We have no light to judge a man Until he's fairly tried; Should we not like his company, we know the world is wide. Some may have mails—all, who have not? The or, as well as young, erhaps we may, for aught we know, Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works quite well.
I try my own defects to cure,
Before of others' tell,
And, though I semetimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bil me set
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence To slander friend or fce, Think of the harm that one may do

To those we little knew.

Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't peak of others fauits until
We have none of our own.

"We have a blue with a pattern just

"Have you?" exclaimed Serena and

The clerk produced it, and it was re-

garded with approval and even enthu-

siasm. The clerk measured off five

Serena. The grandfather paid the Ht-

"Don't mention it," said Jeannette

"I would have been," said the little

Jeannette smiled at them, as she

hurried home to luncheon-for which

she was so late that the family and

"My dear," whispered her mother, re-

proachfully, "you might have been on

time-especially when you knew Aunt

"That you haven't brought me up

Maria was going to be here! Aunt

properly?" said Jeannette, kissing her

Her mother laughed, but she said,

"I know it," agreed Jeannette, "I

"Then I will forgive you," said her

mother, "but you must be particularly

Jeannette succeeded so well that ber

Aunt Maria decided that she was, after

all, not so improperly brought up as

she had feared. Fortunately she did

not stay very long, or Jeannette might

have spoiled this good impression by

relating her newest adventure. The

door had hardly closed upon her aunt

when she rushed to her mother and

told her about Serena and her grand-

"Why," exclaimed her mother, as

Jeannette paused, "I was at that very

counter this morning, and, my dear, I

checked gingham for you a shirt-waist!

"Where is it?" gasped Jeannette,

don't think what I have will fade."

Her mother brought it, and they

1111-

opened it. It was the identical ging-

ham that little Serena and her grand-

They laughed until the rest of the

family hurried to the spot in alarmed

surprise, to demand an explanation.

"Anyway," said Jeannette, at last,

"Jeannette!" they all remonstrated;

but Jeannette insisted. "Imagine how

it at the seashore; it did not fade. She

wore it the entire spring, and every

It had not; it would not! To Jean-

nette's eyes it became more and more

that Fred had given her for "caddy-

ing" all the afternoon, she said, "My

dear child, don't ask me! I give no

"My dear," her mother said, "you

are not to blame. You meant kindly,

and it might have been expected to

But that little girl wanted it so! I

have no way of finding out where she

lives. They were just in for the day

from the country. She never will

know-and she might just as well have

Jeannette actually went to the ging-

ham counter not a few times that sum

wear it, hoping that it would suddenly

"I really think it would, if I should

said pensively. "It couldn't have the

She did not see Serena; but one day

ever see Serena when I had it on,"

The blue was far better, and

more advice!"

lavender is so uncertain.

"It certainly is," said

child.

had it!"

"I still think it will fade. I hope it

more they explained, the more

father had so reluctantly left

father, and the lavender gingham.

bought some lavender and

nice to Aunt Maria to make up for it.

know it. I meant to, but something

reproachfully, "You might have come

mother on the dimple in her cheek,

before we were quite finished.

really couldn't help being late."

Maria thinks, anyway-"

her Aunt Maria were just leaving the

girl, earnestly, "and the blue it al-

most just as pretty,"

dining room.

yards, and gave the two parcels

her grandfather in one

Lavender Gingham.

By ELIZABETH McCRACHEN.

breath.

Jeannette was in a hurry, but she surely don't want to choose anything lingered at the gingham counter. She that will fade." ignored the probability that she would be half an hour late for luncheon, to guess I'll get some blue," she said to which her Aunt Maria, who could not the clerk. tolerate tardiness, was invited. She even forgot that she had meant not like that lavender," he said, kindly. to be late, so absorbed was she in a quaint little country girl and a quaint old man, presumably ner grandfather, who stood also at the gingham counter, earnestly and carefully selecting two dresses for the little girl.

Jeannette could not help hearing their serious discussion as to the prettiest colors and patterns. In fact she tie bill, and they turned away, after lingered because she did hear, and because she was very much concerned lest the little girl should choose an alluring lavender and white check, which | would be sorry if you did get it and it both she and her grandfather evidently regarded with deep admiration. Jeannette was sure that the lavender would fade.

