

Among the new "Don'ts" is "Don't sneeze." You might break an ear drum.

The fact that the year 1900 beat all records for suicides may be attributable to the end of the century argument.

There is some question whether the name of the present year shall be written "M D C C C C" or M D C D or M C M. What is the objection to plain "1901"?

It is estimated that the losses from fire throughout the world amount every year from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000. Of course, the larger part of this falls upon the fire underwriters of the different nations.

Both Arkansas and Mississippi, which are to have new state houses to cost about \$1,000,000 each, have by a singular coincidence selected as the sites for the buildings those formerly occupied by penitentiaries.

California is conceded to be the great prune state. The belt adapted to the cultivation of this fruit extends from Washington to Arizona, but the Golden state produces more than all the balance of the territory combined.

William Woolsey, a Maryland farmer, has just died and left \$50,000 to his country to build good roads with. Here is an original suggestion and a good one to wealthy testators who are in search of something besides colleges, libraries, hospitals and churches on which to bestow their riches.

In spite of the reports at every hand of the farm population turning citywards, the census says that the farmers in the United States have increased 1,400,000 during the last ten years. It would be a good thing if we could believe that men are going back to the land and away from the congested centres, says the American Cultivator.

The Chicago man who is trying to keep his name a secret while he gives liberally of his wealth in aid of the worthy poor objects to being referred to as a philanthropist or to having his giving termed charity. But, all the same, he seems to be the truest type of philanthropist and his work the highest kind of charity, if those words mean anything.

The Chicago Tribune comments on a musical folly announced by a German scientist. He has discovered that plants are sensitive to music, and that some plants unfold their leaves and are stimulated to growth when sweet music is made, while they close them again if the music becomes discordant. The Tribune thinks well of the discovery, and suggests that a brass band might be usefully employed in forcing the products of a truck farm, while a mandolin orchestra could be used to stimulate a flower garden.

It is an unprogressive hamlet that cannot produce at least one old resident who has "lived in three centuries." One of the noteworthy features of the 19th century was that it made such a feat of longevity possible. Because of the great increase of creature comforts—better food, better shelter, an improved knowledge of hygiene, etc., the expectation of life, as the insurance men call it, has improved with demonstrable regularity. The century produced no "old Parrs" with a record of 150 years, but its crop of authentic centenarians was unexampled.

As a result of the Boer war the English military papers are clamoring for a complete change in the system of military maneuvers in England. One describes those hitherto held as merely great spectacular social events. It says they were synonymous with holidays and this notion was encouraged by the military authorities themselves. The field days at Aldershot were arranged so as to include the Whitsuntide and August bank holidays—trains full of soldiers going down to Aldershot put on a siding; to let the trippers get there first, picnics all over the heath and hills, officers and their women friends at cold luncheon, private soldiers and their friends enjoying themselves in various ways, march past, march back to camp, camp fire, sing song, drink—the whole thing, it says, was a stupid and useless farce. It compares the present condition of the British army with that of the French before 1870, when their military exercises consisted in marching long columns of troops past a decorated stand holding a decorated emperor, who bowed and saluted while the band played; while east of the Rhine things were quite otherwise.

THE SOUL OF A WOMAN.

"The sea hath its pearls,"—
But none more fair
Was drawn from its breast,
Or half so rare
As that I have found.

This pearl, in its beauty
Exceedingly fair,
Is the soul of a woman,
True and rare!
—The American Queen.

There Are Two Sides to Everything.

By Edith Berkeley.

GOING to be a thoroughly wet afternoon," muttered Miss Hudson, subsiding into her favorite chair near the window, with the Times and her knitting, and contemplating the rain-soaked garden. "Bad for the roses, and no one likely to call."

But here a ring resounded through the little house, and a moment later the door opened to admit an exceedingly pretty girl, whose appearance made the elder lady sit up in amazement, and exclaim:

"Gracious, child! what brings you here such a day?"

"You may well wonder, aunt; but after what has happened I could not stay in town, and mother thought you would have me for a few weeks. My trunks are coming later. I have been compelled to break off my engagement to Terry, and have written this morning to tell him we must never meet again."

This speech, uttered with feverish spirit, as Doris Drummond dragged off her gloves and threw them on the table in a ball, was as a bombshell in the quiet room.

"Broken your engagement?" ejaculated Miss Hudson, dropping her knitting. "Nonsense! There must be some mistake."

