

A petitioner to the general Methodist conference in Canada recently asked that body to "protect congregations against the growing evil of manuscript preachers."

One of Scotland's foremost physicians declares that bicycle riding is a sure cure for many forms of insanity. His theory seems to be that external wheels will cure internal wheels.

That Chicago burglar who found the \$3200 which a householder had hidden under a stair carpet was undoubtedly guided by kindred feeling. He shared the distrust in banks of the man who owned the money.

Active, rapid and decisive—that is the text of the present age. The celerity with which great events eventuate is illustrated by the experience of the Maine merchant skipper who left Manila in a sailing vessel for a voyage around the Cape, stopping at St. Helena. When he started there was no expectation of war; when he reached Maine the war was over. This is the way the whirligig whirls.

The physical health of many modern cities has been immensely improved by careful, systematic attention to sanitation. During the greater part of the last century the death rate in London was about 50 per 1000 each year. It had decreased to 24.8 in 1850 and fell to 17.7 per 1000 last year, though the population of the city has doubled during that time. The death rate in London is now only a little larger than in rural districts of England.

It is safe to hazard the prediction that the next five years will see Mexico make more progress than in the last ten, says the Mexican Herald. The installation is pretty well done now, and the country already feels the new motive power. New financial institutions, new factories, new railways, new improvements of all kinds are projected by substantial people, and one of the most conservative of our bankers, who never talks for effect, says, "Now Mexico is really making money."

"Should Curates Marry?" is a question which has been agitating the ecclesiastical minds of New South Wales. At the recent provincial synod a motion was submitted by Archdeacon White which recommended to bishops of the province "to require as a condition of admission to the diaconate that candidates remain unmarried for five years." The discussion naturally trenchanted upon interesting facts, as when reference was made to Richard Baxter's marriage with a young woman who wished to be more closely acquainted with such a pious and eloquent man, and also to a bishop of Durham who had married four times and who gave to the fourth lady of his choice a ring bearing the inscription, "If I survive I'll make it five." The motion was rejected.

Co. Al Ruffin of Paraguay says that the butter supply for that country comes mainly from Europe and is inferior to that made in the United States. He thinks the superior quality of American butter would insure its rapid sale and states that the retail price is from 35 to 40 cents, gold, per pound. Foreign butter, however, pays a 50 per cent. duty. The consul suggests the following innocent tricks of the trade: "Let any butter manufacturer cater to the whims of the people by placing on his small cans a picture of the president of Paraguay, or those of some of the leading statesmen and an old historic house or two, which would catch the eye of the people and cause it to be talked about. This would give popularity to the American brand and ought to lead to quick and profitable sales. Nothing of this sort exists in the country."

An extended study of the phenomena of insomnia by De Menacine, a Russian authority in medicine, brings him to the conclusion that it is characteristic of persons who blush, laugh, weep readily and whose pulse is apt to quicken upon the slightest provocation, remarks the New York Tribune. Loss of sleep, however, he admits, most frequently results from overwork of either mind or body; overstrain of either kind dilates the blood vessels of the brain and eventually paralyzes them, extreme cold producing the same results. Experiments also show that exercise of the emotions causes a rush of blood to the brain and sleeplessness, if occurring near bedtime. There is a common theory that sleep is required in proportion to the scarcity of red corpuscles in the blood, and thus all persons do not correspond in their need of sleep, and many authorities agree that the need of sleep depends upon the strength of consciousness.

AUTUMN.

"Dismal winds are blowing,
Hills are bare and brown,
Fallen leaves are fluttering
Over field and town.
Bells are ringing loudly
Bidding children run
As if education
Were a bit of fun.
Pretty summer dresses
Are laid away with care,
And the stuffy woollens
Brought out for repair;
That old brown merino
Is truly a disgrace!
Oh, I hate the autumn!
Cried little Sour-Face.

"Lovely yellow flowers
By the wayside grow,
Dash of red and purple
Where the streamlets flow.
Piles of golden apples
Are neighboring with the red,
And a wealth of glory
Is quivering overhead.
With a rush and rattle
Winds are blowing free,
And the nuts are tumbling
From the chestnut trees.
Hurrying to school again,
Working for a prize—
Oh, I love the autumn!
Cried little Smiling-Eyes.

—Louise B. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

Uncle Cheverel's Will.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"You mean that you can't put yourself out to give your mother's brother a night's lodging?" said Caleb Cheverel, bitterly.

The black March wind, bearing dust and grit and bits of flying paper on its restless wings, came whistling around the corner, lifting the old man's faded comforter's ends and turning his blue nose a shade bliner still, while Mrs. Lew Larkins, his eldest niece, stood in her doorway, filling up the aperture with her ample person in such a way as to suggest the familiar legend, "No admittance!"