Jeannette had, almost to a fault, a keen personal interest in the smallest detail of the welfare of other persons. Her Aunt Maria described it as "a fondness for putting her fingers into other neonle's pies." Her brother Fred said as graphically that Jeannette Hked to "put in her oar;" and even her loyal and cherished mother said that her daughter had a delightful and sweet, if sometimes just a little oversealous, habit of offering advice.

Certain it is that Jeannette stopped strange children on the street and advised them to button their jackets, lest they take cold, or pointed out to them the superiority of peppermint drops over chocolate creams. And she gave her little sister Elsie so much advice out of the ordinary happened that I as to the spending of her weekly allowance that the poor child usually ended by not spending it at all. As Jeannette caid, this really was good for Elsie-it taught her at one and the same time economy and the value of knowing her mind. Jeannette knew her own mind so well that she never listened to those hints of her family about pies and oars, although she did listen to, and sometimes remembered, her mother's occasional warning.

She remembered it now, but she was none the less agitated. The little girl and the old man were fingering the lavender gingham. Jeannette more and more certain that it would

"That lilac piece is real pretty, Sereny," said the old man approvingly. 'Yes, grandpa,' said the small girl, "It is, and I love that color; it's just

like violets. "It will fade," said Jeannette to her-

"I know it will fade!" "That pink and white stripe's real pretty, too, deary," said the old man. 'Seein' as you're going to have two, why don't you get that for one? Your ma used to wear them pink and white

"Did she, really?" said the little girl. | they laughed. Then I will: it is real pretty. I'll take five yards of this pink and white stripe," she said, shyly, turning to the clerk, "and I think I'll take some of this lavender and white check, too;

"I think I would, deary," said the old

I shall feel if it shouldn't-but it will!" wouldn't you, grandpa?" She could hardly wait to make it into shirtwaist; and when it came home en: "it's real pretty." from the laundry the first time, the This was too much for Jeannette. family seized the box containing it. She touched the little girl lightly on and almost tore it to pieces in their the shoulder. "I think that lavender eagerness to see the contents. It had will fade," she said in a low tone. The little girl looked up in surprise. not faded! Jeannette played golf in it; she wore

bought!

will!

She stared at Jeannette for a moment: then she said, gravely, "Do you think

one said. "How fortunate you are with The selection of the two new dresse that waist! It hasn't faded a bit!" was a serious and weighty matter to her. That a charming girl should see this did not seem at all remarkable to lavender. Her remorse was so keer the little girl, or, apparently, to her that when, one Jay, Elsie asked what "Do you think it will, miss?" the she should buy with twenty-five cents

old man said, anxiously, to Jeannette. "Yes," said Jeannette, "I am almost certain it will. Lavender is my favorite color, and every summer I have a lavender gingham shirt-waist, and every summer it fades the first time it

"How dreadful!" said the little girl, fade. Any one would have hesitated, and especially before getting it for a in sympathetic tones. "I've always wanted a lavender dress, and I've never had one," she added, wistfully. "Does it always fade?"

'Well, I don't suppose it always es," said Jeannette, "but all the lavender gingham shirtwaists I've had Why don't you get blue? That won't fade. My little sister always has -and pink, too. My mother says there's nothing nicer for a little girl," the continued, comfortingly

mer, vaguely hoping to find Serena The little girl's face brightened, and and her grandfather. the old man regained his cheerfulness. all the little girls and all the old men "Just hear that, Sereny! Now I rember your ma used to wear blue at she saw on the street. She wore the sur age; and grandma, she'll like it. lavender shirtwaist whenever she could

"Grandma said I could get what I d." Serena explained to Jeannette. Grandma says I'm big enough now to e my own dresses," she proudly

"But it dian't," said poor Jeannette It didn't fade!" Then she told the old man the whole

delighted

amusing story, and even called upon him to witness the flaunting color in her shirtwaist. He chuckled and laughed, and said, "Who'd ha' thought it?" at least six times; and laughed again, and looked at Jeannette's waist. "Oh, no!" said Serena, decidedly. "I

lilac that would ha' faded!"

