

Mayor of Dublin's Dignity.
The Lord Mayor of Dublin maintains a degree of pomp and circumstance far greater than that of any other civic dignitary in the United Kingdom outside of London. His official residence is a stately edifice, with ample accommodation for entertaining, including "the round room," a vast chamber constructed when the city entertained George IV. The equipages and powdered footmen of his lordship would do no discredit to his brother official in London. The Lord Mayor receives \$15,000 a year, but it must be remembered that \$15,000 a year in Dublin goes further than it does in London. The chief magistrate has enjoyed the title of lord since the time of Charles II. By far the most distinguished holder of the office was Daniel O'Connell.

A Palpable Injustice.
Half the men in the world get less than they earn and the other half earn less than they get.—New York Press.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts.
The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 265 pages, with engravings, \$1.00, paper cover; cloth, full gilt, \$1.50, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts. for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

Three turpentine plantations of 10,000 acres each will soon be started in the South.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drugstores and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Australia coins its own gold, but not its silver.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

There are 9000 cells in a square foot of honeycombs.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GUY'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Marriage is often a failure, but seldom for the benefit of creditors.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We often worry most over the troubles that never come.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

England received \$325,242 worth of shoes from the United States in 1909.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr. Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Drugstores sell it, 75c.

In 1880 there were 220 horses in Australia; in 1900 there 2,000,000.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A native Eskimo has been ordained as a Swedish minister in Chicago.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Try Grain-O!

Insist that your grocer give you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

I know a man who has no friend
In all this teeming earth;
His days in solitude he'll end
Far from sounds of mirth.
The truth somehow went to his head;
By trouble he is caught.
He frankly went ahead and said
What everybody thought.

Some people said, "Of course it's true
And that's what makes it worse;
We'll have to quit him. He is due
To feel the social curse
Which o'er the over-bold is spread."
His life with woe is fraught.
And all because he frankly said
What everybody thought.

A PATENT ELOPEMENT.

"A visitor, Jabez."
Old Farmer Smith rose from the dinner table and picked up his hat from the side of the chair.
"Who is it, wife?" he asked.
"A young man," she replied.
The farmer's lip set tight as he witnessed a glance which passed between his wife and his daughter.
"I understand," he said, severely, with a determined look at the anxious face of the girl. "That city chap, Leslie Austin."
"Yes, father," she replied.
"I'll settle his business for him," and Farmer Smith strode into the parlor, his heavy boots sounding a death-knell to the faint hopes in the sinking heart of pretty, winsome Alice Smith. "So you're here again, eh?"
The brusque interrogatory did not seem to crush the courteous, handsome young man, who arose and faced the farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," was his reply.
"And on the same old errand, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir; I came to ask your consent."
"You can't have it!" interrupted Farmer Smith, savagely. "Alice ain't going to marry you or any body else, just yet."
"But time—"
"You've heard me, Mr. Leslie Austin. You can't have my daughter."
"I love her, Mr. Smith."
"Nonsense! She's too young to know her own mind. I have said my say, and the harvest hands are waiting. Good-day, sir!"

Under such determined resistance, Leslie Austin retreated. He bit his lips angrily, as he walked rapidly down the road to the village hotel.
"It's a shame," decided his friend Bob Townsend, as he heard the disappointed lover's story.
"We think so much of each other," murmured Leslie, mournfully.
"You ain't going to give up this way, are you?" asked Bob.
Leslie looked up inquiringly.
"What else can I do?" he asked.
"Marry her," said Bob.
"Her father won't consent."
"Suppose he don't?"
Leslie started, but shook his head slowly.

