The governor-general of Guam, the newly acquired possession of Uncle Sam out on the Pacific, is very nicely located. He has the island for a building spot and the ocean for an out-

More than 15,000,000 visits are paid annually to London pawnbrokers, or, to be more exact, 41,000 a day on an average. The number of pledges deposited throughout the country is said to amount to 190,000,000 every year.

M. Jules Clarette, the director of La Comedie Française in Paris, Franco, says there are in all Europe at the present moment 1061 theatres which comparison would place in the firstclass. France leads the list with 394; Italy comes next with 388; then Germany with 264: the United Kingdom, 205; Spain, 190; Austria, 182; Russia, 99; Belginm, 59; Swe len and Norway, 46; Holland 42; Switzerland, 35; Portugal, 14; Denmark, 13; Turkey, 9; Greece, 8; Roumania, 7; and Ser-

There is an interesting item in the report of the librarian of Bishopsgate institute, London. According to the reading done in the free library of that building for one day there were 543 persons who chose works of fiction, 51 who selected books of travel and history, 36 biography, 25 natural sciences, and so on down the list to philosophy and religion, for which there were 15 readers. There is something very significant in a comparison between the extremes. Scarcely a century ago the order would very likely have been re-

Secret service men always have an inclination to emphasize the importance of their work, and when they deal with counterfeiters their published reports have a sensational flavor that sometimes tends to make them excellent literature for "green goods" swindlers. Notwithstanding this tendency, the capture of a gang of counterfeiters in Pennsylvania, together with their materials of manufacture, must be regarded as a creditable achievement. The detected conspiracy is remarkable for its elaborate organization, extensive plant and the youth of its members.

When the flying machine finally flies, the world will exclaim at no one's having discovered the right way before-as the Spanish court exclaimed at Columbus's egg. Each mechanical step, so plain, once it is taken, looks beforehand like a leap into the unknown. It is a phase of evolution as surely as the natural weeding out method of nature with animals; and were it not for rust and the melting erucible, generations to come would stumble across thousands of skeletons of machines that had to succumb to other more capable machines, just as we stumble across the bones of the mastodon, who died out before his nimbler opponents,

For some reason the south pole has never had the attraction for people that the north pole has. Yet more remains to be discovered, by far, at the southern than at the northern end for his own. of things. Perhaps that is it. The goal has been so nearly reached at the north, and so great a reward will be his, who makes the final step, that all are striving to do it. An Englishman has just given \$25,000 toward a British Antarctic expedition, and that will probably give a powerful impetus to the interest in the southern axis of the earth. Commercially speaking there is not much to be gained by these expeditions. But they will continue while the virility remains in the northern races; and what they do not accomplish in practical value they make ap in picturesqueness.

Some writers of natural history books for youth say that the serpent always devours its own kind, when so inclined, tail foremost. This peculiarity has been so often repeated that it is generally believed. At dinner time the other day in the reptile house of the London Zoological Garden a live rabbit was fed to a boa. The reptile erushed his prey and then began to devour it in the usual fashion, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a huge python shot forth and seized the half engulfed rabbit, and, after swallowing it, began on the boa. The head of the boa and a good portion of his body had disappeared before the keeper came to the rescue and attempted to withdraw the smaller reptile from his unvisual retreat. As this mode of procedure failed to make the python disgorge, the latter was seized and beaten with a whip. This was more to the point, and the boa finally wriggled free and betook himself to a corner of the cage, minus, however, his dinner. This little incident goes to show that reptiles, under extraordinary circumstances at least, will swallow their kind head foremost THE INFALLIBLE MAN.

There was a man who never made
A blunder in his life;
He loved a girl, but was afraid
If she became his wife
That he or she might rue the day
That brought them biles, and so
He put the happiness away
That wedded lovers know,

One day the man who never made One day the man who never made
Mistakes perceived the way
Tibat led to fame, but, still afraid,
Drew back and stole away;
He shunned the winding paths that led
To distant, unseen ends,
And kept the road that stretched shead
With neither steeps nor bends.

