



Valuable Jewels seldom worn. A jeweler says that valuable family jewels are almost never worn by their owners; they are kept in safe deposit vaults and are not used more than half a dozen times in half a century. Ladies have them copied and always appear wearing the imitation jewels, which look quite as well. "Why," he added, "a lady would not dare to appear always in the valuable gems she is known to possess; she would be robbed and perhaps murdered for them."

**Repairing a Mackintosh.**  
To mend a mackintosh procure a small tin of india rubber cement or dissolve some strips of pure india rubber in naphtha or sulphide of carbon to form a stiff paste. Apply a little of the cement on the surface of a strip of the same material of which the mackintosh is made, which can be purchased by the yard or in remnants from the waterproofer; also apply a little cement to each side of the torn part, and when it begins to feel tacky bring the edges together and place the patch nicely over and keep in position by putting a weight over it until quite hard, which will be in a few days.

**The Rich Man's Wife.**  
The man of wealth marries a woman who is beautiful and gracious; one who will bear his name proudly. Her home is handsomely appointed. She fits into her environment as a statue fits its niche. At her command are servants, horses and carriages—or automobiles, in this mechanical generation. She is privileged to trade upon credit and dress for her position in life. But too often her pocketbook contains less than the woman in moderate circumstances, whose husband has a salary and gives his wife a stated sum to live upon. The rich wife, if asked by members of her club for a donation, must consult her husband first. She has no ready money, and frequently is obliged to ask him for paltry amounts. She is humiliated and becomes embittered; her dignity is lowered. Sometimes she employs deceit with which to obtain resources from him. And her thought of her husband's parsimony soon kills all her tenderness.—Susan B. Anthony, in the Independent.

**The Vanity of Women.**  
"Take hold of a woman's vanity," said a married man, "and you can lead her where you will."  
He gazed dreamily, smiling to himself, into his lemonade glass. Then he resumed:  
"My wife discharged her servant girl last month, and said that in order to have the work done well she would do it herself thereafter. And, by jove, she did. She cooked and washed the dishes, and ruined her temper and spoiled my happiness, for I can afford to keep one servant, and I hated to see her doing all that unpleasant work. But I could say nothing to make her stop until I thought of her vanity, and as soon as I thought of that I knew I had her."  
"Jane," I said at breakfast one morning, "your hands don't look like they use to. Your fingers are rough, and your nails seem to be ragged and discolored. Do you manœuvre them as carefully as you used to?"  
"Of course I do," said she; "and they look all right, too. There's nothing the matter with my hands."  
"I know better, Jane," said I. "This rough work has told on them. I doubt if you will ever get them back to their former fine condition."  
"Oh, you're talking foolish," cried my wife, frowning, and I said nothing more. But when I got back home that night a new servant girl was in the kitchen, and my Jane sat before her dressing table with her manœuvre set."  
—Philadelphia Record.

**Girls as Blacksmiths.**  
A web of poetic romance always has been woven about the "village smithy," but it has remained for a sturdy blacksmith in the neighborhood of Leeds to introduce the daughters of the smithy into the romancer's dreams. This blacksmith has eight daughters, and has reared them all by the side of the forge and anvil. At present four are at work in his shop. The other four wielded the hammer for several years and then left the business to take up the duties of running homes of their own. Every day these four daughters of the master smith are to be seen at the anvils following the trade of their fathers. They are up early and spend the working hours in making gas hooks—broad, bent nails which are used by plumbers for fastening gas pipes to walls. It is not such a hard task, yet the work requires great patience and enduring strength.  
The heavy part of the work is performed by a machine worked with the foot. After the mechanical device has finished its labors the fair blacksmiths, with sleeves rolled up, put the finishing touches on the hooks with a hand-hammer and get them ready for market. The girls are fond of their work. They toil on a piece-work basis, and the ingenious blacksmith calls each a "full hand."—Baltimore American.

