LD Aunt Clara sat in her cabin | what yo' is up to, Il'I' marster. Yo' singing her mistress' baby to takin' yo' paw's wheat. What on earth sleep. She had nursed all of yo' gwine to do wid all dem full Squire Howe's children and sacks?" was proud of saying that none out of "Sell it," be confessed, a reckless, dethree girls and one big boy had ever fiant flame in his eyes. His face flushbeen ill a day, "'ceptin', maybe," as ed deeper, and he leaned over the bin she expressed it, "w'en dey is et some'n with ill assumed indifference and nervdey ortn't to, lak, maybe, to fill deir ously chewed a piece of straw. se'ves wid green fruit en tek de colic

happen to any nigger mammy." more than she did her own children, as slowly round the room and said: every one remarked who witnessed her "Li'l' marster, yo' will sho ketch yo soothing:

"Oh, baa, baa, black sheep, has you got any lamb? Yes, way down in de valley.

De buzzards en de flies is er pickin' out 'is En de po' li'l' thing cries 'Mammy!'

"Go to sleep, go to sleep, Go to sleep, li'l' baby.

Pappy loves de baby, en mammy loves de

En ever body loves de baby. "All dem hosses in dat fiel"

B'longst to you, li'l' baby-De sorrel en de bay, en de dapple en de

En dey all b'longst to you, li'l' baby.

"Go to sleep"-

She heard a step on the lawn and cautiously looked out, still crooning seductively and keeping her knees gently moving. She saw the tall, slender figure of her young master, a handsome boy of nineteen, pass her door for them, and every member of the and vanish among the fruit trees that shaded the walk leading to the barn-

"Some'n is sho wrong wid dat boy," she muttered, as she fanned the flies from the baby's face with her black hand. "He's actin' mighty curis, en he don't seem easy in his min'. Some'n is gone wrong. Yo' cayn't fool me, He's makin' too many trips to dat barn whar he ain't got no sign er business. I ain't never seed my young marster act dat sneakin' way before, en I'm gwine to see fer myse'."

With the utmost caution she eased the sleeping infant down on her bed and tiptoed to the cabin door.

"Tuskaloosa!" she called out in a stern undertone to a little colored boy who was floating chips in the watering trough near by. The black urchin rose and came toward her, wiping his dripping hands on the only garment he wore, a long shirt reaching to the ground, "Tuskaloosa, yo' go set flat V side er Miss Sally's baby en min' de files off'n 'er. Ef dat chil' cries one time while I's lookin' fer my hen'nest in de barn I'll give yo' sech er bastin' yo' won' know which side is up."

The boy instantly disappeared in the cabin, and she turned down the walk

to the barn. "De do' is shet tight. Now, I wonder whar Marse Melville could er go to," she muttered as she paused before the barn. Perplexed, she turned and looked over the wide reach of meadow land on her right and then back toward the great white house, the gable windows of which could be now seen above the tree tops. She was on the point of going to the haystacks near by when she heard a footstep in the barn. She crept to the door, put her ear to it and listened attentively. The noise was repeated. Stooping lower, she peered through a crack, and in the half darkness within she saw her young master stealthily filling a sack with wheat from a capacious bin.

"My gracious!" she muttered in a troubled voice. "Dat boy is sho takin' his paw's wheat en slippin' heer onbeknownst to anybody lak er nigger at er chicken roos'. What dis worl' comin' to?"

She sat down on the doorstep, trembling all over with excitement. For several minutes she remained motionless, her elbows on her knees, her fat jaws in her hands, listening fearfully and starting at every sound from within. Presently she seemed to have decided upon a course of action, for a look of determination took possession of her face, her bushy brows ran together, and her thick lips became firm and rigid.

"Marse Melville!" she called in a low voice, her lips close to the keybole.

measure fell from his hands and rattled down into the bin. After that everything was so still that she could esty among her own race, for she arhear the cooing of the pigeons on the gued that little better could be expect- ging they were seated upon threads, roof of the barn and the cows chewing ed of slaves, but she would not have and while hanging to these the slightbay under the lean-to shed near by. any of her "white folks" do the slight- est breath of air would bear them out She applied her eye to the crack again est thing beneath the highest dignity of sight. Thus, though so far from The boy was standing motionless in a of well born women and men. With startled attitude, staring fixedly at the a sudden grunt which showed the presdoor.