At last the man who never made
Mistakes fell by the way;
In garments that were badly frayed,
And pale and starved he lay;
Ne weeping friend bent o' er him there,
Nor servant, child, nor wife;
But victory was his—henc'er
Had blundered in his life,
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago News.

****************** ROMANCE OF A DEPARTMENT STORE.

BY EDGAR TEMPLE FIELD. *************

William French prided himself on the fact that he was not an ambitious

He was wont to say that envy and discontent are the twin roots of all evil, and that to be satisfied with one's lot in life is the sum total of all earthly

philosophy.
William did not put it in that way, exactly, for he hadn't much more edu cation than he had ambition. But was what he meant when he would occasionally aunounce to his fellow clerks over the bowl of mush and milk that formed his noonday meal at the "quick lunch" counter. "What I can get is good enough for me, and don't you forget it."

And his fellow clerks, mostly unambitious men like himself, would generally reply, with laconic vague-ness of assent, "That's what," William's lot in life was sufficiently

humble. He sold tin bath tubs in the poorly lighted basement of a big department store six days in the week. His Sundays he spent in riding a second-hand bicycle, if it was fine, and reading the pictorial papers or sewing refractory buttons and reluctant patches on his clothing when the weather precluded

any idea of outdoor amusement. For William was a bachelor and looked askance at the fair sex, as the lovely promotors of much of the dis content he so sternly deprecated and the gentle inciters of the reckless and wicked extravagance whose existence

in the world he so greatly deplored. So when he caught the fatter of a skirt on any stray bieye e ne chanced to pass on a lonely read he would scorch sternly shead and never once glance around to see if the fair traveler was riding for fun or to reduce her waist measure, From which it may be seen that

Mr. French was very much of a philos-

But, alas, even philosophers are not exempt from the visitings of the tender passion, and it chanced one day that Cupid, for want of something better to do, chose to visit the base ment of that particular store and plant his dart deep in the heart of the young man who sold tin bath tubs.

It happened this way.

A young woman came to fill a vacancy in the graniteware department, next to William's own, and he so lone indifferent and even callous to the charms of woman, no sooner saw the new clerk busy over her saucepans and teakettles than he was

Miss Thompson was not beautiful, to be sure, nor was she at all imposing of appearance, that she should thus captivate the heart of this severe critic at first sight. And she trotted about with a brisk alertness of movement quite incompatible with grace and elegance of movement.

But she suited William right down to the ground.

To begin with, she had soft eyes, of no particular color, perhaps, but somehow when their gaze rested on William he felt that here, at last, was one who could appreciate his true value almost as keenly as he did himself. Her brown hair, of a very ordinary shade, was parted very neatly over her smooth brow in a fashion extremely plain and unambitious compared to the imposing pompadours worn by the magnificent young ladies who sold ribbons and neckties at the counters upstairs, and whose airs and graces made William so uncomfortable that he frequently went to a rival establishment to purchase the modest "made-up" cravat which completed his humble toilet, Moreover, Miss Thompson's simple

black alpaca gown, with its trim y belted waist and spotless cuffs and collar, betrayed none of the wickedly extravagant ideas William had long considered the prevalent, weakness of

It wasn't very long before the two young people became very friendly, Stewpans and teakettles being more in demand than bathtubs, William was frequently called upon to assist Miss Thompson in her department, and this association with her afforded the

young man moments of exquisite joy. At other times he would watch her, busy over her cooking utensils, and imagine how she would look in a little kitchen of her own manipulating similar implements in the preparation of

his own supper. The thought was intoxicating. Here at last he had found a girl who would be willing to share his humble lot, he told himself. A plain little thing like her would probably regard a tiny three-room flat such as he had in mind as a palace of luxury. He himself, —New York Tribune.

would seem to her a sort of special providence through whose benevolent intervention she would realize all those dreams of home and husband

most girls indulge in.