The girl shook her head as she paced the room impatiently.

"I had better tell you all about it, and then the subject can drop," she cried. "Terry has been very busy lately; every one seems ill, at least he says so. Well, dear, yesterday, as mother and I were coming out of Central Park we saw him just by the entrance with Helen Legarde, that horrid girl with whose brother he went to school, you know. They were quite absorbed, and never saw us, yet in the evening I had a note to say that he was too busy to come up. Still, I tried not to mind—"

"Quite right."

"But this morning I saw them again. They were talking most earnestly; he was bending down to her, and I'm sure she was crying. This kind of thing cannot go on. I have lost all confidence in him. I cannot believe in him again"—this with great emphasis, and then she added with withering scorn, "Busy, indeed!"

"Humph!"

"What do you mean by 'humph' in that tone, aunt, dear?" asked Doris, doubtfully. "Surely you agree with me?"

"My love, there are two sides to everything. I should like to hear Terry's side."

"Why, he has not got one"—very blankly. "I saw myself—"

Miss Hudson picked up her knitting. She had always been plain and angular. No romance had ever touched her life save through her sister's only child—sweet, spoiled Doris. Then she had thought so much of Dr. Oliver, too. He was considerably older than her niece. They had seemed exactly suited to each other and no discussion had ruffled their harmony hitherto. It appeared inexplicable, until she recalled how foolish her poor, dear sister Lizzie was; how likely to fan her daughter's resentment into a flame, in sheer thoughtlessness.

"The least said is soonest mended," she wisely reflected, stroking her darling's sunny little head. "There is the other side; that I maintain."

Perhaps Doris dimly realized this, for ere they retired to rest she remarked that, with all his faults, Terry was good to every one.

"Doubtless; no one is altogether bad," Miss Hudson replied in a tone of disparagement, making a wry face to conceal a smile. "But as you have lost all confidence in him, there is no more to be said."

"No, not a word," responded her niece, with unnecessary fervor.

When Miss Hudson looked out of her window the following morning it was fair and sunny, and Doris was sitting about among the roses in the garden below. There, as she stood absently watching her, the gate clicked, and Terence Oliver's tall form came down the pathway. The window was wide open, and they were so near that she could not help hearing. He spoke first.

"You wrote this?" holding out a note.

"Yes. I simply related the truth. You cannot explain—"

"Explain! I shall not try—yet. Will you take back every word in this note?"

"Now she will fire up; now there will be a scene!" murmured the wicked old eavesdropper, excitedly. "How pretty the poor pet looks! yet somehow I would trust him. Heigh-ho! what it is to be young!"

Could she believe her ears? So far from the expected torrent of words, Doris had only turned to the rose bushes, as if she could not bear Terry's straightforward eyes, and muttered, half audibly:

"But—Terry; I could not. And Helen—"

"Oh, yes, you could, and will," he

answered gently. "You will believe me against all the world; you will believe me through good and evil, as I will you. I know you better than you do yourself, you see."

She moved uneasily, and hid her face in her hands; then suddenly raised it, smiling through her tears, like one of her aunt's roses washed in dew.

"You do, Terry, and I will; indeed, I will!" she cried, earnestly.

The listener did not wait to hear more, but fastened on her cap with trembling fingers and dim eyes, and hurried downstairs to order every good thing that she could devise for breakfast before going out to summon her visitors.

"I have been telling Doris of the death of my old friend, Hugh Legarde," Terry said, gravely, as they walked to the door. "Poor fellow! he was hurt in an accident two days ago, and I have been with him day and night since. The family are in terrible trouble; he was the only son."

"He died late last night, and when Terry returned home he found my note. I am so very, very ashamed of myself," Doris owned, bravely. Then she slipped round to her aunt's side to whisper, "Ah! I see there is the other side now. I will never forget it again."

—American Queen.

SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE BEAST.

But the Rod Must Be Iron, With a Red Hot Tip.

"When all other methods of controlling wild beasts fail the keeper has only to employ an iron rod, which has been made red hot at one end," said an old circus man to a Star reporter recently. "Lions and tigers," he continued, "will cringe before the heated poker, and no matter how restless and fretful they may have been the sight of the glowing iron immediately brings them to their best of animal senses. It has an almost hypnotic influence over the beasts. I have seldom heard of an animal being burned in this manner, however, so there is nothing cruel in the treatment. It would not do for the keeper to burn the charges under his care, for the scars would mar the animal or exhibition purposes. The hot iron is a terror, just the same, and under its persuasion the kings of the jungle are docile and ready to do what is wanted of them."