"Marse Melville," she repeated, even she bent down, lifted one of the bags more softly than before, "let me in. I of wheat to the edge of the bin and want to speak to yo'." For another minute there was no re-

sponse. Then he said doggedly: "What do you want?"

"Open de do', Marse Melville," she said. "It des me, yo' ole mammy. Open de do' so I kin see yo'. Yo' got it never yit sneak to do anything, en I fas'en on de inside. How yo' spec I ain't gwine to let de one I nussed un kin git throo dese planks? I ain't no begin it. Yo' is heerd yo' maw tell

eat ner spider." she heard his step on the floor and his tel de fus' t'ing anybody knowed dey trembling fingers as they put the key wuz landed in jail fur hoss stealin'. into the lock. She pushed the door Dat so, yo' is wuk mighty hard last open, and he retreated to the bin, avoid summer to he'p mek er crap, en yo' ing her furtive eyes, a half rebellious | paw ort to tek dat into cawnsideration expression on his handsome face. He w'en he figgerin' up, but even ef pawt was in his shirt sleeves. His necktie, er dis yere wheat is yourn by rights collar, coat and vest lay on a feed it looks lak po' white trash doin's to cutting machine at his side. They slip yer dis away en dirty up yo' nice were covered with chaff, and he was shut en collar dat Black Lucy tuck so

red, bot and perspiring. the edge of the bin.

nananananananan WILL N.

HARBEN Copyright, 1905, by Will N. Harben

protectettet

"Huh! Yo' say yo' is!" she ejacu en hat bad squealin' dreams en one lated nasally as she filled her fat hand thing er nur, but sech as dat might with wheat from one of the bags and slowly dribbled it back into the bin She certainly loved her white charges | whence he had taken it. She glanced

ardent devotion to the former and her death o' col' in dis yere room. Dey ain't indifference to the latter. The infant a speck er fresh air er stirrin'. I don't In her lap was drowsily closing its eyes | see how yo' did mek out to fill all dem as her lullaby waxed softer and more sacks wid de do' shet so tight. Yo' bet ter come away en let dis yere wheat alone. I seed yo' pony des now a-tromp in' down yo' maw's rosebushes. Dat colt got ol' Nick in 'Im kase he needs

The boy drew himself up.

"I have as much right to this wheat as father has," he said, half apologetically. "Last summer I worked from daybreak till night overseeing the hands while he was down at the sugar plantation. I need pocket money, like other boys, but I have to beg him for every cent I get. I am tired of it, and I won't stand it another day. Ev ery planter's son around here has an allowance except me. I am obliged to get some money right away. W organized a military company in town last week and ordered uniforms. Th suits have come, but we can't tak them from the store without paying company has taken out his but me. 1 went to father and told him as polite as I could what I wanted, but he cut me off short. He said he had too many other expenses. He wants me to be disgraced before them all. Yesterday old Johnson asked me if we had any wheat to sell, and I"-

The boy's voice broke, and he turned to hide his tearful eyes from her. Aunt Clara had been accustomed to every inflection of his voice since his infancy, and in an instant she was all

sympathy, all tenderness, "Des like yo' paw, li'l' marster!" she blurted out impatiently, and then she grew conservative. "I wouldn't mind," she continued soothingly. "He is got his han's so full wid business dat he don't even notice w'en ol' miss needs er new frock, but yo' paw is er good man at de bottom. He's dat proud er yo', Marse Melville-well! I done food, from light and almost from seed er heep er men wid boys in my time, but marster certney do count big on yo'. I've heerd 'im talk en brag organisms there is none so tenacious by de hour. Why n't yo' go en ax er- of life as the turtle. I can truly say



"I have as much right to this wheat as tather has.

time," answered the boy. "I am no beggar. He can keep his money." Aunt Clara shook her kinky head in deep perplexity. She found it hard to The sounds within the barn ceased. was her particular pride, but she read- the vessel. Darwin, in his famous The boy did not answer. A half bushel thy saw the inexpediency of encourage voyage of the Beagle, when sixty ing him in his present undertaking. She was not a great stickler for honence of all the courage she possessed

emptied it. "Yo' is got blue blood in yo' veins, If I marster!" she panted. She did not look at him as she shook out the bag and laid it on the edge of the bin. "None er de Howe stock er people ain't about de Smiff family er white trash He hesitated another minute. Then dat begun stealin' from de home folks

much trouble to do up." She advanced till her hands touched | She was shaking the last empty bag over the bin as she, out of breath, came in town for?" "Well," she grunted, taken slightly to a stop. She looked at him steadily aback by her failure to catch his eye, for a moment, but he did not speak enough to pay what he loses by his kindly prudence are quite out of fash-"dis certney do beat my time. I know | She reflected a little while, Then, as farming."-Chicago Tribune,

she wiped her perspiring face on he apron, she asked:

