

AT EVENING.

The hush of evening fell on me
A thousand miles from land,
The sea put forth that mystic power
I feared to understand.

Thus as I stood, bereft of Hope,
A light came from afar,
Uncertain first it shone on me—
The first faint Evening Star.

THE COURTSHIP OF BUBBLES.
A Poetical Interlude in the Life of One Devoted to His Profession.

My friend, Bobby Bubbles, the reporter for the Daily Steam Whistle, has never had anything to say in praise of poets. He, a practical newspaper man, who sees things as they are and then simply photographs with his pen, so to speak, has no use for poetical coloring.

Bubbles. When they had returned to the hotel and Bubbles was on the way to his room he met Crane.
"Have you done it?" said Bubbles.
"Al, I congratulate you, my dear boy," replied Crane. "And you will let me dine with you every Sunday later, will you not?"

nervous, and when on her birthday, Bubbles came three hours late to a cold dinner because he had been present at a great fight on the west side of the city, her decision was made. The day after, Bubbles received a letter from Dora which said:

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The coconut palm has leaves nearly thirty feet long.
Most reptiles are notoriously deaf, except caymans and crocodiles; the box absolutely so.
The Kansas wheat farmers are organizing independent shipping arrangements with Liverpool.

The cargador, or carrier of Mexico, is a remarkable individual. Nothing seems too bulky, nothing too heavy for him to carry, and it is quite wonderful how he manages not only to lift, but to balance his cumbersome loads. It is nothing for a man to carry a load weighing 400 pounds.

The people in Whiting, Me., have found new employment recently which prove to be a very lucrative business. It is that of hunting for honey made by wild bees, and John Crosby and his brother went out in the woods and found a tree with 27 pounds of the delicious compound inside.

Nearly all the fashionable tailors in large eastern cities now carry adjuncts to their business in the form of impetuous young men of good family and high social standing, who are not averse to accepting their clothes gratis, as a return for which they lose no opportunity to boom the tailor who thus supplies them.

The proportional increase in the population of the cities was less during the last ten years than previously. Chinese fire-fighters beat gongs and tom-toms and wave banners to drive the flames away. Old kerosene tins filled with water are also used, and at Peking there are also a few old hand-power engines.

Aluminum cooking utensils are being pushed by many of the big shops here. They are brought out in shapes as attractive as the silver, copper and gold-lined cooking vessels used in wealthy households. The stew pans, terrapin dishes, coffee urns and tea-kettles of aluminum have now such beauty of contour and finish that they seem almost more appropriate to the dining-room table than to the kitchen.

How to Make the Brain Grow.
Over 25,000 brains of human beings have been weighed and examined, and a French scientist has lately written an account of the discoveries that have been made. His article has been translated from a French magazine by the Literary Digest. He comes to three important conclusions, as follows:

A Ragtime City.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of certainty what time it is. Arthur Symons in his new book on "Citties" says that no two clocks in Moscow agree; even in the best hotels a clock will solemnly strike three a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes seven. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the streets as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train at Moscow. The railway timetables are worked on St. Petersburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at 9 o'clock you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8.50, 9 or 9.20 by your carefully adjusted watch.

THE RUG-MAKERS' WORK

IT TAKES MILLIONS OF LITTLE STRANDS TO MAKE A MASTERPIECE.

Weary Years of Labor Required to Fix in Place the Minute Pieces Which Go to Build Up the Marvelous Whole.

Some card whose name is not given us has told the story of the oriental rug and hanging—a story that is now illustrated by an Armenian in Los Angeles who patiently weaves his rug each day in the window of one of Broadway's stores, relates the Times of that city. It is a story full of interest, replete with life lessons and one which will delight those interested in the rare and beautiful products of the Orient.

Even as you read it you may be encoined in the oriental corner of your home, its allurements showing indistinct through the fascinating subdued light that comes from everywhere and seems to come from nowhere—and to reach its peaceful depths and bury yourself in its innumerable cushions you must pass over the big rug which deadens the sound of your footsteps and adds its full share to the glory of the room.