**Two Gowns and a Hat.**  
A dainty gown is of white voile with narrow strappings of white cloth to outline the deeply-pointed skirt flounces, and a pleated bolero effect on the bodice finished off in the same way

and cut short enough to allow a glimpse of a soft fulness of ecru batiste. This is eventually caught into the close bondage of a waistband of white gace, whose bow ends at the back give something of the effect of the fashionable coat tails. A collar of ecru batiste and lace also puts in an appearance, and there are touches of brown on the white silk tie, where brown velvet baby ribbon is threaded through tiny circlets of lace and divided by minute blossoms glistening with gold.

Another graceful frock is of turquoise-blue cambric elaborated with a design of the most diminutive leaves embroidered in white, and forming a trelliswork all down the front of the skirt, while at either side its points are edged with ruffings of Valenciennes lace, and the skirt is further trimmed with stripes formed by embroidery and lace. The deep collar of white lawn and lace is fastened with a smartly knotted tie of white silk embroidered with spots of blue, and the accompanying hat is a picturesque affair of black straw with a long scarf of pale blue satin drawn round the corner and tied at the back in a bow whose ends fall to the waist, while curving under the wide brim at the left side is one pure white ostrich feather.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Justice to Stepmothers.**  
Most abused in the public estimation of all the members of human society is the stepmother. It is therefore with a certain thrill of satisfaction that we read in the daily chronicles that in the slow evolutions of justice one stepmother at least has been vindicated. She is not the terror that tradition would have her to be; she is not heartless; she is not cruel; she is not selfish more than are most mortals. She is simply a good, average woman, doing her best as she sees it. Such is the typical stepmother whom novelists and other perversely developed idiots have taught us nevertheless to loathe.

In this case the stepmother had an excellent opportunity to prove herself devoid of narrow maternal prejudice. It was one of those families in which there are three brands of children, to use a common commercial term. On both sides it was a second marriage. The husband had his particular exclusive set of children, and his wife hers. Then there was a set that jointly belonged to them both. Now, to this meritorious stepmother's view, each of the exclusive sets was as unlovable and as mischievous as the other, and both with equal viciousness pitched into the third. The set that was joint property had put out of joint, so to speak, the noses of all the rest.

The stepmother of tradition would have shielded her own exclusive children. But this stepmother was the real thing; hence the difference. She found it intolerable that the youngest set of children should be the victims of both the older sets, and she said so, and declared that she herself was at the mercy of the latter. The law stepped in at her request, and it is to be hoped that its intervention will lessen the hardship of her lot.

In many savage tribes the stepmother is held in superstitious reverence and fear, and yet the simple wife has less liberty and more drudgery than with other races. We, with our civilized pretense of chivalry, treat the stepmother nearly always ungenerously. In most cases she has more difficult duties to perform than a first wife, and it is not at all certain that she does not as often perform them well. There have been stepmothers, and there are many in the world, who were or are among the sweetest, most patient and most devoted of womankind. Many a good man can look back and trace his soundness of character and his success in the world to a good stepmother. Honor to her, we say, as much as to the other kind of mother, where she deserves it.—Philadelphia Times.



**Tartan plaids are the latest novelty in dress goods and silks.**  
Jeweled studs caught together with tiny jeweled chains are to fasten thin white waists.  
Silver tissue is employed as a background for many of the fine laces and embroideries.  
Wash belts, with harness buckles of brass, are a smart accompaniment for shirt waist suits.  
Ruffles and neckwear of accordion-plaited chiffon edged with petals of flowers are very dainty.  
The new cameo patterns appear on such buckles of shell. Buckle, sash pin and brooch form a set.  
Alexandra clasps for stocks have medallion centers, with two flat hooks on each side, through which the ribbon is run.  
An all black shoe is extremely smart. It is made quite plain, without any stitching or trimming, of patent leather.  
Bits of red coral strung between links of gold compose a long fan chain, which would be effectively worn with a thin white gown.  
The garniture on some beautiful new evening dresses consists of large roses of silk and applique or chiffon linked by gold and silver.

