

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

CURIOUS OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

Curious positions are held by some of our American women. For instance, in Buffalo a woman runs a street cleaning bureau; in Kansas City a woman is the head of the fire department; a Louisville lady makes special shopping trips to Paris; another in New York makes flat furnishing a business; still another in New Hampshire is President of a street railway company, while Chicago has a woman embalmer. — Detroit Free Press.

NEW ZEALAND WOMEN MAY VOTE.

Both Houses of the New Zealand Parliament have passed a bill to confer full suffrage upon women, the bill has received the formal assent of the Governor, and this enterprising community has become a true republic instead of an aristocracy of sex. Women in the Isle of Man enjoy parliamentary suffrage; women in Iceland, too, have full right to vote; unmarried women and widows in England, Scotland, and most of the Canadian provinces have municipal suffrage, and the women of Wyoming exercise the right of franchise to the full, but the New Zealand women will be the first to vote for what may be called a real Parliament in a practically independent State—a self-governing country of 650,000 citizens. — New York Sun.

A GIRL BACHELOR'S DEN.

A quaint light for the boudoir is a black iron lantern with colored glass, swinging from an iron stand. These lanterns have overhanging roofs like a medieval house. They are exceedingly unique when used in a conservatory.

Pincushions suspended here and there are shaped like horseshoes, the pair of shoes created from two cones in velvet, silk or satin. Three miniature bolsters in three tones are tied together with a true lover's knot. There are tennis balls, drums and opened fans very much bespangled. Too many pins a woman can never have, hence the array.

The photograph, which finds its way into baskets beribboned and befrilled, within the criss-cross, ribbon-garnished screen and in a dozen other fanciful postures, has lately been given another, decorative part to play. Some bright body has hit upon the plan of carrying around the room below the dado a long single oak frame in which the photos are inserted. Turn which way you may, sisters and cousins and aunts are to be found in all their family pride.

Speaking of photographs, a very pretty screen may be made by first floating the pictures off their cards. This is done by soaking them in cold water. Paste the collection with edges overlapping on a tightly drawn background, leaving a margin for velvet, leather or cloth. Mount this upon a plain or decorated frame. A coat of varnish over the pictures will keep them in good condition. — New York Mail and Express.

EVENING DRESS AT HOME.

The housekeeping woman who makes a simple but special toilet for the evening at home establishes a wise precedent in her household. Too many women go down to dinner in the same dress which has answered for the afternoon's shopping tour or don a loose "wrapper," that feminine boon, which becomes an abomination when worn outside the boudoir.

Of course, many women will say that the fatigue attendant upon the endless cares of woman's work is an excuse for a certain laxity in dress, especially in the home circle, but as has been preached to woman for centuries, the way in which she is garmented is one of the main factors of her success in social, domestic and business life. Latter day morality is largely a matter of good clothes, and the woman who is associated in her children's minds with soft laces and pretty dresses will hold their love and respect more strongly than if she is remembered as frowzy and down at the heel.

Tea gowns can always be appropriately worn at the home dinner, and are fashioned so daintily in plain and inexpensive materials, as well as in rich satins and priceless laces, that they make an agreeable substitute for the convenient "wrapper."

For unmarried girls and youthful matrons, however, there are numerous pretty costumes which suggest the informal evening dress. They can be often made by reconstructing the light silk gowns of summer or adding a lace Berthe to a cloth dress. A flower worn in the corsage or a ribbon insert in the hair will give that little touch to the toilet which French women delight in and which imparts the indescribable chic of the Parisienne. A very charming and youthful gown which can be easily made at home is of striped taffeta silk. The bodice is full and the skirt just rests upon the floor in the back, and is finished with a ruffle of silk. The belt and shoulder knots are of black velvet, and the half low neck is finished with a deep ruffle of cream guipure lace. The sleeves are full puffs to the elbow band, the puff falling over half way to the wrist. — New York Herald.

A FAMOUS WHISTLER.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the famous whistler, was interviewed in Chicago the other day. "For seven years I have whistled two to three hours a day," said she, "and the exercise of my lungs has given me a chest like an organ; listen," and she struck it a blow with her hand that

fairly set the echoes ringing. "Oh, it is not such an easy thing as you imagine to learn to whistle," she continued; "like everything else worth doing it demands a penalty to offset its pleasure."

