

"A bout five thousand words in the English language," remarks the Philadelphia Inquirer, "have no rhyme to them." And isn't it queer how the newspaper poets pick them out?

Demands are made for a great poet to come forward and write a new war song, but good war songs are not manufactured on demand or by trying. Hundreds of poets, some called great, have tried to write songs on demand for occasion, but great songs are not written that way, declares the New York Tribune.

Says the St. Paul Globe: One result of the financial depression—one of the good things that often come out of evil—has been the back-to-the-land movement among urban people. The illusions that drew thousands from the farms to the cities have been shattered by the hard conditions entailed by the panic. The vital, ever-present, inescapable necessities of life are bread and butter, and these the city can give only at second hand. Whatever storms may strew the industrial sea with wreck, food, shelter and clothing are assured to the man on the farm, while the idle workmen of the city must walk the streets in vain search for work.

The directors of the World's Exposition preparing in Paris for the year 1900 are deluged with the most absurd ideas for exploitation at that institution. One inventor urges the dropping of a gigantic glass egg from the top of the Eiffel tower into a pond below; several persons are to have the privilege of occupying the egg, in order to experience falling from a high point into space. An American proposes a representation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, with the serpent and the apple, of such enormous dimensions that the apple shall contain a luncheon. A Chicago engineer suggests that a colossus like that of Rhodes, whose interior shall show visitors the arrangement and position of many of the organs of the human body, and shall have room enough besides to accommodate a medical congress.

England's troubles are not all beyond the high seas. Discontent is rife beyond the Cheviot Hills. The punctilious Scotsmen—we beg pardon, the "Scotsmen"—have given her Britannic majesty to distinctly understand that they are not English, and do not propose to be shouldered out of their rights. A monster petition, signed by over a hundred thousand Scots—or, rather, "Scotsmen"—has been presented to the Queen, calling her attention to the fact that, by the treaty of union entered into in 1707, the United Kingdom was to be called "Great Britain," and that an increasing tendency is observed in treaties of state, in diplomatic correspondence as well as in common speech, to use terms England and Englishmen instead of Great Britain and Britons. The petitioners have the temerity to point out that her majesty herself has similarly offended the honor of the Scottish people in speeches from the throne and orders in council. The modest Scot asserts that no question of material advantage prompts his complaint, but mere affection for the cross of St. Andrew, regard for his honor and love of fair dealing, stir his resentment when any one—especially an Englishman—"treads on the tail of his coat." Let the haughty Briton who seeks to anglicize the Scot "hand his nine-tail cat a wee."

The New York Post remarks: Deceiving that all of the watering of milk, shown in a recent test made by the Department of Agriculture in Pennsylvania, to have been practised on the milk supply of the cities of that State, is not done by the milk producers, another test has been made in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. In the first test samples were obtained from railroad stations, milk-depots, milk-stores, wagons and restaurants. In the later test additional samples were obtained from the dairies and also from private families. In Philadelphia the same cans of milk have been followed from the dairy where the milking was done to the table of the family in which the milk was consumed. It was clearly proven, the Secretary of the department says, that adulteration is practised every time the milk changes hands, and that apparently this practice continues even down to the table of the consumer, the inference being that a portion of the milk is consumed by the help, and the deficiency made up by the addition of water. The greatest comparative adulteration was in the milk obtained at restaurants. It was also shown that practically all of the cream consumed comes from the milk, which is afterward sold as pure or whole milk, and that thus practically purchasers pay twice for the same article.

THE YOUNGEST BOY IN BLUE.

Old Uncle Sam has a fine new boy,
The youngest of all in blue;
He's in the Naval Reserve, with lots of nerve
And plenty of courage, too—
So give him a place in the family, lads,
We've plenty for him to do.

At sea he chaffs the sailer-men
And joins in their daily work
With all his might (though he'd rather
Sight),
For he never was built for a shrink,
So slings his hammock up for'ard, lads,
And teach him to use the dink.

