THE TEMPTED.

Pleasure cried: "Come hither, pray!"
"Stay," said Spotless Duty, "stay!"
Pleasure cried: "I may not wait,
Follow now or never;
Once I beckon, once I smile,
And I pass forever."

Duty watched him as he fled
Down the way where Pleasure led—
Watched and sighed and said: "I'll wait,
Pleasure is but fleeting,
I am constant—I will smile
When he comes retreating."

Pleasure left him on a day—
Fled, and hid herself away;
Then he gravely said: "I'll turn
Back again to Duty"—
But a wrinkled hag stood where
Once was maiden beauty.
—S. E. Kiser.

A CASE OF "SCATTER-BRAINS."

BY MARGARET L. KNAPP.

"The trouble with Billy is he's scatter-brained."

As Mr. Lemmon said this he filled a dipper at the pump and approached the teakettle. The tin lid was upside down and very hot. He gave it a hasty flip which landed it in the midst of the apple sauce simmering close by, and poured in the water triumphantly.

"Like to got scalded that time," he said, fishing out the teakettle lid. "It won't hurt the sauce, will it?"

"I don't believe it will. The dipper'll melt, Nathan, if you leave it on the stove empty."

"That's so." Mr. Lemmon rescued the dipper and made a fresh onslaught on the pump.

"Billy means well, if he would only keep his mind on the main thing," he went on. "He's anxious to help. I haven't told you what he did yesterday. I sent him to the toolbox for more nails. There was plenty of 'em there, but he took a notion that it would be a good thing if he was to sort over the whole box, and emptied everything out on the ground. I come to see what he was doing to keep him so long, and there he was, swimmin' in tacks. Much as ever I can get things straightened out again."

Mrs. Lemmon laughed. She laughed easily. She was distinctly a genial person.

"I can't think where he gets it from," added Mr. Lemmon.

"He gets it from his father," answered Mrs. Lemmon unexpectedly.

"Why, you don't say—" Mr. Lemmon turned around to see what she meant.

"Certain I do. You're filling the kettle too full, Nathan; it's spilling over. Yes, you're both absent-minded. He can't get over it all in a minute. We must guide him some. Now, if you'll bring the horse around, I'll be ready to go as soon as the apple sauce is off the stove."

"Dear me, they're as helpless as kittens about some things," she thought affectionately, tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet in a firm, square bow.

She looked out of the window at Billy, a freckled-faced boy of 10, who was tramping up and down beside the old horse. Mrs. Lemmon was Billy's stepmother, and he had decided opinions about her.

"She takes my part," Billy said. "She takes pa's part, too. I don't know who's side she's on—everybody's, I guess. She's great!"

"Ma, say, can I drive?" he asked, as she came out.

"Course I expect you to drive. When a young man takes me to town, he has to do the driving."

Billy clambered into the wagon with an important air. Mrs. Lemmon stood waiting.

"There's another thing a young man's got to do that takes me to ride," she said, after a minute.

"What?"

"Turn the wheel out so I can get in."

"I forgot," Billy turned out sharply.

"Take care—take care! You'll be over on the other side the road!" cautioned his father, coming up to the fence, anxiously. It was not the general custom to see one's wife off every time she went to the village. Mr. Lemmon did not know why he did it. It was because she brought an element of fun into the business. He felt excited, like Billy.

"No, we're all right. Well, goodby!"

Mr. Lemmon looked after his wife's erect, comely figure. "I guess they'll get where they say they will as long as she's in the wagon," he thought. "He was dreadful pleased to have the reins. She understands boys."

The place looked lonely to Mr. Lemmon as he went back to the chicken-coop he was making. It was a good-sized coop, with a door in the front for the hens to go in and out. He had laid the floor and nailed on three sides the day before, and he regarded it with satisfaction. "She'll say it's a good job," he thought.

"Queer how she come to say what she did about Billy," he continued. "I've told him, I don't know how many times, to just put his mind right on it—nail it right in. That's what Billy needs—"

And then for a time there were no sounds about the place but the sharp tap! tap! of the hammer.

It was dark when Mrs. Lemmon and Billy drove into the yard. Mr. Lemmon did not come out to take the horse.

"Pa said he might have to go down to the meadow before we got back," said Billy.