'Sereny liked them dresses she got,' he said, "but she always sort of hankered for that lilac gingham."

'But it didn't!" said poor Jeannette

when she happened to be wearing the

lavender gingham, and to be riding in

an open car, she saw Serena's grand-

old man. She precipitately left the

down the street, and touched the old

"Do you remember me?" Jeannette

The old man gazed at her blankly

for an instant; then he smiled. "Well

well, who'd ha' thought it?" he said,

in pleased recognition. "If you ain't

the one that helped Sereny buy her

dresses, and kept her from getting that

quickly

car at the next stop, went

man's arm.

asked, breathlessly.

with decision. "Do let me get it for her! It will be such a comfort to me! The old man did see how much it really would comfort her. He went with her to the gingham counter; and with the aid of Jeannette's shirtwaist, they actually matched the lavender and white check, and Jeannette bought five vards of it, and sent it with her love to Serena. Then she hurried home to tell the family.

thanking Jeannette for her kindness. In a few days she had a sweet little letter from Serena. "It's just like a I just told you because I knew you story!" wrote Screna joyfully in her

postseriot. "With a moral," added Aunt Maria Which is-keep your fingers out of

other people's ples." "Oh, no!" said Jeannette's mother. The moral is, if you must put your fingers in at all, put them in as far as they will go."

Well, anyway," said little you and Serena have both got something lovely to tell and think about whenever you wear the lavender gingham-

Which won't fade!" Jeannette added.-Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Eskimo dogs have been driven fortyfive miles over the ice in five hours, A picked team of these dogs once traveled six miles in twenty-eight minutes.

A card press in the government printing office, Washington, prints 60,-000 cards on both sides in one hour. They are printed and cut from a web of bristol board.

was so retentive that, after reading a book once, he could give all the sallent points of it, and recite many long passages of it verbatim. A strange accident befell a boy who

It is said that Macauley's memory

was chopping wood near Augsburg, Germany. His ax struck a wire clothesline, and at the same moment a flash of lightning struck the line, passed down the batchet and killed

A horse in a wild state lives to be from thirty-six to forty years old; when domesticated he is usually played out at the age of twenty-five. It is thus seen that civilization does not contribute to the longevity of the ani-

Passtoukhoff, a Russian topographer, or surveyor, in making ascents of mountains in the Caucasus, having found a remedy in tea, almost boiling hot. It is reported that another party. prostrated by the fliness, was able

The king of the Belgians has just imported a beautiful little 'Chinese house as a curiosity. After much trouble it was acquired by the Belgian Consul at Shanghai. The house is a marvel of beauty. It is carved from top to bottom in splendid wood. The rooms are large and all furnished in Chinese style. The house, which will travel in pieces to Belgium, is to be set up at Lacken, where the king has his country house, and has already crected a Chinese pagoda and a Chin-

Do Violins Get Sick?

Can a violin be played out or get sick? I confidently say No; nor does any benefit result from giving them a rest. The tone of any violin does not appeal to our ears at all times alike. This is mainly due to the state of our health and hearing varying and, partly, the clearness or otherwise of the atmosphere.

To prove this, play on three or four of your violins (if you have them); you will then discover them all suffering from the same complaint, i. e., sick or sulky. This should be conclusive, since it is not likely that they would all fall sick on the same day, nor could they all be played out at one time, especially when one violin got more use than the others. It is well (on sick days) to put the instrument away for a day or two. Perhaps the next time it is used all the ail ments will have vanished, or, rather, our temporary indisposition, and the violin will seem as responsive, bright and sonorous as it ever was. I may not be wandering from this subject by adding there is the same sense of falling off in the tone of organ pipes at times, which conclusively proves that our ears are out of order-not the pipes-since the latter cannot vary from day to day, either in quality or



Ready for School.

There's bustle and stir in the brisk autumn air, school days have come and vacation is o'er; There are books in the satchel and clothes

on the chair,

And spick and span boots standing blacked on the floor:

A new tie for inck, and a new cap beside—

An outfit most southing to any boy's pride.

