

HOBBLE GARTERS.

They Lessen the Danger of a Fall For Tight Skirt Wearers.



THE GARTERS SHE HOBBLER IN.

The passing of the hobble skirt is predicted—indeed, the shadow of these unsightly models is mercifully growing less and less. Still the very narrow skirt is the rule this winter. To make the walking of the wearers of these skirts one of comparative safety some kind genius has lately invented the hobble garter.

The invention is nothing more than a pair of regulation garters connected by a piece of the elastic of sufficient length to admit the woman wearing them to step so far and no farther, thereby preventing perhaps a serious fall from overstepping the bounds.

Here's a Charming Muff Set.

Fashion this season certainly favors the home seamstress, and particularly does this rule hold true in the case of scarf and muff sets. To the woman who cannot afford fur pieces La Mode is especially kind, and there are sub-



OF SATIN AND OSTRICH FEATHER TRIMMING.

stitutes of fabrics that can be used for these sets with much effect and little cost.

The stunning set pictured is a French importation of satin and ostrich trimming which could be easily duplicated.

A Wash Day Shower.

A clever notion for a girl who wants to entertain in honor of a bride to be is a wash day shower. The gifts that are brought to the shower need not all be suitable for use on wash day, but should be among the household articles that go to the tub and hence would be appropriate to be hung on a clothesline.

The girl for whom the shower is given is ushered into the parlor in which the clothesline is suspended after the manner of wash day.

On it are hung various gifts of linen for the household.

She should be provided with a big "sure enough" clothesbasket and ordered to "take in the wash," which is neatly planned on the line.

The "wash" consists of various articles needed for daily domestic tasks.

There should be towels, dust cloths, ironing blankets, kitchen aprons, a clothespin bag in which she has to collect the pins and a frame on which to roll the line when she has taken it down.

As a climax the tin tubs may stand in one corner.

The Tales Turned

An Awful Revenge Turned on the Revenger

By WILLIAM G. EMERSON

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It was in buccannering times in the West Indies. An English ship, the Penguin, was sailing between Vera Cruz and Puerto Cabello, in Honduras, when she was attacked by pirates. Captain Hazeltine of the Penguin, having four swivel guns on board, two port and two starboard, or larboard and starboard, as the terms then were, with plenty of muskets and cutlasses, gave the pirates a fight that cost them one-third of their number in killed and wounded, mostly killed. But the pirates were too strong for the merchantmen, who were at length overpowered.

The captors were so irritated at the fight they had been put to and their loss that they resolved to inflict a torture upon Captain Hazeltine, to whom they were indebted for both, as they well knew, for it was he who had led every movement against them. They forced every person on the ill fated Penguin to walk the plank except Hazeltine, whom they put in irons down in the hold. Then the pirate commander invited suggestions as to methods of execution that would give the most suffering.

Many of the plans that were bandied in were impracticable, since the pirates did not possess the means of carrying them out. One struck the captain's fancy as soon as it was proposed. It was that they should bury their victim up to his chin in the sand at receding half tide, so that on its return it would gradually drown him. Death would thus confront him for hours and would linger when it came.

It seemed to the pirate that this mental strain on a man in sound bodily health would be far worse than physical pain. He ordered his craft headed for the shore and anchored near a beach. On arrival the boats were lowered and filled with canteens and cases of wine that had been taken from the Penguin, for the pirates had determined to have a spree on shore, where they could have plenty of room to stretch their legs. However, their numbers were so reduced by the fight they had been through that one boat sufficed, and, since two men were left to guard the ship, but five men, including the captain, went ashore with the victim.

They found the tide within an hour of the ebb. Burying Hazeltine on the verge, he would see the tide recede for an hour, then return for an hour. The pirates faced him toward the water, leaving only his head exposed. His arms were placed close to his flanks, and when his executioners had stamped on the sand about him he felt himself in a vise. Having finished their work, they carried their supplies a little farther up on the beach and began to eat, drink and be merry.

Hazeltine soon discovered that no more frightful death could be devised. He watched the tide recede, pause and begin its return. By this time the pirates were very drunk, screaming and fighting like madmen. Hazeltine hoped some one of them, infuriated by liquor, would come and cleave his skull with a cutlass. But he was disappointed.

And now the first wave reached the victim's chin. The next did not come so high, nor the next, but the fourth washed his jaws. When it receded it took an inch of sand from under his chin. The next wave took more, and successive waves left his throat bare. But while the sand was sucked away in front it was piled up at the back of his head.

