



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Care of Children's Ears.

In the proper care of the ears in childhood—the local conditions of the ears, and what is equally important, the general state of the child's health. As to the care of the ear itself, it must always be remembered that the hearing apparatus is a piece of very delicate mechanism, no more suited to rough treatment than is the ball of the eye. It can be easily injured by the introduction of a foreign body, or by a blow from the outside. Small children sometimes push things into their ears by way of experiment. In this case the child's guardians should keep perfectly cool, and send for a physician at once. The child must not be shaken and punished until the object is removed, and above all the nurse or mother must not grope for it with a hairpin or tweezers, for that is the way to push it farther in, or to wound or even rupture the delicate drum membrane—an accident which may be followed by complete deafness and even death, should a serious inflammation ensue.

There is, perhaps, one exception to this rule of leaving a foreign body alone until the doctor comes. Occasionally insects fly into the ear, and cause great anguish by buzzing and fluttering about. They can be speedily disposed of by dropping in a little sweet oil or lukewarm salt water.

As to the hearing from the outside, children should be carefully guarded against any games which include loud shoutings directly into the ear, and it is surely needless to add that plugging the ears, and above all, boxing the ears as a form of punishment should be held a criminal offense. It may induce partial and temporary deafness, complete deafness and even death, and if indulged in by a teacher should be followed by arrest and public rebuke.

The care of the general health as it affects the hearing is most important in young children, particularly as regards the subject of ventilation, especially at night. Many children who get enough fresh air in the daytime are kept half suffocated at night. Nursery windows must be kept open, nurses must not be allowed to close ventilators without permission, each child must have its separate cot, placed out of the draft, but with good wide breathing space all round it, and the more signs a child gives of being constitutionally disposed to ear trouble the more stringent should be the observance of these rules.—Youth's Companion.

Helped Her Husband Save.

Mrs. Helen Moore writes thus of her experience in earning money on the principle that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

"My husband is a generous man, and has been as liberal as his means allowed, in giving me money for my own use, and, best of all, I never had to ask him for money. One day he explained to me a business transaction he had under consideration and said: 'It will take every cent I can raise, and I fear I cannot carry it through unless you go without pin money for six months. I do not like to ask you to do this, and if you do not care about doing it I will call the deal off.'

"I saw what a good thing it was for his interest, so I cheerfully agreed to get along without any money. I was so cheerful about it that he said: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll stop smoking, I'll save myself, I'll buy no more magazines, I'll walk to and from work and will go to the theatre only once a month instead of once or twice a week. All the money that I would have spent I'll put into a fund for you. Our gas bill has averaged \$5 a month and you can have all you save on that.' 'I was delighted with this arrangement. At the end of six months I found I had earned \$118. But I received only eighty-two cents.'—Cleveland Leader.

Sweet Peas.

Sweet peas are delightful for bouquets—by themselves. But I know of no flower that can be arranged with them without seriously detracting from their beauty. It is the same with nasturtiums and pansies, says Eben Rexford, in the Ladies' World.

If I were going to arrange a vase of sweet peas for the table or the parlor, I would go into the garden and cut my flowers with the longest possible stems, bunching them lightly in my hand as I cut them, but without trying to produce an effect. I would simply bunch them. I would not cut more than a dozen or fifteen stems. Then I would drop them into a rather tall, slender vase of clear glass, of an unobtrusive color, give it a little shape, and let the blossoms would have arranged themselves far more satisfactorily than I could have done it by putting them deliberately together.

Tact.

An indispensable endowment of the popular girl is the tact, which, you know, is only touch, only feeling very

quickly and surely the poise of a situation, only never treading on people's corns, or hurting them in a sore spot, or saying the wrong thing, says the Ladies Home Journal. If a girl have the best education that the finest college in the land can give, and the prettiest face in the town, and the most graceful figure in five counties, and have not tact, she will go blundering through life, making enemies, losing friends, and laying up for the future a store of regrets. Tact is inborn with some, but it may be cultivated. To succeed in winning regard and keeping affection a girl must be tactful, must hold her impulsiveness in check, learn self-control, and be on the alert to do and say kind things at the right moment.

Woman's Beautiful Age.

It is said that if a woman lives in harmony with the laws of nature she will grow more beautiful as she grows older. She should be more beautiful at forty than at sixteen, if she is not a victim to the ravages of disease. Most of the world-famous beauties reached their zenith at forty. Helen of Troy was first heard of that age. Cleopatra was considerably more than thirty when she first met Antony. Aspasia was twenty-three when she married Pericles and was still a brilliant figure twenty years later. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when pronounced the most beautiful woman in Europe. Catherine of Russia ascended the throne at thirty-three and reigned thirty-five years. Mile. Recamier was at her zenith at forty.