"In circus menageries the animals often become almost unmanageable. This is true of the younger specimens, who do not like the idea of being so closely housed, so much hauled about and so often cut off from the light of the outside world. When it becomes necessary to give their cages a thorough and sanitary cleaning one attendant holds the beast in a corner by means of the red-hot iron, while another thoroughly cleanses the remaining portion of the cage—the work being accomplished by brooms and mops from the outside. In changing the wilder animals from the cages employed on the road to the larger and more commodious quarters at the winter station, what we call a strong box is used. The wagon is hauled alongside the large cage and the steel strong box, open at both ends, is constituted a passageway. The animals hesitate to make a journey through such a suspicious-looking object, however, and again the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

Electrical Process.

Next to steam, electricity has made the most wonderful progress. At the end of the eighteenth century practically nothing was known of this subtle fluid. A hundred years later, marvelous doings can be reported. What steam fails to do for us electricity does. It rings our bells, propels our cars, raises our elevators, transmits our messages, reproduces our voices, plays our pianos, lights our streets and homes, cauterizes our wounds and performs a thousand other functions. All these marvels owe their origin to the discovery of the electro-magnet, an indispensable adjunct to all electric contrivances, by Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton, N. J. Samuel F. B. Morse, utilizing Henry's invention, discovered the telegraph and the system of signaling which bears his name. Joseph E. Stearns, of Boston, discovered the duplex system of telegraphing and Edison the quadruplex. Royal C. House, another American, invented the printing telegraph, now used in every broker's office in the shape of the famous "ticker." Still another invention of American origin is the fire-alarm system, discovered by Channing and Farmer, of Boston. Burglar alarms, district messenger calls, railroad signals and hotel annunciators are also American by birth.—Collier's Weekly.

The Market in Ancient Albi.

It was nine in the morning, and the market was at its height—and such a market!—one of those Southern markets, where every bright color is displayed at once, where every heap of gray-blue cabbages and every pile of rich red berries and golden apricots is sheltered by an umbrella of a different hue—green, red, blue, purple—where every woman wears a bright kerchief or a knot of gay ribbon. And such a clatter of tongues, and such animation! How interesting the sights! The old women in little, close-fitting caps, with wide double ruffles round the face, framing it in an aureole of white; the young women with their hair bound in gay plaid kerchiefs, covered by large straw hats of curious fashion, with low crowns bound by wide bands of velvet ribbon.—From "Albi," by E. C. Peixotto, in Scribner's.

Big Incubator.

What an English paper says is the greatest incubator in the world is at Batary, near Sydney, Australia. It accommodates 11,440 duck eggs or 14,000 hen's eggs.

AROUSING ENTHUSIASM.

Little Scheme Worked Successfully at a Political Meeting.

One of the men who will enter the next Congress as a member of the House makes this honest confession: "You know that my district is too close for comfort. One evening I had a big meeting in a locality where it was a toss-up which party would win out at the polls. I had not lived all my years in the district, but I challenged any man within the hearing of my voice to put his finger on a single act of mine that so much as suggested want of honesty or manliness."

"A weakened little old chap arose in the back of the room, and in a shrill nasal voice read what purported to be a clipping from a Western newspaper, the date being in the early 70's. In it I was charged with getting all my poultry from a neighbor's chicken coop, with being a Sunday-school superintendent as a blind, and with decamping between two days with \$3,000 of my partner's money."

"The audience looked black and muttered ominously. I dramatically called for the clipping, and it was brought to me by a young man in the audience while I was denying the accusations in burning language, and branding them as the contemptible products of a desperate opposition."

"I read the article aloud, and then asked for a few hours in which to refute it by telegraphic evidence. Suddenly I braced up, tried the paper between my finger and thumb, held it between me and the light, and jubilantly exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, I know something about paper, as I'm interested in a factory. This is made from wood fibre, and there were no wood fibre mills thirty years ago.'"

"Then I screeched and roared with mighty indignation, until I had the crowd in a frenzy, and it rushed forth to wreak vengeance on my traducer after a unanimous vote to support me. It was a small town, and they searched house after house, but failed to find their victim."