"I know what you're hitting at, Bob—an elopement."
"You're right."
"But it could not be."
"Why not?"
"Because Alice is bound to obey her father, and I am, too, for that matter."
Bob scowled impatiently.
"Nonsense!" he aspirated, angrily.
"See here, Leslie. If you were the irresponsible chap old Smith thinks you, I'd hesitate; but you ain't—you're an honest, well-to-do lawyer, respectfully connected, and only laboring under a prejudice on the farmer's part, that because neighbor Jones' girl married a worthless man from the metropolises all such matches must end similarly."
"Granted."
"Therefore, being in the right, and the old farmer in one of his mad moods, I'd outwit him."
"How?"
The query was encouraging.
"Run away with Alice," said Bob.
"I can't."
"Why not?"
"Her father watches her too closely."
"That's the only reason, is it?"
"I believe so."
"She's willing?"
"Presumably."
"And you?"
"O, Bob, you're talking nonsense! I might as well go back to the city and wait until Mr. Smith changes his mind."

"And let some other fellow have Alice. You're a brave lover!"
Leslie was despondent.
"I have a plan, if you're plucky enough to follow it out," suggested Bob. Leslie's face grew expectant at the hint.
"What is it?" he asked.
"Listen!"
What Bob told the discouraged lover need not be repeated. The subsequent acts of the conspirators afford a sufficient explanation.

It was the next day that faithful Bob reconnoitered the ground, and found that Farmer Smith had indeed taken due precaution to prevent his daughter meeting or running away with Leslie. But Bob managed to get a letter to the fair prisoner—a letter after reading which secretly she manifested her acquiescence to its contents by an intelligent nod to the messenger.

It was the afternoon of the day following, just Farmer Smith had sent his two boys to the town with a load of potatoes, and was seated, resting for an hour or two, on the front porch, with Alice industriously sewing by his side, that a vehicle driven by a single occupant came down the road. Old Jabez looked in profound amazement as the vehicle came to a stop. It was a kind of skeleton wagon, with a double seat, and behind it was attached a small rubber hose, with several wheels distributed here and there, near the axle.

"In the name of wonder, what have we here?" he said, as he walked to the gate.
The driver sprang down.
"Jabez Smith?" he asked.
The farmer nodded a dignified assent, little dreaming that the bearded stranger was Bob Townsend in disguise.

"I learn from inquiries in the village that you are quite a scientist, Mr. Smith."
Science, of which old Jabez knew nothing, but affected much, was his salient point. Flattered by the stranger's words, he replied pompously.
"I reckon I know something about it."
"I have come, Mr. Smith," said the stranger, "to show you a new motive power for hayrakes."
The farmer's face fell.
"A patent right?" he muttered. "I don't want to buy one," he said, aloud, turning to re-enter the house.
"Buy one!" replied the stranger.
"This is not for sale, sir," declared Bob, with quiet dignity. "I desire your opinion as a scientist in regard to the principles involved in its construction and operations."
The farmer's face grew pleased again.

"Happy to give it, sir. If I can be of any use to the world at large by my knowledge of science."
"Or make your fellow beings happy, you're ready to sacrifice your valuable time—eh, Mr. Smith?" insinuated Bob.
"Certainly, sir."
"You can—you can, believe me sir," asseverated the wicked conspirator, earnestly and truthfully. "Have you a rake?"
"Yes."
"I'll help you bring it out here, and we'll make a trial trip of this wonderful machine."
A few minutes later the farmer's hayrake was brought out. Bob made much ado of fastening it by a rope to the rear of the vehicle, and the farmer watched him curiously, as he turned the wheels and adjusted the hose to what he called position.

"This hose is an air brake, sir. The idea is, if we can make it do so, to have the rake operate as usual. The air brake might offer a resistance to the ground, push forward the front vehicle, and ventilate the hay. Man and brute creation demand air—why not vehicles?"
"Quite true," replied Jabez, somewhat dubious and perplexed over the apparent uselessness of the machine.
"Utility and nonrefragibility, Mr. Smith," rattled on Bob, recklessly. "The hypothesis of the curve of the diameter of the axle, you perceive, has a circumferential effect upon the spheroidal concavity of the brake. You will understand these terms, Mr. Smith, as a mathematician and scientist. All ready?"