"You and I will have to unharness then. Quick, now! I'm going to make you some waffles for supper."

"Can I grate some maple sugar to eat on 'em, ma?"

"Certainly. No, Billy, you don't want to undo all the straps, only just what's necessary."

"I get mixed up, ma."

"Well, get unmixed, then," said his stepmother, good-naturedly.

It was strange that Mr. Lemmon should leave the door wide open if he was going down to the meadow. She shut it, and laid her bundles on the table. Just then they heard a peculiar sound: Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

"What was that?" she exclaimed. She and Billy looked at each other, startled.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!

Mrs. Lemmon flung open the cellar door. "Nathan, are you there?" she called.

"Ma-a!" came a feeble voice from the distance.

"It's outside," said Mrs. Lemmon. "I'm afraid he's hurt. Take this candle, Billy, and run on ahead."

Billy loped across the yard. She followed with the lamp. "What's the matter?" she called, alarmed, for Billy was capering up and down beside some whitish object, the candle lighting up his round face like a hobgoblin's.

"Ma! Pa's in the chicken-coop!"

There could be no manner of doubt of it. His hammer resounded on the walls, and his muffled voice called crossly: "Let me out! let me out!"

Billy got on the ground and looked through the door. "I see him!" he cried, excited.

"Nathan Hale Lemmon, how come you there?" cried his wife.

"I should think you could see for yourself!"

She had seen in a flash, and leaning against the partition, she laughed till the tears came.

"You've been—you've been—oh, oh! —you've been and nailed that front on from the inside, and then—you couldn't get out through the door unless you was a chicken, which you're not—oh, my! my, my!"

"He! he!" snickered Billy.

"But why don't you knock in a board and get out?"

"Went the wrong way. Couldn't get any purchase," said the muffled voice.

"O Nathan, I shall give up!"

"Well, when you get through laughing, maybe you'll do something. I've been hollerin' here most all the afternoon."

"You poor man, you! Really, I feel weak! There, Billy, you stop! Run and bring the hatchet. Don't cut yourself."

It took but a few well directed blows with the back of the hatchet to loosen a couple of boards. Through the narrow opening Mr. Lemmon squeezed out. He was one of the mildest of men, but when you have been shut up all the afternoon in a hen-coop of your own making, you may be forgiven for being a little provoked.

It was a grand supper Mrs. Lemmon gave them, half an hour later, a supper fit for the minister, and no allusions made to late unpleasant experiences. Right in the midst of it, all three happened to look up at once; and then there was a fresh explosion. Mr. Lemmon helped himself to the last waffle. "Well, 'twas rather funny when you come to think of it," he assented, with a laugh.

That was all; only nowadays, when he worries over Billy's scatter-brains, his wife says, soothingly:

"Now, pa, you remember that chicken-coop."—Youth's Companion.

NEW METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

Will the Pipe Line Be Used for Other Purposes Than Oil Distribution?

One of the developments of the coming century, worthy of at least passing thought, is the extent to which pneumatic tube principle will be employed to expedite transportation which is now entirely dependent on steam locomotives.

For example, the long lines of loaded coal cars go from the mines to the seaboard, and come back empty to the mines. If the weight of a car is 25 percent of the gross load, there is in this instance more than 50 percent loss or non-paying freight, the empty train requiring about as much power to haul it up into the interior as was expended in taking it to the shipping port.

It does not seem altogether unreasonable, therefore, to think that just as the miles of tank cars loaded with oil, which were seen in former years, have disappeared, and that commodity is now sent hundreds of miles through pipe lines, so may coal, grain, an ore be sent speeding through tubes to central depots for local distribution. In the matter of coal transportation, in fact, just such pipe line convenience was tried experimentally something like 10 to 12 years ago by the late W. C. Andrews of New York, the coal for that purpose being ground into powder, mixed with water in sufficiently large proportion, and carried through the pipes in semi-liquid form. At the delivery end of the pipe line there were to be settling chambers for the mixture, enabling the water to be drained off and the coal paste, if we may so term it, to be pressed into cakes and dried for consumption. The project, however, did not extend beyond a brief experimental career.