It is a splendid work of art, this rug—all its colors so beautifully harmonized and blended, its design intricate but perfect. Many times it has gladdened your artistic eye—but has your mind ever counted its cost? Have you ever wondered how its millions of pieces were grown, gathered, colored and finally woven to make the work of art that you crush beneath your feet? Do you know what part of a lifetime—yes, what part of a lifetime—went into that rug?

Years of a lifetime—weary years of patient, painstaking work with minute pieces, each fixed in its appointed place to build up the marvelous whole. In the far-off hills and vales of Armenia the rug maker's sheep graze, and from them he gathers the wool to weave into his masterpieces. From the plants which he finds on the broad acres he distills the dyes which give to the fabric its distinctive and artistic colors. Spinning the rough threads and coloring them, he clips them into millions of pieces between an inch and two inches long.

Then for a time the artisan gives place to the artist—for the rug maker must be a designer of patterns as well as a craftsman. Hour after hour and day after day he bends to his sketching work, and when at last it is finished he says "It is well!" he lays aside the paper, having no need for it in the process of weaving except, perhaps, for occasional reference. The pattern has been so carefully worked out on paper that every detail is fixed in his mind, and he sits down to his loom and builds his rug as the painter coming in from a day with nature, glances at his sketch book and puts the hills and trees and sky into his picture from the impressions his mind carries of what his eyes have seen.

For it is only the employe who hangs the pattern above his head. The lone rug maker, representative of the old, picturesque school, needs no pattern to guide him, for he takes his work at its beginning and carries it to completion from the wool on the sheep's back to the masterpiece which adorns your floor.

Just now he is at work on a rug only 24 feet in size, but it will require not less than three months' work to finish it. "The big rug, the fine one," he says, stopping a moment to answer some questions, "many years the rug maker must work on it—many, many years—I cannot tell how many. For we work not by days and years when the masterpiece is in front. Time? It is nothing! What do a few years count if the work is done well? And the rug maker thinks not of time but of a masterpiece."

Picking up a few of the inch-long strands and weaving them slowly and carefully between the threads of the loom in front of him, he smiled as if in pity for the emptiness of the question. Stopping again in his work, he turned to the Times' representative sitting beside him and continued:

"You Americans; you ask not those questions of the painter. Why? You take his picture, and put it on the wall, and call him great, and write much in your papers about him. It is his masterpiece. He himself is in the picture. It is great, wonderful. It is so with the rug maker in Armenia. The rug is his picture—he loves to make it as the painter loves to paint—and what difference if a lifetime is gone when the rug is finished, so that the work is well done? It is not work, that which we do for love of it, and the rug maker loves his work, always."

Employe rug makers earn from 10 to 20 cents a day—think of it! But the spirit of commercialism and love of gold are gradually penetrating to the home of the oriental rug maker, and there is grave danger that the oriental rug will pass into history as have the buffalo of the western plains. For the Armenian has discovered that he can go into other countries and earn from \$1 to \$3 a day in other lines of work, and he is slowly but surely abandoning his weary, poorly-paid vocation. The members of the "old school" will continue to make rugs as long as they live, but they cannot begin to supply the demand and the younger generation, the active and ambitious workers, are not satisfied with the meagre remuneration offered by the rug-making profession and the "work for the sake of working" spirit appears to be diminishing in Armenia just as it is in other countries.

If you are a lover and owner of orientals you will be interested in this Broadway rug maker, and a visit to him will make you more than ever appreciative of the masterpiece upon your floors. The rug he is now making is 48 inches long by 24 inches wide. Allowing only one-sixteenth of an inch for the width of each thread—and this is generous—it will require about half a million pieces of thread to complete this rug, and if exact figures could be had the number would probably approximate a million. This is a coarse rug, too, and from it you can get a faint idea of the millions—possibly billions—of pieces required to make one of the large silk rugs. You can also figure how many, many weary years it takes to finish one of those masterpieces.

