

Candor with self creates charity for others. A wrong guide is as dangerous as a wrong road. Poverty may be necessary to starve our passions. The light must shine in before it will shine out. The man who stoops to a dewdrop, will often pick up a star. Cursed are the impure in heart, for they can only see the evil. It is not the house that is painted brightest that holds the most joy. No man ever gave of his best without thereby losing some of his worst. To the good, evil is working for good; to the evil, good is working for evil. He guards well his wealth who ungrudgingly uses it for the weal of the world. The man who climbs without lifting, will soon be lost because of his loneliness. It is a good thing to be a man of one idea, providing the idea is big enough. So much of the happiness of life depends on whether you will give up your soul for a part in the chorus. The power of our talent may be hindered by the discourtesy of our manners. Grace should make us graceful in word and act.—Ram's Horn.

DEVOTION OF A FISH.

It Follows its Owner Around After Manner of a Dog. A gentleman walking one evening in the park at Durham, England, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tenter hook in a port (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching) and fractured its skull, thereby turning the optic nerve on one side. The anguish evinced by the fish appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself around with such velocity that it was almost lost to sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. The doctor caught the fish and upon examination found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver toothpick raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time the gentleman did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. The pike continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of trepan for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making an appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike actually laid its head upon the physician's foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, but he examined the fish's skull and found it going on all right. He then walked backward and forward along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned, but being blind on the wounded side of his skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side toward the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. Next day the doctor took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as before, and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. This was a most remarkable case of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received.

Back to Primitive Ways.

Sir James Crichton Brown, an eminent British physician, argues for the abolition of chairs, on the ground that sitting flat on the floor and the exercise of getting up and down from and into that position are in conformity with the original habits of the human race and more healthful than those now in vogue. On very much the same ground he might argue for the abolition of headgear in the open air, the wearing of which if any clothing during the greater portion of the year, the eating of cooked foods and a thousand other customs the result of the evolution of civilization and invention. To be sure, we have a lot of new diseases which result largely from the abuse of some of our new discoveries in food, clothing and general regimen. But when it is taken into consideration that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the average of human life is gradually and steadily increasing, it must be admitted that the general result is in favor of our new habits and our new methods of living.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

No Moustaches in Alaska.

Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter never wear moustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a moustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice and the face is frozen in a short time.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Checked tweed in brown and beige made this stylish skirt, which may form part of a cycling or golf suit, or be used for general outing or rainy day wear. The skirt comprises four gores and displays the sheath effect at the top with a pretty flare from the knees to the lower edge. The front gore is of narrow width at the top and joins to wide circular side gores shaped with underlaps, over which the front gore closes with double buttons and loops, as shown, or with buttons and buttonholes, if so preferred.



FOUR-GORED BICYCLE SKIRT.

The center back gore is gathered closely at the top, the fullness being invisible under the deeply laid plaits that meet closely in back. This arrangement gives necessary saddle room when mounted and a becoming flare when off the wheel. A deep underfacing of the material held in place with rows of stitching about an inch apart finishes the lower edge of skirt. A smooth interlining of haircloth is recommended to insure both safety and style. To make this skirt will require three and one-fourth yards of material forty-four inches wide or two and one-

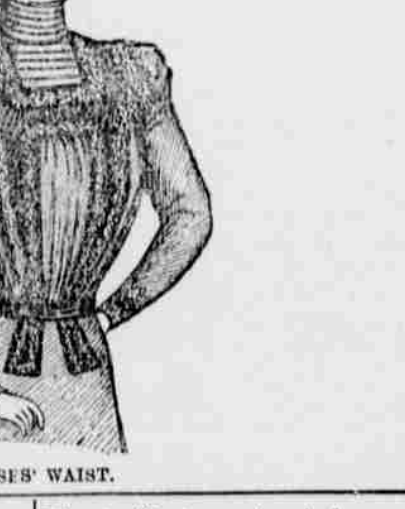
half yards of fifty-four-inch material for short length, and two and three-fourth yards of forty-four or two and one-eighth yards of fifty-four-inch material for full length.

Charming Waist.

