last night I saw you," he said. "There were flowers in your hair—daisies—like you wear to-night. One nestled in the curl above your ear. I wished to take it. I dared not ask for it, although one flower more or less would mean nothing to you. You were a mere child, with no knowledge of the world you were so soon to enter, while I had nothing—neither fame nor fortune. Our lives were apart. I bade you good-bye that night, but I did not forget you—I could not."

She did not move nor turn her head. "I have offended you," he said contritely.

"No, no," Lillian answered. "Oh, but I have," he cried in distress. "In my delight at seeing you I have overstepped the bounds of politeness. I have been rude."

"You do not understand. I was no child," she said hurriedly, and she turned to go.

A flower fell from her hair. He stooped and picked it up. "Keep it," she whispered, moving away.

He took the flower, and with it her hand, as if in that moment he had divined the truth.

"At one time," he said, in tones that trembled, "if I could have had a flower from your hair my happiness would have been complete. Now my happiness will not be complete without the giver. May I have her?" he whispered.

"Say yes," he pleaded.

Who could resist that tender voice? Not Lillian, who loved him with all her heart. Her answer was low, but he must have heard it, for he kissed the flower.

"The paragon!" Lillian said, a few minutes later, suddenly remembering her aunt's commission.

Filled with emotion she approached that lady, who smiled benignly upon her.

"Why, you have been talking to him all the evening," explained her aunt. "James, your paragon!" exclaimed Lillian, in astonishment.

"He and I are old friends, aunt. I met him three years ago, when I was at the mountains with papa. Besides," very demurely, "he is to be my husband."

And Mrs. Hudson always declared she made the match.

In a Primitive State.

The Papuans of the Malay coast of New Guinea are still in the most primitive state. They are wholly unacquainted with metals, and make their weapons of bone, bones and wood.

Bird Migration.

Among the many mysteries of bird migration is the fact that over-sea journeys are generally conducted in the darkness and invariably against a head wind.

A Long Canal.

The length of the Grand Canal from Tientsin to Hangchow, in China, is 650 miles. It connects great ports with rich coal regions.

PRETTY SCREENS.

HOW TO BUILD A USEFUL BIT OF FURNITURE WITH LITTLE OUTLAY.

Japanese and Chinese Screens Can Be Purchased at Very Reasonable Prices, But They Can Be Made Home at Much Less Expense.

The screens that come from Japan and China are best for the moderate purse. They can be purchased at reasonable prices in almost every town and city in the country. Or screens at still less expense may be made at home.

First determine upon the size of the screen, the height of the panels, their width, and whether two, three or four shall be used. A screen of good proportion is one formed of three panels, five and one-half feet high by two feet in width.

Have a frame made by the carpenter, or, better still, make it yourself if you are clever at such work. It is a sim-

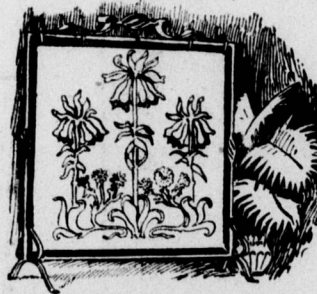


SCREEN MADE OF BLUE DENIM.

ple matter to form the skeleton of strips of light pine from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. Only the outside pieces and two cross pieces are required to brace the frame and make it taut and firm. Once the frame is completed the rest is easy.

Now stretch over the frame some figured burlap, that can be secured at the low cost of 12½ cents a yard. Choose this for the face of the screen. Place the frame upon the floor. Tack the edge of the burlap to the top piece of the frame, and stretch tightly and tack to the lower pieces and sides. In doing this the edge of the burlap should be drawn over the corner of the wood, so that when the back is covered in the same way all the surface is smooth except the rim of the screen. This rim is then treated by a covering of gimp or braid, or a narrow piece of burlap, hemmed and bound. Fasten it on with brass-headed tacks, and the panel is completed. Light brass hinges join the panels, and the screen is ready for use.

