

BANDON RECORDER.

ETIQUETTE OF WIGS.

Old Men, With Care, May Complete the Illusion They Seek.

The baldheaded man who is posted on the etiquette of wig wearing adorns himself with a faithful copy of nature which simulates his poverty instead of his wealth, says the Chicago Tribune.

For an artistic wig for a man is usually made thin or nearly bald on the crown, so as to ally suspicion. When the wig is adjusted to the man's head, the pink scalp shows through the white netting of a modest suggestion of baldness.

This is the first principle of the etiquette of wig wearing—claim too little rather than too much of nature's covering.

This principle is carried to a refinement of perfection by the man who can afford the luxury of buying several wigs, for he may then make the transition from baldness to a semblance of his former self cover a space of two or three years and thus complete the deception, which is the aim of all wearers of wigs.

A cardinal point in the etiquette of wig wearing is that one should not wear his wig in bed. It is not proper. Some, either from motives of extreme vanity or from an unwillingness to shock the delicate sensibilities of their families, sleep in their wigs. This practice is condemned unhesitatingly. It is unclean. One should substitute for the wig worn during the day a simple nightcap of muslin, to insure one against taking cold.

In the morning, as the last touch of perfection to the toilet, the wig should be delicately adjusted and then glued to one's head. If this adjustment is carefully made and if one is wearing a really fine wig he may defy both wind and sunlight to betray that "things are not what they seem."

This careful adjustment of the wig is a most important point. It requires eternal vigilance, since a single careless adjustment means ruin. Along the edges of the wig of ordinary size are five spots about half the size of a penny where the paste or glue is applied with which the wig is made fast to the head. The paste must be carefully applied, since if it comes in contact with the hair it destroys its life-like appearance.

A practice generally observed by the wearers of fine wigs is that of dressing the hair in a variety of ways. This is desirable, since it suggests a natural head of hair, yet this practice is perfectly possible with a really fine wig, every hair of which is separately attached to the net foundation.

Paris has a dog cemetery on an island in the Seine. A plain grave without a headstone may be had for \$1, and the body is removed on a little wagon for a similar sum. The graves are leased, not sold. The charge for five years' lease is \$5, for ten \$10, for twenty \$15 and for thirty \$20. Very stringent rules forbid the use of coronets or decorations such as are used at funerals. No cross may be erected over an animal or bird. For all pets may be interred here. The funepions are of a curious and exaggerated sentimentality. Tola Dorian, the author, says on her pet's tombstone that if she "cannot accompany the dear and noble animals she does not wish for heaven," and on "Follette's" grave a mourner has placed these words: "My dear Follette, those who were always faithful and intelligent, we regret the much; repose in peace." Near the entrance to the cemetery stands a row of battered stones from graves the leases of which have expired.

A Practical Mind. The teacher was endeavoring to give the class some idea of the greatness of this country. In a commercial sense, "Take the egg product alone," she said. "It is estimated that if all the eggs produced in the United States last year were loaded into one railway train, when the engine was pulling into Newark, N. J., the caboose would just be leaving Davenport, Ia.

"This seems hard to realize," she continued, "but the statistics are compiled by a well known authority." A little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Donald?" asked the teacher. "I don't believe it's true, Miss Adair," he said. "One engine couldn't pull that train."

A Scandal Spoiled. "Of course he and his wife were devoted to each other now," said the jealous Miss Gausp, "but do you think she will always be so true and all that?" "Well," replied Miss Kidder, "I have reason to know that only last night he had occasion to set a trap for her."

"Ah! Do you know, I suspected something!" "They more than suspected. They knew there were mice in the house," Philadelphia Press.

Strange, Though Not Matchless. "Zheon is really the most marvelous snooker I ever knew."

"Hundred cigars a day or something like that?" "Oh, no. He's temperate enough. The remarkable thing is that he always matches himself."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Disagreeable Habit. Old Grumps—Sure that girl loves you instead of your money? Son—Absolutely. Why, she actually keeps count of the kisses I give her.

Old Grumps—Hum! That's bad. She may keep it up after marriage.—New York Weekly.

Some young fellows want everything for nothing and when they are older they get nothing for everything.—Schoolmaster.