A lion's head in rose gold has tiny diamond eyes and teeth and holds a large diamond between the wide open jaws. This fierce little object is a novelty in brooches.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS



**Putting Down Matting.**  
A housekeeper, who has made the experiment discovers that matting may be sewed like carpet and put down better and easier than in the usual way with matting tacks. Undoubtedly this method would increase the wear of the matting if it were necessary to take it up often. One or two liftings of matting are apt to tear it unless the greatest care is used.

**To Wash Rugs.**  
Light fur rugs can quite easily be cleaned or washed at home. To dry-clean, well moisten some sudawest with benzoline, and rub this well in, changing as it gets soiled, says Home Chat. If washed, make a nice suds with soap jelly and hot water, in which you can comfortably bear your hand (a heaped tablespoonful to a gallon, and a teaspoonful of borax. Let it soak in this for half an hour. Souse up and down in this, then wash in a weaker suds, with only half quantities of soap and borax, and rinse in lukewarm water. Press out as much water as possible, or run through a wringer; well shake, and hang in the shade to dry. When half dry, rub well between the hands to soften it, and again well shake.

**Leather for Decoration.**  
Leather has not been for many centuries so extensively used for decorative purposes as it is today. With what might be termed the renaissance in household art that began about 25 years since came a more general appreciation of rich Spanish and English leathers that were found on antique pieces of furniture.  
As a result leather has become more beautiful and it is admirably adapted for the facings of walls as well as for the covering of various pieces of furniture.

In many instances these leathers are reproductions of the old Cordovan. Many kinds of skin are used, as some are too coarse of grain to become flexible enough or to take the finish demanded for certain purposes.  
A successful dining-room has recently had its walls completely covered with an old yellow leather illuminated with dull gold and bronze. The leather is applied in panels and tacked on with large dull bronze-headed tacks.  
The frieze is of stamped leather, which is a bit more brilliant in tone. Over the mantel is a panel of plain leather, emblazoned with the family crest. The furniture in this room is of old walnut unholstered in the old yellow leather, the coat of arms on the back and seat.

The library in this same house is also done in leather. The color used, an old dull red. The chairs are covered with embossed leather; the table, a massive affair, is completely encased in leather.—Chicago Record-Herald.



**Rice Omelet.**—To one cupful of cold boiled rice add one cupful of warm milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper; mix well and add to them three beaten eggs; put a little butter in a frying pan and when hot turn in the rice mixture, let cook slowly; put in the oven for a few minutes; when it is cooked through fold it in half; turn out on a hot platter and serve at once.

**Cheese Pudding.**—Take a cup of grated or chopped cheese, a cup of bread crumbs and a cup of milk, one egg beaten, a teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and mixed mustard and a dash of cayenne. Fill a buttered baking or pudding dish with alternate layers of cheese and bread crumbs. Mix the egg, milk and seasoning together and pour over the top and bake until it is set like custard. This will require about fifteen minutes, serve hot.

**Camelot of Beef.**—Mix together one pound of chopped beef, yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter or beef dripping, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little white pepper; form into a roll seven inches long; lay this on a piece of greased paper; wrap the paper over; place the roll in a baking pan and bake in a quick oven half an hour, basting three times with melted butter; remove from the oven, place on a hot platter and serve with a brown sauce made with the fat in the pan.

**Cucumber Soup.**—Pare three good-sized cucumbers and two onions; cut them in slices crosswise. Cover with a pint of boiling water and simmer slowly until soft, adding more water if needed. Rub the vegetables through a sieve, pressing hard to obtain as much of the pulp as possible, using the water in which vegetables were boiled to soften the pulp. Return to fire. Put a pint of milk and a pint of clear stock in double boiler to heat. Rub two level tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour to a smooth paste and stir into the liquid. Stir until smooth and creamy, then add the vegetable pulp and water. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a little nutmeg if you like and cook five minutes and serve with croutons.