Mamma is delighted—but not so her Freddy,
Though school time approaches, I fear he's not ready. not ready.

You have but to peep in his satchel and see Pens, pencils and pads in a goodly array: And a lunch just as tempting as tempting can be, And the sun smiles a welcome that bright-

And the sun smiles a welcome that bright-cos the day; os the day; rain might as well patter heavily down, misty blue eyes view the world with a

Though his boots, clothes and satchel stand waiting and ready,
'Tis far from the case with our unwilling Freddy. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Winged Highwayman.

We naturally wonder why a wasp cannot successfully defend against a fly, but in addition to its sword-like proboscis, the robber fly is also endowed with legs of unusual length and power. It is thus enabled to hold its victim at such a distance that the envenomed sting cannot be used. Powerful and swift as its wings are, it seldom seizes its stinging victims in mid air, but usually hurls itself on the back of the unsuspecting wasp, Caterpillars, spiders, moths, beetles, dragon flies, and even plant bugs are all seized, and dispatched by this swift assassin.-St. Nicholas.

Red Squirrels.

It has been my experience that they are rather irritable animals. It is a common thing, when meeting a red squirrel in the woods, to have him drop whatever he may be doing, and just sit and scold, as though you intended to rob him of all he possessed. If you make a quick movement to startle him, he will often sit bolt upright. with quivering lower jaw, clasp his breast frantically with one or both front paws, and look at you with an injured expression which seems to say, "How cruel! When you knew I and heart trouble, too!" He is a playful little fellow, though, and would be a welcome tenant in the garden if it were not for his fondness for hirds' eggs and young birds. Some time ago a pair of scarlet tanagers built their flimsy nest of twigs and grasses in a pine tree near our front door. One morning we heard the birds screaming piteously, and rushing out, I found a red squirrel deliberately eating one of the eggs. which he held in his front paws, while the contents dripped from his jaws to the ground. I did my best to drive him away, but to little purpose; so I borrowed a gun and did what I had not done for more than 15 years-I shot something.-Ernest Harold Baynes, in the Woman's Home Companion

A Blue Fishing Experience.

We had so much to do during the daytime that we never succeeded in getting over for the day. So it was determined to have a go at it at night. We went over twice. The first night were fairly successful getting half a dozen good fish. The second night it was pretty dark and we had taken two fish, both of them coming on my after this treatment to continue the | ane, probably because I was more experienced and got the line out farther than the others. But at any rate things were getting rather dull when, after a cast, I felt something strike, and from the stroke thought I had on a good sized fish. But almost immediately the line slackened, not enough to show that I had lost him, but, as I supposed ten, enough to show that he was not a very big one, and more than that was swimming up with the line. I pulled faster, lest he should unbook himself, but was not particularly interested until I feit a pull like a horse which absolutely stopped my hauling in for a second. I called out to the man next to me, "I've got a big one this time," and then my attention was too much taken up for further remarks. He came along sawing from side to side, and when he set back I feared for the line. Just before he reached the surf he made one break. and the splash thereof was enough to make me think that I had caught the real king of bluefish this time. As he came through the surf I ran down into the water in my excitement and interest to land him safely, and by this time two of my three companions were about me ready to give aid. As he came splashing in he looked at least 12 feet long, but not quite the shape and make of a blue filsh, as one can imagine, for, as we beached him he proved to be a shark, and although not fully the 12 feet that he had looked he did actually measure more than nine feet in length. He was neither as useful nor as valuable as a bluefish of five pounds, but he was far more interest-ing and the fun was great.-Walter Camp, in The World's Work

> A Day With an Ugly Spot. Marije Lee's mother always woke her up with a kiss and these words;

"Daughter, here is another fresh, white day. Try to keep it spotless." Marije used to think that no day would be worth while without that greeting, and she never quite forgot

the words no matter how busy or full of play she was; they made her gen-tler and more unselfish. And then there was the other end of the day, when, sitting in the pretty bedroom at bed time, Marile and her mother gave the day back to God before they said good night. At that time all the spots were confessed and grieved over. Some times a sad "I am so sorry" would be sufficient to wipe the spot away. At other times a humble prayer and penitent promise were needed.