They say Brown is ten years ahead of his time. Well, it's not true. He's six months behind. I'm his landlord and know.—Chicago Journal.

We don't know what it means to "bow to the inevitable," unless it means to take off one's hat to one's wife.—Aitchison Globe.

POLLY LARKIN

"Polly, I have just thought of a new vocation for women. It wouldn't offer a vast field for employment, but for a few it would hold out great inducements, I am sure. You know that half the women do not know how to dress tastefully and attractively, and more than half do not know how to wear their clothes. The latter class frequently have all the money they can spend, and can afford to dress well. They pay extravagant prices for material and it is made up by an experienced dressmaker who is doubtless thoroughly up-to-date in her business. She will follow the directions given by her customer in regard to the making up of the goods regardless of the fact that the style is unbecoming even to the outlines of the garment. She offers no suggestions, however, or if she does it is done in a half-hearted way or indifferently, so that it does not appeal to the customer. Possibly the dressmaker is afraid to make suggestions, for many women who are set in their notions would not take kindly to the slightest variation in the style they have chosen for their suit. The result is that they look like frights and it is no compliment to the dressmaker to pose as the artist and finisher of this wonderfully bad creation. She cannot defend herself by saying with hands uplifted in horror at this result of her labor, 'I'm not responsible; it was her own bad taste' for that would offend the customer should it reach her ears, as it doubtless would, for gossip and ill news travel on the wings of the wind, gathering force, too, in its flight. Every dressmaker if she wants to excel and stand at the head of skilled and artistic modelists should insist upon studying her subject or customer just as an artist does his model. There should be no caricatures in costumes, either in harmony of color or style. It is not every woman who can wear a perfectly fitting tailor-made suit to good effect, or an exquisite creation of handsome material fashioned in a princess garment. They have not the form to stand these severely plain costumes. They must have something more elaborate and dressy, beribboned and with plenty of trimming. You take the girl who looks as the fashion writer of the day terms it, 'stunning' in a tailor-made suit with neat linen collar as white as the driven snow, and she would look like a fright loaded down with ruffles, laces and jets.

"The trouble is that two-thirds of the women of to-day don't know how to dress. The majority of them know it and they would gladly hail the advent of some thoroughly artistic person, as far as dress is concerned, who would take this responsibility off of them. They would pay her to make a study of their figures and decide what kind of a costume would be the most becoming to them, what material and what colors should be purchased, and then accompany them to the dressmaker, one thoroughly up-to-date, and insist upon her following out the style chosen. She should be present at the fitting of the garment and when it is finished and tried on before sending it home. Another important item would be that she insists upon her putting it on properly after she gets it home. The same might be said in millinery. Because it is the prevailing style women are prone to purchase hats that are wholly unbecoming and were never intended for them. 'Might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion,' they are fond of quoting, so they allow the milliner to persuade them to take the hat that in their own minds is unbecoming and unattractive simply because it is the most popular shape in vogue and everybody is wearing it. It is a mistake that so many of the fair sex make in not being independent enough to wear what is best suited to them in spite of fashion's decree. I am one of the unfortunate ones who do not know how to dress or how to wear my clothes after I get them. I would hail with delight anyone who would take me in charge who understood the art of dressing, not only herself, but others. No one knows how I have fairly envied friends who could wear a gingham or a calico with a dignity and grace that made my expensive clothing suffer in comparison. It wasn't, of course, the material that made the difference. She knew the art of wearing her clothes and I didn't, that was all. To dress well on a little and to wear your clothes to the best advantage as far as grace and becomingness is concerned, is a gift just like anything else. You may cultivate it to some extent, but there always remains enough of the absence of the gift that is lacking to give you an unenviable secret away. So the next best thing to having this gift for yourself is to hire somebody to think and act for you and employ someone who has been blessed with this talent but no fortune to gratify her fine taste. She can possibly carry you out of the grief and despair that this deficiency in the art of dressing has plunged you in."

