Smart Neck Chains.

Smart neck chains are of rather large ebony beads strung close together.

The Favorite Model.

The shapely seven-gored skirt remains the favored model for women of generous proportions.

Glimpses of Mrs. Peary's Home.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary will have made her fourth trip to the Arctic regions, where she joins her husband this summer, and expects to return with him about the last of October. Mrs. Peary has spent three years and a half of her life in the frozen regions, and her little daughter, Ah-ni-ghi-to, was born farther north than any white child of which there is record.

Her home in Washington in a big frame cottage surrounded by spacious grounds, the inside of which is a regular museum of Arctic curiosities. The hallway and walls are decorated with curios and relics brought home by Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary from former trips. About the floors of the drawing rooms are mounted skins of the polar bear and other animals of that cold region. On the walls are hung Arctic scenes, the various implements of the Eskimo, and the picture of little Ah-ni-ghi-to Peary in Eskimo costume. A cabinet in one corner contains miniature snow shoes, snow sleds, pikes and Eskimo dogs.—Washington Post.

Tribute to Palma's Mother.

One of the first duties of President Palma when he landed in Cuba was to find the body of his mother, who died during the war of 1868 when their home was broken up and the family separated. The burial place on the Guacmayo farm at Cauto was located with the assistance of Angela Santana, who was with the mother of Senor Palma during her last hours and marked the grave with stakes.

The body was exhumed and taken to the cemetery at Bayamo. On the marble shaft, erected over the new grave was this inscription:

"Candelaria Palma, you fell here tired and sick while following your son who was fighting for the liberty of his country. Thirty years you have slept under the solid layer of earth which covered you.

"The people of Cauto come to awake you and to say your son has come with his head bound with laurels as a reward of his virtues to take away your precious remains.

"Arise, your country is free, and is in the hands of your son!"

If You Own a Shawl.

The big lace shawls of Limerick or Honiton which many have stowed away as cherished possessions will be able to see the light again this summer, and shine forth in much of their original glory. Those who have the knack, which is a precious gift, of being able to wear such things with telling effect propose using them as they were originally meant to be worn, as shoulder scarfs, pure and simple. Others are employing them folded into pelerine shape, edged with fluffy frills of chiffon or flower petals, while the present shape of theatre cloaks allows of them being used that way, one corner turned over to make a shoulder cape or collar, the lace itself being mounted on a foundation of chiffon or mousseline. In spite of the beauty to which machine-made laces have now attained, real lace is being mostly employed on the best evening and fete gowns. Irish guipure, Venetian guipure, Honiton and Bruges laces are being greatly used, while the effective tinted Paris lace plays an important part on dresses, blouses and millinery alike.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Destroy Your Bric-a-Brac.

The first impulse of those who would become civilized is to rid themselves of things, and they hasten the hour of freedom by presenting their unholy possessions to less enlightened households—a cheap vase to a sewing woman; a gilded broiler, tied with blue ribbons and used as paper rack, to some innocent dependent. But this is profoundly selfish and irresponsible. It purges the original owner of the horror, but it only passes it along to afflict humanity. There is but one road to freedom—destruction of things.

A fire in the back yard, fed with wooden shoes, can be relied upon. Purple jars, not being combustible, might be drowned in the depths of the sea; brass dragons with curly tails, called candlesticks, awkward to hold, with no human touch of imagination or handicraft about them, therefore neither useful nor beautiful, might be disposed of to the junk man; plush things without a name seem to demand the ash-barrel, for the vital purity of fire repudiates them, and they do not burn well; tidies are prehistoric, but if any have survived, the ash-barrel is also their true home.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

Summer Sunshades.

The popularity of green almost amounts to a fad. These parasols are most favored in plain green taffeta or a grass linen crash or similar fabric lined with green.

* * *

In past seasons lined sunshades were the exception rather than the rule; this year this has been just reversed.

* * *

For every-day use nothing is more serviceable, as well as stylish, than a plain one-tone taffeta parasol, with a narrow contrasting hemstitched edge and two-inch wide border of heavy silk French knots. A green sunshade and black border and edge is a very pretty, yet durable, combination.

* * *

A novelty after the Parisian style is a hand-painted parasol. The vogue is confined to the woman who can afford several sunshades, and can get another as soon as one becomes in the least passe. Elaborate floral designs on a black background are oftenest seen.

* * *

Very tiny buttons, used in most original fashions, are very smart adjuncts to the more elaborate sunshades, and are oftenest used in applying lace medallions.