"Where was he?"

"Well, of course, they didn't go through my house. The dear old chap was my favorite uncle. Great scheme, wasn't it?"—Detroit Free Press.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Manners are stronger than laws.—A. Carille.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—Lowell.

Adversity is the first path to truth.—Byron.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Fuller.

Ambition is but the evil shadow of aspiration.—Macdonald.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—David Garrick.

The evening of a well spent life brings its lamps with it.—Joubert.

It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr.—Napoleon.

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

Adversity is the diamond dust Heaven polishes its jewels with.—Leighton.

The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon.—Emerson.

Woman's happiness is in obeying. She objects to men who abdicate too much.—Michelet.

There will always remain something to be said of woman as long as there is one on the earth.—De Baufrers.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

That man is not to be considered among the great who depends upon the errors of the foolish multitude.—Cicero.

Oh! We are poor querulous creatures! Little less than all things can make us happy, and little more than nothing can make us unhappy.—Coleridge.

Prince Met a Revolutionary Veteran.

The venerable Ralph Farnham called on the Prince in Boston by appointment. He was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne, who he said was a brave soldier. In speaking to the Prince Mr. Farnham said: "I hear so much in praise of the Prince of Wales that I fear the people will all turn Royalists," which, it is said, "caused much merriment." Mr. Farnham said that "in common with all our countrymen he desired to pay his respects to the Prince to show that all animosities were forgotten and he hoped never to be revived." The interview lasted about fifteen minutes. As one has said: "It was an interesting event to witness; a veteran of the Revolution, 105 years old, shaking hands with a Prince whose great-great-great-grandfather was on the throne of England when he was born, and whose great-grandfather, George III, he had contended against during the Revolution."

Another Kind of Vegetable.

A well-known electrical contractor recently told the following story on one of his foremen, an Irishman of ability in electrical installations, but whose knowledge of outside matters is limited. On the day in question Pat left his assistant electrician in charge of the plant they were installing while he trotted down town to a jeweler's to buy a ring for his wife-to-be. After waiting until he could obtain the ear of the clerk without letting others know his business, Pat whispered hoarsely to him: "Give me the best wedding ring you have in the shop."

"Eighteen karat?" queried the clerk.

"No," snapped Pat, drawing back in an offended manner. "Atin' onious, if it's any of your business."—Electrical Review.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The simple little frock that can be worn with or without a gullepe makes one of the best possible models both for light wool



GIRL'S BLOUSE DRESS.

and washable materials. The pretty May Manton model shown is made from mercerized Madras in shades of dull blue, and is trimmed with needlework insertion and edging, but all cotton stuffs are suitable, as are cashmere, veiling, abtross and the like. The skirt is straight, finished with a hem at the lower edge, and arranged in gathers at the waist, where it is joined to the belt. The waist is simplicity itself. Both backs and fronts are gathered at the upper and lower edges, the fitted lining being used or not as preferred. Around the Pompadour-shaped neck is a flat, square collar, that is eminently becoming and



BLOUSE ETON JACKET.

gathered at the waist line. The plastron is stitched in horizontal lines, then attached permanently to the right side and hooked over onto the left. The fancy sleeves are made over a smooth lining. The undersleeves are gathered top and bottom and attached to the lining at each edge. The lace cuffs are faced over the lower portion, and the finished upper sleeves are drawn over the whole. The neck is finished with a stock of satin, stitched to match the plastron and finished with points of lace.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, three and one-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with one yard of all-over lace and three-quarter yard of mousseline to make as illustrated.

Straps Are Smart.

A favorite mode of smartening a cloth costume is to trim the edge of a seam across the chest with a series of buttons and straps. This is not the somewhat passe mode of strapping across an open blouse or a lace front, but occurs where the jacket is double breasted, and the little straps are set on beneath the hemmed edge. They all have one worked button hole, which fastens over a button placed in the blouse. Only an inch-and-a-half of the strap is permitted to show. Where the straps are properly set on they resemble the rungs of a ladder, which lacks one upright on the button side.

Satin Plaided Handkerchiefs.

The new fine cambric handkerchiefs for ladies are rather more expensive than some older fashioned specimens, consequently, they are sold by threes or by fours instead of by the dozen or half dozen. Quite the latest fashion in monochromes is the cambric or lawn which shows a surface cut up in



BLOUSE ETON JACKET.