On land he elbows and jostles about,
Or marches all day in the sun,
With a cheery smile for every mile
And a frolic when day is done—
But when you get in a skirmish, men,
He doesn't know how to run.

Then fill your mugs to the young 'un,
Lads,
Who mixes with every crew,
On land or sea, wherever he be
We'll always find him true,
And we'll give him a place in the circle,
Lads, for there's a plenty for him to do.

—Detroit Free Press.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.



DOCTOR is coming to the Limes!" exclaimed Miss Lawrence as she entered the drawing-room, where her niece was dusting. "I have just heard the news in the village."

She drew off her gloves and threw herself into a chair. "A doctor?" returned Madge. "That is something new in Barham."

Miss Lawrence was fanning herself with a palm leaf, and her face grew very bright as she went on: "He is a widower with two young children. Poor little things! Just imagine how they must need a mother's care."

"A widower," echoed Madge, but with little interest. Her heart did not gush like her aunt's at the thought of the motherless children.

"Yes, Madge," spoke Miss Lawrence, in a preoccupied voice. Then she rose and crossed the room to an opposite mirror, where she examined herself and her attire critically. With a little laugh of satisfaction she turned away and continued: "Two young children and no mother. Isn't it strange? I have done nothing but imagine those children ever since I heard of them."

Madge looked round from the chair she was dusting at her aunt's face, and saw there an expression which was new to it.

"It is strange," she returned. "Whatever can they be to you?"

Miss Lawrence laughed again, and then she rested her elbow and, supporting her chin in her hand, assumed a contemplative attitude. Madge watched her, rather puzzled. Presently she remarked:

"We are the nearest neighbors to the Limes, Madge, and I shall have to see what assistance I can give in getting the poor man settled, as he has no wife. He moves in next week, Madge," she continued, after a pause, "how does this new torque suit me?"

"All right," returned the young lady, with some surprise in her tone. There was silence for a moment. Then Miss Lawrence remarked emphatically: "A doctor will never get on in Barham without a wife. He will have to marry, for his own sake and the children's, too."

To this Madge made no answer. She had finished her work in the drawing room and she left her aunt to her own meditations.

Miss Lawrence and her niece occupied the prettiest cottage in Barham. It stood just outside the village, in a garden of brilliant flower beds, smooth lawns and golden gravel paths. It was fairly roomy inside and kept with the care and precision of a maiden lady who has few claims on her time. Only two in family, and, unfortunately, very unsuitable companions for one another. Miss Lawrence was rich, Madge was a poor orphan. Miss Lawrence was popular on account of her money, and because Madge had nothing but what her aunt gave her some folks, when they met her, remembered she was a dependent.

So far Miss Lawrence scored, but here her advantages ended. For Madge was young and Miss Lawrence was getting on in years. Madge was brave and hopeful, and her aunt was discontented and fretful; while her enforced spinsterhood was none the better borne because she was silent on the matter. Madge had the world before her, and the beautiful day dreams of youth drove away monotony and melancholy. But Miss Lawrence's youthful dreams were over.

search for, was a source of vast enjoyment. In those morning walks she gave full vent to her feelings, singing loudly when no one was near, running, and, oftentimes, perching on the branch of a tree to rest herself. In these walks, sometimes, lady cyclists would pass her. How Madge envied them! But she would console herself with the thought that some day she, too, would possess a machine. How? That was the question. She might marry, but in such a place as Barham eligible husbands were almost unknown.

Then she wondered if she, too, would be an old maid like her aunt. And then came the concluding thought, whatever happened, she would never marry for a home. Madge's ideas of love and marriage were very lofty. So she would forget the bicycle, and give herself up to the beauties around her. On this particular morning she had just struck into a song, when the sound of carriage wheels caused her to stop and look round. A dogcart was approaching. The road was hilly, and the horse was walking. A gentleman with clean shaven face and a pair of dark, lustrous eyes was driving.