* * *

A strikingly new effect is produced by an unusually long bamboo handle, attractively bronzed, that is a novel feature of some of the latest parasols.

* * *

White moire antique parasols for midsummer use are much favored because of the wide vogue of moire this season.

* * *

As opposed to the extremely long handled sunshade for dress occasions the plain coaching parasol, with very short handle and small frame, especially designed for packing in a trunk or grip, is in high favor for morning use.

Cultivate Time For Leisure.

There is one rule that should be impressed upon every young wife at the very beginning of her married life—that is, to cultivate time for leisure. Housewives are frequently heard to compalin that they have no time to do this or that needful work, and that they will breathe more freely when the children have grown out of the way, when the winter's or the summer's work is done, and so on. With such it would seem that time is always borrowed, with a view of paying it back in the future.

It would be idle to lay down a certain set of rules by which wives and mothers may rid themselves of this evil genius of haste and unrest, yet we would earnestly endeavor to persuade the unhappy victims that the fault is most always their own, and springs from the very spirit in which they go about their work; that, in truth, hurry is an evil spirit much to be dreaded.

Especially among women of moderate means, the wives of struggling men, is the habit of always being in a hurry observable. Good housekeeping and hurry should be utterly divorced one from the other. It is a fact of common experience that the most successful housewives are the least hurried, for haste is an open transgressor of the law of order, and order is certainly the foundation of good housekeeping. And here we find the secret of a restful life, one which has freedom without the never-ending push from behind.

Besides the spirit of order, which should lead every housekeeper to arrange her work so it will not always be behind her, and the courage which enables her to refuse to do what she cannot do satisfactorily, there is another element of good housekeeping, which, indeed, is but the true spirit of order and of courage combined—the resolute reserve of leisure.

It is absolutely necessary for every mistress of a home and family to have and jealously guard some period of time each day which shall be given to leisure—the leisure of perfect rest—for she will find that in this age of hurry the woman of moderate leisure is the woman who will best discharge her duty to herself, her family and society.—Philadelphia Record.

Oar-shaped ends distinguish many sashes of silk.

Crepe lisse is to supersede crepe de chine in fashion's favor.

Waists with transparent yokes are becoming effective and fashionable.

Guipure lace in black is much favored for trimming filmy black gowns.

Braided and knotted effects are the latest in ornamental corsage or millinery bows.

Moire and moire velour will hold the prominent position in the silk world throughout the season.

Fichus are most effective for the waists of bridesmaids' gowns to be worn with picture hats.

White cloth elaborately trimmed with Irish crochet lace is used in the creation of extremely swagger seashore coats.

The newest guimpes are arranged to put over the waist, producing a much more becoming effect than those going inside.

Materials with a white ground and black figure, in any weave from silk to cotton, are used for ninety per cent. of the summer costumes.

Heavy linen basket weave cottons and piques in white, blue, pink, tan and red are the fashionable midsummer coats for little girls.

Silk and linen grass cloths, made up over a green taffeta slip, with green to match trimming the hat, is the smart Parisian costume of the hour.

Black muslin gowns, sprigged in self color and trimmed with black Valenciennes lace and velvet ribbon, form a black toilet much in favor this summer.

Ruches of very heavy Brussels net, usually box-pleated and adorned with a row of moire ribbon, with moire sash width ribbon for ends, are very fashionable.

It is confidently predicted that by fall the Colonial footwear will be no more. Extension edges, rope stitches, double deckers, Klondike eyelets and perforations are also entirely passe, according to one authoritaetive fashion arbiter in shoes.

DR. CHAPMAN'S SERMON

A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: A Man Without a Country—A Text Which is the Saddest Expression Possible in Human Language—Pity For Those Without a God.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the noted pastor-evangelist, continues to excite popular interest by the series of remarkable sermons he is delivering in the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Apropos of patriotic celebrations he has prepared the following discourse for the press, entitled "A Man Without a Country." It is preached from the text, Ephesians 2: 12, "Having no hope and without God in the world."