"Does it require anything besides patience and practice to make a good whistler?" I asked.

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, it is as much of a gift to whistle as it is to write, or to paint, or to sing. First, you must have your whistle. Next, you must possess an absolutely correct ear. The least fluctuation or deviation from harmony creates a worse discord in whistling than in almost any other experience of melody."

"Then," said I, "not everybody who can 'pucker' and 'blow' can hope to attain the success which you have reached? I see now why you stand almost alone in your art."

"It would amuse you," said Mrs. Shaw, laughingly, "to see the amazement of the pretty girls who come to me for tuition. 'I want to learn to whistle,' they say, much as they should remark, 'I want to eat a piece of pie!' Well, I answer, please go to the piano and run the scale. Then their pretty eyes widen. 'Why, I can't,' they say. Then I strike middle C and ask them to duplicate it. They waver anywhere from two to five notes off the key. 'You never can whistle,' I tell them, 'you have no ear,' and they go away vexed, or indignant, or hurt, as the case may be. There was a rich San Francisco, I really forget his name," and she tapped her smooth brow with her forefinger a moment in an effort to recollect. "Well, never mind his name, anyway he was rich enough to follow me to London and pay me \$5 a lesson to learn to whistle, so greatly did he admire the art. 'But I cannot take your money,' I told him. 'It would be wrong. You never, in all this world or the next can make an artist!' Then he became angry. 'The money is my own,' he said. 'If I choose to throw it away it is my loss. Will you teach me?' And I did my best with that man. He could trill and trip through the scale like a nightingale when I left him, but set him to whistling with an orchestra, or even with a piano accompaniment, and great goodness! what a discord was there!" — New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

White is appropriate for nearly all ages. Braided and frogged military coats are seen. Plush, in moderation or otherwise, is used for wraps. Sealskin and lamb saques have the new umbrella plaited back. Buttercup yellow is suitable for evening wear, alone or with white.

Chenille cord or gimp togue crowns appear with a brim of velvet or beads. Black satin petticoats and ruffles of mohair are trimmed with satin roses. Miroir velvets have sunken polka dots over the highly reflective surface. Bullion-embroidered hat and bonnet crowns appear with wings and bands. Yellowish-green heads and wings are adapted to black, white or brown hats. Bayadere silks are reserved for sleeves in mixed and lengthwise striped wool gowns.

Black and white, pink and black and brown and green hats are seen by the quantity. Hats having a satin antique crown and felt or fancy chenille and cord brim are fashionable.

The obsolete castor reappears in a sort of temple on one leg with niches in which the glass bottles are enshrined like gods. Fancy braids come in two colors, as black or blue and white, brown and tan. Felt cloth come in all colors to vary with velvet and satin antique for hat bows.

The new bodice ruffs are strictly Elizabethan in width and volume, but are light and subtle, and do not, as did the historic ruffs, make the wearer look and feel as pilloried for a misdemeanor.

While black is unquestionably the first choice for useful dresses and ordinary business wear, the fancy in color runs to blue, olive, shades of gray and purplish tones for more dressy occasions.

Dressy black satin capes for the autumn are lined with color and ornamented with neck and shoulder trimmings of ecrú guipure lace laid over huge cape collars or brettles of black or dark green velvet.

White taffeta silk linings for black cloth gowns that are trimmed with handsome jet passementerie laid over bands of the white silk are used by fashionable modistes. On the other dresses blood red linings and bands are employed.

Serges of all sorts are in demand and storm serges especially. There is a new storm serge in green, an olive shade which will be very welcome to those ladies who are fond of this material. It is to be equally as durable as the blue, and certainly is a very attractive looking fabric.

With the round waisted toilets which are still very popular the wide Directoire ribbon scarf is an accessory seldom omitted. It is tied at the left side in long, generous loops, with two ends that fall to the skirt hem, the ends often gathered to a point that is finished with an ornament of jet or passementerie.

A new fancy is a plain India silk, with very full sleeves and a single flounce at the hem made of figured goods with ground like the plain or in entirely contrasting style. A dress of black India, with sleeves and flounce of gold and black stripe, was voted handsome but rather tigerish, especially when finished with a gold-colored velvet belt, collar and cuffs.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Room for Research—Friendship for Revenue Only—Well Said—Beyond His Power—A Question of Fire, Etc., Etc.