In woolen mills, on the other hand, it is a common thing to blow wool from one building to another through pipes by means of fans, and in potteries, too, clay paste is frequently carried from one point to another through pipes. There is, thus, a fairly good beginning for pipe-line engineering with solids.—Cassier's Magazine.

THE TINFOIL INDUSTRY.

IT IS PURELY OF AMERICAN ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

The First Tinfoil Rolling Mill Was Established in New York City About Fifty Years Ago—Most Prepared Foods Are Wrapped in It—Millions of Pounds Used

Recent ornamental novelties made of pure tinfoil, lacquered with gold and embossed in various forms, manufactured for the drug, confectioners' and tobacconists' trades, serve to call attention to an invention and industry that are purely of American origin and growth. Before the inventor of tinfoil hit upon the idea of rolling tin upon sheets of lead, the two metals being previously welded together, the only tinfoil known to the world was that of pure tin beaten by a process similar to that followed by gold-leaf beaters. This beaten tin was made in England, and only small quantities were imported into this country. Its use was limited because of its expense and its liability to tear.

The first tinfoil rolling mill was established in New York City half a century ago, and it was started on such a modest scale that the rollers were obtained as second-hand iron. The English-beaten tinfoil was found to be so expensive in this country that a cheaper method of making it was tried, and proved successful. The business of this early, but not extinct, tinfoil factory was thus announced: "Foil Rolling Mill and Metallic Cap Works; tobacconists' foil, plain or embossed, tin sheet-foil for druggists and bottlers, superior to the imported article."

In the half century which has followed this modest beginning of an industry great strides have been made in manufacturing tinfoil and in applying it to manifold commercial uses. New machines have been made to work it up into handsome ornamental forms, and considerable capital has been invested to extend its usefulness. There is very little export trade in tinfoil, as the foil is also made extensively in England, France and Germany, but the home trade is adequately supplied by the four tinfoil factories in this country—two in New York, one in Philadelphia, and another in St. Louis. After the expiration of the original patents these four factories started almost simultaneously, and they have controlled the output of the material ever since.

New machinery and processes for improving the tinfoil are being invented nearly every year, and the quality of the material produced today is infinitely better than that of a dozen years ago. A good deal of the new machinery is made to enhance the ornamental effects of the foil, but not a little of it is made to increase the strength and wearing quality of the material. In the druggist and confectonery trades the demand for very highly ornamental tinfoil effects is especially urgent, and artists of considerable ability are engaged to produce fancy patterns. The silvery surface of the tinfoil is made more effective by fancy patterns of stars, figures and fine lines, which are stamped or embossed in the sheets by special machinery. Recently machinery was made to print the patterns on the sheets of foil in colors. In order to do this the sheets of foil are put through regular printing cylinder presses, which not only color the patterns but stamp in the "dead" effects of various figures and lines. The machinery required for this delicate work is quite elaborate and represents part of the invested capital of the plant.

The tinfoil is also lacquered handsomely with gold, which, in connection with the embossing and printing in colors, produces remarkably artistic effects. Many large firms employ these fancy effects as trademarks which are stamped or printed on all the foil they use as wrapping for their articles. Tinfoil is growing rapidly in use for wrapping purposes where food and other articles must be kept from the air as much as possible. Its first use was for tobacco wrapping, and the demand in this trade stands first today. Fine cigars, plug tobacco and cigarettes have the fine aroma of the tobacco and the natural moisture retained indefinitely by this process. Most prepared foods are wrapped in tinfoil, and now that the manufacture of these has grown tremendously the demand for tinfoil has increased also to remarkable proportions. Cheese, yeast cakes, and other products of the delicatessen order require annually tons of pure tinfoil. Confectioners also have resorted to the use of tinfoil for wrapping their choice candies in preference to tissue paper. The drug trade has found infinite uses for the foil because of its air-tight qualities, which keep the goods from direct contact with the atmosphere.

Perishable goods shipped to warm, tropical countries are frequently wrapped in tinfoil to exclude the air and to retain the natural moisture. A combination of thin paper and tinfoil is considered better for food products than the foil alone. It was considered better not to have the foil come in direct contact with the food, and consequently a machine was made by which the sheets of tinfoil and paper were firmly adhered together. These double sheets are used so that the paper alone comes in contact with the food, while the tin serves all the purposes of excluding the air. There is considerable labor of folding saved by this process, and only one instead of two foldings is required for each separate article.