Mrs. Larkins was stout and blooming and cherry-cheeked, dressed in substantial alpaca, with gay gold brooch and earrings, which bespoke anything but abject poverty.

Uncle Caleb was thin and meagre and shabbily dressed, with glossy seams in his overcoat and finger-ends protruding from his worn gloves like ancient rosebuds coming out of their calyx.

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stiffly; "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all that I could for you, but—"

"I understand, I understand!" said Uncle Cheverel, turning coldly away. "I'll go to my niece Jerusha. I wish you a very good evening."

Mrs. Larkins closed the door, with a sigh of very evident relief.

"I dare say Jerusha will take care of him," she said, philosophically. "Jerusha has a smaller family than I have. But I don't see why he came up to town, instead of staying peacefully down in Tortoise Hollow, where he belongs."

Mrs. Jerusha Eldertop, Mr. Cheverel's youngest niece, had a smaller family than her sister Rebecca, but then she had a smaller income as well. She had just finished a vigorous day's cleaning when Uncle Caleb was announced.

"Oh, drat the man!" said Mrs. Eldertop, wringing her parboiled fingers out of a basin of steaming soap-suds; "what sends him here, just now, of all times in the world?"

And she went downstairs, ungraciously enough, to the little entry, where her husband was welcoming the old stranger.

"Come in, Uncle Cheverel—come in!" said honest Eben Eldertop. "We're all upside down here—mostly are, now that the spring cleaning is going on. But there's room for you, if you don't mind the children and the noise and a little smell of whitewash in the spare room."

Mrs. Eldertop's welcome was by no means so cordial. She looked, to use a common expression, "vinegar and darned needles" at the visitor, while in her inmost soul she calculated the probability of the cold boiled ham and turnips holding out for one more at supper.

"Come, Jerusha, don't scowl so!" said Mr. Eldertop, when Uncle Caleb had gone upstairs to wash his hands and face. "Ain't he your uncle?"

"A good-for-nothing old vagabond," said Mrs. Eldertop, acidly, "without a cent laid up ahead!"

"For all that, he's your guest," said her husband, "and you're bound to be civil to him. And here's his overcoat now, with a big zig-zag rent in it. Just mend it, while you're waiting for the kettle to boil."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "All right," retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Allen to mend."

Now, Miss Allen, the tailoress, who lived in the adjoining house, was pretty and buxom to look upon, and Mrs. Eldertop had nursed comfortably a jealousy of her for the last four years.

traveling around the country with all this money in treasury bonds! A regular old character—just like those one reads about in novels. Put it back, Eben—put it back. We've no business to be prying into Uncle Caleb's secrets; but what a blessing it is he came here, instead of stopping at Rebecca Larkins'?"

And when Uncle Cheverel came down stairs he was surprised at the sweet smiles with which his niece Jerusha welcomed him.

"Been mending my coat, eh?" said Uncle Cheverel. "Thank'ee kindly, Jerusha. I caught it on a nail yesterday, and I was calculating to sew it up myself when I could borrow a needle and thread."

"I'm glad to be of use, Uncle Caleb," beamed Mrs. Eldertop. "Johnny, put on your cap and run to the grocer's for a smoked mackerel for your uncle's breakfast. I hope you found your room comfortable, Uncle Caleb?"

Before she slept that night Mrs. Eldertop put on her bonnet and shawl and ran around to the Larkins mansion to impart her wonderful tidings to sister Rebecca.

"You don't say so!" cried out the astonished matron.

"Gospel truth!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"He must come here," said Mrs. Larkins, resolutely.

"Not if I know it," said Mrs. Eldertop. "He's my guest, and my guest he shall remain."

"But if I'm to share equally with you," said Mrs. Larkins, "I ought to show him some attention, the dear, generous-hearted old man!"

"Lest he should alter his will," shrewdly remarked sister Jerusha. "You always were a worldly creature, Beeky!"

"No more than yourself," said Mrs. Larkins, bristling up. "But it's my family I am thinking of, Jerusha. I'll tell you what—I'll come around and see him tomorrow."

"But don't you breathe a syllable about the will," said Mrs. Eldertop in a mysterious manner.

"Oh, not for worlds!" said Mrs. Larkins, fervently.

During the next week Uncle Cheverel was overwhelmed with civilities. On Thursday a new suit of clothes arrived, with Mr. Larkins' best love and compliments. On Friday Mrs. Larkins came with an open barouche to take dear Uncle Caleb for a drive in the park. And on Saturday Mrs. Eldertop burst into tears and declared she should never be happy again if her mother's only brother didn't pledge himself, then and there, to make his future home with herself and Eben.

Uncle Caleb looked a little puzzled. "Well," said he, "if you really make a point of it—but I was calculating on going to visit Cousin Ezekiel in Ohio."