"It is always so much easier." moth er used to say, "to blot a day than it is to take the blot away." And then came the Friday night when no word or tear seemed enough to undo the bitter errof. Kneeling by her mother poor Marjie sobbed out the story of he cruel wrong.

"I was going to surprise you, moth I was going to show you how hard had tried. It was this way: A week ago Miss Hobson said that this Friday she was going to give a prize to the girl who stood highest in all her stud-You know Miss Hobson's prizes are worth trying for, but more than all else I wanted to show you how I was improving. Well, today at noon, Ruth Martin and I were exactly even and we two were shead of all the others! Then came arithmetic. That is my worst study, and it is Ruth's, too. She was sitting next me and she looked so pale and shabby that I was ashamed to have her there.

"Oh! my dear little girl!" were the first words Mrs. Lee had spoken since Marjie began, but they were full of sorrow.

"Don't speak like that, mother! pleaded the small penitent; "I simply cannot bear it. Press my head closer, mother. I need it more than ever." Mrs. Lee smoothed the tumbled curls and kept very quiet.

"The worst is coming, mother, and if you take your hand away, I do not know what I shall do. When the slates were given out I glanced at mine and I saw five great, long examples. I just shuddered. Then I looked at Ruth's and hers were as easy as easy could be. She was getting her pencil from her desk and quick as a flash I took her slate and gave her mine."

The gentle hand on the bowed head made no sign, but a deep sigh followed

the confession. "When we passed the slates in I saw Miss Hobson look surprised, then she "Marjie, your examples are all said: correct-and Ruth has several errors, so, of course, you have won the prize But these examples are much simpler than I meant to give you. I have made a mistake. However, it is too late now to remedy the error, and I congratulate you upon your success.' took the prize, mother, and walked back to my seat, while all the girls clapped. I thought my heart would break. Then I looked at Ruth. Her face was very pale, and I saw that she knew. But, mother, she was clapping and smiling. I have never liked her, when I saw her bravery and strength, I just hated myself. I could not show you the prize, mother. I hid it in my desk at school. There is nothing to take this blot away, is there mother?"

"Where does Ruth live, dear?" Mrs Lee spoke softly and gently.

"On Franklin terrace. I do not know where it is. "I do. It is over in the poorest part of town. You have rarely spoken of her. What do you know about Ruth?"

Not much, mother. She has not been school long. She dresses shabbily and never talks about herself. The girls sort of leave her alone.'

"Marife, it is only 8 o'clock. You and I must see this poor child to-

An hour later in the parlor of chean boarding house Mrs. Le waited while Marjie went up stairs to see Ruth, whose head was aching so badly that she was lying down. Marjie found her lying on a hard couch in a cheerless hall bedroom.

"Ruth," she whispered. The little sufferer opened her eyes and started "Marjie Lee!" she gasped, "what

the matter?" "I've come-oh! Ruth, what can I say? I've come-but you know all, you brave, strong Ruth! Only, please, please forgive me!"

In an Instant Ruth was off the couch forgetting her own pain and grief. "Marjie Lee, you must not say another word. Just to see you when I feel so sick and lonely is enough."

"But, oh! Ruth-the slate!" "I know, Marjie, but any other girl would have waited until Monday. have been most unhappy thinking how miserable you would be over this. Of course I wanted the prize awfully. for I knew it would make father so happy. He goes on long business trips and since mother died it makes him so miserable because he must leave me If anything nice happens to me while he is away he is gladder about it than But I knew that you would make it right long before he came back. I have always liked you, Marile, better than all the other girls and to have you here is lovely."

When the two little girls came into the parlor Mrs. Lee had her plans laid, for from the landlady she had learned all Ruth's pathetic little story. took Ruth home with her for a long

The wrong was righted before the whole school. Marjie would have no half way measures. She herself handed the beautiful prize to Ruth and the applauding girls did not know which to honor most.-Elizabeth S. Morrell, in Pittsburg Dispatch

A Resort to Medieval Custom, At Cologne recently a thier chase by the police took refuge in a church and kneeling before the altar, claime

sanctuary after the medieval fashion

The police arrested him all the same

SCIENCE NOTES.