Queen Hobbies.

The Empress of Russia has a passion for caricaturing and the collection of caricatures. The hobbies of Queen Wilhelmina, the "girl queen" of Holland, are skating and riding, but from childhood she has devoted herself to the raising of poultry. The Queen of Norway and Sweden, outside of her family and public life, is devoted to religion. The Queen of Greece is a yachtswoman. The Queen of Italy has chosen shooting and motoring as her principal hobbies. Portugal's Queen, who is said to be the lushest woman in Europe, is an expert physician, and has raised her amusement to the dignity of a profession.

Real Lavender Perfume.

The delicate blue lavender may be grown by carefully protecting the plants during the winter, but it quite repays one for the trouble, says Country Life in America. No wedding chest is complete without the pale lavender silk bags filled with gray-blue sprigs, whose perfume adds the last touch of romance to a dainty trousseau of lace and linen.

Umbrella Style.

The up-to-date girl carries an umbrella to match her street frocks and has a number of handles, any one of which may be adjusted to the one umbrella.



Old-fashioned delaines are among the daintiest flowered effects.

For outing wear there are natty coats of white duck with capelike sleeves.

Deep cuffs or yokes of natural tinted thread lace figure are on some of the best blouses.

The shirt-waist suit of shimmering taffeta grows more and more conspicuous on the street.

A color like the full-blown American Beauty rose distinguishes the smartest veiling gowns.

A new wash braid for adorning "tub" shirt-waist suits has a narrow thread of gilt that is warranted to withstand water.

For fashes one of Madame la Mide's smartest fancies is a wide white taffeta ribbon, with chrysanthemums, carnations or roses in natural colors trailing over it.

Our old friend, the collar 'n' cuff set, still is with us this summer, and really much of the style of a shirt-waist suit is gained from these accessories. Those of broderie à la Anglaise are very smart, and Hardanger embroidery or flat stitch is just now much in vogue.

Ribbon decorations for sheer summer frocks are shown in abundance. Floral garlands, vines and bouquets, softened with a silvery sheen are new ideas. Persian Pompadour, gauze, etamine and velvet ribbons are all to the fore, and in clever fingers offer great possibilities.

The deep giraffe is among the dress accessories in greatest favor. No matter of what fashion or for what purpose it is worn, each gown has its deep giraffe. Giraffes of dainty ribbon, with floating sash ends and knots of rosettes at intervals are worn with diaphanous gowns.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

Those in Northwest May Have Been Built by Sioux.

Warren Upham, Secretary of the Minnesota State Historical Society, in an address at Indian Mounds Park yesterday before the Minnesota Congregational Club, expressed the belief that the 10,000 mounds scattered throughout Minnesota are not the work of the so-called prehistoric mound builders, but are the handiwork of Sioux Indians who created the mounds as receptacles for the bones of their dead. He cited as authority for his belief J. V. Brower, of St. Paul, and N. H. Winchell, of Minneapolis, men who have spent years in the fascinating work of delving into the history of the long forgotten past.

Mr. Upham's address was the feature of the twenty-sixth annual meeting and outing of the Congregational Club. It was in part a formal address, but Mr. Upham included in his talk interesting data relating to the mounds in Indian Mounds Park and also information as to the mounds so thickly dotted certain localities in southeastern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Ohio.

He declared that there are not less than 10,000 of these Indian burial mounds in the North Star State, while Wisconsin and Ohio are credited with an equal number of the silent witnesses of the existence of past generations. On the Cannon River in a distance of ten miles east from Red Wing there are not less than 1000 of the aboriginal mounds, and one square mile contains not less than 500 of the mounds. The park where the outing was held originally contained eighteen, but the works of man have reduced the number to seven.

He said that unquestionably the mounds were erected by the Sioux Indians on the Indians who preceded them in the occupancy of Minnesota as burial places for their dead. There were no enclosures such as exist in Ohio and Wisconsin, the Minnesota mounds being simply heaped up earth in a conical shape, and in these the bones of dead men of the Indian tribes were buried.