The cart got up to her and kept at her side for a moment or two. She was such a pretty picture in her soft white frock and big straw hat, caught up on one side with bright flowers, and revealing the fresh, pink cheek and stray golden curls that the wind had caused to stray. Then the cart stopped, and the gentleman raised his hat and asked if he were going right for Ashton Wells. Madge colored as she looked up, and timidly made answer in the affirmative. Again the hat was raised, and the horse was put into a trot. Shortly after this Dr. Stockton's intimacy with Miss Lawrence seemed likely to increase. He made frequent visits to the cottage of an afternoon. But as he was often out when Miss Lawrence paid her morning visit to the Limes this was not strange.

Then came Miss Lawrence's annual tennis party, which Madge fairly hated. The same people came every year, said the same things and played in the same way. It only meant more work for Madge, and more temper for her aunt. This year, however, Dr. Stockton was coming, and Madge looked forward to the event. But he arrived late, played one set with Miss Lawrence, and then, after getting her some refreshment and conversing with her for a few minutes while the elite of Barham and its neighboring districts eyed them very critically, he expressed his regrets that he must leave. Miss Lawrence protested; he remained firm, and took his departure.

As he passed through the hall to the front door he came upon Madge. He had not spoken to her yet. She extended her hand, saying, "Are you leaving so soon?" He smiled down on her as he answered, "I must. I am so sorry, I thought we should have had a game." Madge's pink cheeks grew pinker and her sweet eyes looked fondly up at him as he returned, "I should have enjoyed it." They appeared very good friends, and she stayed a little to talk to her. Then suddenly he drew out his watch. "I must go," he exclaimed. "It is my eldest boy's birthday, and I promised to take tea with him at six."

There was something very strange to Madge about her aunt at this time. Her temper was much sweeter. She was absent-minded. Read poetry till sympathetic tears stood in her eyes. Ordered numerous hats and toques, and was occasionally discovered posing before the glass. Whenever Cyril Stockton was becoming very popular with the poor of Barham, though he was not overworked with paying patients. Not that this seemed to worry him in the least. He drove and rode, played with his children and otherwise enjoyed his life. To his poor patients he sent food and medicine without charge, and in return they sang his praises on all sides.

Miss Lawrence, properly gloved, and protected from the sun by a big hat, was raking her flower beds one morning when the doctor came up the path. He looked very grave, and the lady was quick to observe this. She pulled off her gloves with some agitation.

"Can I have a few words with you?" he asked.

Miss Lawrence led the way to the drawing room with a mincing step and beating heart. She guessed his mission. He broke it gently to her. "I expect ere this you have guessed the nature of my feelings," he remarked, in rather a confused manner; "and you know what I have come to solicit." She blushed, and gave a little nervous snigger of assent. He hardly noticed these signs of weakness, and went on, "I am not dependent on my position, Miss Lawrence. I have a private income, and I am anxious to make a settlement on my future wife."

The lady hid her face behind her handkerchief and murmured: "You are too good, Dr. Stockton. But

money would be no consideration with me." She emphasized the word money, and he glanced quickly at her, exclaiming: "Ah, it is age I expect that you are thinking of." Miss Lawrence suddenly looked indignant. "Age," she exclaimed. "Oh, dear me, no. I expect there is very little difference if we went into the matter." "You are very kind, he murmured. "And the children? Do they form any objection?"

"Sweet little things," cried the lady, rapturously. "They are the life of your household. Darlings. I could eat them."

The doctor's face brightened. He seized Miss Lawrence's hand, observing, "You make me happy, Miss Lawrence."

She looked very coy and shy. No doubt she was waiting for something more. But Dr. Stockton released her hand and rose to go without the embrace she expected.

"You have made me happy, Miss Lawrence," he repeated. "I hardly dared to hope for your consent, and, without it, I could never have proceeded in the matter."

A strange speech; but Miss Lawrence was too overcome to notice it. "Madge," she exclaimed, when they met at lunch. Madge looked across the table at her aunt. She was smiling pensively. "I am going to be married." The girl laid down her knife and fork in utter astonishment. "Married?" she cried. "To whom?"