The discussion of what is the highest and truest aim of a woman's life came up for debate recently at an afternoon tea. One lady—a club woman of some prominence—said: "My highest aim in life is to be a leader as universally respected and admired as Susan B. Anthony. I want her undaunted will-power and ability to conquer in the face of obstacles. She has been a power for the emancipation of women. We all owe her a debt of gratitude, and yet how few of us think seriously of all that she has and is trying to accomplish for mankind. I consider her one of the greatest lights of the present day. Few men possess her great mind and

unfiring brain. I never expect to ascend to her pinnacle of fame, but should be permitted to stand with one of the lesser lights I should be satisfied."

"While I am in sympathy with Susan B. Anthony and Anna B. Shaw to more or less extent," said a little lady, "I am not as enthusiastic as our friend who has just spoken. If I had my life to live over again I should enter the missionary field. There is a vast field for workers and so few comparatively to respond to the call. I don't know but what I would have petitioned to be sent to a leper settlement, where those poor creatures doomed to die a horrible and isolated death are living out their wretched lives with ever a cry from their lips of 'unclean, unclean.' They appeal to me so strongly. There is only one blessing connected with their awful disease—they don't suffer. I would like to labor among them and point them to a world where there was no such blight, no parting with friends, no sickness and no death. I have faint ties now and of course can only dream of this cause I long to take up."

"Well," said the hostess, when all present had given their opinion and called for hers, "while I concur in many things you ladies have said, I have always believed and still hold that a woman's highest and most noble calling in the world lays in her own home circle. I have my boys and my girls, the brightest jewels in a woman's life. To me is given the care of their souls and bodies. I don't want the diamonds to go out from my home uncut and unpolished, but to sparkle with the light of intelligence and the culture that a good home life and constant training in the right direction give. I want them to reverence the good, the true and the beautiful in life and to loathe all that is base and mean. If I can bring my boys and girls up to the high standard I have chosen and aspire to for them, I will have crowned my life with glory enough."

BRIEF REVIEW. Tests The Heart by a New Method. Dr. Gartner, professor of pathology at Vienna University, has made an important discovery in regard to the method of examining the heart, having succeeded in determining the pressure of the blood on the right auricle and right ventricle, into which the venous blood flows before passing into the lungs for purification. Everyone knows by raising the arm above the head they can cause the veins of the hand to collapse, while the lowering of the arm causes them to fill with blood. Gartner, by exact and minute observation, has succeeded in determining the height at which the veins of the hand collapse or fill, and observations of veins in the hand enable him to draw trustworthy conclusions as to the state of the heart.

Nation's Biggest Business. Consider first the volume of business the Postoffice handles, says the World's Work. Through 75,924 postoffices, and in such mass as to require for railroad transportation thirty-one trains, each a mile long traveling 300 times around the equator, more than 745,000,000 pounds of matter was delivered last year. If an average were made, every man, woman and child in the United States received sixty-one letters, thirty-one newspapers or periodicals and fourteen packages, and every sixth person a registered letter.

Grafting Frog Skin. The unusual experiment of grafting frog skin on the hand of a patient has been successfully performed at the homeopathy hospital of the Michigan University by Dr. Westfall, who secured a large live frog, and, after destroying its brain, thoroughly cleaned the skin, and placed the particles on the area to be covered. These grafts were covered with a very thin rubber tissue, and surrounded by dressing moistened by a common salt solution. After ninety-six hours the frog skin grafts had united, the result of the experiment proving most satisfactory.

French Labor Organizations. According to the latest reports, there are 320 syndicates, or trade unions, in France, with a total membership of 645,000, an increase of 20,000 over last year. The strongest unions are those of the metal workers, miners, and those engaged in the textile trades. The "patrons" also have their syndicates, which have a membership of over 200,000, so that the unionist workmen in France are only three times as numerous as the unionist employers.

A Canadian Ship Canal. The ship canal from Lake Huron in Georgian bay, almost due south to Lake Ontario, near Toronto upon which work has been in progress for several years, will shorten the lake route 550 miles. The highest point is 600 feet higher than Lake Ontario, and a drop of sixty feet in four miles, at Peterboro, made necessary the building of the largest locks of the kind in the world. They are now completed.

A man in Jersey got a divorce because his wife preferred her dog to him. We feel sorry for the dog, but it serves him right. He had no business to marry a doggie woman.