## SHORT-LIVED FIRE HORSES.

**Impossible to Keep Them in Seasoned Condition for the Hard Strains.**  
The rush of a fire engine along the street is something that will cause even the most blasé citizen to stop and look. There is something inspiring in the sight of the great horses tearing along. The horses appear to be athletes of their kind, and many stories have been written about them and the keen perception they have of their duties. It will surprise most persons to know that these horses are not athletes in the meaning that they are always in condition and hard training, and also cause surprise that their lives are comparatively short. Jacob Durrenberger, the superintendent of horses, who looks after the fire horses of the city of Buffalo, says that most of these fine-looking animals are soft as girls. The very confinement they have to undergo in being ready for a call at any moment takes them out of training, and while they are good for a short spurt they are never as hardened as the average old hack that is pegging around the streets all day in front of some sort of a delivery wagon. The very best horses obtainable are bought for the service and many are rejected after being a few days in training. Speaking of these animals, Supt. Durrenberger said:

"It does not take long to teach the horses to discern just what is wanted of them, and many even get to know what calls directly concern them. But big and strong as they appear, and as they are, they are not the equine athletes many folks imagine. Down town they have many runs every month, and in the outlying districts the calls will not average a dozen in the same time. The animals in a suburban engine house have more chance for exercise than those in the heart of the city. The runs are always heart-breaking, and it is queer that most of the animals first break down over the back. The big engines are very heavy, running into the thousands of pounds, and even with three horses pulling them it tells across the back in a very few years. That is how most of them go, and when they are unfit for the fire service they may yet be most serviceable animals for lighter work."

"They know their business, and, as far as a man can judge, take a great delight in making the runs when the gong taps. One horse will teach another, and two old timers with a raw recruit will help him along and push him into place if he appears to be letting the excitement of the occasion get away with him. While the downtown runs are never very far, they are made at great speed, and the wrench, for instance, when a big engine slips from a car track is a greater strain on the horses than most people imagine. In the outlying districts the horses have longer runs, but fewer of them, and generally the apparatus is lighter. But whether in the outlying districts or downtown all of these animals are in confinement.

"When they make a run they run hard, but they do not get enough exercise to keep their muscles hard, and they are flabby. For instance, they are taken out and ridden up and down the block for half an hour at a time, but that is scarcely as much exercise as a man in prison gets daily to keep him in only average condition. These horses have the hardest kind of pulling to do when they are called on for work and a very lazy existence in between. The result is that the strain of their pulls and runs breaks them across the back after they have been but a few years in the service.

"Once in a while one hears of some old fire horse that has been years in the service, but the chances are that he has been a giant among his kind, or that, although working in the department, he has been doing some other labor than pulling a big engine. I know that the general idea is that the fire-department horses are the best athletes of their kind, but a little thinking over these facts about hard runs and no exercise will convince any one that they are using up their vitality every time the gong is rung. Then, again, they often have to make long, cold waits when a big fire is actually in progress, and that is not good for them, if a horse is fairly intelligent he will learn his lesson in a very few days, and anything a horse learns he is proud to do and show off. Hence the seeming avidity of the engine horses to jump at the tap of the bell. There are horses who can tell, almost before the harness has been snapped on them, whether the call is for their district or not, and the excitement will die away on them as soon as they know they will be returned to their stalls."—Buffalo Times.

**Lion a Fly Catcher.**  
The keeper of the carnivora house at the Zoo led a group of visitors to the outdoor quarters of the lions. "Look at that fellow over there," he said. "It's interesting to watch him catching flies."

The lion lay beside a little puddle that the rain of the night before had made. He dipped his paw into the sticky mud and then extended the member and lay very quiet. The paw served as a flytrap. Flies lighted on it and stuck fast; buzz all they would, they could not get away. And the lion, after a dozen or two were collected, calmly crushed them and prepared his paw again.

"He does that every year," the keeper said.—Philadelphia Record.