This thought he found even more agreeable than the other, and he found kimself assuming a protecting and even patronizing air with her at times.

The enamored young man went so far as to hint to the object of his affection his hopes of having a modest home of his own one day, and while he could not recall afterward that she had betrayed any great interest in his plans, he took comfort in thinking that girls are shy about showing their feelings and that probably it had not occurred to her that he would notice a little clerk in the graniteware depart-

So William dreamed his dreams and even began to inquire around about the rent of flats such as he would be apt to require.

But he did not tell his love. There was no hurry about that. He would wait till spring-when rents were

And besides she was probably not prepared to hear of the bouor he proposed to pay her. She might faint or something. Girls were apt to do those things when you take them unawares, he had

So the winter wore on, and William spent more and more of his time talking to his fair neighbor, and fell more deeply in love with every interview. To be sure he did most of the talk-

He often confided to her his views on extravagance and high living, and took occasion to ridicule those spent their money on good clothes and theatre tickets instead of laying it up for a rainy day.

And while Miss Thompson never said anything he could construe into an admission that she thought he was ight, she always listened with grave attention, and with her soft eyes fixed on him he remained blissfully certain here was a woman who would thankfully devote her life to helping him save his income and provide for

his old age,
At last the spring drew near The flower counter in the main aisle began to glow with golden sunshine of daffodils and jonquils, and odors of hyacinth and Easter lilies were wafted down the stairway to the dim basement where the bathtubs and the teakettles had their home.

And then one day William had a shock. The cross-eyed girl at the crockery department told him that Miss Thompson was going to leave.

He could not believe it. But in-quiry at the glassware department revealed the fact that the rumor had spread the day before, and had been confirmed by the young lady herself. William was astounded. She had made up her mind to leave without telling him! What did it mean, he wondered?

Then he had an idea. Perhaps she had grown to care so much for him that seeing him every day was painful. He had read of such things in novels. He resolved to tell her that very day of the plans he had made for her and her to become Mrs. William French.

It was long, however, before his opportunity came.

It seemed to him that every fat woman in the city had decided to lay in a supply of graniteware that par-At last he encountered Miss Thomp-

son behind a hugh pile of coffeepots. "I-I-hear you're going away," he began, surprised to find himself feeling decidedly nervous.

"Yes," she said pleasantly, as she made an entry in her little cashbook.

"I'm going tomorrow." "Well, I didn't know-that is. thought—I hope, I mean, that I've not had anything to do with your going," he went on, beginning to be appalled at the miserable figure he was cutting.

"You, Mr. French-how could you -I don't understand, I'm afraid," she replied, in evident bewilderment. "Oh, you see -I thought maybe you'd been expecting, you know-that s, you might have known that I was going to ask you to marry me, you know. I'd have asked you before-

"Pray, don't apologize," she ex-timed, quickly. "It's much better, claimed, quickly. "It's much better, that you didn't, A man with your ideas would be making a great mistake to marry. And besides, I'm going to be married next week to Mr. Morgan, up at the silk counter. He commenced s a cash boy, and now he's head of the department. But then, he was ambitious,"

William has seen her but once since

sively used.

of figured.

To make No. 2 will require one-half

yard of silk twenty-two inches wide.

A Stylish Costume,

The stylish gown of gray whipcord, shown in the large illustration by Mary

Manton, is trimmed with yellow lace insertion and narrow bias folds of gray

satin. The toque is of gray satin lace straw with a tulle rosette, jet quills and rhinestone ornaments. The waist

is supported by fitted linings that close in centre, the blouse fronts being

arranged at square yoke depth to close invisibly at the left side. The seam-less backs fit smoothly in Eton jacket

style, and the right front lapping over the left closes at the shoulder seam.