"How much money yo' need fur dat newniforn., li'l' marster?" "Twenty-five dollars!" he said gloom

fly. "I wish I hadn't gone into the company. I'll simply have to tell them the truth and resign." "Too bayd, too bayd." Aunt Clara grunted. "I heerd de seves say you

was p'inted captain, de haid one er 'em all. Yo' de right one, li'l' marster. De Howes al'ays do git on de top rail er de fence somehow. None er dem ur boys is fittin' to lead er army." For a her to look down at the wheat with a covetous glance, but she shook her head vigorously, as if a temptation had lodged on it. "No, no!" she said, more to herself than to him. "I was wonderin' ef I couldn't sell dat wheat, but what is mean fur yo' would be mean fur me, en ef I tried it I'd be reported quick." She drew a step nearer to him and said firmly: "Lock de do', li'l' marster, en hang de key on de nail whar it b'longst. Now yo' has my bes' 'vice, en yo' gwine sleep better fur it too."

Without a word or sign of opposition he picked up his coat, vest, collar and necktie and followed her out. She stood silent, thoughtful and disturbed as he hung the key up on the nail and slowly drew on his coat. She brushed the chaff from the garment and smoothed out the wrinkles with her hand. All at once a thought occurred to her. Sh started suddenly and put out her hand impulsively to his arm.

"Marse Melville, I is got some money saved up in my house. I recken I got twenty-five dollahs in all. Yo' wait yere. I'll git it fur yo'. I ain't got ne use fur money. I des laid it by, little by little, fur a rainy day. Dey ain't nuffen I could buy w'en marster gives me all me en de chillun need." He flushed deeply. His lip curled proudly. and his figure became more erect. He

tion disarmed him. "I could not take your money, mamstopped me just now. I have never de- found their way gradually. ceived father, and I never shall. Keep your money. I don't care for the uniform."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Turtle Is a Peculiar Creature In Many Respects.

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

Almost alone among God's creatures, the turtle has but a single enemyman. It does not seem to matter to the turtle whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises. He is neither fish, fiesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Hating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel (with the bung out) and emerge after his long fast apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from air, and, finally, it may be truly said that of all the higher, warm blooded that I have seen the flesh cleared out of a turtle shell and hung up on a tree, where for hours the quivering, convulsive movements of the nauscles went on. Not only so, but on one occasion only the head and tail were left attached to the shell. Some time had elapsed since the meat had been cut out of the carapace, and no one could have imagined that any life remained in the extremities. But a young Dane, noticing that the down hanging head had its mouth wide open, very feelishly inserted two fingers between those horny mandibles. They closed, and our shipmate was two fingers short, The edges of the turtle's jaw had taken them off clean, with only the muscular | them. power remaining in the head. Signor Redi once cut a turtle's head off and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brain he removed lived for six months, apparently unconscious that it had suffered any loss.-Leslie's Monthly.

BALLOON SPIDERS.

They Voyage at Great Heights Over Sea as Well as Land.

Given a steady breeze and a fr course, there is practically no limit to the distance which a ballooning spider gin, honey? It ain't gwine to do no may traverse. The writer has taken harm. When I wants anything I des orb weavers from their snuggeries unkeep peggin' away till it come. Dat der divers sheltering projections at the highest attainable point on the dome "I have been to him for the last of St. Peter's in Rome, whither they had doubtless been carried by the wind when younglings. One may see flecks of gossamer afloat at far greater heights. Seafaring folk often note keep from openly condemning her mas | spider balloons speeding by them at ter's treatment of his son, for the boy sea or entangled upon various parts of small spiders with their webs. When they first came in contact with the rigland, the wee voyagers were still mov-

ing on over the main. A steamship captain told the write of a like observation made by him While sailing along the eastern coast of South America during the mouth of March his ship was covered with innumerable spider webs. He was then more than 200 miles from land, about 400 miles south of the equator. The wind was blowing from the continent. "The spiders seemed like elongated balls," said the captain, "with a sort of umbrella canopy above them. They settled upon the salls and rigging and finally disappeared as they came. You know," he added, "that it is not unusual for birds to be blown out to sea. How much easier for a spider, provided he has the means to keep himself suspended in the air."-H. C. McCook,

Leading a Double Life. out in the country, hasn't he?"