**Big Arizona.**  
Arizona exceeds in area the following ten states combined: Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, West Virginia and South Carolina.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

**Poverty is the reward of idleness.**—Dutch proverb.  
Tolerance is the charity of the intelligence.—Lemaitre.  
There is a remedy for everything but death.—French proverb.  
Better be alone than be in bad company.—Spanish proverb.  
It is easy to threaten a hill from a window.—Italian proverb.  
No one is poor but he who thinks himself so.—Portuguese proverb.  
Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Lander.

I repeat that all power is a trust, and that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist.—Disraeli.

God has delivered yourself to your care and says: I had no one fitter to trust than you. Preserve this person to me such as he is by nature,—modest, beautiful, faithful, noble, tranquil.—Epictetus.

Liberty in business, with a free competition, will encourage enterprise, but we are coming to a time when competition is lost and combination is taking its place. In politics, we are coming to the time when liberty leads to a compromise between conflicting self-interests at the expense of the community.—Arthur T. Hadley.

## CO-OPERATIVE TELEPHONES.

**Wisconsin Discovers How to Get a Service at Cheap Rates.**  
The rebellion in Wisconsin against high telephone rates and the formation of co-operative telephone exchanges to fight the high-priced corporation has forced the old company out of business. The movement started at Grand Rapids. The telephone rates were high and the company wouldn't lower them, protesting that it couldn't afford to. A few of the kickers decided then to run a telephone service of their own.

A company was organized, with a capital of \$5000, divided into 100 shares, each share representing the cost of the installation of a single instrument. Each stockholder was allowed to hold only one share for every instrument rented by him, and the ownership of the stock was absolutely confined to renters of telephones. Dividends of 1 per cent were to be paid on the stock monthly. Starting with \$3 telephones the exchanges grew till it had 300—a telephone for every 17 inhabitants of the place. Experience proved that by charging a monthly rate of \$2.25 for stores and \$1 for residences, after payment of the original \$50 subscription, the company could give service and increase its dividends to 1-1/2 per cent a month.

Thus its patrons had to pay monthly only \$1.50 for business service, after deducting the dividend, and only 25 cents for residences. For each instrument the operating expenses were \$9 a year. It being a small town with public opinion unanimously demanding cheap telephones there was no difficulty about a franchise for stringing wires and there were no expensive underground conduits to be built. And the more the service grew the greater was its value to the subscribers. Of course, the original company could not compete with these profitless prices and the company could not buy up the co-operative exchange, because stock could be held only by users of telephones. As soon as a subscriber ceased to rent a phone his share was canceled.

The old telephone company tried every means to oust the newcomers, but it could not be done. It offered telephones rent free for three years, hoping to win away enough of the co-operative subscribers to compel the rest to go back to the original plan. The new company replied by showing its members what would happen to them after three years and the co-operators stuck together. The result has been that the old company has gone out of business and the co-operative company is constantly increasing its service.

Besides Grand Rapids, Wausau, Merrill, Mansfield and several other towns now have co-operative telephone service. There is a group of these towns in the Wisconsin valley and long-distance lines between them are now being projected.—Municipal Journal.

**Lamp Boys of London.**  
Owing to the new acetylene lamps, which appear today for the first time on 1200 omnibuses, a certain group of street characters familiar to Londoners are lost from view. These are the agile lamp boys, posted at various points along the principal routes over which the omnibuses run. Their chief duty consisted in clambering swiftly up the bus and dextrously removing, sometimes while the vehicle was in motion, the old oil lamp, which is to be happily seen no more in our midst. The new acetylene lamp will require no attention en route, and for the conductor to light up it will only be necessary for him to turn a small tap. Before the bus leaves the company's yard in the morning an official places a cake of carbide of calcium in a small slot beneath the lamp, and beyond filling a small tank with water nothing else is required to provide the powerful new illuminant.—Westminster Gazette.

**Precaution.**  
"Do you think you can give my daughter the surroundings to which she is accustomed?" asked the parent. "Well," answered the young man, "I won't guarantee that. You see Claribel has talked the matter over and says she's tired of the neighborhood."—Washington Star.