Investigations had shown that often the mounds contained bones of human beings, and the speaker expressed a belief that these were not deposited in the mounds until the elements had destroyed the flesh and the bones more easily dissolved by chemical action. The investigators have found in some mounds Indian arrow heads, mussel shells, ashes and charcoal. Recent explorations had been made by T. H. Lewis and Alfred J. Hill, the latter now deceased. Both these men were residents of St. Paul while engaged in the work. The most notable mound in the country, Mr. Upham said, was near St. Louis, and World's Fair visitors would find this an interesting spot while at St. Louis.—St. Paul Globe.

Queer Tastes.

Speaking of mysterious tastes, that of the gentleman who was before the magistrate at Greenwich is not very easy for explanation. Three weeks ago a legacy of £130 was left to him. The first thing he bought, it seems, was a set of billiard balls, and he now has nothing else left to show for the £130, which has disappeared at the rate of £43 6s. 8d. weekly.

Why billiard balls? It is a singular and rather interesting form of craving. It is perhaps true that a billiard ball is one of the very few perfect objects produced by man. It is all of a piece, it is thoroughly homogeneous as regards material, and it is, or should be, faultless in form. Yet only a strong strain of mysticism in the character would account for a man hungering and thirsting for billiard balls above all other earthly things.—London News.

Wed in Front of a Church by a Squire.

Yesterday just as the minister was reading the lesson for the 11 o'clock service at the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Robert Broom, of Mecklenburg, and Miss Lizzie Reid, of Iredell, stopped in front of the church and called for Esquire C. V. Voils, who had been seated in his accustomed place. The Squire responded promptly and the bride-elect presented the proper license to make him and his intended man and wife, and requested that he perform the ceremony. While seated in their conveyance they were promptly and lawfully made husband and wife. The Squire was liberally rewarded, and returned to his pew in time to make a generous contribution to the call for contingent expenses.—Moorville Correspondence, Charlotte Observer.

A Record Trip.

The champion wader of the moment is possibly that upon which one Herr Schweigerhausen has entered to the amazement of less active and less imaginative Europeans. He is to cycle 70,000 miles in five years; he is to come in contact with three kings, to kill a wild animal in each country, to write 100 articles, take 1000 photographs and deliver 100 lectures.

Pacific Silk Worm.

Prof. E. W. Woodworth, of the department of entomology of the University of California, has for some time been interesting himself in the culture of the silk worm on the Pacific slope. He is trying to determine whether silk worms can be raised in California on such a scale as to make the venture a commercial success.

Great Turtle.

When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810 there was a gigantic turtle in the court at the artillery barracks at Port Louis which is still there, although almost blind. It weighs 330 pounds and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is eight and one-half feet long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "UNFINISHED THINGS."

The Rev. A. H. C. Morse bases an interesting address upon the First and Last Words in the Scriptures—Be Not Impatient, God Has a Plan.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the Strong Place Baptist Church Sunday morning the pastor, the Rev. A. H. C. Morse, preached a strong sermon on "Unfinished Things." He said: My sermon this morning is based upon the first and the last words in the Scriptures. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "Even so, come Lord Jesus." And between these texts first deals with the beginning of things. The last closes the Bible with a note of incompleteness. The first takes us back to the moment when the shining worlds were hurled from the battlefields of heaven by the hand of the Creator. The second points forward to some "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

It would solve many troubles in our thinking if we remembered that we live in a world of unfinished things. This earth is not a finished product. It is rather the sum of all the forces which it was set in motion in the beginning. It is what someone has called an expectant creation. It stands with shaded eyes looking toward the future. Hidden behind all its visible things is a divinely appointed end. Men may correct all their false ideas of evolution in the light of this single truth. But in the beginning they must posit God. There is an unfinished product. Whoever saw a finished life? In a great workshop we must look for noise and dust and tumult and confusion. We also look for the unfinished product, but it is not there. As soon as a product is finished it is removed. Its place is not there in all that dust and dirt. This world is God's great workshop. Are we satisfied with the noise and confusion? Human beings are in process of being formed and perfected. But the end is not yet. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." No one knows the end. And what we call the best is made up of unfinished and incomplete products. If this world has ever seen the perfect, it is only that it would be removed. Like a garment, what man is, or does, after graduation has not been told us yet with any detail.

We are appalled at the evidences of social wreckage. They tell us there is nothing in all the world, that the whole earth is a vast madhouse, her inhabitants are drunk with delirium, the fields are becoming bankrupt, and the harvests are being annihilated. They tell us that the strong trample the weak to death in their cruel greed and hunger. Now this seems to me like a false interpretation. The world is not in such a state. It does reel in cruelty and greed. But still I am taught that this world is God's, and that it is working for a divinely appointed end. What man is, or does, after graduation has not been told us yet with any detail.