This is one of the saddest texts in the New Testament, for while it describes our own condition when we were aliens from Christ and strangers to the covenant and promise of God, yet I take it in my presentation of this subject to describe those who have wilfully rejected Christ and who have deliberately decided that they will not accept Him as a Saviour. With this interpretation put upon the Scripture we have in the text the saddest expression possible in human language. I suppose there is no one of my hearers to whom the words may be strictly applied, for if we take hope out of a man's life it is not worth the living. The young man may have failed yesterday, but he has hoped that he may succeed to-morrow; the business man who has lost his fortune in the wreck of past days is not discouraged because hope buoys him up, and he is confident that prosperity will be his once again. Take hope from our lives and we are of all men most miserable, and if in addition to being deprived of hope we have no God we are not only hopeless for time, but hopeless also for eternity, for since we were made to be filled with God and all our being was so adjusted as to be at tune to His nature, there is no sadder picture than to be without Him. Some years ago I came across that interesting and pathetic story written by Edward Everett Hale entitled "The Man Without a Country," and it has furnished for me an illustration of this text to which your attention is invited. I found in the man who drifted everywhere across the sea without being able to enter a harbor a presentation of many a man who has buried Christ out of his life. The man was Philip Noland by name. Whether the story be truth or fiction it does not matter, for the illustration is the same. This young lieutenant in the army had come under the influence of Aaron Burr, and he had fascinated him. The young soldier wrote to Burr long letters expressing his hopes and his desires that he might serve him, but had no letters from Burr in reply. At last he came one day to see the young man, and then his hold upon him was complete. The regular life of the soldier became tame; he was utterly unfitted for service. There came a time when in company with others who were also under the influence of Burr he must appear before the army court to be tried for misdemeanor. The others for one reason or another escaped sentence, but Philip Noland was pronounced guilty. He was asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him because he had been false to his country and had sinned against the United States. His reply was an oath, and in the presence of the court he cursed his country and said that he wished he might never again hear the sound of the name United States; that he hated his native land. The judge, with a white face, answered, "It shall be as you say, and subject to the approval of the President of the United States, you shall never again hear of your country." At this Philip Noland laughed, but no one else did; there was a deathlike stillness over the court. He was taken to New Orleans, given over into the charge of a commander of one of the vessels, with the distinct understanding that no one was ever again to speak to him of the United States, and he was to be allowed to speak to no one of his old home. He was at last put upon a Government vessel and given quarters befitting his late rank. It was expressly stipulated that he was to be exposed to no indignity; he was not to be reminded of the fact that he was a prisoner, and while he could wear the uniform yet he must not have the buttons of the United States Government upon this uniform. Indeed he was to be a man without a country from this time on. He was permitted once each day to dine with the officers, but they did not care to have him, because when he was present they could not talk of home; under no circumstances was he to ever see his country again and never was he to hear of it. He was not permitted to go on shore wherever the landing might be. If he read books at all they must contain no reference to his home, and if he read the foreign papers it was only after some one had carefully cut out every reference to the United States. If the vessel upon which he was a passenger came near his country it must wait until it would be overtaken by another vessel going seaward. Philip Noland became a passenger with his face set away from his home. It has ever been to me one of the saddest illustrations I know, and yet a perfect picture of the man who has deliberately rejected Christ, has said, "I will not have this man to rule over me," and who is, therefore, described by the words of the text as "having no hope and without God in the world."

I.

We have rejected Him. He has said in His word, "He that is not with Me is against Me," and not to accept is to reject. It is true we have never said in so many words that we would not have Him as our Saviour, but we have resisted the entreaties of the minister and spurned the prayers of our loved ones, and what we have not been bold enough to say with the lips we have said in our hearts, and God knoweth the language of the heart as men know the language of the lips. I am very sure that Philip Noland did not mean what he said. He had spoken in a passion, and I am perfectly positive that no one here could for a moment reject Christ if he felt that Christ would take him at his word, and possibly he might never have a chance again. Mr. Moody used to say that no one wanted to be excused. "Would you sign a letter like this?" he said. "Sitting in the house of God this Sunday evening I received a pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. I pray thee, have me excused." No one would sign it. Then, would you sign this? "Sitting in the house of God this Sunday evening I received a pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. By the grace of God I will be there." If you could but sign that there would be joy in heaven and joy in your own heart.

II.

We are by nature afar off. Our hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Our minds are carnal and therefore at enmity with God; our wills are stubborn and will not yield to the touch of His power; we are in midnight darkness, and it is in this condition that He comes to us. In the 13th verse of the second chapter of Ephesians we read, "But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," and to all the unsaved it is my privilege to say that by the grace of God you are brough nigh to Christ. This is true because you have been under the influence of the Spirit, and you may be saved if you will, but if you reject Christ no word can describe this sin of which you are guilty. In the Old Testament the man who despised Moses' God died without mercy among two or three enemies, of how much greater need of mercy shall he be that hath trodden under foot the Son of God, hath counted the blood whereof He was glorified a common thing, and has insulted the Spirit of grace. In this picture of Philip Noland, a sailor on the sea without a harbor, I find an illustration of the man who in spite of God's grace has rejected the offer of mercy.