By this time the yells of the pirates were few and soon ceased altogether. They had intended to watch their prisoner die, but had got drunk instead.

The waves, dashing over Hazeltine while he held his breath, kept sucking sand from his front. Finally he could work his body backward and forward. The water poured in around him and softened the sand. By an effort he freed his arms and dug with his hands. In a few minutes he was free.

Looking about him, he saw the pirates lying in a drunken stupor. His first impulse was to run, his second to take their boat and pull away. His third—oh, his third marked a great change in him. Seeing the shovel with which the pirates had dug his grave, he seized it and dug five other graves a few feet above where his would be executioners had dug his own. Then, taking up a pirate, he put him into an upright hole and filled in the sand about him. Then he buried another and another till all were up to their chins in sand. Some of them awakened, but did not realize at first where they were. Others were too drunk to know anything.

Half an hour later the water reached them and sobered them. The sand gave way before them, but Hazeltine threw more sand in its place, maintaining his position and theirs until the waves rolled above their heads.

But Hazeltine was not satisfied. Waiting till night had fallen, he rowed in the boat to the ship and, armed with captured weapons, stealthily climbed the side. The two men who had been left aboard had imitated the example of those who had gone ashore and drunk themselves to sleep. Hazeltine dispatched them and threw their bodies overboard.

Two days later a British man-of-war, looking for the pirates, spied her at anchor, fired a shot and, meeting no response, sent a boat to her. They found one man—Hazeltine—on board.

Poe's Short Stories.

There are in the best of Poe's brief tales a constructive skill, a command of design and a gift of decoration rare in any literature and almost unknown in English, which is ever unduly negligent of form. And no one need wonder that Poe's short stories wandered swiftly out of our languages into French and Italian and Spanish, into German and Scandinavian and Bohemian, into strange tongues where no other American author, except Fenimore Cooper, had ever before penetrated. His weird psychologic studies have influenced later writers as unlike as Maupassant and Richelieu, Fitz-James, O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. His tales of a mystery solved at last by observation and deduction have been imitated by Dumas and Sardou, by Gaboriau and Boileau, by Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle. And Sherlock Holmes, the only fictitious character to win international recognition in the final years of the nineteenth century, is the reincarnation of a figure first projected by Poe.—Brander Matthews in Century.

Making a Cake With the Bible.

The following unique recipe for Scripture cake is copied from an old English cookbook. For the ingredients and directions for making the cake you must refer to the Bible, in the chapters and verses given herewith. It may be added that by carefully following the directions you will be able to make a most delicious cake—the very best thing for a Sunday afternoon tea.

Four and a half cups of 1 Kings iv, 22; half pound Judges v, 25; two cups Jeremiah vi, 20; two cups Nahum iii, 12; two cups 1 Samuel xxx, 12; two cups Numbers xvii, 8; two teaspoonfuls 1 Samuel xiv, 25; to taste, 11 Chronicles ix, 9; six Jeremiah xvii, 11; one and a half cups Judges iv, 19; two teaspoonfuls Amos iv, 5; one pinch Leviticus ii, 13; directions, Proverbs xxiii, 14; bake one and a half to two hours. Baking powder may be used instead of yeast or leaven, as it is termed in the Bible.

The Handkerchief Came From Italy.
A writer in a French review points out that the handkerchief does not come to us from China, as has been generally believed, but from Italy. It is only 300 years ago that the handkerchief of a Venetian lady was considered a great curiosity. The handkerchief crossed the Alps and was received with great favor at the court of France. Handkerchiefs were then made of cambric or lawn and bordered with Venetian or Alencon lace. Under Henry III. of France the sachet was introduced. The handkerchief was taken into Germany a little later and was known as the "fazzeltein," after its Italian name. Only persons of quality used it, and an edict in 1593 was published at Dresden interdicting the use of the handkerchief among the trading classes.—London Globe.

Careful of His Gun.

In one of the small mountain towns of Kentucky lived Dan, a half wit, with whom the boys often went hunting. On one of these trips Dan and the young man with him were between two hills when a rabbit jumped up in front of them and ran up the hill to Dan's right. The other fellow, being on Dan's left, did not wish to take the chance of shooting at the rabbit for fear of an accident, so he said: "There he goes, Dan! Shoot him, shoot him!" But Dan simply stood still and watched the rabbit disappear over the hill, and his partner wanted to know why he didn't shoot. After a moment's silence he answered, talking through his nose: "Did you take me for a fool? Do you think I was going to strain my gun shooting uphill?"—Judge.