Philosophers grant us a boon. Take this fact and have something to say on it. The less a piano's in tune. The more some one's anxious to play on it. — Washington Star.

FRIENDSHIP FOR REVENUE ONLY.
"Didn't he prove to be your friend in times of adversity?"
"Yes, in times of his adversity." — Chicago Record.

Beyond His Power.
Mrs. Younghusband—"You make light of everything I do."
Younghusband—"You must except your tea-biscuit, my dear." — Judge.

Well Said.
She—"I suppose you find me much changed after so long an absence?"
He—"Changed! You look exactly like your old self."
And both were pleased with the saying.

A QUESTION OF FIRE.
"Is this building fire-proof?" asked the man with blue glasses and a large grip sack.
"Not if you're a book agent," replied the janitor, conclusively. — Washington Star.

THE SON'S VIEW.
Father—"You talk too much, my son. You shouldn't do so. Aim rather to be a good listener."
Son—"That would be a rather thankless role, papa, for listeners never hear any good of themselves." — Washington Star.

THE WAY CLEAR.
Freddie—"What would you say if I should ask you for ten dollars?"
Cholly—"I'd say you must be broke, old fellow."
Freddie—"Then I'll ask you for a ten. I was afraid you'd say you didn't have it." — Truth.

THEY UNDERSTOOD.
"Mrs. Borden," said the up-stairs young man severely to his landlady, "this coffee is too weak."
It was then that, amid a general excited nudging and signalling, the other boarders passed the whisper, "He's paid up!" — Chicago Record.

NOT WIDESPREAD.
Binks—"How is that revolution in Cuba progressing?"
Jinks (who reads the papers)—"It's all over."
"You don't say! What became of the revolutionists?"
"They were both caught, I believe." — Life.

A SURE WAY.
Store Proprietor—"What means this mob in the street? We must clear them out."
Clerk—"Shall I send for the police?"
Store Proprietor—"No, indeed; have one of the men go out and take up a contribution." — Boston Transcript.

THE RESULT OF HIS EFFORT.
Trivet—"Do you remember John M. Spilkins, who went West to make a name for himself?"
Dicer—"Yes."
Trivet—"He succeeded."
Dicer—"Ah?"
Trivet—"Yes; his name now is J. Melanethon Spilkins." — Judge.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.
Hicks—"One can never tell what Flutter thinks."
Wicks—"That depends. I have heard Flutter say that he thinks in French. Perhaps you don't understand the language; therefore how could you be expected to tell what he thinks?" — Boston Transcript.

CORRECTING A WRONG IMPRESSION.
Dyspeptic Guest (in restaurant)—"Do you live on these victuals yourselves?"
Proprietor—"We do, sir."
"I should think it would be mighty bad for your health."
"My friend, we are not in this business for our health." — Chicago Tribune.

THE POOR WHO TRAVEL.
Watts—"This talk of American superiority makes me tired. Why, only last week a shipload of 800 paupers came over here from Europe, and still they call this a great country."
Potts—"What on earth has that to do with it?"
Watts—"Well, you don't ever hear of our American paupers being able to take a trip to Europe, do you?" — Indianapolis Journal.

ANTICIPATED.
A well-bred Frenchman is nothing if not polite. At a recent soiree the subject of ladies' ages was being discussed. "And how old should you take me to be?" queried a fine looking dame to a male acquaintance of French birth.

"Pardon, Madame, but I cannot guess," answered the gentleman.
"Then, Monsieur, I will tell you," said the lady. "Yesterday was my birthday, and I am just—"
"Indeed, but you don't look it," gallantly interrupted the other with an eloquent shrug. — Boston Courier.

A VALUABLE SECRET.
"My friend," said the flashily

dressed man, as he approached the unsophisticated youth on the street corner, "would you like to know the secret of enormous wealth? I have it, but circumstances prevent my using it. I will sell it to you for fifty cents."

"Well, what's the secret," said the young man as he passed over a silver coin.

"First," said the flashily dressed man, as he prepared to move rapidly around the corner, "first you get a lot of money; and, second, you keep it." — Chicago Record.