Mauve drap d'ete, velvet of a darker shade, white corded taffeta and irregular insertion are stylishly united in the charming waist illustrated in the large engraving. The pretty bodice decoration of velvet is finished separately and applied over the completed waist. It may be used as an accessory, for other waists may be worn with low pompadour neck and short sleeves for evening dress. The full fronts are supported by fitted linings that close in center back, the square yoke of corded or tacked taffeta being applied over the lining. The collar is of taffeta to match the yoke facing. The two-seamed sleeves have becoming fulness at the top and are arranged over fitted linings, the wrists being decorated with bands of velvet and insertion to match the bretelles. The mode presents opportunity for the introduction of three contrasting materials, which is oftentimes desirable when remodeling misses' waists. The bretelles may be of some material decorated with braid, ribbon or passementerie, the yoke and collar facing being all-over lace underlain with satin in white or some becoming color. To make this waist for a miss fourteen years of age will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

The Correct Thing to Wear.

Shepherd's plaid woolen materials in black and white, petunia and white and gendarme blue and white are the very height of fashion just now for making up into skirts, and the correct thing is to wear a short jacket or coat made of same-face amazone cloth to match the color of the check material of which the skirt is made. The fancy shape revers and collar are faced with the same shepherd's plaid. White crystal buttons are used to decorate double-



MISS'S WAIST.

Child's Frock.

White dimity is here daintily associated with fine tucking and lace insertion which is sold all ready for yoking. The fashionable square yoke forms the upper portion from which depends the full front and back, that hangs in graceful folds from gathers at the top. A deep frill of valenciennes lace edging outlines the yoke, standing out stylishly at the shoulders over the moderately full sleeves. The sleeves are gathered on the upper and lower edges and completed at the wrists with bands of insertion and frills of narrow lace edging. A narrow frill to match finishes the neck. It is a very popular style.



CHILD'S FROCK.

COMMONPLACE.

Spreading on a bit of jam, Tying up a shoe, Setting straight the many things Baby hands undo: Coaxing out a backward smile, Chasing back a tear, Praising childish courage, Stilling childish fear; Picking out a silver sharp, Putting in a stitch, Letting fall a drop of love Where life's cog-wheels hitch; Binding on a breath of prayer, Smoothing out a strife—These acts oft repeated Make a mother's life. —By Bernie Babcock.

THE Giant Clam. A Story of the Philippines.

The villain in this true tale is the giant clam, also known by various other names—an enormous bivalve, often weighing twenty pounds, and living in a pair of shells that frequently measure four feet in length, and weigh four or five hundred pounds. Its succulent flesh would provide chowder for a good-sized boarding-house, and no conchological collection is considered complete without at least a pair of these gigantic valves, which are also useful as baptisms fonts, fountain-basins, and even infants' bath-tubs. This clam is found only in warm eastern seas; and particularly in the Philippines, where it is known as the taeloob, and eagerly sought by the native fishermen.

My second character is Sancho, a sturdy Visayan fisher youth, bright of eye and lithe of limb, who can swim or dive like a fish, and in his primitive pirogue, rudely fashioned from a log, can easily outpaddle or outswim any fisherman in the Philippines, with line, net, or with the sharp-pronged trident spear. Malay boys in general are about as fond of work as other boys, but Sancho was naturally industrious and ambitious; he knew not the taste of the stupefying buyo leaf, and cared nothing for cockfighting, the favorite Malayan amusement. Moreover, he was a prodigy of learning, for besides reading and writing a little, and mumbling paternosters, he could count to thirty without an error.

My third character is an American professor who will be found in a very disagreeable position when introduced later and more definitely. Heavy responsibilities had rested on Sancho, since, at the age of 16, he found himself the principal support of his invalid father and his six little motherless brothers and sisters. Every day, in fair weather, he sailed alone in his pirogue with its bamboo outriggers, tripod mast, and curious mat sail, eager to take fish. Simply clad in shirt and trousers, with a huge bowl-shaped salacot or hat to shield him from the tropical sun, he toiled from dawn to dusk, visiting his weirs and traps, capturing small fry with the cumbersome casting-net, or spearing monster turtles as they basked lazily on the surface. The coral reefs yielded abundance of crabs, mollusks and edible seaweed, and he carefully searched the cliffs for the nests of the esculent swallow. Little that could be eaten or sold escaped the sharp eyes of Sancho.