LL. D., in Harper's Magazine.

CASTOFF CLOTHING.

IT PAYS TO SEARCH THE POCKETS AND THE LININGS.

Bills, Coins and Letters Have a Way of Hiding Themselves-Experiences of a Man Who Buys Discarded Gar-

ments-Hints to the Careless.

"One can't buy cas, off clothing for many years without meeting some queer experiences," temarked as "old clothes man" the other day as he fummoment a certain race instinct caused bled through the pockets of a suit which he had just purchased for 50 cents, "Of course I don't expect to find anything-nothing except maybe some old letters. But it pays to run through the pockets and feel the linng. If a man who lets his wife sell his castoff clothes only knew what got lost in the lining of his coat some imes he wouldn't feel so easy about parting with them. A man sticks important letters in his inside coat pocket, and some day when he wants them they are not there. He hunts and fumes around, but the letters don't turn up. Then he thinks they must have been torn up or burned, and he forgets the matter.

"But important letters don't go that way generally. They turn up someimes to accuse a man. They find their way between the lining of the coat or vest, and we fellows get hold of them. If I wanted to go into the blackmailing business I could make plenty of money. I've found letters and papers in castoff clothing that would make pretty startling reading for some people. Of course when we get the clothes by hunting up the address in the directory we can locate either the writer or the one receiving it.

"I don't think that, as a rule, women sell their husbands' castoff clothing seemed on the verge of making an an- any more without going through all gry retort, but her attitude of expecta | their pockets. Maybe they've got into the habit of searching them so that it becomes a second nature to them. So my," he said, with emotion. "You are it is not in the pockets we find things. the best friend I have. I am glad you It's in the lining, where they have

"You know how easy it is for small coins to work their way through a hole n the lining of a vest and snuggle down in the corner of the cloth. Well, the wife of a man feels something African exploration down the west and the effect is charming. there and thinks it is only a button or coast, sailed from Lisbon in August, Material required, for medium size, some such thing, or maybe a penny, 1486, with a small force and landed at five and five-eighths yards, twentyand she won't bother in trying to fish several places, of which he took pos- seven inches wide. it out. But pennies don't work down session in the name of his master.

ony us for what we have given for all Storms. of the clothes. ed, cleaned and pressed easily bring Portuguese expedition. \$3 to \$5. The clothes are not worn

much, but just soiled and mussed a little. The trousers are stretched a little o they will bag at the knees when used a few days at a time. A man cith plenty of money won't stand that. He will order his wife or valet to sell

"The greatest amount I ever found in money in one coat was a ten dollar ne I returned it to the owner and reelved a dollar reward for my honesty. The best find, however, was several nd inside cloth of one of these fancy

he compons and received \$1,000 for hem, but there was some risk to such proceeding. So I concluded to turn them over to the owner and trust to his generosity. He gave me \$100 in bills and commended me for my honesty. He had missed the coupons and had advertised for them. Later 1 8300 for their return. You can bet I

for returning them. "As for important letters, I might Generally we read them and chuck them in the fire. It's the best way. If con, oxygen, nickel and cobalt. man has lost a letter which would incriminate him he doesn't like to have It turn up. It will always worry him a little, but he lives in the hope that it is lost for good and gradually forgets it.' -Washington Star.

Funerals For the Health. At a funeral in Glasgow a strange who had taken his seat in one of the mourning coaches excited the curiosity

whom at last asked him; "Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?" "No, I'm no a brither o' the corp!" "Weel, then, ye'll be his cousin?"

"No. I'm not that!" "Then ye'll be at least a frien' o' the corp?

"Not that either. To tell the truth I've no been weel mysel', and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise I thocht this wad be the cheapest way to tak' it."-From "Reminiscences," by Sir Archibaid Geikie.

Times Have Changed. Once upon a time a superstition existed that a lady ought to blame herself if a man whom she did not intend to accept proposed to her, but that, should such an unpleasant incident occur, it was at least not to be made a "Klymer has a farm a short distance subject of gossip among her acquaintances. Parents thought it incumbent upon them to let a man understand "Then what is he practicing medicine in time if they did not wish him as a son in-law. It is needless to remark "He has to do it to make money that such honorable reticence and ion. - London Standard,

STAINED GLASS WORK.