III.

We begin to break away, not by great sins, but by small sins. Have you ever noticed in the three verses in the first chapter of Romans that wonderful description of sin, indeed the most remarkable of any the world has ever seen. In the 24th verse we read, "God gave them up to uncleanness;" in the 26th verse, "God gave them up to vile affections," while in the 28th verse we read, "God gave them up to a reprobate mind." The uncleanness may have been sin of an insignificant character; to be given up to vile affections is to be permitted to set our hearts upon those things which are not right, and draw them to us as with hooks of steel, but to be given over to a reprobate mind is to be hopeless. I make an appeal to-day in behalf of those whose lives are in the least touched by sin; it is a dangerous position.

IV.

What is the greatest sin in all the catalogue as written in God's word? If this question were put to men there would be almost as many answers as there are men. It is not impurity, nor dishonesty. These things are not even to be considered in the light of the greatest sin of all, which is unbelief. When we read in the gospels that the Holy Ghost is to come, it is said that He will reprove the world of sin, and that sin is described as not believing on Him. To reject Christ, therefore, is the chiefest of all transgressions.

V.

Having no hope. I cannot imagine that any of my hearers would for a moment think of giving way to unbelief or taking refuge in infidelity. That is, indeed, hopeless. It is said that Adoniram Judson when he was a student in Brown University came under the influence of a fellow student who was an infidel. On his return to Providence at one time he was obliged to stop at a country inn. The innkeeper told him he had but one room, and that was next to a man who was supposed to dying. Judson cared nothing for this, and said he would take the room. All through the night he heard this man crying out to God for mercy, shrieking in terror because of his unbelief, and at last Judson utterly worn out fell asleep. When the morning came all was quiet in the adjoining room, but the man was dead. What was the student's horror to find out that the dying man was his companion in infidelity, and when he came to the end there was no hope for him, and infidelity prevailed him nothing. It is an awful thing to be without Christ in the world.

VI.

Without God. If you could imagine God taken out of your life for a moment it would be a position of terror. No one would ever again say no to Him if they realized that they might say no for the last time. To have no help in temptation and no comfort in the hour of sorrow, and no support in the day of death would indeed be an awful thing. A friend of mine told me of a man in the West who had been constantly besought by his friends to come to Christ, and had resisted all their entreaties. He had been entreated by God Himself as He called him in prosperity and in adversity, and at last the calls became so marked that it was as if God had actually spoken to him, and at last in a heat of passion he cried out as if he were speaking to God, "Oh, God, let me alone," and He did, and until the day of his death it is said he never again had even a faint desire to go to Christ. It is dangerous to resist. God pity the man who says no to Christ and speaks for the last time, and then comes to the place where he had no hope and is without God in the world.

Was True to Her Colors.

A beautiful instance of Christian fidelity was that displayed by a distinguished Christian young woman who was spending a few weeks of summer at a certain hotel in a favorite resort in the East.

An effort was made to induce her to attend a dance, in order that the affair might have the prestige bestowed by her presence, as she stood high in society. She declined all the importunities of her friends.

Finally, an honorable Senator tried to persuade her to attend, saying: "Miss B——, this is quite a harmless affair, and we want the exceptional honor of your presence."

"Senator," said the lady, "I cannot do it; I am a Christian. I never do anything in my summer vacation, or wherever I go, that will injure the influence I have over the girls of my Sabbath-school class."

The Senator bowed and said: "I honor you; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians."

God's Work Must Be Done.

A poor field negro with a wooden leg hobbled up to the collection table to lay his offering upon it. He took from a pocket a handful of silver, and said, "That's for me, massa;" from another pocket, another handful, "That's for my wife, massa," and from still another pocket, yet another handful, "That's for my child, massa." The pastor remonstrated with him for giving so much. "O massa!" said he, "God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it."

Commenting on this incident, Ida Q. Moulton says: "You and I want a part in it. Heaven's treasures will be given us throughout the eternal ages for a brief life of self-denial and self-sacrifice here, out of love for our dear Master. Take this motto to your strong, true, loving heart, fellow-Christian: 'God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it.'"

Rest in Christ.