One fine day, just at sunset, not long before Dewey smote Spain in Manila Bay, Sancho was returning from a most successful trip, his little boat laden with fish, and running before a strong breeze. Ordinarily this would have been an occasion for great rejoicing, but today there was sorrow in the heart of Sancho, for misfortune and disgrace had suddenly descended upon his household. His beloved father was a criminal. Not a robber—not a murderer; no, a thousand times worse, in the eyes of the Spanish authorities—he was a delinquent taxpayer!

The family had been suffering lately from a run of bad luck. First, rice-birds and weevils wrought havoc in the paddy-field, while hordes of flying-foxes feasted nightly on the fruit of the garden. Then came a terrific hurricane, unroofing the little nipa hut, stripping the banana plants, and leveling every stalk of sugar-cane. Fish was so abundant as to be almost unsalable in the market. To cap the climax a cunning thief had entered the hut at dead of night, and stolen the bamboo joint containing the hoarded silver—the tribute saved for the inexorable, the taxcollector. Last week the cabeza, or collector—merciless because he himself was held responsible by the Spanish authorities for the taxes on some sixty families—with a squad of cuadrilleros, or bailiffs, had taken Sancho's father away to prison. On the morrow the sick man would be terribly flogged in the public square. Then his property would be confiscated and he would be deported to Zamboanga, there to work out his debt in the miserable chain-gang, or more likely to die of fever in the pestilential jungles. From his bitter reflections Sancho was suddenly aroused by the wild cry of a human being in distress. As he listened, the sound was repeated again and again, coming faintly from the distance, but unmistakably a frantic appeal for help; and now the youth could discern, far shoreward, a dark, moving object on the surface of the sea. Toward this he promptly steered.

It proved to be a man, standing erect upon a submerged reef, wildly waving his arms and bawling for help. Drawing nearer, Sancho recognized in that white-faced, wild-eyed man the American naturalist who had arrived on the last steamer from Manila. The

naturalist's headquarters were at the village tribunal, and he spent his time in wandering about the neighboring reefs in search of rare shells. Now the scientist, up to his shoulders in water, presented a sorry spectacle. "Save me! save me!" he yelled. "I'm caught by a big taeloob! Hurry, or you'll be too late!" His Spanish was faulty, but Sancho caught the word taeloob. He needed no further explanation. The giant clam lies at the bottom of pools, often shallow, with its huge valves agape to admit food and air, and woe to the man who unwittingly places hand or foot within the gap, for the shell shuts instantly like a steel trap. Many a Malay fisherman, caught in that clutch, has perished wretchedly in the rising tide. For more than two hours had the naturalist stood there, alternately shouting and praying as he watched the water steadily mounting higher and higher, but now he saw in brown-skinned Sancho a possible preserver, and despair gave way to hope. "Courage, senior! I will save you!" the boy cheerily called, as he lowered the mast, and paddled his boat cautiously inshore until the buoyant outrigger was within the American's grasp. Overboard went the anchor—a curious combination of wood, stone and twisted rattan—and then Sancho snatched up a heavy, keen-edged knife. "Hurry, my lad!" cried the naturalist, for the water was now quite up to his neck. "If there is no other way to save me, chop off my foot!" Sancho smiled reassuringly; he knew from experience just what to do. Then he dived and held himself at the bottom by clutching a spur of coral with one hand. With the keen blade in the other hand he vigorously slashed and saved at the byssus, or cable, by which the giant clam cements itself to the rocks. It was difficult work, and lack of air soon forced Sancho to the surface, but in a few seconds he was down again, hacking desperately at the tough cord. A wave broke over the naturalist's head, as he clung to the outrigger with both hands, and then the byssus yielded. Up came Sancho with, "Now, senior, climb for your life!" and like a flash the boy dived under the canoe, bobbing up on the opposite side, and clinging to the edge of the craft to counterbalance the weight of the naturalist, who now began a desperate effort to drag himself into the boat. The giant clam still clung obstinately to the American's rubber boot, but he had to lift only the creature's dead weight, and this in water—a heavy load, however, to a man chilled and exhausted from long exposure; but inch by inch the American dragged his weary length along one of the beams connecting boat and outrigger, with an immense mollusk clinging to his left foot. Finally, more dead than alive, he got his arms and shoulders over into the dugout. Then Sancho, no longer fearing a capsize, dived again, and began a vigorous assault on the hinge of the monster shell. Soon the grip of the great clam relaxed, and the American's foot was free. "Save the clam—I want it!" he gasped, feebly; and then, after pulling his whole body aboard, he fell back in a dead faint upon a moldy heap of fish, where he lay quite undisturbed, for Sancho was now fully occupied in saving his canoe. It was rapidly dragging anchor, and drifting dangerously close to the rock-bound coast. Before long the dexterous youth had worked clear of the perilous reef, and was once more speeding for port, but it was not until the twinkling lights of the village showed close at hand that the naturalist recovered consciousness. "Boy," said he, solemnly, "you have saved my life. What can I do for you?" Sancho's answer came promptly. "O senior, save my poor father! That is all I ask," and bursting into tears he sobbed out the story of the family misfortune. "Your father shall be free, my boy," the naturalist declared. "Fear not, tomorrow will witness his release." And so it came to pass, for the American was quite able to pay the sum for which the Filipino was held in prison. His gratitude did not stop with the release of Sancho's father. He did not tell me the rest when he related the history of the gigantic pair of taeloob shells that form a part of his matchless collection. A man's wife, however, privileged to speak of his good deeds. Sancho, fisher-boy, was sent to school through his benefactor's generosity.