An Art In Which Methods Have Not Changed Much In Centuries.

leads will be placed-the thin strips of lead, hollowed on both sides and looking in a transverse section like the letter H, which form the framework to bind the pieces of glass together. Another drawing gives the size and shape of each piece of glass. This cartoon is cut into its component pieces by a pair (or triplet) of three bladed scissors, which leave between their parallel blades a space sufficient for the leads. These cut out patterns are put together again on a large glass easel, to which they are attached by wax, and the spaces between are blacked in to give the effect of the leads. The easel is then placed against a

window where the light can stream through it. The artist or his substitute replaces each paper pattern on the easel by a piece of glass of exactly the same size, cut from a sheet of glass of the color called for by the color sketch. The sketch is not followed exactly; experiment with the actual glass will suggest improvements. To a greater or less extent this stained glass is sup- stitched to a long waist line and flare plemented by painted glass, on which prettily, forming a sort of kilted skirt the colors are fired as in china paint- effect. The collar may be of lace of ing. When all the pieces have been material. cut they are transferred to the "lead-

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. It Was at First Known as the Cape

of All the Storms.

there nearly as readily as the dimes do. As he approached the southern ex-In the same way a bill will get mix- tremity of the continent he was blown al up in the lining of the inside pocket out to sea by a tremendous storm and gant nature the little turnover collar, and finally disappear. The man prob- doubled the Cape without knowing it. which seems a modest detail, is still ably misses a five or ten dollar bill Land was not again made until the worn. Many materials shape the nar and thinks he must have lost it or mouth of the Great Fish river was row band, which may take as many spent it foolishly. The matter escapes sighted, and the ships came to anchor forms, and if it is white it frequently his mind, the suit is thrown to one side in Algon bay. A council held there de- shows embroideries in the gown color. and some day it is sold to the 'old | cided to return home, and on the way | For costumes of silk and dressier texclothes man.' It doesn't escape us. back the Cape was discovered and tures-chiffon, net, mousseline-the high We go through every inch of the lining | christened by the commander, in re- stocks are sometimes finished with a and examine the corners and inside membrance of his first experience, piping of satin, velvet or panne in a carefully. The bills we find in the Cabo Tormentoso, or Cabo des Todos contrasting color. A twist of white course of a day will often more than les Tormientos; that is, Cape of All the tulle in turn tops this, and rare is the

"Many men are extravagant in get- the king he immediately saw the iming rid of their eastoff clothing. They mense possibilities of a new road to the have so many that they become a nui- Indies and bestowed upon it the hapance to them. Sell them to the first pier name of the Cape of Good Hope. man who comes along is the easiest Ity a singular corruption of its first way for them to dispose of their use- title the Cape was long known to Eng- brown called the "paquin cuic" which ess belongings. If the servants don't lish seamen as the Cape of Torments, is very rich and soft. The old fashake them, we get a fine pick at them. and the legend of the "Flying Dutch-For from 50 cents to a dollar you get man" was localized there by a misun- design in silks this season. This check suit that will when brushed, steam- derstanding of the experiences of this is preferably in white on a blue, brown

SHOOTING STARS.

They Are Simply Falling Masses of these silks. Stony or Metallic Matter.

Falling stars are masses of stony or metallic matter which, moving freely through space, approach so near to the earth as to penetrate and traverse the upper regions of our atmosphere. Raisall, but several times I've found two ed to white heat by friction with the stunning evolution of the bolero. The and five dollar bills and one dollar bills air, owing to their immense velocity, by the score. Once I found a check which averages thirty-five miles a secfor \$100, but as that was no good to ond, they become luminous and often

leave a trail of light. Several well defined groups of swarms of these bodies revolve around years ago, when I discovered a bunch the sun in elliptic orbits, which are of railroad coupons between the lining periodically encountered by the earth. Such are the Lyrids (April 19-22), the vests. I suppose I might have cashed | Leonids (Nov. 14-16) and Andromedids (Nov. 23.24), so called because they seem to radiate from a point within the constellations after which they are

respectively named. It is computed that no fewer than twenty millions of these bodies enter the earth's atmosphere daily, each one of which, under favorable conditions, found that he had offered a reward of would be distinctly visible. Occasionally they reach the earth in solid form, was mad then that I didn't get more but showing signs of recent fusion of an outer layer. They vary in weight from some hundreds of pounds to a say that they come to us in droves. single grain. Their principal chemical constituents are iron, magnesium, sili-

LOVE IN LAPLAND.