Who, then, are the pessimists? They are the disappointed who fortune seems to have shaken from her skirts. Here is a man who used to know. He was bright and keen and vivacious and energetic. In those days his eyes were bright with the gleam of far-off fire. But now we meet him and the light has faded from his eye, and the spring has departed from his step, and he has joined the great army of the disappointed. He had set his heart upon something which the passing years have said he could never have. And his life has failed and his possessions have taken flight. Now what does this mean? It simply means that he has been displaced by the very progress of the world. When an army is marching forward and it quickens its pace, the weaker soldiers must fall by the wayside. But the world has gone to a higher level. And the very fact that the world is sweeping onward means that some must be dropping every year. They are flung backward because they are not keeping up with the progress of the world. This world is an incomplete world because it is divine. If life, as we know it, were complete, if this were the end, then we should have today the perfection of success. Our judgment of ourselves and of others would be final. But is that so? Who of us dare judge another? Do we rather look to the future as part of a whole, whose greater part lies beyond the vision? There isn't room in the longest human career to develop all we hope and love and long for. And so we say that the very fact that the world is sweeping onward means that some must be dropping every year. They are flung backward because they are not keeping up with the progress of the world. This world is an incomplete world because it is divine. If life, as we know it, were complete, if this were the end, then we should have today the perfection of success. Our judgment of ourselves and of others would be final. But is that so? Who of us dare judge another? Do we rather look to the future as part of a whole, whose greater part lies beyond the vision? There isn't room in the longest human career to develop all we hope and love and long for. And so we say that the very fact that the world is sweeping onward means that some must be dropping every year. They are flung backward because they are not keeping up with the progress of the world.

Shall I be misunderstood if I point out that the earthly life of the Saviour partook of this same incompleteness? His accursed death, His whole teaching constitute a promise of the future. His life led to His death, His death to His resurrection, His resurrection to His ascension to His throne of glory, and that again leads to His second coming. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." It is as though the lines of life projected far beyond our vision could be followed only by an infinite hope. Why was not Jesus one of the disappointed? If ever a man had a right to be a pessimist it was He. He found that the world did not live up to the rules of the state but a place for Him, the church of Judea that God had been training for 1500 years to look for Him did not know Him. Why was He in despair? Because He had in Himself the wells of joy. Not the joy of indifference, not the joy of Him who sees and does not care. But the joy of Him who sees all, and through all to the living God. Just as in one of Corot's pictures you can see in the foreground the garbled and blackened trunks, and beyond all and behind all the clear shining of the sky.

The gospel with its mission still unaccomplished is another instance of that thought before us. In the world, the church and in the hearts of the believers the gospel sees not yet all things put under it. And that for the simple reason that this is a world of unfinished things. And even this may come to us with inspiration, for unlike the dwellers in the Orient we live in the midst of unfulfilled promises. Nor shall they ever be fulfilled here. Other conditions and other circumstances are needed. From this incompleteness one might gather the largest argument for our immortality. This world is in accordance with a divine purpose and cannot be explained unless it tells of a fulfillment in the ages, yet to come, when this earth shall have been replaced by a new earth where in the twinkling of an eye, when He Himself shall be satisfied.

The old philosophers used to represent all things in a state of continual flow. They stood by the river whose dark waters, fed from some hidden source, stole past in voiceless mystery. They saw the same mysterious flow in the seasons, in the harvests, in human life itself. And they posited motion as the substantial in the world of things. Now the world is in a state of flow because it is a state of incompleteness, and that again because it is expectant. There is something yet before us. God has not made men who can long and love and hope and struggle and deny themselves, only that they may fall into a hole in the grass.

For what, then, does this whole creation wait? Paul tells us in one place that it is for the revealing of the sons of God. Isn't that worth the struggle and suffering and tears of our fathers? Isn't it worth all the pain with which joy and sorrow have polished us into shapeliness? And who again are these sons of God?

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God." It is for these that creation waits, and without them the universal process halts. This world began with the fiat of God, and the mechanical forces with which the stars were flung in their orbits. But in the process of time God said, Let us make man, and it was at that point the purposes of the universe became personal and human and spiritual. And now, Oh, matchless wonder! the next step cannot be taken without the help of man. "We are laborers together with Him." Not even God Himself can develop the possibilities He has bound up in us unless we give Him leave. His final end is reached not by law, but by His sons.