When you come to Jesus and rest in Him you discover how God loves you, not because He made you, not with a love which depends upon your goodness, but with the everlasting love of a Father, a love so great and wise that He would not if He could make your sins be less a burden to your souls, but would increase that burden that you might be driven to be rid of your sins. And, when you come to Him and find how He loves you and takes the burden from your soul, you will love Him. That is what you want. Our sins are greatly aggravated by the stony hardness of your hearts toward God. Jesus takes it all away. Your mind has the repose of faith, your conscience the repose of forgiveness, your hearts the repose of love.

Christ's Transforming Power.

While Christ used the common things of life, He made them very uncommon, says the Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford, the well-known pastor of Buffalo. He took the common bread and said, "This is My body." He took the common wine and said, "This is My blood." The artist takes up his canvas and colors, and as you look at the canvas you think of nothing but the different colors of paint. When the artist combines them, you think neither of canvas or colors, but of the picture. Christ made the commonest things of life sacred; He made drudgery divine; He makes every burden and trial a stepping stone to life itself, and life a long, sweet psalm. This He does when you surrender everything to Him.

Tea Ice Cream.

The very best and most fragrant tea must be used for this. Make a strong infusion; sweeten to taste with sugar and let get cold. Then mix it with a cup of orange or lemon custard and freeze. Stir in a cup of whipped cream and pack and let stand for two or three hours.

Asparagus Salad.

Wash the asparagus and tie up in bunches and boil in plenty of salted water; as soon as it is tender immediately transfer it to cold water, so as to preserve its natural fulness and color. When perfectly cold drain it on a cloth and arrange it on an oblong dish on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing, which should be sent to the table in a separate dish or mixed at the table by the host or one who serves the salad.

Potato Puffs.

Ingredients: Two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one cupful of cream, and salt and pepper to season.

Beat the eggs until light, and after melting the butter stir it into the eggs. Beat this mixture into the mashed potatoes; then add the cream and seasoning, and beat the whole until light. Grease popover pans or gem pans, and have each half full of the mixture.

Bake the puffs in a quick oven until brown, and remove them from the pans with a flexible knife to prevent their breaking. They should be served immediately upon being removed from the oven.

Dainty Mushroom Dishes.

Fresh mushroom sauce is one of the best adjuncts to a chop or steak if prepared as follows: Slice an onion from the top to the bottom and fry in one ounce of dripping till it is a golden color. Peel and wash eigh nice mushrooms, chop them small and place in a saucepan with half a pin of water and simmer till cooked. Work one ounce of flour into the sauce and boil all together for five minutes Color with a few drops of browning, season highly, and if the sauce be too thick add a little more water.

For a savory, one of the best ways of using mushrooms is a la reine. Take some good, fresh mushrooms, wash them, remove the stalks and peel carefully. Spread the inner side with butter and dash with pepper and salt. Place on a grill over a clear fire and cook until they are soft. A few drops of anchovy sauce on each mushroom is an improvement. Have ready as many croutons of fried bread as mushrooms, squeeze a little lemon juice on to each, and then place the mushrooms on the top. Set a tiny sprig of parsley in the centre of each and serve.

Another good dish is mushroom toast. Peel mushrooms of equal size and fry in butter till cooked. Have ready strips of buttered toast, arrange a few mushrooms on each piece and season with salt and cayenne. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese, pass a salamander over and serve very hot.

It is rarely that one has this vegetable in soup, but try the following recipe: Boil a quart of thin white stock or milk with an onion, a stick of celery and a carrot for two hours. Season the soup nicely, strain and thicken it. Have one pound of mushrooms washed, peeled and chopped small. Add the mushrooms to the soup and simmer gently till cooked. If the soup boils at all fast, the mushrooms will break up, and the appearance of the soup will be spoiled. Serve grated Parmesan cheese with this soup.

Stains play an important part in home decoration these days.

A little vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

Paint splashes on glass may easily be rubbed off with the edge of a penny dipped in cold water.

Mud stains on black material may be removed by rubbing them with a raw potato cut in half.

Damascus lanterns, decorated with chains and jewels, represent one of the latest novelties in hanging ornaments.

When anything boils over on the stove sprinkle salt quickly over the place. This will prevent the fumes from rising and making the house smell disagreeable.

A substitute for cream may be made by beating the white of an egg with a teaspoonful of sugar and a very little water. Put it into the cups before the coffee is poured into them.

For tying back sleeping-room curtains of soft, white material a silken cord and tassel is preferable to ribbon, unless one possesses the knack of being able to arrange ribbon effectively.