Bottle caps are manufactured largely out of tinfoil, but they are of a different quality and manufacture from that of the ordinary foil. The sheets for this work are spun on a lathe from a mixture of lead and tin. There is more lead in this foil than in the finer quality for general use. The foil is thicker and coarser, and as it never comes in contact with the contents of the bottle the amount of lead in it is immaterial from the consumer's point of view. The thickness of the tinfoil in common use runs from one-half of one-thousandth of an inch up to almost any thickness required by special trades. The thinner the foil is rolled or spun the more expensive it is. The foil is rolled usually in sheets 50 feet in length and in varying widths. Some machines are made to roll it 12 inches wide, but most of them have only half this width, as trade demands favor he narrower widths. After the sheets are rolled they are stamped, printed, and embossed in suitable sizes and patterns, and then cut up in lengths desired. Millions of pounds are required for the trade in this country, and the market price runs from 75 cents per pound for the handsome embossed and lacquered foil down to a few cents a pound for the cheaper grades.—G. E. W., in the Scientific American.

THE HOME OF WOODEN TOYS.

A District in the Tyrol Which Is Wholly Given Over to Wood Carving.

Two English girls have been telling rather an interesting story of life in the Gordner valley in the Tyrol, which is the home of wooden toys and is literally given over to wood carving.

"Baedeker" says that St. Ulrich, the capital of the district, has 2300 wood carvers and a good hotel. The English girls corroborate the statement and add that the place is well worth a visit, although, in order to enjoy it, one must stay there long enough to tramp up and down hill, and make acquaintances in the little chalets where everyone, old and young, is busy with some sort of wood carving or toy making.

One lives in good society in St. Ulrich, so it seems. Saints and heroes of assorted sizes are ranged comfortably outside of the chalets and in the gardens, drying their halos and robes. St. Peter, St. Paul, the Virgin and Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean hero, hobnob on one corner; while St. Anthony of Padua, repeated five times, dozes on a bench against the wall, and St. Florian, eight feet high, smiles from the steps at St. Sebastian, trundled by in a barrow.

Rows of fresh and shining angels are on every hand and look with benign interest at whole squadrons of splendid rocking horses that go romping around the grounds, and hundreds of staring wooden dolls sit stiffly upon sunny shelves and envy the angels. Crucifixes are scattered everywhere. Noah's Ark animals stare, panic stricken, at piles of wooden skulls.

Everywhere there is sawing, hammering, chipping, painting. At the age of six the children begin to learn the carving trade, and they stick at it until they die. The most famous woman carver in the district carves nothing but crucifixes and has done nothing else for 20 years. All of her work is ordered long in advance, and as her prices, though low, are better than those of most of the carvers she makes a fair living.

She uses no model. That is true of almost all of the workmen who have learned their craft through long years of experience. When a carver has evolved 500 St. Anthonys all of a pattern, from tree trunks, he learns to know his saint and has no need of a model. Very often a worker sticks to some one figure and attempts nothing else, a method which opens up awful vistas of monotony.

One family turns out brindled cows by the gross. Another has for years carved nothing but skulls and crossbones. The English chronicler doesn't tell what effect the gruesome monotony has had upon the members of the family, but the situation sounds Maeterlinckian.

One woman makes tiny wooden dolls and each of her children, even the five-year-old, has some part in the work. One shapes the legs, another paints the faces, another fits the parts together. Six hundred dozen of the dolls were stacked up against the wall when the English visitors called; and, for making the lot, the workers expected to receive about $3.

In another cottage three generations of a family were busy painting wooden horses, and said proudly that they could turn out 20 dozen a day. None of the toys is sold at retail, all being intended for the big wholesale depots at St. Ulrich.

On Saturday every mountain path is crowded with men, women and children carrying the wares to the depots. A flood of saints, angels, crucifixes and toys pours into the depots all day long; and, in the evening, the peasants turn homeward, ready for another wholesale creation week. —New York Sun.

Dogs in Europe.