A COLLECTION OF MANGERS.

One of the Sights in the New Bavarian National Museum.

The great charm of the new Bavarian National Museum at Munich perhaps lies in the fact that its collections were made first and its building afterward. This method has resulted in unusual harmony and surprises at every turn. The architect has planned arches to be borne by stone columns from early Roman Bavaria, and rooms to be ceiled by genuine panels from the Middle Ages; he has cut doorways to fit the worn doors at his command, and has built a vaulted chapel to hold the wealth of ecclesiastical treasures.

Among the many individual collections of the museum, by far the most original is the so-called "Krippensammlung," or collection of mangers. To the ears of Protestant America this expresses little or nothing, and seems to be a more appropriate department for a county fair than for an art museum. But the Roman Catholic church in its constant appeals to the eyes and ears of its followers, has, through long centuries, invented some very beautiful methods of teaching little children, as well as those children of an older growth, the unlettered and the untaught. Thus it is that the Holy Sepulcher is still built on Good Friday in many foreign churches, while on Christmas eve the story of Holy Night is represented to the eye by a group of little figures gathered about a manger.

Whoever has happened on such a scene at Christmas time in a Catholic church in our own country has doubtless been more impressed with the originality of the method than with any artistic merit in the figures; but, in the land of artists across the sea, much skill and beauty have been wrought into the little Christmas mangers. These have been a part of the equipment of churches and monasteries for centuries, but in times of disestablishment and poverty many of them were scattered abroad. About a thousand have been gathered into this Schmeder collection at Munich, which represents German, Austrian, Neapolitan and Sicilian workmanship, and for variety and interest leaves nothing to be desired.

Imagine, if you can, hundreds of little figures—dolls if you choose, but rather miniature men and women, for most of them are carved with a skill which amounts to art. So full of life is every line and feature that one half expects to see them move. Some are of wax, but most of wood or bisque, a few are only two or three inches tall, but the majority are from eight to 16 inches. The coloring of the figures is lifelike, and the poses of the figures are natural; the costumes are elaborate, and would charm the doll-loving little girl, while the soldiers, clad in full armor, would delight her brother as well.

Many of these fascinating figures are displayed in cases which fill several rooms, but the most interesting part of the collection consists of scenes actually arranged as they were every Christmas in the churches and monasteries for which they were made. Great panes of glass are set in the walls of darkened passages, and behind these are constructed miniature landscapes, the extreme background formed by painted scenes which seem to carry the eye for miles. The only light comes from above, and is so cleverly arranged that it adds the last touch of reality to the whole. In such settings the little figures are so lifelike that one seems to be looking at human beings through reversed opera-glasses, or to be as near the land of Lilliput as the thickness of a pane of glass.—From Emma Ernestine Porter's "Christmas Mangers" in The Century.

Widows.

A Chicago mathematician announces that Chicago, with 60,396 widows, has a larger number than any other community in the country. It is added that the number of widowers in the city is only 23,097.

As a matter of fact, the state in which widows are most numerous is New York, in which they number 220,000. The city in which they are most numerous is the city of New York, where there are 165,600.

There were by the last federal census 2,720,000 widows in the whole United States, of whom, it is not worthy to remark, 85,000 were in Indiana and only 8000 in Utah.

There were 128,000 in Massachusetts, less than the total number in the two states of Alabama and Mississippi, though the view pretty generally prevails that the number of widows is disproportionately large throughout New England.

There are nearly 2000 in Hawaii and 1700 in Alaska, a proportionately larger number than in the city of Chicago.—New York Sun.

WAR UPON PORCUPINES.

Pennsylvania Lumber Owner Employs Trappers to Kill Off the Pests.