## THE WRATH OF THE BEE.

**When She Leaves the Present Defecation, to Save the Hereafter.**  
The bee, essentially so pacific, so long-suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her) when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monuments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor. Here again, as often happens when we study the manners of this spirited and mysterious little people, the provisions of human logic are utterly at fault. It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed, a city such as we find in good apiaries, where the nectar, overflowing the numberless cells that represent thousands of casks piled from cellar to garret, streams in golden lactates along the rustling walls, and sends far afield, in glad response to the ephemeral perfumes of calyces that are opening, the more lasting perfume of the honey that keeps alive the memory of calyces that time has closed. Now this is not the case. The richer they abide the less eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive; if you take care to drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for the liquid booty conquered from the smiles, from all the charms of the beautiful azure mouths. Try the experiment; I promise you impunity, if you touch only the heaviest hives. You can turn them over and handle them: those troubling flags are perfectly harmless. What does it mean? Have the fierce amazons lost courage? Has abundance unnerved them, and have they, after the manner of the too fortunate inhabitants of luxurious towns, delegated the dangerous duties to the unhappy mercenaries that keep watch at the gates? No, it has never been observed that the greatest good fortune relaxes the valor of the bee. On the contrary, the more the republic prospers the more harshly and severely are its laws applied, and the worker in a hive where superfluity accumulates labors much more zealously and much more pitilessly than her sister in an indigent hive. There are other reasons which we cannot wholly fathom, but which are likely reasons, if only we take into account the wild interpretation that the poor bee must place on our inordinate doings. Seeing suddenly her huge dwelling-plume upheaved, overturned, half opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring, against which it were madness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee. Admitting the ruin, it looks as though already, in her instinct, she saw the future dwelling that she hopes to build with the materials of the gutted town. She leaves the present defecation to save the hereafter. Or else, perhaps does she like the dog in the fable, "the dog that carried his master's dinner round his neck," knowing that all is irreparably lost, prefer to die taking her share of the pillage, and to pass from life to death in one prodigious orgy? We do not know for certain. How should we penetrate the motives of the bee, when those of the simplest actions of our brothers are beyond our ken?—Maurice Maeterlinck, in Harper's Magazine for August.

**What Tasters Cost Tradesmen.**  
As a manager of a huge supply establishment of the "stores" order, let me say that unless you were in the business you would find it impossible to realize what an aggregate amount customers of the "tasting" kind—I do not now so much refer to legitimate tasters, who sample butter and cheese—cost a concern like this, and much of this tasting is nothing but barefaced pilfering, says a London tradesman to London Tit-Bits.

Not to speak of the articles these people take—the offenders are generally women, I am sorry to say—the articles such as raisins, nuts, biscuits, a grape or two here, and a strawberry there, hundreds and hundreds of them will half-covertly help themselves to a peach, an apricot, or a blood orange, and when they have several children with them, all scattered about a shop and doing the same thing, the matter becomes serious. It happens in scores of cases that the articles taken in this way exceed the value of those bought by fourfold. If a word is spoken to these people, their indignation, mock or real, is a sight; nothing can exceed their effrontery.

It has become a serious question—one that is going to be debated with others ere long by West End tradesmen—for it is calculated that we lose a total of many, many thousands a year by these tasters. We regard women who deliberately allow their children to take expensive fruits in this way, and then refuse to pay, as almost creating a tendency to shop-lifting.

**"Silly Billy."**  
"Silly Billy" is a term often used by mothers when chiding their children, yet how few know the origin of the term. The Duke of Gloucester, nephew of King George III, of England, was feeble-minded and was called "Silly Billy." A funny story is told about a visit he made to a lunatic asylum. "Why, here is 'Silly Billy,'" said one of the loonies, "Gracious," exclaimed the Duke, "that man knows me!" A keeper, who did not know who the Duke was, remarked: "Yes, like all lunatics, he has his lucid intervals."

Rock salt is mined and prepared for use in the States of New York, Kansas, Louisiana and California.