A man in Hoboken procured a divorce because his wife eat onions. Poor fellow; we have cried over onions ourselves.

Some people pay starve-to-death wages and then want to kick out the laborer.

Discretion is the better part of mind; your own business.

When a girl's heart gets a little jolt she thinks it a general snash-up.

MARRIAGE LAWS ABROAD.

How Breach of Promise Cases Are Averted in Hungary. "There are many curious and interesting facts regarding the marriage and divorce laws of foreign countries," said H. J. Brown, who recently returned from a trip abroad, where he made a study of the question.

"Breaches of promise are averted in Hungary by an express declaration of the civil marriage act that the relations created by a betrothal do not give the right to demand the conclusion of a marriage, but if either party withdraws from an engagement without just reasons he or she is bound to grant compensation to the extent of the outlay incurred. Divorce in the English sense does not exist, but the courts can decree the personal separation of a married couple without dissolving the bonds of matrimony.

"A curious law prevailing in France provides that before being married children of a family, although over age, shall seek in respectful and formal terms the advice of their father and mother. It makes no difference, however, whether the consent of parents is given for the couple can be married a month after under any circumstances. This is also the case in the Netherlands. A divorce further entitles the innocent party to recover all the presents he or she may have made.

"According to the constitution of the Netherlands, the civil marriage must always precede the religious ceremony. The latter is left entirely to the conscience of the parties concerned. There is also a law providing that no man or woman under thirty can marry without the consent of parents. If the consent be refused, the couple have to appear before a judge, who advises them as he thinks best.

"Many countries have now abolished all marriage fees. This is the case in Norway, while in the Netherlands certain days in the week are set apart when persons may be married without payment."—Indianapolis News.

BENTON AND BARNUM.

How the Showman Got a Free Ad. From the Statesman.

James G. Blaine said that after Fremont became famous as a naturalist, he had opposed his marriage with his daughter Jessie, because he took pride in his son-in-law as a western explorer.

The square on the southern side of Pennsylvania avenue, now occupied by Center market, was then used as a show ground for circuses and other peripatetic exhibitions. About this time R. F. Barnum was beginning his career as a showman, and as Colonel Benton was walking down Pennsylvania avenue opposite this show ground he was attracted by the words "John C. Fremont" uttered in a loud voice by a showman standing at the door of a small tent, in front of which was a garish caricature of a nondescript animal supposed to represent the "woolly horse" discovered by Fremont in the recesses of the Rocky mountains.

Benton stalked across the avenue and listened with great disgust to the statement by Barnum, who was his own doorkeeper and solicitor, that inside the tent could be found the greatest natural curiosity in the world, "the woolly horse captured by General Fremont and now on exhibition." Benton denounced Barnum as an impostor and denied that his son-in-law had discovered any such animal. Barnum, who did not know Benton, told him flippantly to pay his quarter and go into the show or make less noise, whereupon the indignant statesman called upon the police to arrest Barnum, and a large crowd assembled to witness the extraordinary scene. Barnum received a free advertisement, much to his gratification and profit.—George G. Vest in Philadelphia Post.

Nightcaps in the Navy. Captain William Harwar Parker in his "Recollections of a Naval Officer" gives the following story from his experiences on joining the United States frigate, the "Chillicothe" as a midshipman in 1841, when he was fourteen years of age: "I had suffered much with erache, and my mother had caused me to wear nightcaps. There was nothing strange to me in this, as other boys wore them at my boarding school, but it seems it was not a way they had in the navy. My caps were of many colors, for they were made of remnants of my sister's dresses. Now, as I made my final preparations for my release I opened my trunk and put on a close fitting nightcap. It was the signal for an indescribable scene of confusion. If I had put on a suit of mail it could not have caused greater astonishment among these light hearted fellows. They rushed to my trunk, seized the caps, put them on and joined in a wild dance on the deck in which were mingled red caps, blue caps, white caps, all colors of caps, in pleasing variety. I had to take mine off before turning in, as it really did seem to be too much for their feelings, but I managed to smuggle it under my pillow, and when all was quiet I put it on again. But when the midshipman came down at midnight to call the roll he spied it, and we had another scene. This was the last I ever saw of my caps."