It is usually imagined that the in andescent electric light gives very little heat. As a matter of fact only six percent of its energy goes to make light, while ninery-four goes into

In a hilly English town, where the local street watering was done with a team of six horses, the substitution of nechanical for animal power seems a wire move. The Boursemouth tank watering cart carries four tons of water and on steep grades this is a very heavy load to manage with horses. The adoption of a motor driven water-cart is expected to effect large economies in the service.

A hydro-electric plant is being devsloped at Pike's Peak, which will represent an expenditure of over \$1,000, 000. An interesting feature of the installation is the great head of water utilized. Three miles of 21-inch pipe will convey the city water from a in the crevices after nailing down the point above the Half-Way House to the power house, where the water will have a drop of 2240 feet, the head being utilized through the intermediary

A French scientist, M. Guilloz, has

invented a remarkable device. by which an apparently solid image may pe produced of a broken bone or a foreign substance embedded in flesh. He takes a photograph by means of the X-rays, but in order to get solid or sterescopic effect he causes the tube producing the rays to oscillate by means of a cam revolving 300 times a minute. The cam is so cut that the time taken in moving from one position of rest to the other is about one-tenth of the period of revolution. Two radiographic images of the same object, as seen from different points, are thus formed on the viewing creen, and by means of shutters, electro-magnetically controlled by the oscillating apparatus, the right eye sees one image and the left eye the other. vision being cut off while the tube is changing its position. The result is that the combined image stands out like a solid reproduction of the object

In a beautiful garden at Crouch End pelonging to one of the few old world bowers which have withstood the tempting offers of the building specuator, may be seen one of the queeres freaks that Nature has ever played in park or garden, says the Westminister Gazette. About three years ago a long row of glass ginger-beer bottles were placed neck downward in the ground with a few inches of the other end projecting to form a border for the sitchen garden paths. Each of these bottles now contains a fairy-like resident in the shape of a dainty little fern, perfect in form and color, and of many varieties, the ribbon fern and bart's tongue predominating. As no ferns had at any time been planted in that part of the garden it is amazing how they got there. Perhaps Nature thought it foolish to waste so many little natural bothouses, and put in each a pinch of the stuff she makes ferns of. If so, she must view with much pride the result of her experiment.

Whaleback Now Obselets.

In recording the fact of the con version of the whaleback steamer No. 11 into an oil tanker, at Philadelphia. a newspaper of that city say that "vessels of her peculiar shape are seldom seen off the Great Lakes, where they have become the most popular type of stenmer." While it is probably true that whaleback steamers or barges are seldom seen on salt water, although number of steamers of that type are successful deep sea freighters, it is not true that the whale back has become the most popular type of steamer on the lakes. It would be nearer the truth to say that the whaleback is gradually going out of popularity on the lakes, as few vessels of that type are now launched, in comparison with the number of steamers of the conventional type that are annually constructed at lake shipyards.

The whaleback is undoubtedly ar improvement on the old low freeboard tow barge, which she was designed to supplant; but she is far inferior to the steel lake carrier of large size, with double decks and high freeboard, As a steamer she is not to be compared with the ships of the conventional type which are now taking the places of the smaller freighters. The whaleback barge will undoubtedly pass away with the tow-barge business, which is destined to decline rapidly, because of the fact that only large craft are new constructed for the ore and grain trades, and the "big fellows" have all they can do to take care of themselves without assuming the role of consorts for barges wallowing astern.-Milwau-

Gigantic Railroad Projected.

M. De Lobel, a distinguished French promoter, is in New York endeavoring to enlist American capital in a scheme by which it will be possible to go from that city to Paris by rail in 14 days The Russian government, he says, has already granted necessary concessions through Siberia and Canada is giving the matter favorable a tention. M. De Lobel claims to have \$50,000,000 already promised, but says four times that amount will be necessary to launch this enterprise popularly. and terials for construction will all be purchased in the United States. The route is to be from Irkutsk via Jakoutsk, East cape, Behring strait, Prince of Wales cape to Yukon City. As a ferry across Behring strait is im practicable, the promoter has planned to build a tunnel 36 mass long, to cos \$50,000,000.