How, then, are we to swing things on from this first to this last? From creation to the coming, and then again onward to the glory that shall yet be revealed? Only by finding the way of God, and being caught up in the mighty sweep of His own purposes. Here is a vessel longing for her port, and the wind is blowing favorably above. But she does not move, she cannot move till men shall run up the sails and she shall catch the wind. And then the ship that has lain like a lifeless thing becomes a thing of life and hurries on her way. And so it seems that the time is at hand when the crises of history are hinged upon the work of man. The gospel, for instance, has been committed to the hands of men. And, as I understand it, the second cannot be fulfilled till this gospel of the kingdom is preached in all the earth.

I dwell upon the subject of unfinished things, because it gives to us an interpretation of the universe the value of life. One thinks of his own life in comparison with the circling orbs, and says it is an unimportant thing. It is not useful, it influences no one. Why keep up this awful privation? Why strive to do better? Why not go with the tide that sweeps away to the dark? The real danger is not that we shall sink too much of ourselves, but that we shall count our lives as worthless things. We cannot afford to lose sight of the place we hold in the purposes of God, which is taken by itself is an insignificant thing. But when we think of it as a part of a great whole it becomes of infinite value. It is as vast as all the schemes of which it is the part. This is an instance where the part is as large as the whole.

In his college sermons Dr. Peabody used a beautiful illustration of this very thing. He refers to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. The students marched in torchlight processions with transparencies and banners. The freshman class, only one month old, had this for their motto: "The university has waited 250 years for us." And that he says was a profound truth. All the institutional things had been slowly evolving for these light-hearted boys, and on their conduct now rested the destiny of the future. I wonder if it is possible that this very world is waiting for us. And if there are some things yet unfulfilled that are waiting for the way we use these days. If so that makes life vastly insignificant. It does not mean that we shall be notable, or great, or prominent. Not that other generations shall know our names. But that our little lives are of eternal moment.

Mr. F. B. Meyer has said some beautiful things. I remember hearing him say one time that we are God's "poem" (God's workmanship). And you know that a poem is something very different from all prose. It contains a thought that could not be put in prose. To paraphrase it is to dull its beauty. It flashes the idea of which it is made, just as a diamond gives that gleam only from that side. So we are God's poem! And a poem contains a thought. And to express that thought has meant to the writer a great effort. And every syllable is of value. And so with God's poem. He is working upon us that in the ages to come He might show that he has succeeded in His grace. Can any life be insignificant? Give no place, then, to impatience. God made this world in the beginning, and to this present He has sustained it by a constant plan. The present finds us here. What place shall we take in this world of unfinished things? For myself I take a place of joy, and effort, and hope. I take the same hands of faith for the way of God, and lift up a voice that is half a prayer and half a shout, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Success For All.

True success is within the reach of all men. It is to know and to do God's will, to learn and to follow in His way. It is to put our hand cheerfully to the pen or the pencil, to do the work which God's providence suggests. In the reckonings of eternity to have been a good man will count for more than to have been a bad monarch; to have walked worthy of the vocation of a servant will be accounted better than to have been a selfish sovereign. Lives that upon earth were despised, but which were well lived, and labor that was counted as nothing, but which was well performed, will bear the stamp of divine approval for eternity. Success will be defined in the lexicon of heaven as it seldom is in any lexicon on earth. As for the dollar mark, it will not be used in the world of bliss.

"Stretch Forth Thy Hand."

"Stretch forth thy hand." You with that weak hand shortened by the hand of self; and you with fingers warped by thoughtless, unkind words and unkind plans. Stretch forth, with honest purpose, with unflinching will, whatever may be its weakness or its need. "Stretch forth thy hand." And the Christ will look upon it. He will pity its weakness and deformity and let us as you stretch it forth it may be made whole—restored, that you may bless with kindly deed many a needy one who waits in vain—perhaps for you.—M. M. Slatery.

Earnestness.

Take life earnestly. Take it as an earnest, vital, essential matter. Take it as though you personally were born to the task of performing a noble task in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, a heart broken sister. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of women. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Now and then a woman stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently and straightway becomes famous.

Watch Out.

Be on the lookout for mercies. The more we look for them, the more of them will we see. Blessings brighten when we count them. Out of the determination of the heart the eyes see. If you want to be gloomy, there's gloom enough to keep you gloomy. If you want to be glad, there's gladness enough to keep you glad. Say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Better lose count in enumerating your blessings than lose your blessings through over your troubles. "Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name."—Malb. 3: D. Babcock, D. D.