The United States can furnish excellent counsel on the disarmament question and also excellent battleships if Europe insists on more war material. French Canadian papers and men are still lamenting the exodus of members of their race from the Province of Quebec, and they say that unless checked it means death to French-Canadian influence in the Dominion. The automobile, with its big pneumatic tires, is a road builder, and not a road destroyer, like the heavy, narrow steel tired vehicle. The more automobiles there are the better will it be for our roads. From every point of view they should be encouraged. A Baltimorean who has been a close student of household economies has recently made a comparison of the weight of paper with the weight of food supplies purchased. In one day's purchase it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about ten per cent. of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.90, he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14 3-4 cents. He claimed that this was altogether out of proportion. That a toy originally designed for amusement may develop into means of instruction, is shown by the cinematograph. Its moving pictures have been employed in Berlin to illustrate difficult surgical operations. It is proved that these vivid and accurate illustrations are a valuable aid to students, being superior to the most elaborate descriptions. The scientific uses of photography are many, but this is an innovation that, with characteristic enterprise, will probably be adopted by medical instructors in this country. It appears, from figures furnished by the postoffice department, that the average person in Massachusetts, including men, women and children, spends \$2.30 on postage per annum. New York comes second, with an expenditure of \$2.27, and the District of Columbia third, with \$2.16. Colorado is fourth with \$1.93, and Connecticut is fifth, with \$1.80. The states ranking lowest in this regard are South Carolina, with twenty-five cents per capita; Mississippi, with thirty-four cents; Alabama, with thirty-four cents; Arkansas, with thirty-seven cents, and North Carolina with forty-one.

The president of a large telephone system has offered to pay a million dollars for a telephone repeater which would be as efficient in telephony as the telegraph repeater is in telegraphy. From the earliest days of the telephone to the present time inventors have sought to make such repeaters, and as early as 1878 it was thought that the problem had been solved. It is probable that if such a plan is invented, the experiments leading up to it will be along entirely new lines, for already a large number of trained telephone inventors have tried their hands at it and have failed. Original measures have been taken in Charleston, S. C., to protect firemen from the danger of contact with live electric wires. By the terms of an ordinance on the subject each company having the right to string electric wires must connect its station with the fire-alarm system, and on the occasion of each fire-alarm must send an emergency wagon and one or more competent men, with necessary apparatus and tools, to the locality of the fire, where they must act under the direction of the officers of the fire department. In addition, a special signal has been arranged, in obedience to which the electric companies must turn off the electric current in the district of the fire. Heavy penalties are provided for neglect to comply with the ordinance, and they are cumulative for each day of neglect. Although the park officials of many cities, observes the New York Times, continue to make rules and regulations on the theory that horses have some rights which automobiles are bound to respect, it is recognized almost everywhere that this is a position impossible to maintain for any length of time, and that in the near future the new motor will be at least as free of every restriction upon its liberty to wander where it pleases as is the bicycle. That automobiles frighten horses, or rather some horses, is doubtless true, and it is not unnatural that the owners of the horses, being a numerous and therefore influential class, have revenged the inconvenience to which the "self-moving" carriages subject them by securing the banishment of those machines from park roads and other highways nominally devoted exclusively to the uses of pleasure-seekers.