WOMAN'S WAIST.

which, at the same time, can be laundered with ease. The lower edge of the waist is attached to the upper edge of the belt, and the entire gown closes at the centre back. The short sleeves are gathered in puffs and finished with straight bands.

To cut this frock for a girl of eight yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, four and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Two Stylish Garments.

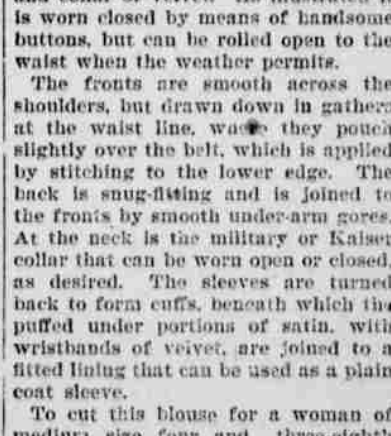
No outer garment is more popular than the blouse with Eton effect. The fashionable May Manton model shown in the large drawing is suitable alike to the entire costume and to the separate wrap. The original is made of Russian blue broadcloth, with facings of white stitched with black, undersleeves of white Liberty satin, cuffs and collar of velvet. As illustrated it is worn closed by means of handsome buttons, but can be rolled open to the waist when the weather permits.

The fronts are smooth across the shoulders, but drawn down in gathers at the waist line, where they pounce slightly over the belt, which is applied by stitching to the lower edge. The back is snug-fitting and is joined to the fronts by smooth under-arm gores. At the neck is the military or Kaiser collar that can be worn open or closed, as desired. The sleeves are turned back to form cuffs, beneath which the puffed under portions of satin, with wristbands of velvet, are joined to a fitted lining that can be used as a plain coat sleeve.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size four and three-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, or one and three-quarters yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

The low, round neck with flat collar and contrasting inner portion makes a feature of the latest—ista and is singularly effective. The very charming example illustrated in the large cut, is made from crepe de Chine in the indescribably tender shade known as moonlight, with trimming of cream guipure lace and plastron, collar and undersleeves of white satin Aigon.

The lining, which extends to the waist line, is simply fitted with single bust darts, under-arm and centre back seams, the fronts and back of the waist proper extending below in shirt waist style. The back is laid in straight tucks that are slightly overlapped at the waist line. The fronts are tucked in groups of three each, and



FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

to blocks, or chequered by satin-plaided lines which cross and recross the handkerchief.

The Shoulder Chou.

The chou, or cabbage-like rosette of velvet or satin ribbon or loops of soft silk, has appeared in a fresh direction. It ornaments the left side of the bodice worn by the slender maiden. Sometimes the chou has two short ends of ribbon or silk, each terminating in one gilt spike. Only a thin figure can bear this ornament successfully. The plastron sister is positively disgraced by the round little chou of fancy velvet. It can be worn on or near the shoulder.

Oval Dots.

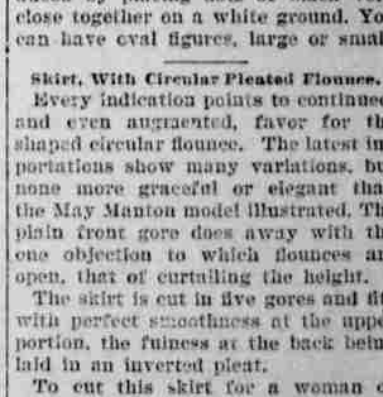
A modish veil now popular has an oval-shape figure in chenille on a tulle ground. You can have black chenille oval figures on a white ground or vice versa, as you prefer. The manufacturer also provides us with self-colored chenille dots on white or black tulle veils. A grayish effect is produced by placing dots of black very close together on a white ground. You can have oval figures, large or small.

Skirt, With Circular Pleated Flounces.

Every indication points to continued, and even augmented, favor for the shaped circular flounce. The latest importations show many variations, but none more graceful or elegant than the May Manton model illustrated. The plain front gore does away with the one objection to which flounces are open, that of curtailing the height.

The skirt is cut in five gores and fits with perfect smoothness at the upper portion, the fullness at the back being laid in an inverted pleat.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size ten yards of material



FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

twenty-one inches wide, nine and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, six yards forty-four inches wide, or three-quarter yards fifty inches wide, will be required.