Obedience and Faith.

It is well to have a map or description of the way, but it is better to have the loving companionship of one who knows the way by personal experience. And this Christ is to every disciple a loving and experienced leader, trusting in whom we neither sorrow unduly over the past, nor suffer apprehension over that which is before us. Obedience for to-day; faith for to-morrow—and let the Guide supply that knowledge which we lack!

INDUSTRY.

To the ant, said the bee, "Have you noticed that we, Each day without fail, In fable or tale, Are held up to youth To illustrate the truth 'That work without rest Is of all things the best?' 'Well, yes,' the ant said, 'As she nodded her head, 'And it's all very well; But if truth I must tell, I'm tired of the trick, And it makes me just sick To work and to work 'With no chance to shrink. I'd far rather play Or do nothing all day, Like that gay butterfly.' Said the bee, 'So would I!'"—Carolya Wells, in Life.



Scribber—"Have you read my last novel?" "Yes," he said, "I hope so."—Philadelphia Record.

"The rank injustice of the thing," said the centipede, "makes me sick. Here I am with a hundred feet, and I can't use one for a kick."—Chicago Tribune.

"De wolve owes every man a livin'," said Uncle Eben; "but he's got to hustle to prove de claim."—Washington Star.

He—"At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?" She—"Just before she is married."—Yonkers Statesman.

Patience—"Does she ever speak of her family tree?" Patrice—"No; I think it was one of those shady sort of trees."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you hear that Casey were in an accident?" "Phwat! Did he get married?" "Whist, no; not that bad; he only had a leg took off."—Princeton Tiger.

Wigg—"I am satisfied that retribution will some day overtake the coal man." Wagg—"Yes, his scales are now lying in weight for him."—Philadelphia Record.

"I see they have made a new rule on the New York street cars." "What's that?" "They go by you on the near instead of the far side."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Pedestrians have to travel in twos now." "Twos?" "Yes; one to look at automobile numbers and the other one to get run over."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"He boasts that he is a confirmed bachelor." "Perhaps he makes a virtue of necessity." "Perhaps, and yet, necessity may be its own reward."—Town and Country.

"What did the broker say when old Tightwad told him he wanted to buy an interest in a comic paper?" "Oh, he said he didn't deal in laughing stocks."—Yale Record.

"Are you carrying all the life insurance you want?" "No, sir; I am not. I am a baseball umpire, and I should like about—" But the agent had slipped out.—Chicago Tribune.

Edith—"Belle is insanely jealous of you." Sadie—"Do you think so?" Edith—"I am positive. She is telling it all around that you will never be able to support Cholby."—Town Topics.

A war correspondent named Guido was struck by a flying torpedo, A Red Cross brigade, Which came to his aid, Found only a sleeveless Tuxedo."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"That man has studied political economy." "Maybe so," said Senator Sorghum, "but the injudicious way he spends his money at an election looks to me like political extravagance."—Washington Star.

"Mrs. Dunkleton doesn't seem to be satisfied with her new husband." "No, she's discovered that he deceived her. He's one of those fellows that want a forty-horse-power tonneau sweetheart to settle down and become a mere run-around wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Big Things Found in Alaska. Alaska is a big country and it has big possibilities. It has the biggest bear, the biggest moose, the biggest mountain sheep and the biggest salmon and graying in the world. All of these are plentiful and can be taken under United States regulations.

Time was when Alaska and Siberia were thought of by many as synonymous, and without an idea of just what was meant by either name. That has all changed in the last few years, and now Alaska is not so very far away from Seattle. Moreover, it has been found to be anything but an inhabited and uninhabitable country. It is without doubt the greatest game country on the globe to-day, because it is the newest, and the conditions are right for the maintenance of game animals and birds.

The biggest mountain on the Northern American Continent is in Alaska and is well named Mount McKinley.—Field and Stream.

His Substitute.

Quite a touching story comes from Crete. A student of that city was summoned before a Magistrate on Monday for brawling. He happened to be reading for an examination, and found he had no time to attend. So he sent his fiancée instead, in a suit of male clothes. Unfortunately, the astute authorities were not taken in. The lady is now working out a sentence of one month for "Justizrathspersonsbeleidigung."

Theatre Fire Tests.

Theatre fires are to be studied experimentally in Australia by building a theatre one-fifth of the normal size and subjecting it to various tests.