It is doubtful whether in all Pennsylvania a more extraordinary task was ever undertaken than that which three men from Benton are now engaged in. It is the extermination of porcupines from a vast tract of timber, in which the little animals are destroying trees. The men are Richard and William Hess and George Parker. They are trappers of recognized ability, and have been engaged by Col. Ricketts to trap porcupines in his vast tract of timber in Sullivan, Wyoming and Luzerne counties. It is a unique job, indeed, but none the less important, for a family of half a dozen porcupines is known to have ruined a dozen or more trees in a single season. And when it is remembered that there are hundreds upon hundreds of the pests on the Ricketts property, and that every tree destroyed means the loss of anywhere from \$10 to \$30, the effort at extermination becomes an important business proposition.

The three men were chosen for the work because of their knowledge of the habits of the porcupines. They have followed the business of trapping otter, mink, weasels wild cats and bear for years, so that the matter of capturing the costly "porokies" is next thing to sport for them. They have already spent two weeks at the work, and in that time have captured over 50 porcupines. Incidentally, too, their traps have caught a dozen raccoons, more than a score of muskrats, three fine mink and a magnificent specimen of the catamount, or "bob cat," as the woodmen and trappers call it. The catamount is a close cousin to the lynx, and is an altogether undesirable foe. The one caught by these trappers is as large as a small leopard, and was as defiant as a prisoner with a crumpled leg could afford to be.

The porcupine is a born pest. All night long the scratch, scratch, scratch, nip, nip, nip of the "porokies" can be heard as they gnaw at the trunks of trees, in the bark of which insects or grubs have taken refuge. It is remarkable, too, what an amount of damage to a tree one porcupine can do in a single night.

The three trappers will continue their work until snow comes, after which the pestiferous "porokies" take to their winter quarters and remain dormant until spring. It was an idea of his own that induced Col. Ricketts to employ the trappers, and it is calculated that in two or three seasons the porcupines will either have been all caught or their number reduced to a harmless few.

The porcupines are partial to particular parts of the state. Up in the hardwood forests of Potter and Lycoming counties there are comparatively few "porokies," but in the hemlock and pine districts of Columbia, Sullivan and Wyoming counties they seem to thrive in abundance. Their quills protect them against all comers of the animal kingdom, hence very few are killed in combat. Even a fierce dog is generally worsted before a battle progresses very far, for the canine's nose and paws soon become punctured with the poisonous quills and he is glad enough to let the ugly-faced porcupine alone. But they are greedy things, and a baited trap generally entices the "poroky" to his downfall. Even after he is caught he is next to worthless. Some render their fat, saying that it produces an oil having in it rare medicinal qualities, but as a usual thing their death is sufficient cause for rejoicing, and they are permitted to lie in the woods.

There are times when "porokies," if numerically strong, will attack a man, and in that event they can make it most uncomfortable for him, as with claws and teeth and quills they possess weapons that anyone might have a wholesome fear of. But, like all crows, the "porokies" must have their whole gang on hand before they will attempt the aggressive.—Philadelphia Record.

Water in the Bush.

Nine years ago water at the Westralia gold fields was dearer than beer in London. At special times half a crown a gallon was paid for newly condensed water, still warm from the condenser, and at the best of times no one grumbled at a shilling a gallon. The public passed the whiskey bottle over for his customer to help himself, but he measured carefully the amount of water mixed with the whiskey. The popular system of bathing was to have a bucket of water with a false bottom held over your head. The bottom was removed with a jerk, and the water ran down into a tub on the floor. There it was carefully collected to serve for the next comer, as it had probably served for half a dozen before you. This cost half a crown. Scarcity of water and badness of food brought on the great typhoid fever epidemics, from which the gold fields suffer to this day, and lads hunting for wealth died off as though the hand of God had passed in anger over the place.

Western Australia is a colony of hold men. They saw that nothing but radical treatment would avail for this scarcity. Hence the water scheme running about 360 miles to Kalgoorlie, carrying nearly 6,000,000 gallons a day, and largely solving the matter, so far as the supply for human beings around the main centres is concerned.—London Mail.

One Exception.