Spoiled the Solemnity.

Joseph H. Choate when ambassador to the court of St. James and Mark Twain were together in St. George's chapel, London, one hot day, both seemingly sobered by the solemnity of the place.

"What an awful thing it is!"—Twain began in a whisper.

Mr. Choate leaned closer to catch some ponderously sad expression from the humorist.

"What an awful thing it is," Twain repeated, "to be shut up in a place where one cannot smoke."

Beyond the Styx.

"I believe you were called the father of your country," remarked the shade of Bonaparte. "Did you like the title?"

"I did," answered the shade of Washington, "but between you and me I'd hate to be even a stepfather to some of the cities therein today."—Exchange.

An Untamed Rascal.

"I don't think there is an honest hair in his head."

"That's right. I believe he'd even cheat at checkers!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fortunate.

Sailor—Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately he knew how to swim.—Paris Rire.

His Punishment.

"What makes you so late?"

"I had words with the teacher."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I couldn't spell them."—Lippincott's.

Fencing.

Mother—I just got a letter from Ephraim saying as how he's took up fencing in college. Father—Rall, stone or barb?—Cornell Widow.



ADAPT FERTILIZERS TO SOILS.

Select Kind That Will Build up the Land.

It would be much better if the users of commercial fertilizers would get into the habit of adapting the fertilizer to the soil instead of seeking a fertilizer that is adapted to the crop grown.

The object in using fertilizer should be the building up of the soil rather than growing a certain crop and a fertilizer which will balance up the plant food already in the soil is an economical fertilizer to use on any crop since the effects of its application will show on any crop that is adapted to the locality.

A farmer cannot afford to buy all of the plant food that his crop will use in its growth. Then why should he buy anything that his soil will furnish to the crop in sufficient quantities?

True, some crops will take more of a certain element of plant food than another will. Some crops have the power of getting more food from a soil than others have.

It is better to remedy this by adopting a judicious rotation of crops in which legumes will supply the nitrogen and help to keep up the humus supply.

It is unfortunate for the farmer that the fertilizer manufacturers have adopted the plan of recommending certain mixtures for special crops and thus presume to adapt the fertilizer to the crop rather than to sell the goods on their merits for the nitrogen, potash and phosphorous acid they contain and leave the farmer to select the goods best adapted to his soil and conditions.

The plan of adapting the fertilizer to the soil would induce more study on the subject of fertilizers and would lead to a more intelligent use of fertilizers.

Too many farmers depend entirely upon the manufacturers of fertilizers to select the goods for them.

Picking High Fruit.

Peaches, pears, apples, etc., out of reach by ordinary means can be gathered by using the device shown in the



Picker for High Fruit.

accompanying illustration, without bruises, says the Prairie Farmer.

Bend a stout wire in a circle and sew to it a small bag. Attach the wire to a long pole. This will enable you to pull fruit from the top of a tree without injuring it.

Redeeming a Neglected Garden.

Discouraging as a neglected garden may appear, it is not beyond redemption, even so late in the season—but it must be taken hold of at once. Stunted and failing crops, choked by weeds, should be pulled out at once, weeds and all, and burned, and the ground plowed or spaded, and replanted.

How much more satisfactory and profitable it might have been to have planted only half the space, and worked it well, than to have scattered the available labor over the entire ground and do nothing to perfection.

A garden with rows upon rows of all the delicious vegetables of mid-summer and not a weed to be found, is indeed a pleasant picture. But how few of that class are found! Instead of choice vegetables there are rank weeds, and where order and beauty should reign, desolation stares at one in too many family gardens, caused in the majority of cases by simply "biting off more than we can chew."

Method of Keeping Potatoes.

A German publication, the Practical Adviser in Fruit Raising and Gardening, states that a new method for keeping potatoes and preventing sprouting consists in placing them on a layer of coke. Dr. Schiller, of Brunswick, who has published the method, is of the opinion that the improved ventilation by means of coke is not alone responsible for the result, but believes that it is due to the oxidation of the coke, which, however, is a very slow one. Coke always contains sulphur, and it is very possible that the minute quantities of oxides of carbon and sulphur, which result from the oxidation, mixing with the air and penetrating among the potatoes are sufficient to greatly retard sprouting. Potatoes so treated are said to keep in good condition until the following July.

Frequent cuttings will kill off sweet clover which becomes a pest in some places.

Maz and Murks.

Humorists von Ralph Bollenhusen (Mittelheim).