Value of Watercress. Watercress, if obtained from a satisfactory source and thoroughly washed, is a very good purifier of the blood. should be eaten at breakfast

To Destroy Carpet Bugs.
Take three-fourths powdered borax to one fourth arsenic; mix these thoroughly, and use from a salt-shaker. To keep the bugs from carpets, sift. this powder on the floor one-fourth of a yard from the wall, under the carpet. If you have been troubled very much with these bugs or moths, it would be well to sift close to the wall carpet. This is used also when packing away clothing that is kept in the summer, always sifting in the bottom of the box or chest and occasionally through the box. By rubbing fur the wrong way and sifting this powder through, one can keep furs free from bugs or moths. It is always best to put furs away in paper bags.-Woman's Home Companion

Hints to Housewives.

An artist gives as a simple general rule for hanging pictures, that where only one row is to be hung the central point in each picture should be on the level with the eye of the ordinary person. This point is easily discovered, for the eye unconsciously rests upon it at the first glance. In a vignette portrait, for example, the central point s the chin. Careless and ignorant framers of pictures often disregard this point, which should regulate their work. The central point should be at he exact intersection of two diagonal ines drawn from the corners of the frame, not the mat. It is a disregard of :his which often gives the picture the affect of slipping out of its frame.

A useful trifle is the knowledge that sleohol will quickly remove an obstinate porous plaster and the unsightly stains which it often leaves, and upon which soap and water have no effect. A twin trifle that may sometime be of ise is that a drop of castor oil in the eye to remove a foreign body is as useful and much more manageable than the better known flaxseed.-Harper's

Errors in House Building.

The most common error in house building is perhaps to allow too little coom for stairs. Stairs are used many times a day, and can hardly be made too easy, but it takes space to make an easy stairway, and avoid the straight, steep flight so commonly found. Another common error is to make the bathroom too small. In a household where there are children, a roomy bathroom is more to be desired than roomy bedrooms. A small bedroom, provided it has good air and proper wall space for bed and bureau and a fair sized closet, may be found as desirable as a large one, but the bathroom which must be used by all members of the family is much oftener made too small than too large.

It heating it is better to allow a wide margin for an apparatus that can be run at low pressure than a small one that is constantly worked at the top notch, for not only will the apparatus work longer, but it will be found to consume quite as little fuel and provide for the occasional extreme temperature. In the plumbing, the simple fixtures of the best make are desir ble. The enameled iron baths and lavatories, even kitchen sinks, are durable and clean, and, what is a considaration, more attractive in appearance. These are not necessarily the expen sive fixtures. Indeed, they cannot be too plain, but should be finished with pipes exposed as a matter of cleanliness.-Good Housekeeping.

The Prize Loaf of Bread. Because of the lack of a standard for bread making the office of a judge of bread exhibits, at agricultural and other fairs, is no sinecure. there is a committee of three to de-

may be as many standards of perfec-One woman likes her bread slack baked, another likes hers browned by long, slow heat, and a third may have a taste too blunted or falsely educated

cide on the merits of the loaves there

to detect slight acidity. Personal preference becomes the standard for each. Shape of loaf, color, texture, and flavor ought to be marked by a scale of points by an expert and no prize given to an inferior article. At a recent fair a misshapen loat

bore a prize card. Two women paused before it silently for amoment, when one exclaimed: "Tain't no great shakes for looks, but bread is made to be et. not looked at."

In this way she exonerated the judges who had awarded a premhim to an unworthy object, for uneven ris ing means uneven porosity or texture in bread. There are also a good many people who like to have their food good to look at before it is "et." With some, looks even decide whether they will eat at all.

At the present stage of civilization man does not snatch at a crust or a bone like a dog, but his palate is appealed to somewhat through the eye Simple dishes perfectly made should be the aim of home cookery.-Phila delphia Telegraph.

There is in the United States Treasury cash and bonds to the amount, is round figures, of \$1,000,000,000.