A Problem For the Holland Traveler. In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leerdam I chanced upon a sign that held my attention and compelled thought. It read, "L. v. d. Zwaan, Morgen Wekker." This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning and, putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumberous clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, you who are versed in occult things, who or what in this somnolent land wakes the morgen wekker?—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

A Deep One. Doting Mother—Tell me, professor, is my son a deep student? Professor (dryly)—None, deeper, ma'am. He's always at the bottom.

Labor aids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

How Gibbs Won \$500 From Gilmore. The late Frederick S. Gibbs and Edward Gilmore, the theatrical manager, were cronies. Gilmore lived at the old Brunswick hotel on Fifth avenue, for years. It was the custom of Gibbs to go around and see him nearly every Sunday afternoon.

"They thought a game called 'nigger' was up and nigger down," Gibbs would take up street and Gilmore down street, and if a negro came up Fifth avenue before one went down Gilmore would pay Gibbs \$5. If a negro came down the street before one went up Gibbs would pay the \$5.

Gilmore was luckier than Gibbs. More negroes went his way than went Gibbs', and the result was that in a month or two Gilmore had a lot of Gibbs' money.

One day the negro cook in the Gibbs household came to Gibbs in great distress. One of her children had died. Mr. Gibbs was sympathetic. He gave the cook \$50 to help along with the funeral expenses.

Then he asked, "When will you have the funeral, Mary?"

"Mary thought the funeral would be held on Sunday. Gibbs made some cautious inquiries and discovered that the cook lived on one of the cross streets near the Brunswick.

"Now, Mary," he said, "I would like to see that funeral. Suppose you have it come across Twenty-fourth street and up Fifth avenue. I shall be at the Brunswick hotel."

On Sunday afternoon Gibbs watched until the funeral was well started. Then he strolled into the Brunswick hotel and said to Gilmore, "I'll take up street this afternoon."

"All right," said Gilmore. Fifteen minutes later the funeral came up the street, and as \$5 was the bet for each individual Gibbs collected nearly \$500 from Gilmore on the spot.—New York World.

Minor Had Spilled His Complexion. S. H. Minor of Aurora, Ill., while out hunting one day took a shot at a quail with No. 8 bird shot. Imagine his surprise and dismay to see a man bob up from behind a corn shock and catch the load full in the face. Instead of dropping the man started toward Minor, his

face all covered with blood and with a murderous look in his eyes. Minor tried to run, but he was so badly scared he foot refused to move. The fellow drew near and as Minor was about to drop with fear reached out his hand and said: "Say, partner, have you got any chewin'?"

"Yes," Minor almost yelled as he handed him a plug. "Take it. It's all yours."

"Well," replied the man as he bit off a large chew, "be a little keefful when you're shootin' in this here field. Ef them had been big shot they might hev spilled my complexion."

There Wasn't Any Story. A newspaper story that is going the rounds of one of the larger western cities concerns a young and very green reporter who had just been taken on the staff of the town's leading daily. It happened that several theatrical openings occurred on the same night, and the staff of the paper's dramatic department was able to "cover" only three out of the four events. Space was reserved for a story of Mme. Modjeska, who was to open that night in a new play, and the young reporter was assigned to the story.

About 9 o'clock he strolled into the office. The city editor greeted him with astonishment.

"Why, how's this?" he exclaimed. "Didn't you get any story?"

"No," explained the reporter. "There wasn't any story. I saw Mme. Modjeska attacked by a footpad as she was leaving her carriage at the stage door, and as she didn't come to I knew that the performance was off, so I didn't wait."—Harper's Weekly.

The Only Exception. "Colonel Griggs of Georgia" asked a stranger of Representative J. W. Griggs at the west door of the house.

"No, sah; Mistah Griggs of Jorlah, was the answer. "I'm the only member of the house from south of Virginia who is not a colonel."

A Sharp Dig. Mrs. Buxom—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today.

Mr. Buxom—Did she say you were getting old?

Mrs. Buxom—No, indeed. She said "still looked quite young."—Philadelphia Press.