(Fortsetzung.)

den überraschenden Wandlungen, die mit Murks nach und nach sich vollzogen, auch geliebt.

Das Wachtelbüchchen ging erschrecklich in die Länge. Der Kopf wurde immer breiter, die mit einer spärlichen Quaste geschmückte dünne Ruthe immer länger. Ein Freund des Hauses, der Oberförster Hinrichs, verfiel minutenlang in Trübsinn, als Frau Alffessor Alffschiller ihm Murks zum ersten Male vorführte und um sein fachmännisches Urtheil hinsichtlich der Rasse bat. Nachdem der Oberförster sich erholt hatte, sagt er kopfschüttelnd: "Das ist zunächst überhaupt kein Hund."

"Aber Herr Hinrichs—"

"Nein, thatächlich, gnädige Frau. Das ist mit Verlaub eine Hündin. Und was die Rasse betrifft, möchte ich das Thier, unbeschadet einiger abweichender Einzelheiten, als langhaarigen mopst-ippicartigen blak and tam-Fox-Dackel anpreisen."

"Das ist was Seltenes, nicht wahr?"

"Allerdings, ganz was Seltenes. Das Thier hat mindestens sechzehn verschiedene Stammesbäume. Wenn Sie es an Barnum verkaufen, können Sie viel Geld verdienen."

Leider hatte sich Frau Alffschiller nicht dazu entschließen können—und so stand der Alffessor jetzt vor der bange Frage, wo Murks während der Sommerfrische untergebracht werden sollte. Daß Lina, wie er im stillen gehofft, ihn noch in erster Stunde sich aufschwatzen lassen würde, erschien nun ausgeschlossen. Unter der ganzen Sippschaft und Freundschaft war Niemand, der den lieben Kerl nicht hinkäuflich kannte, um jede häusliche Gemeinschaft mit ihm entschieden abzulehnen.

"Tag! mal, Kindchen," sagte der Alffessor zu seiner eben wieder eintretenden Gattin, "wie wäre es, wenn wir Murks zum Thierarzt Alffers geben. Der hat doch so 'was wie eine Hundepension."

"Ich denke gar nicht daran! Das ist eine Kleinigkeit. Du brädest es natürlich über's Herz, das Thierchen allen möglichen Anfechtungsgefahren auszuliefern!"

"Nein, nein. Aber nach der Gutgesandtheit, die ich nicht, daß die Lina—"

"Das ist eine rohe, undanfahbare Person. Sobald wir heimkommen, wird ihr geföhnt. Gar nichts ist dem Hüt geföhnt. Woh ein paar Bänder sind abgerissen, und von einer Rose einige Blätter. Dafür schlägt sie das arme Thier! Komm, mein Murkschen—"

Eins der wenigen Talente Murks' hies war, sich selber leid zu thun, wenn er bedauert wurde. Er brach in ein klägliches Winseln aus und torfelte an Frauchen empor. Dieses schloß ihn in die Arme und erklärte bindig:

"Die Lina bekommt ihn nicht, und wenn sie darum bitten würde. Der Hund war ganz verwildert, als er zurückkam."

"Ganz recht. Aber was soll denn geföhnen?"

"Sehr einfach. Wir nehmen ihn mit."

"Frau—!"

"Zu und Maz, beide nehmen wir mit. Man soll die Thierchen, an denen man jahraus, jahrein seine Freude hat, auch an seiner Erholung theilnehmen lassen. Es ist ungerecht, sie geföhnen, fremden Leuten zu geben. Da Du ein schmerzfühliger Mensch bist, habe ich Vorjorge getroffen, daß Du Dich um nichts zu kümmern brauchst. Maz kommt in ein kleines, handliches Holzhaus, und Murks nehme ich auf den Arm. Nicht wahr, Murkschen?"

Das liebe Thier ließ die Sophistication, mit deren letzten zwei Jahren es sich geföhnt hatte, fahren und befand sich im Einverständnis durch ein befehlendes Gebell.

Tamit war die Sache vollkommen abgeprochen.

II.

Trotz seiner Schwerfälligkeit wurde dem Alffessor schon auf dem Wege zum Bahnhof Maz anvertraut—in seinem handlichen, kleinen Holzhaus, das weder einen Vogel, noch ein Wächchen zum Halten hatte und auf der flachen Sand getragen werden mußte.

