Tupelo, a Southern wood, is now being extensively utilized in the place of pine and cypress. It has been heretofore regarded as of little value, but under the pressure of increasing demand it is found available for a great many purposes, but where it comes in contact with the ground is short-lived.

Contagion a Question of Prevention.

Sinks, drains, eating and cooking utensils, sick room linen and clothing frequently carry the dreaded disease germ unnoticed by the household.

Thorough and hygienic cleansing is the best safe guard against infection, and such a safeguard is found in the universal household necessity Borax.

This simple preventive carries in itself, disinfecting qualities which enter the fabric or set upon the article to be cleansed in a hygienic manner, eliminating every unwholesome property, rendering it contagion proof, while at the same time Borax is of itself as harmless as salt.

Unlike most disinfectants who depend upon their strength of odor or harmful-to-the-system qualities to arrest or prevent contagion, Borax is Nature's remedy, being easy to obtain and easy to apply, a simple solution in hot water being all the application necessary and requiring no prescription, it can be obtained from any grocer or druggist in convenient, economic 1 household packages.

In addition to its disenfecting qualities Borax is especially a household necessity as it can be used for softening water, cleansing and whitening clothes, clearing the skin, whitening hands, makes an excellent dandruff remover and can be used on the finest laces or most delicate fabrics without injury, while as an adjunct to the bath it removes all odor of perspiration and leaves the skin soft and velvety.

Frightful Example.

"What a curious old crank Squire Blood is! He has named his youngest son Good Food. Think of it—Good Food Blood."

"Yes; he says he wants the boy to be a subject lesson showing the transcendent beauties of English orthography.

Always at It.

Mrs. Pease—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

Miss Sharp—Aw, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!

No Chance.

He gave an interview and what he said
Was twisted in a manner most capricious;
When he refused ot talk it merely led
To statements that his silence seemed suspicious.
—Washington Star.

Splendid.

Half a century ago the crossing of the Atlantic was an ordeal to appall the stoutest. To-day, babies in arms and invalids need not fear it. There is a good deal in fashion, and if it is the fashion to hurry it is also the fashion to hurry splendidly.—Observer.

Broke.

Mrs. A.—When my husband starts on his vacation he always tells me he is coming back shortly.

Mrs. Z.—And does he come back shortly?

Mrs. A.—No, he generally comes back short.

A Terrible Thought.

"I want to be loved for myself," exclaimed the romantic heiress.

"My dear lady," rejoined Baron Fucash apprehensively, "is there any possibility of this being a case of mistaken identity?"—Washington Star.

Tentative.

Nan—Jack seems to be considerably devoted to me, don't you think?

Fan—Yes; he seems to be considering whether to be devoted to you or not.

The Natural Result.

"I saw Blinks this morning and he looks all gone to pieces."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's broke."—Baltimore American.

About It.

"Pop, what is an immunity bath?"

"A plunge, my son, to tell on the other fellow first."—Baltimore American.

Now Objection to That.

"Go and take your bath, dear," said his mother, "like a little man."

"That's the way I want to do!" howled Johnny. "Little men never take a bath 'ceptin' they feel like it!"

The Face of Him.

"It won't be good for you if you cut my face," remarked the man with the sample case, as he took his seat in the barber's chair.

"Why, what will you do?" asked the barber.

"Nothing," rejoined the other; "but you'll have to get a new razor."

Up to Date.

"Well, well," remarked old Mr. Pastangon, "the young women of to-day are not what they were in my time."

"No?" replied Miss Huskie.

"No, indeed. Why, all you young women nowadays are muscular athletes."

"That's so. In the proud lexicon of feminine youth there is no such word as 'frail.'"—Philadelphia Press.

WHY MAN CAN'T FLY.

But Is Aided by Air in Bones and Web Frame.

"Flight as a personal matter can never be attempted by man, for the plain reason that he is not provided with a flying body," writes Dr. Andrew Wilson. "A near neighbor quadruped of his, the bat, has evolved flying powers, but it has developed a frame which, like that of the bird, is made for flight as its true means of locomotion.

"Its bones are filled with air and otherwise it has points which render its aerial trips, not so extensive as those of the bird, easily performed. In the bird, it is simply the whole arm or forelimb which is modified in the wing, and it is the actual movement of this feathered arm which propels its possession through the air.

"But the bat's flight is of a different kind. It calls to its aid a skinfold which stretches between the four enormously elongated fingers, runs between forelimbs and hindlimbs and between hindlimbs and tail. In the bat, therefore, we have something of the boat's sail order of things added to the wing, as opposed to the movements of the wing, pure and simple, in the bird.