France is reported to hold the European record for dogs. It is stated that it contains no less than 2,864,000 dogs that are registered. Not only are there more dogs in France than in any other country in Europe, but there is also a greater number per thousand inhabitants than in any other European country. France has 75 dogs to every thousand of its inhabitants. Then follow Ireland with 73, England with 38, Germany with 31, and Sweden with 11. It is very satisfactory to find that societies for the protection of dogs are on the increase. Such societies do a noble work, and they are deserving of every encouragement.—Paris Messenger.

TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

How to Buy Hosiery.

Vests and stockings, the latter of which are stern necessities, can be purchased at various prices, but in this regard no stinting is advisable, especially in the matter of the "bas de" cashmere.

Four pairs for day wear and two of silk or openwork lisle thread for evening are necessary. At the least suspicion of a hole waste not a minute ere proceeding to darn it, for in no instance more than in stockings is the truth of the old proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine."

The Always-With-Us Waist.

Soft, full blouses in all shades of Oriental satin, very much tucked and with lace insertions, are the ideal underbodice for wear with the trim tailor suit. A pretty blouse or odd waist of white China silk with many tucks has a large collar edged with exquisite Maltese lace. The cuffs are novel and fall over the hands in four points, each edged with the Maltese lace. A strikingly odd shirt of coarse linen is inserted generously with Irish crochet and has a yoke and strappings of artistically colored and worked embroidery—new and very stylish.

Duties of a Woman Colonel.

The southern girl, Miss Mamie Gertrude Morris, who has been appointed colonel of the military staff of Gov. Allen D. Chandler of Georgia, finds her position a most enviable one. Her duties thus far have been chiefly confined to reviewing regiments, attending public functions and making speeches, and she is everywhere hailed with enthusiasm by the regiments. Colonel Morris, who is a resident of Chattanooga, Tenn., but a native of Georgia, received the honor that has been conferred upon her in recognition of services rendered in entertaining Gov. Candler, and his staff on the occasion of their visit to Chattanooga for the dedication of the Georgia monument in Chickamauga park. She is said to appear to utmost advantage in her uniform with sword and other regalia.

Brims for Summer Hats.

For the summer a taste for very wide brims has been revived, but more as the exception than the rule.

Several of the wide-brimmed hats are signed Carlier. They are trimmed low, generally with a wreath of flowers running right around, and have very low crowns. One in fancy white straw is encircled by a wreath of large white poppies, slightly shot with gray and green; a second, in cerise chip, is wreathed with white cherry blossoms; a third, in palest mauve straw, is trimmed with pink roses; a fourth, in manila straw, has a garland of cherries; a fifth, in white straw, is surrounded by a full quilling of black tulle, relieved by a windmill bow of cerise velvet on the left side; a sixth, in rose-pink straw, has two large rosettes of pink tulle on the right side, and on the left several large white roses. In all cases foliage is mixed with the flowers or fruit; there is often also a small cluster of flowers under the brim on the left, either squeezed in between the brim and the hair or placed on a small band that tilts the hat very slightly on one side.—Millinery Trade Review.

Rest for Working Women.

Since Princess Charles of Denmark expressed her practical sympathy with Mr. Holmes' scheme for a home of rest for London's working women, the scheme has advanced rapidly toward realization. Thomas Holmes is the North London police court missionary, whose recent book, "Pictures and Problems from London's Police Courts," has attracted so much attention. He tells this story of the inception and progress of his scheme:

"For a long time," he said, "perhaps a dozen years, I have wanted to do some such thing for these poor people—the women who made ladies' skirts, blouses and other garments in their own homes. They are far more helpless than those who work in factories; they cannot organize, and people outside know but little about them.

"I could take you to see women who work 15 hours a day, sometimes more, for seven days a week, stooping all the time over their machines, in a foul atmosphere. For this a woman will get perhaps 1s. 6d. for sewing a dozen skirts, and have to find her own machine and thread. Sometimes the pay is as low as 10d. a dozen.

"Our home at Walton-on-the-Naze is to give 100 women a month's rest every year—some have not had a holiday for 15 years. We have been offered the lease of a furnished house right on the beach, and as soon as the public give us £200 for the furniture, etc., we shall start. We have about half the money already and all the women, and we must set the home going soon after Whitsuntide."—London Daily Mail.

What Colors to Wear.