SEEKING THE GAME.
There were two covered wagons at the football game. One of them had a grocer's sign plainly lettered on its side, but the nature of the other was not so easily determined.

"Get out of me way," said the driver of the grocery wagon. "You ought to be off to yer work, any how."

"Get out yourself," was the reply; "I reckon I've got a heap more business here than you have."

"Well, I guess not. I'm a-drivin' a grocery wagon, I am, and I'm a-waitin' fer get one of the player's order for dinner."

"Grocery wagon! Well, partner, fer a football game you ain't in it. This wagon what I'm drivin' is a ambulance." — Washington Star.

HIS POSITION.
The individual, whatever he was, had knocked at the kitchen door and the lady of the house had opened it.

"We want no tramps here," she exclaimed peremptorily.

"I beg your pardon, madame," he responded, so politely that it startled her.

"Aren't you a tramp?" she asked, quickly.

"I am, madame, I am glad to say, not a tramp."

"Are you a peddler?"
"I am, madame, I am glad to say, not a peddler."

"Are you a book agent?"
"I am, madame, I am glad to say, not a book agent."

"You must be a gentleman of elegant leisure; a man of wealth; a rich man's son," she returned, sarcastically.

"I am, madame, I am sorry to say, not a rich man's son."
"Then what are you?"
"I am, madame, a gentleman of elegant leisure; something a grade higher than the other gentlemen you mentioned, for I am compelled to leisure by circumstances, and I have called to see if you couldn't give me a chef d'œuvre in pie, or a glass of milk, or a bit of cold roast on the half-bone." He got all he wanted. — Detroit Free Press.

HE ALWAYS ASKED "WHY?"
Once there was a boy who was never satisfied with the information given him.

He always came back to the informer with a "Why?"
If his father or mother told him to do anything his invariable reply was the same monosyllable followed by an interrogation point.

The habit clung to him even after he grew up, and it is said when he stood before the clergyman to be married and the minister asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom elect startled everybody by asking, "Why?"

You would have thought this would have broken him of the habit; but it didn't. He kept on asking "Why?" with a great deal of perseverance, until one day, a month or two ago, and then he got broke of the habit for good.

He was going along a street where a number of men were hoisting a safe to the fourth floor of an office building. He walked on the sidewalk beneath the hanging mass of metal. A man called out to him in a loud voice:

"Get out of the way, quick!"
He stopped short and said, inquiringly:
"Why?"

"At that moment the safe fell on him. No one answered his question. It wouldn't have been any use. — Puck.

A Pie-Seller Who Became a Prince.
One of the most celebrated of Russian families has just become extinct by the death, a fortnight ago, at Baden, of Prince Mentchikoff. The founder of the house was a pastry cook's assistant who hawked pies in the Muscovite capital. By some means or other he obtained an inkling of a projected revolt of the Czar's body-guard, and informed Peter the Great of the fact, who showed his gratitude in the most generous manner, raising the young fellow by degrees to the rank of a general in the army and a prince of the Empire.

On the death of the Emperor, Mentchikoff secured the succession to Catharine, who, in return, caused Peter II. to marry the Prince's daughter. This seemed to turn his head, as he became so arrogant that the Emperor ended by disgracing him and sending him to Siberia, where he died in exile. His great grandson commanded the Russian army in chief during the Crimean war, of which he was one of the principal originators. After his disastrous defeat at the battle of Alma he was deprived of his command, which was intrusted to Prince Gortschakoff, and he died some time after in obscurity and partial disgrace.

His son, the last of the race, lived almost entirely abroad, keeping aloof from politics, and devoting his energies to the turf. Like the remainder of his family, he belonged to the rigorously conservative school of the Russian nobility, and made no pretence of disguising his contempt for the efforts made of late years to bring the institutions of his country into conformity with Western civilization. — New York Journal.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Fossil cats of the triassic period have been dug up in Oklahoma. More people die in the spring than in any of the other seasons.

Taken right through, the English and American races are approximately of the same height. The tronometer is a device of Dr. Quintard, a Frenchman, for gauging the trembling of nervous people.

The amount of air that a man will inhale in twenty-four hours will fill seventy-eight hogheads and weigh fifty-three pounds.