Maz war Alffschillers vor zwei Jahren zugeföhnt. Seine Herkunft von den Kanarischen Inseln war nur ganz schwach angedeutet. Am Hinterkopf hatte er einige gelbliche Federn, im Uebrigen war er grau wie ein Spatz. Und einem solchen ähnelte er auch in seinen geföhlichen Leistungen. Dafür war er ungeheuer geföhlig. Neben den üblichen Sämereien verzehrte Maz, sobald ihm die nöthige Freiheit gelassen wurde, lebende und todt Bliegen, Schuherme, Staniol, Toilettenseife und mit Vorliebe Zigaretteneide. Die Verdauung geföhlete sich entprechend lebhaft und reichte sich besonders auf Statuetten.

(Fortsetzung folgt)

Saturday Night

Talks By Rev. F. E. DAVISON

Rutland, Vt.

A POLITICIAN'S GOLDEN CALVES.

International Bible Lesson for Jan. 8, '11—(1. Kings 12:25-33).

Jeroboam is an early example of a tricky politician.

Having been suddenly and unexpectedly lifted to the throne of the Kingdom of Israel, his first idea was to concoct some plan to keep his people from going up to the Holy City to worship.

So he got up a little religious scheme of his own. He had constructed two golden calves, and set them up at opposite extremities of his kingdom, and called the people to worship at these new altars. He instituted a new priesthood, and with sacrifices and spectacular services sought to run an opposition religion to that at Jerusalem.

People Easily Humbled.

He was eminently successful. People are easily humbled, and prone to run after new things. They began to worship at the shrines of the golden calves, and not having any true teachers, they soon went much farther than the King intended, and before he realized it had a nation of idolaters on his hands.

So easily do nations and men degenerate when they get started on a downward career. Jeroboam had opened the flood gates and he could not close them. He had sown the wind, and he must needs reap the whirlwind.

Jeroboam was a worker of mischief in his own day, and he cast a baleful shadow down the ages. His influence, direct and indirect was bad. A sinner himself, he made a whole nation to sin. The indictment which the Scriptures make out against the first king of the northern kingdom after the division, an indictment no less than a score of times repeated is, "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat who also made Israel to sin."

The making Israel to sin is the crime which brands the man and makes him infamous. The extent of Jeroboam's sin is seen in these particulars. New places, new temples and altars, new times of worship, new ministers of religion, visible symbols of Jehovah; every item in opposition to the word of God, and every method with the direct and settled purpose to wean the people away from their ancient manners, customs and pious observances. The religion which he established was a wretched caricature of the religion of their fathers. It was a politician's move, denounced of God and disastrous to the nation. It debauched a kingdom, and resulted ultimately in Israel's destruction.

There is something peculiarly seductive about idolatry. Once in the grasp of a false religion the victim seems bound to go on. The kingdom of Israel lasted for 250 years, and their idolatry stuck to them till the ten tribes were carried away into captivity to be lost forever from the map of the world. And it all came about by yielding to a politician.

Degeneration Gradual.

This is a gradual process with all of us. The Arabs have a fable that once a camel came to the door of a tent and thrust in his nose; not being resisted, he thrust in his feet; there being no hindrance, he came half way in; after a while he got all the way in. Then the Arab said to the camel, "This tent is not large enough for two." "If that is so," said the camel to the Arab, "you had better leave." So this idolatrous spirit comes into the heart a little at a time, until it takes full possession. So it is with the whole catalogue of ruinous things. The people who go into them at first do so unwittingly. They never meant to go so far in the path. They felt sure they could rein in the fiery steeds of passion before they struck such a pace. When they mounted the chariot of evil they only intended to drive down the course a little way and then return. They once had as fair cheeks and many brows and stout hearts as any one. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad lectures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity only they took short excursions into the path of evil. And they were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they.

"Come in!" says the gray spider to the house-fly; "I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals and a gay life. Walk over this suspension bridge. Give me your hand. These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is home-made." The house-fly walks mindingly in. She feels honored to be the guest of such a big bug. Suddenly she spies a broken wing, and a fragment of a foot, and she starts to rush back. But the drawbridge is up, and the gate is locked. "Ha, ha!" says the spider. "I only contracted to bring you in. I cannot afford to let you out. Take a drop of this poison; it will quiet your nerves." And another house-fly is added to the gray spider's larder.

That is an allegory descriptive of the career of many a man who found the way to ruin easy and inviting, but who wakes up when it is too late to escape the consequences of his folly.

Beware the worship of Jeroboam's golden calves! Mild and peaceful as they look in the beginning, they will hook your life out at the end.