"Dr. Stockton," returned the lady. It was well for Madge that her aunt was too occupied with thoughts of her future happiness to note the misery that came into the girl's face. She longed to be alone, and, after the meal, pleaded a headache and went to her room. Miss Lawrence was sympathetic with ear de cologne and smelling bottle, and then started on a drive to the nearest town.

Madge felt suffocated indoors, and went into the garden. She stretched on a bank and looked up at the green trees and blue sky with a pathetic gaze. They had no charm for her today. In fact, she saw them not. She only saw Cyril Stockton's dark eyes. Why had he looked at her so earnestly? Why had he talked with her, and found her in her walk, and laughed with her when she was happy? Why had he pressed her hand, if, after all, he meant nothing? She had dreamed of happiness. The awakening was cruel. She buried her face in her hands and wept.

"Madge!" She looked up quickly, then started to her feet and stood erect, with flashing eyes. Cyril Stockton eyed her wonderingly. It was a reception he had not counted on, and his heart sank. "Madge," he cried, "have I mistaken your feeling for me? Do you hate me now you know I am bold enough to love you?"

It was Madge's turn for astonishment. "Me!" she exclaimed. "Me! What do you mean, Dr. Stockton?" "Isn't Miss Lawrence told you?" he asked. "I saw her this morning and gained her consent to my suit."

Madge came a little closer. "Tell me," he urged. "May I hope?" She held out her hand. He drew her to him and held her in a long embrace.

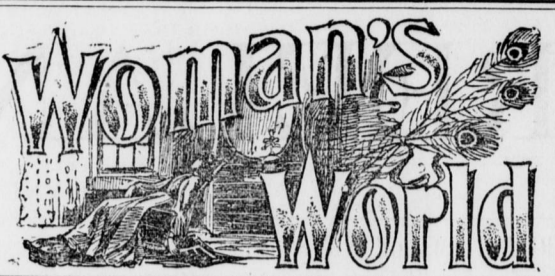
"Poor Auntie!" murmured Madge. "I fear she has made a slight mistake." —Lloyd's Weekly.

Sheathing a Ship.
Yachts built of wood are sheathed with copper, and so are many tugboats. Merchant ships are sometimes sheathed with copper, but nowadays the material most commonly used is a composition metal, which in appearance resembles brass. It does not wear so long as copper, but it costs less. The composition metal comes in sheets about three feet by one foot four inches. They are fastened on the ship with nails of the same material. Sometimes the sheathing is nailed directly on to the hull of the ship. Sometimes it is nailed over another sheathing of felt, which helps to preserve the caulking in the seams.

When the ship has been placed in a dry dock, or raised out of water on a floating dock, the old metal is stripped off and if she is to have a felt sheathing the bottom of the ship is first painted with a coat of pitch, and the sheets of felt are laid upon that, and then the sheets of metal are nailed on over them. The work is done very rapidly, and, at the same time, with great nicety. Every nail head is sunk so that it is flush with the plate. If the hand were passed over the sheathing anywhere it would be found smooth. If the nail heads were permitted to project they would, of course, interfere with the speed of the vessel.

Seventy-five men can sheath an 1800-ton ship in two days. The cost of sheathing such a ship with composition metal, over felt, including material, dock charges, labor, and everything, would be about \$4000, or a little less, and such a sheathing would last about two long voyages.—New York Sun.

Paper Hanging by Machine.
Paper hanging by machine is the latest achievement, says the Werkstatt. The arrangement used for this purpose is provided with a rod upon which the roll of paper is placed. A paste receptacle with a brushing arrangement is attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall paper is fixed at the bottom of the wall, and the implement rises on the wall and only needs to be set by one workman. While the wall paper unrolls, and, provided with paste, is held against the wall, an elastic roller follows on the outside which presses it firmly to the wall. When the wall paper has reached the top, the workman pulls a cord, whereby it is cut off from the remainder on the roll.



Wants to Secure Suffrage.

The first annual convention of the Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association was held in Greenville, March 29 and 30. According to the constitution, the object of this association is declared to be to advance the industrial, educational and legal rights of women, and to secure suffrage to them by appropriate State and National legislation.