The average weight of the English brain is 49.5 ounces; of the Eskimo, 43.9, but compared with weight of body the difference is small.

The highest lakes in the world are the Himalayas in Tibet, where there are some bodies of water as high as 20,000 feet above the level of the sea.

During a recent storm at Seis, Tyrol, lightning struck a mass of rocks. Shortly afterwards a stream of mineral water was found running from under the rocks, and has continued to run ever since.

When there is a prospect of rain or wind the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain.

The material in which imitation diamonds are produced is called strass, from the name of its inventor, a German jeweler who flourished at the beginning of the present century. It is perfectly colorless and transparent glass, or rather crystal, of irreproachable purity, composed of rock crystal, or of white sand, mixed with oxide of lead, arsenical acid and other ingredients.

A simple method of photographing a person in five different attitudes all at once has been invented by a New Jersey photographer, by means of which the same picture gives five different views of the sitter. This is accomplished by using as a background two plane mirrors, forming between them an angle of forty-five degrees, and placing the person at the junction. The usefulness of such pictures will not be confined to ordinary life, as they will be most valuable in criminology and anthropology.

One gallon of water weighs ten pounds, so the number of gallons in the Pacific is over 200,000,000,000,000, an amount which would take more than 1,000,000 years to pass over the falls of Niagara. Yet, put into a sphere, the whole of the Pacific would only measure 726 miles across. The Atlantic could be contained bodily in the Pacific nearly three times. The number of cubic feet is 11,700,000,000,000,000, a number that would be ticked off by 1,000,000 clocks in 370,000 years. Its weight is 325,000,000,000,000 tons, and the number of gallons in it are 73,000,000,000,000. A sphere to hold the Atlantic would have to be 533 miles in diameter.

Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot, the Parisian specialist. Instantaneous pictures have been taken of patients. One shows a woman just at the point of being hypnotized. The condition is being produced by a mere look and by the sight of a diamond. Other photographs present patients in various lethargic and cataleptic conditions. One of the most remarkable of these photographs shows hysterical contraction, and in this a strange phenomenon is apparent. One of the middle fingers of the patient reaches far over the wrist. Under hypnotization the faculty of lengthening the middle finger abnormally.

Man Traps and Spring Guns.
Man traps and spring guns are no longer allowed to be set in England for poachers, as of old, their use, except within a dwelling house for its protection, being punishable by imprisonment. Man traps for cruellest brutality rank with the instruments of torture of the Middle Ages. One belonging to the writer being seven feet long with teeth 3 1/2 inches deep on each side of its grip, which is eighteen inches long, with spring at each end, so that once stepped on and sprung it would either break or most terribly lacerate the legs, and its strength and weight of seventy pounds would hold its victim like a rat in a trap.

They were made of various patterns, some being less cruel than others, and having no teeth, but merely holding the poacher as in a vise until the keeper released him. A lady who was once caught in one of these when wandering in a wood never forgot her alarming experience. Dog traps were also used for the poachers' dogs, as well as for themselves. Spring guns worked on a pivot from which were stretched wires in several directions, so that the gun swung around and discharged toward whichever wire was pushed against, probably greatly injuring the poacher, and most certainly arousing the keepers. — The Nineteenth Century.

A Flower That Changes Its Color.
A flower lately discovered in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night, and is called the chameleon flower in default of any botanical name. It is probably a species of the hibiscus mutabilis. The colors do not pass abruptly from one shade to the other, but change gradually from the white of the morning to the pink and red and thence to the blue at night. The Tehuantepec tree grows to the size of a guava tree and gives out a slight perfume when the flower is of a red color.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

IN A NORTHER.

A Member of the 58th Ohio Tells His Experience on the George Peabody.

ON the 23rd of December, 1865, I was detailed as Lieutenant in charge of guards to make a lot of recruits to Galveston for the 4th and 6th U. S. Cav., then to Texas. We left New Orleans on the steamship St. Mary. We had a large crowd on board and made Galveston in good time. There we were relieved of our recruits by the 48th Ohio.