A crush belt of gray satin ribbon is clasped in the back with clasps of gun metal studded with rhinestones. The

fashionable stock collar closes in centre

back, high points being shaped to stand up close behind the ears. The fashionable sleeves have epaulettes applied in points near the top,

They were having a big bargain sale of remnants upstairs, and at the noon hour he was struggling to make his way through the vast crowd of ladies which surged about the counter. when a little woman in a rustling silk gown turned suddenly and face. him.

It was she! He passed her with only a formal and hurried bow, but he had time to observe, with pain, that she wore her hair in a pompadour.

A Touching Eulogy. Andrew Dixon of Kansas, who died the other day, was thus enlogized by a neighbor: "He was the kindest man I ever see. When a neighbor was sick he was always around. He would do up the cheres, split wood, help inside the house or ride like blazes for the doctor. He always wanted you to get well, and you knew it by look-ing at his face. If you would die, Andy would go out there on the hill and dig your grave-if it took him for days it had to be jus' so. Jus' so

THE REALM OF FASHION. 000000000000000000000

New York Cirr (Special).—Dame length in back and cut away in front Fashion has provided most dainty to disclose the skirt, which may be of neckwear for the present season. Stylish stock collars are expensive drapery may be cut with or without when bought ready made, but deft fingers using any reliable patterns can readily fashion them at small ex-pense. It is necessary to make the foundation of good stiff canvas or buckram, which will keep the shape, and to make all alterations as to depth



No. 1 illustrates a stock collar of skyblue satin arranged in pretty bias folds. Lace over satin lines the deep points and narrow blue chiffon ruchings finishes the edges. The closing is invisible in centre back. No. 2 is of white Liberty silk, the scallops of the flaring portions being finished with corded edges. The foundation is covered with white India silk. The soft wrinkled stock is gathered in tuck shirrings at the centre back, where it closes invisibly. No. 3 is of pale pink

hair, broad or Venetian cloth, drap d'ete, foulard, crepeline or other soft wool or silk fabrics may be stylishly trimmed with applique, insertion, braid, gimp, ruckings, satin folds or ribbon. The style also suggests possibilities for remodelling that are never despised by the home dressmaker.

This attractive dress shows a pretty combination of bluet drap d'ete and corded taffets silk in the same shade, the yoke being of cream all-over lace, underlaid with white satin. The trimming consists of narrow satin ribbon frills applied in three over-lapping rows on the smoothly shaped bertha, flaring cuffs and around the foot of skirt. Wider ribbon of the foot of skirt. Wider ribbon of the same shade forms the crush belt, which is prettily bowed on the left side. The waist is smartly adjusted side. The waist is smartly adjusted over fitted linings that close in centre The yoke is applied on the back lining, and the front yoke, being included in the right shoulder seam, closes over on the left. The back fits smoothly at round yoke depth, the pretty fulness being drawn closely to the centre at waist line. The curved fronts are gathered at the top and joined to the lower edges of the bertha, which conforms to its shaping. The bertha extends on the front edges to the waist, the right overlapping the left from the seam, the closing being effected invisibly.

The two-seam sleaves are gathered

Great blisters rose on her hands so fair.

And haveceds lodged in her wind-tossed hair.

the same or contrasting material. The drapery may be cut with or without side seams, the width of material used deciding the advisability of cutting this skirt in two or four portions. Attractive gowns of cashmere camel's

The spur-grass pricked at her sebra hose Neath the southern bound of her Sunday The breezes blew on her bloomin' cheeks And scattered the sweat into criss-cross-The sun sank lower adown the west,
And the hope-star dittoed in Maddle's
breast, One last glance fired she along the lane, Then sank on the stubble with moan of But she rose again with impromptu spring, For the stubble was sharp as a horner's sting! Then cried, as to splinters she stamped the rake:
"This hayfield racket's a bloomin' fake! "The feller that writ that portry ought To be taken out an' fatally shot! "Don't think no gal ever made a play To rake up a feller this-a-way!" And she said as she Hmped to her home again. Her accents keyed to a note of pain: "Of all darned suckers that ever bit,
Pve a sneakin' idee that I am It!"
— Denver Evening Post. at the top, the wrists being finished

HUMOROUS

ANOTHER CASE OF MAUD.