Things a Suitor Must Do Before He Wins His Bride.

When a lad is in love with a girl in Lapland they run a race-not a fair race, for he is so heavily handicapped that if she wishes the girl can get first to the goal, but if she cares for the young man who is trying to win she of the other three occupants, one of lets him overtake her, because if she outruns him he cannot propose again.

But even if he wins the race and the girl at the same time the young lovers cannot be married until they have the consent of the girl's parents. At one time if a man married a girl without this he was liable to receive capital punishment.

Besides an engagement ring, the young Laplander sends his future bride a girdle and a quantity of brandy. He goes as far as the door of her hut, but remains outside until invited to enter, when a bumper of brandy is offered to the girl's father. If he drinks it, it means that he gives his consent to the marriage, and the happy lover then pays the father a sum of money and promises to give the girl some clothes.

What Constitutes Corruption. "Is he corrupt?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't call him that."

"What do you consider corrupt?" "Why, a man who sells out to two opposing interests in the same deal, of course. Anybody ought to know that."

WOMAN AND FASHION

Little Girl's Frock. It is quite important that the little The twentieth century American schoolgirl be just as correctly fitted out stained glass maker follows without with her frocks as her big sister, al-

important vaffation the simple meth- though her frocks are fashioned upon ods of the Prench monk of eight cen- lines of extreme simplicity. Of course is originally a member of parliament, turies ago. The first requisite is the the smart touches which ornament the like the rest, and is selected by the design. The artist makes a small wa- adult styles are reproduced in the leader of the house, who is not necester color sketch to show the general smaller ones, and the little girl has sarily the prime minister, from among design and color scheme, accompany- the exaggerated shoulder line and the his own followers for his personal ing it with detailed studies. From this same quaint features in her frocks, al- character and dignity and his knowltwo large drawings or cartoons are though they are peculiarly her own. edge of parliamentary procedure. He made, the exact size of the desired In this model both front and back are is usually elected unanimously by vote window. One cartoon shows where the laid in rather broad plaits, which are of the house, and from that moment



A good idea is to make the collar of ing" drawing, the bxible leads are white and trim with bias bands of matwisted into shape and soldered at the terial like the frock. The style is one joints and a special cement applied to that is suitable for any kind of ma make the whole water tight. The win- terial-silk, lightweight woolen or cotdow is now complete, ready to be put ton. These days we have more to do in position, where it is made secure by with wash materials, and a pretty idea copper wires fastened to the trans- is to make the frock of dotted or figverse bars of iron,-Booklovers' Maga- ured pique or galatea, making the collar of white and trimming with bands, or making of material and trimming with white bands. A novel trimming for collars and one that should be more used, if mothers only knew of its many advantages, is the Battenberg we pick up quite a number of dimes An early navigator, Bartolomeu buttons. These may be put on in rows, and nickels in this way. Usually a Diaz, commissioned by King John II. varying the size of the button, or in vest is a small silver mine. Probably of Portugal to continue the work of circles or perhaps geometrical design. He must, of course, know every mem-

Neck Fittings.

With cloth gowns of the most cle elegantly dressed throat that does not | ter. When the discovery was reported to show some bit of this becoming web.

Summer Silks.

Generally speaking, dark blue, black and brown are the favorite colors for summer silks. There is a new shade of ioned pin check is the very smartest or black ground. In the two toned silks brown and yellow and blue and green are the leaders. Embroidered white dots are often introduced into

A Smart French Frock. A smart French promenade frock is here sketched in blue green eolienne, which is one of the new soft, clinging fabrics of the season. The skirt is in



a smart new appearance, and the flounce of lace starting just under the side seam is decidedly novel. Lace trims the deep cuffs and empiecements. also the entire high collar. The hat is an amazon shape of black rice straw. depending for its chic on two handsome blue green plumes.

Shirt Walsts.

Have your shirt waists made with ed?" sleeves that are of sensible proportions. finished with a neat cuff and the entire garment constructed on the neat. sensible lines that brought this very nigh swallered him whole!"-Atlanta useful bit of feminine apparel to a Constitution, state of perfection several years ago.