"You will have to admit that women are better at driving bargains than men are."
"Not invariably. Suppose the bargain is a pound of nails?"—Kansas City Journal.



Covering Pantry Shelves.

The old fashion of covering pantry shelves with paper has fallen into disfavor. In fact, the custom was questionable from a sanitary point of view, as any one may know who has ever changed the paper coverings and observed the amount of dirt they managed to accumulate in a short time. Pantry shelves should be painted with several coats of white paint, or covered with white oilcloth. Either plan is good, and the shelves may be scrubbed as often as necessary.

Homemakers and Housekeepers.

To be a first-rate housekeeper requires ability of no mean order. It implies a knowledge of food, sanitation, household decoration, and economics. It demands the power to control and direct servants, not to speak of managing the members of the household, says Harper's Bazar. Housekeeping is, in fact, a business, and calls for executive ability and a constructive mind. But home-making is an absolute Phillistine as regards home-making. She provides all the environments of a delightful home, but leaves a blank where the home itself ought to be—produces the frame and leaves out the picture. "Her house is a dream—but her home is a nightmare, was a comment on one housewife.

Home is made by considering its essentials, and putting them first. A home is a place where the happiness, the freedom, the health, and the comfort of the family are provided for. A place that offers bodily comfort and health, but neither freedom nor joy, is not a home. To call it so is to take the sacred name of home in vain. Rigidly fixed rules, which never take account of the need or convenience of members of the household, may be good housekeeping; they are bad home-making. Freedom and sympathy have been well called the foundations of home life. "No things, but souls," is where the stress of the homemaker's activity should be laid.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Green tomatoes, cut in halves, rolled in flour and fried in drippings are delicious for breakfast. After the tomatoes are fried pour all but a very little of the drippings out of the pan, add a dessertspoonful of butter, and add slowly half of three-quarters of a cupful of rich milk. Pour this sauce over the tomatoes. Broiled ham accompanies this dish.

The dense pulp and heavy flavor of the banana is sometimes improved by mixing it with other more acid and watery fruits. A can of cherries in which the quantity of syrup overbalanced the fruit was improved recently by straining off the liquid and cooking diced bananas in it until they were transparent. Then they and the cherries were mixed.

If lemons show signs of spoiling or growing hard and horny, place them in more than enough water to cover them. Change every day or two.

Rognesfort cheese can be kept fresh and moist by wrapping it in a cloth wrung out in brandy or wine vinegar and covering it with oiled paper.

To keep a Dutch cheese from moulding pour into it a little brandy and wrap in an oiled paper.

For poultices apply an ordinary bread poultice as hot as can be borne to the affected parts. This has been tried and is well recommended.

Pure olive oil, mixed with a little glycerine, is recommended as a cream for massaging the face at bedtime. It feeds the tissues without yellowing the skin.

When ironing, rub the hot iron lightly over a piece of ordinary yellow soap and the clothes will look much nicer, and the work will be done much quicker.

Recipes.

Sauce Piquante—To one cupful of drawn butter sauce add one tablespoonful each of vinegar, lemon juice, chopped capers, pickles and olives, a little onion juice and cayenne pepper.

Celery Root Salad—Pare the celery roots; put them into cold water for twenty minutes; then put them in a stewpan; cover with boiling water; add a little salt and let cook until tender; pour off the water; cut each root in slices; when cold pour over a French dressing.

Wheat Muffins—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat two eggs; add to them one and one-half cupfuls of milk; pour half of this over two cupfuls of flour and the butter and sugar; beat well; add the remaining milk and egg; one level teaspoonful of salt and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill buttered muffin pans two-thirds full and bake.

Fowl Pilau—Warm one cupful of cooked fowl; to one cupful of water add one cupful of tomato, strained; season with salt, pepper and one teaspoonful of curry powder; when this is boiling add half a cupful of well washed rice and cook until the rice is tender—about twenty minutes—then add the fowl and three tablespoonfuls of butter; when very hot turn out on a platter and garnish with toast points.