Farmer Smith, overcome by the lofty words, obeyed mutely, as Bob requested him to get into the rake seat.
"I'll drive the preliminary vehicle," explained Bob, with a serene chuckle at the fun of his oratory, "and you will watch the effect of the air brake—if the friction of the wheels generates air—over yonder stretch of meadow. By the way, is one of your hands around?"
"They've gone to town," replied Jabez, glumly.

He had a vague consciousness that the stranger was a charlatan, for he could not for the life of him see what possible use the clumsy combination of wheels and hose could be.
"Ah, there is a young lady! Your daughter, Mr. Smith, I presume?" said Bob, raising his hat politely. "There must be more weight on the seat of the front vehicle. If you'll let her take her seat beside me, in the interests of science, Mr. Smith?"
He almost lost his dignified gravity as he saw the suspicious look on the old farmer's face.

The last words, "in the interests of science," however, decided Mr. Smith. "Jump in, Alice," he said, desperately.
The stranger whipped up the horse. Old Jabez, in the rake seat behind, clung on wildly as the horse was driven briskly. He almost fell forward as there was a break caused by the rope parting. Bob had deftly cut it with a knife.
"Hold on—hold on!" cried old Jabez, as the new motor-power vehicle dashed forward.

He stared blankly as it traversed the field, made a sharp turn to the road and, gracefully rounding a curve in the highway, disappeared from view.
What did it mean? The boys had taken the horses to town, and he could not start in pursuit; but he grew white as he discerned a fact: He had been tricked!
He had cooled down considerably when, at nightfall, a carriage drew up before the gate.
He looked grimly up from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as Leslie Austin and pretty, blushing Alice came forward.

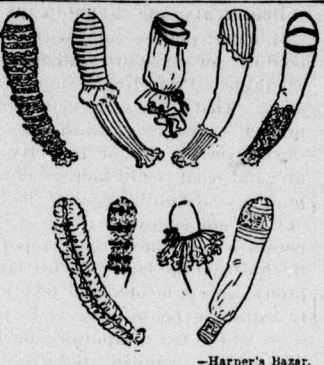
Bob, following them, was the first to speak.
"The new motor power took up a new passenger down the road, Farmer Smith," he said slyly. "You wanted to make mankind happy, neighbor—you've done it."
Jabez made a feint to declare hostilities, then and there, against the conspirators, but he sank back disarmed in his chair as the gentle voice of his wife said, pleadingly:
"Forgive them, father—they are so happy!"

And Farmer Smith had not the heart to say nay.

When the British Left Boston.
On March 17, 1775, there were 13,000 British soldiers in the town and harbor in Boston. During the day the evacuated town, and all crewed vessels distributed here and there, near the axle.
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THE EDICTS OF FASHION

New York City (Special).—The new shapes in dress sleeves are legion. The foundation or basis of most of the popular styles is a trim shape, en-



WHAT THE LATEST FASHION EDICTS DECREE AS TO SLEEVES.

casings the arm like a long, tight glove, either flat and snug, if the arm is plump, or wrinkled its whole length, if over-slender. The best of the summer models are lined with a firm but thin pliable silk, and have as a rule an under-arm piece. The sleeve is made with two seams.
The majority of sleeves are tight up to the top of the arm. There they expand somewhat to allow of being properly adjusted to the armhole, and any

vas tops and white heels, and laced them with white silk."

The Little Turned-Up Cuff.
A new waist finish has been introduced in the shape of the "little turned-up cuff." Just as we have provided all our bodies with the deep flaring turn-down cuffs which ripple becomingly about the palm of the hand. It would be too bad if the remedy were not so easy. Have a new bodice made with the little turned-up cuff. It is very neat and folds back like the flap of a very small envelope. It has a sharp point in the middle, and looks as if it was the result of folding back one of the old-fashioned deeply pointed sleeve-wrists. Three rows of stitching border the neat new cuff which smacks of a tailored origin. It is particularly appropriate to a jacket; sleeve, and once seen, will no doubt become a general favorite.