"A flying fish does not fly. It leaps from the sea, spreading its big breast fins wide, and is carried so far by the initial velocity it acquired in its preliminary rush through the water. Nor do flying squirrels or flying lizards fly. They possess folds of skin fringing their bodies, which merely act as parachutes, sustaining them in their aerial leaps from bough to bough.

"Engineers have calculated that a relatively enormous amount of energy would be required to be exerted by a man to raise him from the ground into the air under the existing circumstances of his life. This energy it is impossible to generate within the frame, and so the personal flight problem must be put out of court altogether.

"It may be a different matter when motor power, light and energy of sufficient extent can be provided to assist man in his aerial excursions. The idea that some personal apparatus, so to speak, might enable man to convert himself into a flier, has its own attraction, and possibly the idea may take practical shape. But the more hopeful solution of human flight is the dirigible flying machine, man being merely the passenger in it, and not its propelling genius."—Chicago News.

TINY FLOWERS IN PORCELAIN.

From France Comes a Quaintly Decorative Effect for Dinner Table.

The heart of a china collector would be made glad by a visit such as I enjoyed recently in the shop of a ceramiste d'art, says a Paris correspondent of Vogue. I was shown real Sevres pate tendre, made by his own chemical process. Broken dinner services of ancient design may be matched here and completed. I saw beautiful plates and dishes of transparent enamel, most difficult, it appears, to do, for it is put into the oven many times and often broken in the process. Small wonder, then, it is dear, for one cup and saucer is $100. A plate of "modern enamel" is $35. The Sevres pate tendre is in lovely shades of pink, pale green and blue. The plates are $30. The design is in delicate set flowers and graceful garlands. Very lovely were plates of pate tendre with circles of lovely pink or delicious yellow, twined about with tiny flowers. These are $22 each.

More modest in price are little boxes for the dressing table, candlesticks and little dishes, all copied from veritable ancients, for $2.40, $2.80 and $8.20. Who would not value a little gift of that sort? There are vases of graceful form of $3.60 and umbrella handles for $3.20. A copy of an old design is carried out in a chocolate pot for $8. Cups to match are $2.80 each.

Such a quaintly decorative effect for the dinner table may be obtained by tiny individual pots of flowers, not real, as we have had them, nor even artificial, but in porcelains in imitation of old porcelains de Saxe, pot and mossy earth and demure little old-fashioned flowers, all in the faded but strong old colorings that harmonize so well with old Strassbourg or Brittany plates. Tiny pots are 40 cents apiece and there are several larger sizes for grouping about a center decoration of porcelain fruit. The larger pots are $3 and $4.

Sun, Moon and Tides.

The sun and moon conjointly affect the oceans in obedience to the fact in nature known as the law of the attraction of gravity. It is the nature of things that the sun and moon shall pull at the earth's waters, and no further explanation can be given. When the sun and moon are pulling in line the tides are highest and when pulling against each other the lowest. The moon is so much nearer the earth than the sun that it does most of the pulling, notwithstanding its greatly inferior dimensions.

Easily Distinguished.

Clara—There should be a law passed compelling men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or not.

Maude—Oh, that isn't necessary.

Clara—Why not?

Maude—When a man is seen on the street in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, it is safe to bet that he's married.—Chicago News.

No Way Out of It.

"We are worried about Julia. She got out of a sickbed to go to the matinee."

"How could she?"

"She had to go; she had a ticket."

No Necessity for Haste.

Mrs. Hokey (looking at postmark)—My husband mailed this two days ago, and it has a special delivery stamp on it. How does it happen that it wasn't delivered yesterday?

Messenger—We have to be mighty keerful with them special delivery letters, ma'am. They're gener'ly important, and it won't do to hurry 'em.

Jealous of the Angels.

"She is half frantic since her husband died."

"Yes; she is sure he went to heaven and she has just read that the majority of angels are women."—Houston, Tex., Post.

Not Entirely.

The great flouring mill had stopped.

"What's the matter?" inquired the reporter, finding the proprietor alone in the establishment.

"Strike."

"Are you absolutely idle?"

"No—not absolutely!" answered the miller, grinding his teeth.—Chicago Tribune.

Impossible.

Miss Rinkles—Everything costs so much nowadays! I suppose I'll have to live plainer.

Miss Sharptung—Why, dear, you couldn't be any plainer, and live.

Bulk.

Convalescent—Doctor, do you mean to tell me that's my appendix?

Surgeon—Yes, sir.

Convalescent—Great Scott! It looks more like a comic supplement!