Make Yourself Felt.

Let your education be so broad and thorough that, whether you paint pie- ter?" tures, write books, sell merchandise, make contracts or cultivate land, you you see that she forgot to add the postwill make yourself felt in your com- script?"-New Orleans Times-Demomunity as an all round man of broad | crat. ideas and general culture.-Success.

Smoothing His Path.

Gus-You never had spunk enough to must be a cheerfut liar." make a proposal in your life. Why did | "I don't see why." you tell Miss Prettie that you were enwant to get me gway from them.

THE BRITISH SPEAKER.

His Position Is a Hard One, but Is Splendidly Rewarded.

It is doubtless because the position of speaker is so onerous that the rewards attached to it are so great. He he ceases to be a party man, and his constituency is divided in its feelings between the honor of returning the speaker and the disadvantage of being for all practical purposes unrepre-

sented in parliament. The speaker of the house of commons is a person enjoying the greatest official dignity and social consideration. He is the first commoner in the realm; his invitations to dinner are almost equivalent to a royal command: court dress is worn by members who dine with him officially; in the house he is treated with extreme deference, and he receives a salary of £5,000 and the use of a magnificent house, which forms part of the palace of Westminster. He retains office though the polities of the ministry may change through successive administrations until his health fails or he deems himself to have earned retirement. Then the sovereign bestows a peerage upon him and the country a munificent pen-

The house of commons has been singularly fortunate in securing for speakers men of great dignity, unfailing judgment and unquestioned impartiality. It is a splendid position, and though its intellectual demands are unceasing and its merely physical demands exhausting it is splendidly re-

The position is as exhausting as it is distinguished. During a large part of the session the speaker must be in the chair from 2 p. m. till after midnight except during the dinner hour, from half past 7 to 9, and even when the house is in committee and the chairman of committees is presiding he must be in official dress in his house, lobby behind his chair, ready to appear ber by sight and be able to recall his name instantly. It is astounding sometimes when from a back bench there rises some member who is utterly unknown by sight to his fellow members, who seldom attends and hardly ever speaks and has nothing whatever distinctive in his manner or appearance, to hear the speaker say "Mr. Blank" as readily as if he were accustomed to address him every day.-Henry Norman in Century.

KOREAN PROVERBS.

A man is good when he is old. A thing is good when it is new. He who hath eaten salt drinketh wa-

When the tiger is gone, the fox is

If one is not observing, one sees nothing.

The higher the mountain the deeper the valley.

Does smoke come out of a fireless

One knows the face of a man, but not his interior.

One can paint the fur of the tiger, but not his joints.

A family who has no sickness for ten years must be rich. As soon as the moon is full it be-

gins to grow smaller. Even the blind man can find his way through an open door.

When the ox has broken through the stall, repairs are first made.

Wanted All of It. "A stranger," said an old frontiersman, "was traveling once in a very cheerless section of the great west. Having pulled up at night at a cheap and unpromising tavern, he seated himself at the supper table. The waiter informed him what the cook had in the way of catables. Among the vlands enumerated was wild duck. 'Was that 'ere bird shot on the wing?' inquired the stranger. 'Yes,' replied the walter. 'While trying to fly out of this forsaken country? The obliging waiter thought that might have been the case, 'Well,' concluded the stranger, 'I sympathize with that bird's misfortune, but I admire his good judgment. Serve me all of him."

Irregularity In the Punishment.

There are two boys who manage to be rather unruly in school, and their teacher was so exasperated one day that she ordered them to remain after hours and write their names 1,000 times. She watched them plunge into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began to watch his companion in disgrace. Suddealy the first one burst out with a roar of despair and between his sobs said to the teacher:

"Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyeir!"-Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Uncertain World. "This is the most uncertain worl" that ever I wuz in!" said the deacon.

"You think so?" "I know it. Only the other day the parson sighted a harricane fur off an' run ter a storm pit an' pulled the lid on an'-what do you reckon happen-

"The Lord knows." "Harricane changed its mind-turned into a airthquake an' come mighty

A Fatal Omission. "I can't for the life of me make out what my wife is driving at in this let-

"Of course you can't, old chap. Don't

As to Popularity.

"The man who wants to be popular

"Because no man can gain popularity gaged to two girls? George-So she'd by telling the people the truth about themselves."-Chicago Post.