New Occupations.
In entering on new occupations for their sex women have not taken any work away from men. New kinds of work have come on the scene faster in some cases than the workers were ready. The majority of women entering the industrial world become either typewriters, telegraphers, trained nurses or teachers of physical culture, occupations that have almost without exception come into existence within the past fifty years.

London Bicycling Costume.

For bicycling there are a number of different designs in gowns; but one of the smartest is a blue homespun, the skirt made in the regulation pattern, reaching to the ankles and in the bell shape. The waist is a basque of medium length, made with revers of dark blue edged with white cloth on which is a braiding of blue. There is a close waistcoat of white cloth or white pique fastened with tiny buttons, and a small turn-down linen collar, with black necktie. The sleeves are of medium size, finished at the waist with a turned-down cuff of dark blue edged with white braiding in blue to match the revers.—Harper's Bazar.

Little Chance for Error in Taste.

As time goes on fashions become more decided and as the eyes grow accustomed to the new styles, their faults and errors in taste are detected and all that is bad is carefully eliminated. A perfect blending of colors and individual suitability of style are the rocks upon which most women come to grief, but the styles are so pretty and so varied this season that it is impossible for the woman of taste and judgment to look well without a prodigious outlay of money. Most of the new materials are expensive but many old and inexpensive fabrics are being made up into very smart frocks, and thin goods, such as muslins, lawns and dimities, are absurdly cheap.

Coming Styles For Children's Wear.

Some of the thin wash dresses for girls of all ages show tucks from waist to hem, and others alternate tucks with narrow, lace-edged ruffles all the way up the skirt. Bands of embroidered or lace insertion are now much used on both waists and skirts. Narrow ribbons are used as ruffles and ruches, and are often applied on the edges of ruffles where the material is light weight. Lace footing is greatly used for edging ruffles, being both childish in effect and quite an inexpensive trimming. Beading, with narrow ribbon run through its meshes, is quite as popular as last season, and is used on both washable and stuff materials. Sashes of all sorts are much worn, and are tied at the sides or back, as one may wish. Occasionally one is seen that ties in a soft knot directly in front, and has fringed ends that reach the bottom of the dress-skirt. White washable dresses will be worn quite short, having bows of colored ribbon and sashes matching the color of the stockings, which this season are brighter than last. Black stockings are of course worn, but very gay colors are shown, both plaided and striped, as well as solid effects.—Woman's Home Companion.

Avoid Shoddy Stuffs.

Above all things shoddyism is to be avoided. If you can afford but one gown, let that be of some such sensible and well-wearing material as serge, chevrot, covert cloth or mohair. Nothing is so unseemly as shiny satin, soiled or ravelled silk. Draggled silk petticoats are another abomination. Three pretty colored percale skirts, like silk in color and design, can be had, all three, for one-fifth the price of the ordinary made silk skirt, and they always have that blessed advantage of cleanliness. Be always crisp and fresh. To have one's clothes always crisp and fresh and clean is the very next best thing to having an unlimited supply of everything the most fashionable. Bright colored skirts, immaculate and well starched. Is that not better than a draggled piece of old finery, for silk will gather the dirt, will cut and split, and will not wash. Now that the "frou frou" is out of style, percale skirts are more to be recommended than ever. They cost, ready made, \$2 apiece, but if one is handy at the sewing machine, two skirts very much fuller than the ready-made ones can be made for less than that price. Six yards at 12 cents a yard are required for each skirt, and two can easily be made at home in a day.—New York World.

Business Women as Wives.

It has frequently been said that women in business employments do not make as desirable wives as their sisters who have lived only domestic lives, but a recent observer takes a wholly different view of the case. He holds that the effect of the woman in

DOINGS OF THE YOGIS.

How a Clever Trick Was Stolen From an Indian Fakir.