We left Galveston on our return Jan. 2, 1866, on the steamship George Peabody. This old ship had seen hard service. The Trip Comrade Howard writes of would have ended a less staunch vessel. At this time she was leaking to some extent, the pumps running to keep her afloat while at the wharf. There was a number of passengers on board. The weather was fine after we left Galveston until about 9 p. m. of Jan. 3, when one of those dreaded northerers swooped down upon us, and while our experience was nothing like that of the 23rd Ill., yet it was more than we should like to go through again. The sofas, tables and chairs broke from their fastenings in the cabin, and rolling about added to the confusion. We had to hold on to something solid to keep from being dashed about. Total appearance death was face to face with us. How it affected the different people was curious. Some prayed at the top of their voices, some cried, and others swore. In fact many of them did not know what they were about.

The boys of our squad had faced death before in different shapes and many forms, and amidst the uproar it was curious to see them taking the matter calmly. In a few hours we were in quieter waters at the mouth of the Mississippi.

What has become of the old vessel? She was a good ship at one time, and was named after a good man and she had a good commander on that awful night, we spent on her.—Hos. J. Williams, in National Tribune.

COL. HENRY RUSH.

Death of the Noted Leader of the Rush Lancers.

Colonel Richard Henry Rush, who died recently at his home in Philadelphia, of heart failure, was a son of Richard Rush, and was born in England 68 years ago, during the time his father was Minister to the Court of St. James. He was graduated from West Point in 1846, and as Lieutenant in the 2d Art. served with his regiment and as instructor in artillery at West Point until the commencement of the Mexican war, through which he served with great distinction until its close.

Upon the breaking out of the war Col. Rush, who had resigned from the Regular Army years previously, urged upon Gov. Curtin the necessity of calling out large bodies of troops, and later on, at the Governor's desire, so the latter placed Col. Rush in command of the 9th Pa. Cav., a regiment largely raised by the Colonel's efforts, and officered by his personal friends—a regiment widely known throughout the war as "Rush's Lancers," of whom Gen. McClellan said: "They are the eyes and ears of my army."

Col. Rush was three times recommended for promotion to the rank of Major-General, but it is said that, owing to official jealousy, the recommendations were not acted upon. He served with his regiment during the arduous campaigns of the Peninsula, and was finally ordered to Washington, where the chief command of the organization of the Veteran Reserve Corps, was conferred upon him, he creating and doing much to bring the corps to a high degree of efficiency.

At the close of the war Col. Rush retired private life.

The Art of War.
It is a satisfaction to hear that the number of college students interested in military matters is rapidly increasing. There are 5,000 more enrolled in the classes conducted by Army officers than there were in 1891, and a pending bill to enlarge the number of officers on detail for colleges becomes law, the increase will go on still more rapidly. The whole number of students under drill is 18,484, a respectable army of themselves.

It would seem from this that fondness for the art of war is growing into a passion and that it will take firm place in the prevailing passion for athletics. The hope is that may. A knowledge of that art is of value to the student and it may be useful to his country besides the discipline that it teaches.

One of the First Families.

Several years ago there was an old family in Pennsylvania named Roth. Indeed the long line of Roths was about all the family had to show by way of distinction, and so much did they make of the long branches of the family tree and the Niagara of blue blood that had in centuries past coursed through their veins that people of the more recent generations really began to think these Roths were of some account.

One evening there happened to be a party in the little town of M—, and, beside the great Roth family, the guests numbered among others young Dr. Shep. He was a popular and rising physician, and considered by match-making mamma a particularly desirable catch.

Mrs. Roth had four marriageable daughters, so at the first favorable opportunity she cornered the young doctor and sought to impress upon him the importance of her wonderful family.

"Why, doctor," she said, "we all came over in the Mayflower; so I know you will not think me bold in asserting that the Roths are really one of the first families."
"Pardon me," replied the young physician, "but I have no hesitation in saying that your family enjoys even a greater distinction."

"O, doctor," gushed the old lady, giving herself a congratulatory huzz on her coming triumph. "Indeed, you flatter me."
"Not at all," he replied, "for I know you are the first family."
"Who told you that, dear doctor?"
"The Bible," he replied reverently, "for it says the Lord was Roth." — Boston Budget.

The Horse.

A brisk rubbing down when the horse comes in at night from a hard day's work will aid them in performing more labor the next day. When the perspiration dries on the skin the pores become closed and the health of the animal is endangered. The skin should be kept clean. Careful grooming is as important as food and water.