"Dear uncle, promise me to stay here always!" cried Mrs. Eldertop, hysterically.

"Just as you say, niece Jerusha," assented the old man, complacently. Mrs. Eldertop felt that she had carried her point.

But when Mr. and Mrs. Larkins came on Sunday afternoon to press a similar petition Uncle Caleb opened his eyes.

"My stock seems to have riz in the market," observed he, quaintly. "I never was in such demand among my relatives before. But I can't be in two places at once, that's plain."

Uncle Caleb chuckled benevolently, as little Johnny skipped away with the piece of paper which had been freighted with such a wealth of anticipation.

The Larkinses took leave without any unnecessary formula of adieu, and Mrs. Eldertop took occasion to tell Uncle Caleb that perhaps he had better prosecute his original design of the Ohio visit.

"Because we're expecting company tomorrow," said she, "and our best room will be wanted for awhile. And," she added, within herself, "I will take good care it shan't be empty again, just at present."

So Uncle Caleb Cheverel went out west, where Cousin Ezekiel was as poor and as warm-hearted as himself, and he was never invited to return east again. And to this day he cannot understand the sudden variations of the domestic barometer in the Larkins and Eldertop houses.—Saturday Night.

PEST OF RABBITS IN KANSAS.

Traps Used by Owners of Orchards to Protect Apple Trees.

During the past ten years Kansas has become the greatest apple growing state in the West. The largest apple orchard in the world is situated in Kansas, and is owned by Wellhouse & Son of Topeka. This industry, which promised rich returns on the investment, is, however, menaced by a pest as destructive as were the grasshoppers a few years ago, when all vegetation disappeared in a day.

How to protect fruit trees against the army of rabbits, which seems to multiply annually in Kansas, is a question that has agitated the minds of apple raisers for several years. At first straw was wrapped about the young trees with wire the winter months, but this afforded little protection, for the rabbits would gnaw through the straw and eat the bark off the trees.

Finally Judge Wellhouse hit upon a new plan. He knew that rabbits would not disturb the apple trees if they could get corn to eat, so he decided to feed them on this grain, but it was to be eaten, if at all, inside a trap. For their orchard in Osage county the firm purchased a carload of lumber, out of which they constructed 1700 traps. In their orchards in Leavenworth and Miami counties 2000 traps were used, and thousands of cotton-tails were caught and slain. Owners of apple orchards all over eastern Kansas are now manufacturing the traps.

These consist of a box twenty-two inches long, closed at one end, and with an inward swinging wire gate in the other end, which is shut by contact of the rabbit with a trigger after he has entered and begins gnawing on the ear of corn. About four feet of lumber and four feet of No. 12 galvanized iron wire are consumed in the making of each trap, which costs, complete, about 15 cents.

On each of the apple farms owned by Wellhouse & Son a man is employed to go through the orchard daily and kill all the rabbits found in the traps. Usually these men make a contract with a Kansas city commission house, to whom thousands of rabbits are shipped. Many people are fond of rabbit meat, which is much cheaper than beef or pork, and it is in great demand among the poor of the large cities during the Thanksgiving and holiday seasons.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are 750,000 cats in London. The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The California woodpecker will carry an acorn thirty miles to store it in its nest.

In Mexico the family of a dead duelist can claim support from the person who shot him. At the Storzzi palace in Rome, Italy, there is a book made of marble, the leaves being of marvelous thinness.

Japan had a colder spring than at any time in eighty years. In the middle of May there was snow at Nikko and near Tokio. An unusual accident befell Mr. J. Thompson, at Portland, Me. He jumped from a moving train, and the shock caused a rupture of his windpipe, resulting in death.

A wooden grain conduit in a mill at Hawkesbury, Canada, has been rendered useless because the swiftly traveling bushels of grain had worn holes through its under side. An automatic electric music leaf-turner is one of the latest patents. It is claimed for it that it can be easily attached to any piano music-rack, and it is worked by touching a button with the foot.

It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

A French doctor has invented an electric helmet, inside of which is a small motor that vibrates—trips of steel, the motor making 600 turns per minute. This whizzing is supposed to cure nervous headache, and put the sufferer to sleep.

Correcting the Candidate.

An English member of Parliament, who was addressing a political meeting some time ago, hoping thereby to create a little enthusiasm among the workmen, exclaimed: "When the polling day comes, you good fellows must stick to me like bricks." A hardy son of toil, who knew from experience that bricks had no adhesive property, rose in the middle of the hall and said: "You mean like mortar, don't you sir?" Roars of laughter greeted the correction of the ignorance of the candidate.