A Boon to the Mother.
Eton jackets and boleros are a boon to the mother who likes to dress her half-grown girl becomingly. There is nothing more jaunty and becoming to her immature figure. It is quite as becoming to her as to the older sister.

With a Yoke Effect.
One of the longer capes has a yoke effect around the shoulders and from that hangs side pleats stitched part way down, as in the skirts of gowns.



A LILAC LINEN. (With tucked bolero braided in white.)

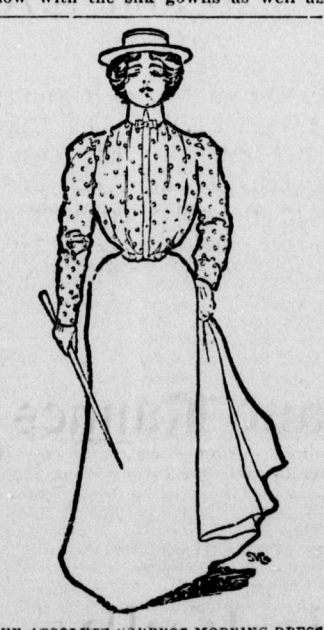
A BEIGE GOWN. (The bodice in horizontal tucks, with sash and undersleeves.)

extra fullness is taken up by short darts, which are pressed flat. The bottom of the sleeve extends beyond the wrist, whether it is cut in points, rounded, flared or simply left plain and straight.

Two Charming Summer Costumes.
"Duck things and shirt waists are what very seriously engage my attention at this moment," confessed the girl from Chicago, reaching for a fan. "I've already gone to the expense of ordering one at my tailor's. I suppose I ought to know that the linen things are to be very much made with extremely brief bolero coats and skirts quite plain. My first excursion into this experimenting with washable things is a dove's breast lilac linen, the skirt most severe and the little coat laid in the very cunningest deep overlapping tucks that run around the body. On every tuck a charming wreath of white braid lace is laid across the bust; over my shoulders fall two broad collars of cream-white linen, fastening half way between chin and waist with smart gilt chains and buttons. Under the coat I have ordered for wear a completely tucked white lawn shirt waist and a very deep girdle of Parma violet liberty satin takes the place of the usual belt.

"Some girls will wear anything. I saw one the other day in a really charming little gown spoiled by her frivolous shoes. The gown was nun's veiling in beige brown, plain of skirt, but the waist very sweetly laid tucks running from shoulders down. It had revers of brown silk embroidered in plain blue violets turned back upon the shoulders, and it opened front to reveal a vest a rangement of embroidered lawn upon brown silk, whence fell in front two long brown sashes embroidered in violets. Her sleeves were charming, opening below the elbow to admit of white lawn undersleeves and embroidered brown silk cuffs. Even her parasol was a bit of novel quaintness, the handle of gold in the form of a fierce eagle head with ruby eyes. But, as you believe it, the girl wore brown leather walking ties with cream can-

The New Skirt.
When the pleated skirt is made to lie flat over the hips it is now further supplemented by a jacket, that is also in pleats, and which in shape is between a bolero and an Eton. It has a turn-down collar and small lapels, and is fastened either with a jeweled clasp, a strap of black satin or velvet with gilt buttons, or with roses and long ends of chiffon. In shape it is much shorter at the back than in front, and the pleats are sewed so that the figure does not, as might be supposed, appear thick and clumsy. This style is very much used now with the silk gowns as well as



THE ABSOLUTE CORRECT MORNING DRESS FOR A QUIET COUNTRY PLACE.

with those of soft wool, but it must not be attempted in heavy cloth, for that would look quite too heavy and cumbersome.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To Make Raised Muffins.
For raised muffins scald a pint of milk and when lukewarm add one compressed yeast cake dissolved, half a teaspoonful of salt and two cupfuls and a half of flour. Beat thoroughly and stand aside until very light—about two hours. Then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and fold in the well beaten whites. Stand aside for 30 minutes and bake in greased muffin-rings of gem pans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cream in Salad Dressings.
Some people do not know that cream can be used in salad dressings. At the same time there is no question that the best salad is made of oil, but the whipped cream can be acceptably used in its place, and the taste is a little different from that of the regular mayonnaise. A recipe for this whipped cream dressing is: Take two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a quarter of a tablespoonful of mustard. The bowl in which these ingredients are mixed should be placed in a vessel of boiling water and stirred until the consistency of rich cream, then lift the bowl from the hot water, and when cool, place in the refrigerator.