She'd heard how it snared a Judge,

And oft she glanced down the lane's los

But the Judge came not, nor a sleek cour

To see if he came on his plebald horse.

Nor even a chronic juror came. To ask her to share his oft called-name.

Yet she raked away with a tireless will, For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville!

But nary a Judge came riding by, And her swellen bosom was filled with sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That mebbe the court hadn't yet adjourned,

Or he might have haited to feed his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case.

And yet she raked with untiring zeal, The damp sweat trickling from head to heel.

Nor a constable to get in his work.

There might be another to be caught.

Old Lady (at insurance office) -I want to take out a fire insurance policy at once. Our house is on fire.

"Conversation is only the art of talking back." "Not much; conversation is the art of getting somebody to to listen to you,'

"Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it was made a century ago," says a journalist. can some children.

"A man has to die to make any thing out of life insurance," said the citizen, "Oh, no," replied the insur-ance agent, blandly; "I never die

Watts-They tell me that there are more than 50,000 tramps in this country, Dismai Dawson-Don't you believe it. More'n half of 'em is only imitations.

"Where are you going my pretty "I am going a-shopping, sir," maid?" she said. "I wish you'd go buy me, my pretty maid." "I intend to go by you, sir," she said.

A Irish man-servant was discovered in a lie. On being accused by his master of stating what was not the truth, he excused himself by saying, "Please, sur, I lost my prisence of mind.

Any man is nerved for battle, Pearless facing strife and sears, Who has borne the crash and rattle Of the deadly trolley cars.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said a board school teacher. "What kind of riches is teacher. "What kind o bottom of the class said, "They must be ostriches."

Uncle Rich-It seems mighty hard when a man has accumulated a competence to have to die and leave it all. Ben Poore (his nephew)—Oh, I don't know. Don't you think it depends a good deal upon the point of view?

Laughin' Time-Jock's sweetheart wrote from town: "My Darling Jock -I have no time to write; be sure and write a long letter." Jock wrote: "Dear Jean - If you have no time to write, you can have no time to read."

A clergyman's bright little boy has a remarkable faculty of quoting Scripture. One morning he spilled his cup of milk on the tablecloth, and, anticipating a reproof, he dropped his head instantly, and murmured, "My tup runneth over."

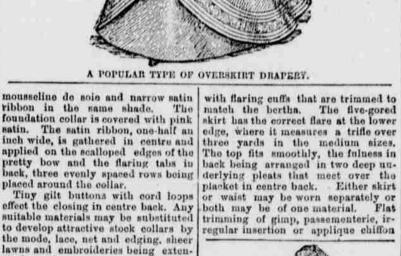
Miss Homewood-Oh, Sue, don't you want to join our new society? It's going to be very exclusive. Miss Point Breeze-What society is it? "The G. W. N. K. H." "What do these letters stand for?" "Girls who never kissed Hobson."

Teacher-Now, Thomas, the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Do I make myself plain that way? Thomas-I guess so -ma says too much eddication is what makes you so homely.

Most Fragrant Flowers. It is an interesting thing to know

that 4200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enter largely into the manufacture of scents and soaps. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other color-1124 in all. Of these, 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinarily large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, seventy-seven of them being per-fumed. Red flowers number 823, of which eighty-four are scented, blue flowers are of 594 varieties, thirty-four of which are perfumed, and the violet blossoms are pleasantly odoriferous. - Tit-Pita.







WAIST AND GORED SEIRT.

bands may be effectively employed as

and the slight fulness is gathered be-tween the points. The stylish drapery, decoration.

To make this waist for a miss of which may be worn over any skirt, is modelled on lines corresponding with the jacket fronts. It is of full skirt inches wide. fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four