Many other cheap fabrics may be used to cover these screens. Figured burlaps, blue denim, creton, or inexpensive tapestries all make admirable surfaces. They can sometimes be combined with good results. Thus a screen may be faced with denim and the reverse covered with creton, or the panels may be divided—the upper half covered with tapestry and the lower half with some good tone of burlaps; or the three panels may be covered with different fabrics. Should the screen be intended for use in a bedroom it can be made to serve a double purpose by covering but one side with burlap or denim. The cross pieces should be three or four in number, and the frame generally strengthened a little, when,



SCREEN FOR A FIREPLACE.

presto, the reverse side of the screen becomes a wardrobe and towel rack. By fastening hooks in the top strip of the screen dresses can be hung upon it, and towels, stockings, etc., can be placed on the cross pieces. There is really no end to the uses to which screens may be put, and their manufacture is so simple and so inexpensive that every ingenious woman may possess one.

Mrs. Frederic, widow of Harold Frederic, the newspaper correspondent and novelist, who died at Kenley, Surrey, on Oct. 19 last, died at London, Eng.

The Maxim guns which Yale gave to the cruiser Yale were voted by Congress to the University campus, to be available, of course, for the country's service in case of war.

Harry Burton, the last of the dynamiters recently released from jail in London, has arrived at Dublin. Burton was a member of the famous Clan-na-Gael which for many years spread terror throughout Great Britain.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the gunboat Wilmington to proceed up the Amazon as far as it is navigable, to study the country and gather specimens of fauna for the National Museum at Washington.

The stockholders of the Riverside Iron Works, at Bellaire, O., have voted to sell the plants at Benwood and Steubenville to the combination of J. B. Pierpont Morgan is the head for \$6,000,000.

SEA BIRDS AND THEIR EGGS

Hunters Contest With Gulls for Possession of the Spots.

If the murre is disturbed by an egg hunter and its single egg taken it will return and replace it successfully, stolen ovum until eight have been laid. It is loath to leave its nest, even when the despoiler approaches, and when he comes up she leans away from him and moves over to the far side of the nest. But presently, yielding to the alarm within her breast, she emits a sudden squawk and flies off, flushing the entire rookery as she moves toward the sea, leaving the pickers to fill their pouched shirts with the booty. They must hurry the work, for as soon as the eggs are uncovered the gulls hover close and become thick upon the scene. These the men must fight off, for they brazenly interpose themselves and battle with the humans for the possession of the eggs.

The opportunity being open, the gull sweeps down upon the murre egg, seizes it in its mouth and goes sailing aloft, cracks it in its bill and gobbles what of its contents it can, the residue falling on the rocks below. Then it takes another swoop away and balances itself to spy out a new egg. The gull's egg is palatable.

That the islands in San Francisco bay were a great repository of edible eggs became known in the early fifties. At the time of the discovery of this fact provisions were scarce and gold plentiful in San Francisco, and the rookery eggs offered in the markets of that city brought one dollar a dozen. The opening of this new and free opportunity to acquire wealth precipitated numbers of people upon the islands and in the business of egg gathering. Quarrels ensued between the competitors as to their respective "rights" in the premises, with the result that a company was formed among a number of the pickers, which bought out the claims of the others. This company managed to hold onto its advantages for some years, not however,

picker. They there and departed every egg sent a detachment of government soldiers after it San Francisco. He dis-attention of the United States. He merely grew as force as to attract the attention of the pickers. He in-Gen. T. W. Hyde of Bath, Me., has written a letter to Sanford L. Fogg, the Chairman of Sagadahoc county Republicans, accepting the county in-endorsement for Congress and agreeing to stand as a candidate in the Second District Convention for the Republican nomination to succeed the late Congressman, Nelson Dingley.

The women of Ohio, through the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, have filed a petition with the Central Commission requesting that at the coming celebration to be given at Toledo the "couche couche" dance be forbidden. The ladies request that the "Midway" be given over to their exclusive control. They promise an educational show.

The Surgical Ant.

The native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched. Truta to tell, the average surgeon could do the job no better than these little insects. The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or a forage. When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the bug a squeeze. The indignant insect naturally snaps his nippers together, piercing the flesh and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk, and away it flies, leaving the nippers imbedded in the flesh, that kills the ant, but, as he has served his most useful purpose, in life, it is well. The operation is repeated until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

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