Excellent Sauce for Meat.
Honolulu sauce is excellent for meat and fish and is made thus: A small cocoonut, one quarter of an onion, one clove of garlic, one inch of root ginger, two large tablespoonfuls of curry powder, one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste; grate the onion, garlic, ginger and cocoonut into a double boiler and add the curry powder and milk; cook slowly for an hour, beat the butter to a cream, add the flour and beat the mixture until it is smooth and light; strain the curry mixture upon it gradually so as to prevent its becoming lumpy, add the meat and fish, which are to be served with this sauce, and cook until boiling hot—about a quarter of an hour.

Calf's Liver Pougee.
Procure a nice liver from two and a half to three pounds. Cut one pound of larding-pork in strips two inches long and not too thick. Season each strip with pepper and salt, then lard the liver. Put in a braisier one tablespoonful of butter, and the remnants of the trimming and rind of pork. Place the liver in it, and leave it until nicely brown all over. Remove the liver from the saucepan. Add a dessert-spoonful of flour, cook five minutes, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. Season with two pinches of salt, two of pepper, half a pint of dry white wine, one and a half of water; add a bouquet of three sprigs of parsley, one branch of celery, one small bay-leaf, three onions and two cloves. Put the liver back again in the saucepan; cook one hour and a half over a slow fire. Add to it lastly one pint of small new carrots and a half pint of small new onions; cook half an hour longer.
Serve the liver on a warm platter; arrange the vegetables around; strain and pour the gravy over. The white wine will give an excellent taste, and prevents the gravy from being greasy; but if no wine is at hand, the same quantity of rich good stock will answer.—Harper's Bazar.

Household Hints.
To remove chocolate stains, put in cold water first, then boiling.

When dressing fish that are slippery and difficult to hold, dip the fingers in salt.

If one can wear old, loose kid gloves while ironing they will save many calloused spots on the hands.

In tea-making hard water is always to be preferred to soft since it dissolves less of the tannin in the leaves.

In adding milk or cream to tomatoes for a bisque, have both hot and then add a pinch of soda. This will prevent curdling.

Milk is an excellent substitute for soap in washing dishes. A half cupful to a dishpan half full of hot water is a good proportion to use.

To soften hard water when you do not wish to boil it, drop a little piece of chalk into the pitcher and in a short time the water will be quite soft.

Eggs that it is desirable to keep fresh should be put in a cool, dark place. And it is always desirable to keep eggs fresh. One that isn't fresh is nothing short of an abomination.

In a lobster salad, lettuce leaves torn in coarse bits, are used in place of celery. The lobster coral is sprinkled over the mask of mayonnaise and the small lobster claws are used in the decoration.

Bits of brown bread, graham, etc., make just as good pancakes as do bits of white bread, which as most housekeepers know, are very appetizing and quite unrecognizable when converted into pancakes. Soak up and make just as you do the white bread.

It is a mistake to iron flannels. If pulled out evenly while on the line so that they dry in good shape, and if, when dry, they are folded and put in the bottom of the clothes basket and the other clothes piled on them, they will be smooth enough to suit anybody but a crank. Hot irons take the life out of flannels.

Keep a small, stiff new toothbrush especially to clean your fancy glassware. Dust, etc., accumulates in the pattern and the towel does not remove it. Glass that has held milk should be well rinsed in cold water before being put in warm suds, and all glass should be rinsed in clear hot water before wiping.