Daddy Stumped. Willie—Daddy, can a man run faster than a boy?

Dad—Because he's bigger.

Willie—Is that it? Then why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front ones?

But dad gave it up.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A nice thing about having children is that it keeps a man's wife sharpened to prevent them from discovering how much he doesn't know.

"JEFFING" FOR MONEY.

The Ancient Game Once Known to All Printers is Being Forgotten. "I lost \$5 jeffing last night," said a printer. "What? You do not know anything about jeff? Why, it is as old as the art of printing itself, and no man knows just when it did come into favor. Far back in the past some fellow was impressed with the possibilities of the quad as an instrument for gambling. Since that time jeff has been a feature of all newspaper offices and wherever there is type to set. Jeff is played very much like dice, but is much more interesting, and the chances of winning a good stake at one shot are greater.

"Seven quads are used in the game. Any number of persons can play, and each throws the quads in turn, just as we do dice. You probably know that on one side of a quad is a little groove, which we call a 'nick.' The man who turns up the greatest number of nicks in three throws takes the pot, while every other man who puts up his money loses. Every player puts 50 cents into the pot, and, as there are six or seven to throw, the stake is well worth winning. When a throw is made without turning up a single nick, that's a 'mollie.' A 'mollie' is a blank and counts for nothing unless one can throw three 'mollies' in succession. In that case he takes the pot, but it is almost impossible to do the trick. 'Cocked' quads are also possible, as with dice. If three players tie their throws, they 'stay in,' while the remainder of the crowd 'sweeten up the pot.' It is seldom that more than five or six pots are made, although I have heard of cases where players made as high as twenty points."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Anticipation. There is a story to the effect that a woman with a disposition to worry over the future made a list of impending troubles, the ones she thought likely to happen to herself, and put it away for safe keeping. Some months later she ran across it by accident merely, for she had quite forgotten it, and to her surprise found that not one of the number had come to pass. So she became converted to the optimistic side and is a happier and more prosperous woman for the change.

It is a story we would do well to remember. It contains a lesson to be taken to heart. The greater part of our lives is in our imagination. On that we waste our strength and nerve force, leaving a rather weak prop on which to lean in real adversity. Trouble we must meet—that is inevitable—but we do not have to live it through twice, the first time in imagination. A fear of what the future contains is a clog upon our heels and prevents the achievement of many an important deed.

Playing Cards. The Chinese, who, according to their histories, invented everything before anybody else, claim the merit of having first designed playing cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Soum Ho had many wives, who naturally found time hanging heavily on their hands, so the emperor devised amusement for them by inventing cards—that is, if we are to put any belief in the words of the Chinese historians. There were thirty cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each and three extra or superior cards. The Chinese cards were oblong, as ours are, while those of the Hindus were round.

Surprising though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation. The picture cards were at first entirely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were the first, it is said, to give the lady a place in the pack.

How Could It Be a Mistake? What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.

"I notice in the Daily Hoodoo that Mr. Biffins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband. "He died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

A Rural Financier. "I suppose you'd like to make about 1,000 per cent on a little investment while you're in the city," remarked the confidence man.

"You bet I would!" replied the financier from the farm.

"Well, how much can you put into the deal?"

The farmer gave the matter thoughtful consideration.

"Well," he said at last, "if it's a sure thing there's no use goin' too strong at the start. I'll invest a dime right now, an' then I'll invest the profit on that when I get it, an' so on up as long as it works."—Chicago Post.

When Wit is Perfect. When wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principles, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit—it is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—Sydney Smith.

No Encouragement Needed. Her Father—What? You say you're engaged to Fred? I thought I told you not to give him any encouragement?

His Daughter—I don't. He doesn't need any.—New Yorker.

One Difference. Admirer—Yes, and her mind is as fair as her face.

Knocker—But the latter is a good deal more quickly made up.—Baltimore American.

It is a good plan occasionally to take your troubles to some one who will point out that you are to blame for having them.—Aitchison Globe.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

His Time For Thinking. A story current in Washington just now tells of the house hunting experience of a certain senator from the northwest whose romantic marriage to a Delaware lady recently received much attention in the press.