In the art of selecting the colors of a dress from artistic points of view—that is, to say, in such a manner that the dress, hat and set of ornaments, etc., not only correspond, but harmonize with the person—the French women are said to lead the world. The smart Paris set really study chromatics as carefully as the best French painters, who have to weigh each tone and its probable effect, and in many instances the magazines of fashion give many valuable hints in this direction. It was not only recently that the Moniteur de la Mode contained several columns giving pointers about the choice of colors.

The Moniteur pointed out that bright colors, such as red and gold-yellow, are not well suited for brunettes, as is often supposed. For brunettes with delicate complexions and velvet-like eyes the Moniteur recommends pale blue, Chinese rose and bieu pervenche. The delicate, soft tone of these colors harmonizes wonderfully with the complexion and forms a "splendid all-over tone, reminding one of the effects of a pastel."

For gold and red blonde ladies the Moniteur recommends "medium colors," such as pensee, emerald, rubine red or violet. The complexion is usually so fresh that in connection with these opposite colors a most effective contrast is attained. Ladies with less and more delicate blonde complexion should best select cherry red or currant red; all blue colors from marine blue up to pale blue are also preferable and effective. A similar happy effect can be attained by the delicate rose color of the hydrangea or by one of the so-called ophelia and peach color.

All blondes are earnestly warned by the Moniteur against any yellow tones which might in the least resemble the hair; if these blondes insist nevertheless upon yellow tones, the Paris paper continues, they should by all means try to make a good combination with other bright colors.

A brighter chestnut brown of the hair demands the same tones as does blonde hair. The belles with chestnut brown hair of darker complexion and the brunettes should select maize colors and dark blue. Ashy blonde women with delicate complexion increase the elegance of their appearance by the choice of covered colors, such as gray, beige and pale blue.

In connection with these hints the Moniteur de la Mode treats the symbolic importance of colors. We are reminded that in the Orient in China, white is the mourning color, probably because the contrast of this color and the dark complexion of the peoples of those countries creates a certain rigor and cruelty of tones.

The same may be said about the black mourning color of the Occident, which shows the same contrast for the white people of these countries. Besides this sad signification, black and white have as yet another. Black without connection of other colors signifies pride and distinction, while white is the symbol of purity and innocence.

The red color is the most ostentatious and most popular. It animates and embellishes everywhere. We find it throughout nature, with the birds, the flowers, the clouds and at the bottom of the ocean. Red signifies magnitude and dignity, for it attracts attention.

Blue, like white, is the symbol of purity, goodness and clemency. Yellow is the favored color of all the people of the far East. The Chinese call it "divine color," resembling the sun.

Green is the color of the spring and hope. The Persians, the Arabs, the Turks and all Mohammedans have selected it as their national color, for the reason that it was the favorite color of the prophet.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

One can find cotton crepe parasols to carry with cotton crepe gowns.

Linen parasols are good form. With linen gowns hats trimmed with bright colors are in evidence.

Get any tartan you need in your neck scarf. It may not be beautiful, but it means something.

Black silk or satin with colored broche or embroidered flowers makes handsome tea gowns, tea jackets and petticoats.

What makes a pretty waist is black taffeta stitched with white, having a yoke of white set with French knots in black.

A deep shoulder collar of lace, which falls from the throat well over the shoulders, is a feature of many of the dainty summer dresses.

A pretty little blue frock which has a vest and stock of the finest Hamburg "all-over" has a broad collar or revers of cream lace, which makes a pretty contrast.

The "lingerie" for boys is gorgeous in colors. Small shirts have striped wristbands and shirt fronts on plain bodies of the predominating color in the stripe.

A parasol which is good style has black figures upon the red and something of a bandanna effect. The black figures are outlined with a fine line of embroidery in white.

A pretty material which has been used for bridesmaids' gowns is white silk, with small flowers upon it, a pretty design being in rosebuds. That rosebud design on white is a revival of an old fashion, and is to be seen in piques, which are charming for children.

The cross stitch Russian embroidery is stylish and fashionable this year in handwork as well as the machine imitations of it. A pretty feature of a little outer linen blouse which is trimmed with the embroidery is a pocket upon which is worked in the cross stitch the monogram of the wearer.