NEW YORK FASHIONS

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The most radical change this season in all the array of fashionable garments has been made in the contour and general style of capes. The most approved models, like the golf cape shown in the large engraving, are longer than any we have worn for years, and the shawl shapes and other effects are wholly new, and in most instances very odd and striking. One model is formed like an open-fronted circular of three-quarter length, the lower dip of the cape in the back coming well over the length of the dress. To the entire edge of this cape is added a circular flounce, very wide at the back and graduating up to merely two or three inches as it nears the throat. Another somewhat shorter style, but entirely covering the lowest curve of the hips, is very much cut away on the fronts, revealing nearly all of the dressy front of the bodice of the gown made en suite. The entire edge of this cape is cut in deep scallops which are bordered with either silk gimp of a line of narrow fur, and beneath these scalloped edges is set a gathered ruffle, which is likewise graduated in width.

This ruffle is made sometimes of silk the color of the cape, or of material matching the cape. A feature of very many of the capes, coats, over-skirts, redingotes and fancy jackets this season is the curved effect given to the fronts. Some of the models in coats arch directly toward the hips, like a man's very English cutaway.

No wardrobe is wholly complete without a wrap that can be slipped

banded with braid, and the garment is designed for general wear with any gown, but all suiting materials, as well as cloth of various sorts, can be treated in a similar manner.



GIRLS' BLOUSE REEFER.

The seamless back and pouched fronts are joined by shoulder and under-arm seams, the basque portion being separate and seamed to the jacket at the waist line. The right front laps well over the left, where the closing is effected by means of buttons and buttonholes, an additional row of buttons being added to give the double-breasted effect. The neck is slightly open at the front, and is finished with



THE MOST POPULAR THING IN GOLF CAPES.

on and off with ease. The novel cape shown in the accompanying small illustration serves every need, while at the same time it is chic in the extreme, representing as it does the latest Parisian style. The model is in satin-faced cloth in soft mode, with yoke and bands of applique edged with velvet ribbon, but bengaline and all heavy silks, as well as lace, are equally appropriate.

The foundation is circular and extends to the edge of the third ruffle. The yoke is faced on, and the two upper ruffles are stitched into place as indicated, but the third and last is seamed to the edge. All three are cir-



LADIES' CAPE.

cular in shape and they, as well as the foundation cape, are lined with silk. The pointed revers are cut separate and attached to the fronts and are both faced with white mousseline de soie, which was purchased shirred ready for use. At the neck is a standing collar, within which is a double frill of mousseline, which is also white. To make this waist for a lady of medium size five and a half yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

Smart Frocks For Girls.

Many smart frocks for little girls are braided in straight and zigzag lines around the skirt above the hem. The majority of the bodices end at the waist in a band, and jacket bodices usually are held in place by a belt. Yokes are frequently elaborately braided and supplemented by capelike trimmings on the shoulders, uniting in the epaulette, with a point falling on the fore part of the arm.

Girls' Blouse Reefers.

The combination of reefer collar and blouse jacket shown in the illustration is both novel and stylish. As here given, the material is covert cloth

a deep collar that is square at the back and is finished with rows of braid. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly. The garment is lined throughout with changeable taffeta, blue and green.

To make this blouse for a girl of eight years of age, one and one-half yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Girls' Literary Bangles.

Girls with taste for literature affect to put great faith in curiously shaped bangles of oxidized silver with favorite quotations from Shakespeare in old English letters. But if one really wants a supply of wisdom beyond the understanding of any man, let her supply herself with a gold bangle with a Buddha set in diamonds; or, better still, with a frog set in jewels. The last two bestow both health and happiness, besides the appearance of Minerva-like knowledge.

A Great Egyptian Queen.

Upon a beautiful obelisk in a temple at Karnak, Egypt, are inscribed the name and cartouches of Queen Hatshepsut, daughter of Thotmes I. (B. C. 1500), the woman who raised Egypt to the pinnacle of its highest greatness and made Thebes as a capital more glorious than Babylon or Nineveh. Her reign lasted twenty-one years, and was memorable for the energy of her administration and the prosperity of her people.

A Pretty Bathrobe.

A bathrobe cannot be said to have exactly what is called style, for it is intended for good, practical service, but there are bathrobes and bathrobes. They can be made almost coquettish, if not stylish. A pretty pink bathrobe is double-breasted, and just below the waist line is carried around over the left hip, and fastened with a big fancy button. Another blue one is trimmed with a white, woolly fringe.

Remove Their Hats in Church.

The Rev. Charles F. Goss, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded in getting some of the women of his congregation to remove their hats and sit with bare heads during the service.

For Dressy Occasions.

All-over lace gowns in cream and ecru over white satin are worn for dressy occasions, and sleeveless coats of Irish guipure are one of the pretty accessories of evening dress.

Damask Silks Revived.

The beautiful damask silks of a generation ago have been revived.