When earthen pudding and pie dishes get brown and unsightly from the juices and grease of many bakings, scour them with ashes from the grate mixed with a little good soap. They will come out as fresh as new.

An unusually piquant flavor is obtained by cooking dried fruits in a covered earthen dish in the oven. Soak any and all of them except prunes overnight to give them back their lost moisture, and then simmer slowly in the oven until done.

WHEN BOBBY GOES A-COURTING.

When Bobby goes a-courting
'Tis a nobby suit he's sporting,
And its blue all dotted brightly with two rows of buttons yellow,
Shining like the stars above him;
Sure, what lass could help but love him
In his haughty stripes and helmet, he is such a naughty fellow?

And it's oh! for dear Bobby just come from the force,
With a smile for his sweetheart, and more, too, of course.
There's a ring in his pocket—sweet boy, let me see.
Now, Bobby, stop teasing—I know it's for me.

When Bobby comes a-swinging
Down the street my heart is singing.
Like a lark at dawn, and always it is "Bobby loves me true!"
And my cheeks they blush unduly,
For, my soul! they're so unruly!
And I tremble and dissemble, for I don't know what to do.

But it's Bobby, sweet Bobby, who know the best way
For arresting such troubles—how, I'll never say!
Now, Bobby, be easy!—You've rumpled my hair!
Sure, lad, you are crazy—not one more! —well, there.

—R. C. Rose.

Mary had a little lamb,
She sold it to the trust.
She's cutting coupons now so fast
Her scissors never rust.

—Judge.

He—"Many a girl wears a sailor hat who can't row a boat." She—"Yes; and many a man wears a silk hat who can't set up a stovepipe."—Chicago News.

It's queer that people who are always railing at the world are nevertheless willing to pay the doctors a fortune to keep them from leaving it in a hurry.—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Fortysummers—"I had a proposal last night and refused it." Miss Crusher—"You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"—Ohio State Journal.

First Reporter—"Our city editor has been discharged for wasting time." Second Reporter—"How?" First Reporter—"Asking the reporters how they got the news."—Town and Country.

Physicians have him in their grip
Whichever way he fares;
He either pays the final debt,
Or else he owes them theirs.

—New York Herald.

"It seems to make Scaddington's wife as mad as a hornet every time he boasts that he began at the foot and worked his way up." "Well, he started in as a bootblack, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How clean and fresh the landscape looks to-day," said Mrs. Hilland to her husband. "I read something in the paper about detectives scouring the country," explained Mr. Hilland.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Come here, Johnnie," called his mother, appearing at the window with a cake of soap and a scrub brush. "Goodby," said Johnnie sorrowfully to his playmate. "I gotter go an' take th' water cure."—Boston Post.

"How many quarts in a gallon?" asked the teacher. "Six," answered the little son of a market man. "No, no, Johnny. Only four." "Huh, I guess I've seen 'em sell enough strawberries to know."—Baltimore American.

Intimate Friend—"The assessor hasn't listed your property at one-tenth of what it is worth? Then why don't you increase your assessment voluntarily?" Millionaire—"I did that last year, and everybody said I was making a grand stand play for popularity."—Chicago Tribune.

"We ought to do something to keep the public reminded that we are remarkable men," said one statesman. "That's so," answered the other. "Let's have a little tilt on the floor of Congress." "Good. Come around to my hotel next Wednesday and we'll rehearse the affront." "Very well. And you come to mine on Wednesday, and we'll run over the apology."—Washington Star.

That Persistent Microbe.

"Mary, have you sterilized the milk?"

"Yes, dear."

"Have you soaked the beefsteak in antiseptics?"

"I have."

"Have you burned sulphur in the pantry?"

"Of course."

"And boiled the ice?"

"Why, certainly!"

"And notified the undertaker to call in an hour and see how we're getting along?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose it will be safe to go ahead and set the table."—Baltimore News.

Mere Opinion.

You can't always judge a man by his clothes, but you generally can by the swiftness of his automobile.

Opportunity uses a battering ram when she knocks at some men's doors.

The more men have the more they want of about everything but children and boils.

There is little encouragement for the great man's son. If he amounts to anything the people say influence did it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Velocity of a Rifle Bullet.

It appears that the greatest velocity of a rifle ball is not at the muzzle, but some distance in front. An average of ten shots with the German infantry rifle has shown a muzzle velocity of 2063 feet per second, with a maximum velocity of 2132 feet per second of ten feet from the muzzle.