"When I first went to India to study the doings of the Yogis, I had fakirs gathered from far and wide to give me exhibitions," says a magician in the New York Sun. "They showed ordinary tricks, and when the performance was over I told them through the interpreter that I was very much displeased with the childish things they had shown me, and intended to strike them with lightning. They said they had no fear. They were in the business themselves, and I could not frighten them. I made some passes, and they stood before me boldly till I made a furious pass and shouted, and their clothing burst into flames. Then they fled in terror, casting off their light robes, and my reputation as a wonder worker was established in India. The trick was a very simple one. I had discovered a fluid which ignited spontaneously and burned quite fiercely after being exposed to the air for a minute and a half. A few drops of this, scattered on the clothing of the fakirs by my confederate, did the trick."

"After I got my reputation among them the Indians trotted out the best they could do. I found out that the mango trick is done by substitution. As I have said, they are far ahead of us in sleight of hand. Then they have cloths that help them, as they are much bigger than the handkerchiefs used by our magicians. They begin by planting a mango seed and covering it with a cloth. They work under the cloth with their hands, and then remove the cloth at intervals, showing you the mango bush growing larger and larger. At last they show you a large bush that has fruit on it. It appears to have grown from the seed, but it is all a trick, done by substitution. The mango is as tough as whalebone, and can be crumpled up in any old way and packed into very small compass. Working under the cloth with his hands, the magician straightens the leaves out."

"I stole a trick from an Indian fakir one time. He threw brick dust in a pail of water, took some of it out, and blew it away. He did the same with sand. Then he stirred the brick dust up and made it thick. Then he took an egg-shaped piece of brick from his pocket and scraped it with his knife to show that it was genuine. He put it in the pail, and standing back began an incantation."

"'Ramee Samee! Ramee Samee of Bombay!' he cried. 'Come to me and Sahib give me five rupees.' Out jumped the egg straight at him. I could not make out how that was done."

"Now, one of the rules of our profession is never to play the same trick twice in succession, because spectators are watching very sharply, but these fakirs would sell their grandmothers for a dollar. The man played the trick over again for me. Still I could not see how it was managed, and insisted on seeing it a third time."

"'You have an invisible thread,' I said. 'You wave your arms about and pull the thread and the egg comes to you.'"

"The old fellow laughed at me and did the trick again. I sat close by the pail craning my neck over it. Suddenly I made a dive in the pail with my hand. The magician made a dive for me, but my attendant headed him off. I fished up the egg seated on a sort of catapult made of an iron spring held back by a bit of rock salt. When the salt dissolved it loosened the spring and that threw the egg out. While I was studying this out the magician was making an awful clamor about the act of robbery I had committed. I acknowledged that I had done a very unprofessional thing and asked how much he thought I ought to pay him. He said that five rupees would make it all right. I gave him ten and he went away very happy."

Almost a Mile-a-Minute Elevator.

Ed H. Benjamin returned the other day from a visit to the big mines on the mother lode in Anador County. "I took a fast ride," he said, "in the Oneida mine. This company has just put in a new hoisting gear which beats anything on the Pacific coast, and there are only one or two mines in the country which have machinery to equal it. I came up 1500 feet in the shaft in twenty seconds. This is at the rate of almost a mile a minute, and by comparison the swiftest elevators in the tall buildings in the San Francisco are slow coaches. When the mine is in regular operation the cage will be run at the speed of thirty miles an hour in lifting ore. This remarkable hoist was manufactured in San Francisco, and seems to embrace no new principle—just a very large drum and the usual cable."—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

Comparatively Terrorless.

Doctor—"I am sorry to say that I have come to the conclusion that your case is a hopeless one; you know that you have been under my care many months now, and that during that time I have exhausted the resources of the materia medica to effect your cure."

Patient—"I know it, doctor."

Doctor—"That consciousness ought to reconcile you, my friend, to the inevitable, for surely you are not afraid to die, are you?"

Patient—"Not as much as I would be to meet your bill if you should happen to effect a cure."—Boston Courier.

A Dutch Bull.

A Dutch paper of recent date contained an advertisement offering a reward for the dead body of a suicide, of whom the following description was given: "Age, about forty. Height, five feet eight inches. Speaks the dialect of Gelderland."