It appears that the senator was shown through one swell mansion by the owner thereof in person, a woman of considerable moment in Washington society.

"I am not at all anxious to lease my house during my absence from this country," explained the lady, "as I shall of course have to let it furnished, and I have feared to do that because of the expensive fittings I have placed in it. In your case, however," she added, "I shall be only too glad to rent you the house, knowing, as I do, that in your hands there will be no danger that my furniture will not be well taken care of. I will lease for \$5,000."

The senator did not reply, but continued to gaze out of the window, just as he had done all through the woman's talk.

"Why, senator," she exclaimed, "what on earth are you looking at so intently?"

"I'm not looking at anything in particular," he replied softly. "I'm thinking."

"Thinking?" echoed the lady.

"Yes," answered he. "I'm thinking or rather wondering what if I should take your house I should do with the remaining \$500 of my salary."

Clothes of Premiers. The late Lord Salisbury shared with Mr. Gladstone a disregard for clothes, and several times his attire was referred to with regret by sartorial writers. So long as his coat hung fairly well from the shoulders the deceased premier cared little, but he never went the length of Mr. Gladstone, whose clothes were often so shabby that only an eminent person would wear them.

Lord Salisbury's hats were enormous affairs, equaling Mr. Gladstone's in size and much more respectable. Indeed Mr. Gladstone's headgear was generally in the "shocking bad hat" category. While in attendance in the commons Mr. Gladstone dressed fairly well, but outside the house he paid little attention to his garments. The successors in office of the great departed are, on the other hand, careful dressers, especially Lord Rosebery, who designed a collar for himself with the turnover necks rounded for greater comfort and durability. Mr. Balfour's appearance is usually very smart on social occasions, although he seemingly does not endeavor to attain the well groomed condition of Mr. Chamberlain.—London Men and Women.

At the End of His Rope. Addison Mizner likes to run an automobile, but he has never been granted a chauffeur's license. The other day he was speeding through the park when he encountered a policeman, who, seeing no number on his machine, halted him and demanded to see his license.

"I haven't any," said Mizner, "but I'm going down as fast as I can to get it." He was allowed to go, and presently he was stopped by another officer, who wanted to see his license. "I am on my way to give an exhibition of my skill in order to get one," said Mizner. Again he was permitted to depart, but a few moments later he encountered another unformed functionary, who halted him and repeated the statement that he was on his way to give an exhibition.

"Very well," said the officer, "this is the place where the exhibitions are given. Get busy."

"It's no use," said Mizner. "I haven't the \$2 to pay for the license."—San Francisco Table Talk.

The Old North State. North Carolina, with its area of 48,000 square miles and its stretch of 200 miles from end to end, is so immense, and its interests are so varied that the people at one extremity have little idea of what those at the other are like or what they are doing, and in a modified way this is true of those between the extremities—they are not acquainted with their fellow citizens of either the east or west and know only in a general way what they are doing. It is only, for instance, 175 miles from Charlotte to the sea, yet it will surprise a good many people here to know that the Bank of Carteret at Beaufort recently paid out \$50,000 to fishermen, but this is stated as a fact. Certainly North Carolina is rich in the three only original sources of wealth, the earth, the water and the forests.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Fighting Consumption in France. The minister of public instruction in France has taken the lead of all the world in measures for the prevention of consumption in the schools. A new law requires that an examination of every pupil shall be made once in three months, and the height, the weight, the chest measure and the general physical condition of every one shall be entered on the pupil's report. The schoolrooms receive the same preventive attention. Carpets are prohibited, curtains must be of cloth that may be frequently washed, no dry sweeping is allowed, and dust must be removed by wet cloths, all school furniture must be of steel scoured, books are regularly disinfected, and no book that has been used by a consumptive child may be used by another person.

The Spice in Patti's Life. Hall to Patti! Born in Madrid, her father a native of Catania, in Sicily, and her mother a native of Rome, she was brought up by an American stepfather in the United States, married two French husbands before she settled down in Wales and is now the wife of a Swedish nobleman.—Boston Herald.

Encouraging. Clara—Do you think there is any chance of his asking me to marry him?