

井 I was standing in my engine room think, and as I watched the wooded shores slip by, with the breakers creaming right up among the tree roots, I can't say that the situation altogether pleased me. I had gone to the office as directed and seen the owners and asked Laura told me. They gave me the bilvacant, and they looked upon me while the business was being done as though I was some strange animal in a show. I took it all with an easy face. I didn't turn a hair. I could keep a brazen look on me before the provost of Edinburgh, but I didn't feel comfortable for all that. It looked as if there was some bigger influence being brought to bear for the sake of a mere native curlosity. The thing didn't seem proportionate somehow, and I heard the Camerons' name whispered about in a way which told me they were more considerable people than I had guessed.

But there was one thing certainwhoever was in at the back of the matter, Debbs was not. Debbs had met me at the head of the gangway when I came on board, and, "By thunder," says he, "it's McTodd! Is it you they have sacked my last chief for?" "You're wearing my marks on your

face yet," said I, "and if you don't carry a civil tongue I'll give you one of two more to add to the collection."

"You don't appear to have grown another tooth," says he, "in place of that one I unbent." "I left the gap to remind me of you

and your ways," said I. "How's the funeral trade?" I said,

for I knew that would touch him. He didn't trust himself to speak. He turned away, and I make no doubt gave his own tale of myself to the soldier officers, for, excepting as the baldest of duty matters, no further word did I have with either them or him till the M'wara got back again to her anchorage off Freetown, Sarry

It suited me very well, and though probably Debbs was pleased enough to mess in the cabin, it's nothing in my line to have to wash up and dress just to slt down and be uncomfortable with a lot of swells. So I just used to chop alone in my room, and I preferred much to do without company rather than be sawneying in with that sort.

It took us a two days' run down to the mouth of the Quah river, and we had to hang off twenty-four hours more because a bad sea was running on the bar, and we should have been ewamped if we'd tried to cross it. As it was we bumped pretty badly in going in, and had the decks swept fore

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* 茸 that £50 it had got to be done at once door to get a breath of air and have a So that evening, after I got my engines cleaned down and everything made snug, I put on fresh pajamas and lit a cigar and went ashore.

00

00

I couldn't get any of the white men of the factories apart, as they were all too much taken up with Captain Debbs to be put back in my old berth, just as and the soldier officers. But I got hold of a Portugee who spoke English, and let without a warning. They fired out I must say he treated me as quite the another man then and there to make it gentleman. He'd only trade gin and a seat in the feteesh to offer, but he put them both at my disposal and was willing to talk till his tongue dropped out. But I was not there to discuss the falling off in the ground nut trade or the probabilities of next season's crop of rubber and palm oil, and after he'd blown off the first head of his steam on that I clamped him down to the tune I wanted.

"You sabby dem ju-ju house in Quah Town?" I said. "Sabby plenty," says he. "Before

troubles I used to lib for town one afternoon each week."

"What's this custom they're on at now?

"All-e-same cannibal palaver," says he. "Dey pinch twenty-a Krooboys from here, and dey kill 'em funny ways in front of ju-ju."

"Chop 'em after?" "You bet-a." says he.

"Ju-ju house lib for dis side of native town?"

"Lib for middle," says he. "I show you, senor," says he and lugs out a stub of pencil and draws a chart on the whitened head of a palm oil punch-

eon. The noise of the tomtoms from the native town came to us as he drew. "Thank you," said I. "I'll remember

that chart. Do they keep this blessed concert running all the night through?" "Dis which-a?"

"Dis tomtom palaver?"

"Oh, 'concert,' yes, I sabby. No, dey stop him when dey finish deir Krooboy chop, and den dey all lib for houses to keep away from ghosts. Sabby?"

"Sabby plenty. I know their little ways. Well, my son, I lib back for steamer.'

"You no stay sleep-a here?" "Not much," said I. "I'll lib back for my own bunk, one time. But I'll have another drink with you first, to our next meeting. Here's fun." And I lifted the "square face" and then passed it on. "So long, old man."

"So long-a," said the Portugee, and there I left him. He had told me all I wanted.

Now, I understood from the first that I was in for a pretty big contract, and it was described as consisting of three I made my preparations accordingly. A whole beehive about my ears, so that traine a long and a state ing in, and had the decks swept fore and aft. A native pilot came off to take us up the river, for Quah Town was some thirty-eight or forty miles never had a liking for. So I slipped a never had a liking for. So I slipped a

he was oghg in saying they had "killed A BEAT THAT FAILED em funny ways" PReve

However, these poor devils of Krooboys were not my polaver. The Brit- HOW THE PLANS OF AN EOTERPRIS sh army had come to square up for them, and myobusiness seemed to lie inside the ju-ju house. So I took annose and stepped across and walked o Domino Match Race as it Developthrough the doorway into the dark in-

side. Be hanged if the first thing I did

Po

fall into, but I'd got my wits in use and gripped him by the windpipe before he could sing out and then brought down the monkey wrench, whack, just above his port eyebrow. He lay still, and I got up.

"That's the parson," thought I and wondered if there were any more of them inside. I listened, but could hear nothing except the drumming of the insects, which on the west coast never ceases. I listened on till I could hear my own heart thumping under my shirt, but the ju-ju house seemed empty. Then I scraped a match and blew it out again quickly. I had seen

what I wanted. The idol stood on the ground in the middle of the ju-ju house. It was a squat little wooden manikin, with bits of looking glass for eyes, daubed white and so badly carved you'd think was a bit hard to think that a trumpery little image like that had cost, one way and another, many a thousand

livez. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE. Origin of the Historic Red, White

and Blue of France. Some seventy or eighty years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution-that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria-it was thought desirable to listinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade which combined the colors of

the red of Spain and the blue of Bavaria. To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood

that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artols, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded. A proposition was then made to as-

sume the colors of the city of Parisblue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard-always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which colors-"disposees en trois bandes

# ING EDITOR WERE UPSET.

The Climax to the Great Dobbinspolitan Afternoon Dailies,

"I never read of a close finish in a wasn't to trip over a fellow lying on big running race nowadays that I'm the floor. Well, it was a silly trap to not reminded of a famous punctured scoop in which I figured when I was working in a New York newspaper office," said an old time telegrapher who the same time curses the man in memis now employed in Washington.

"It was back in the days when the great Domino was the star colt of the Keene stable and, with one exception. was acknowledged as the greatest twoyear-old of the season. "The exception was Richard Croker's

flier Dobbins. These two youngsters finally met in the Futurity, and, although the Keene colt won, with Dobbins third, the latter's owner was not satisfied with the result, and a match was speedily arranged at the Futurity distance for \$10,000 a side.

"Now, the paper I worked on was an evening sheet, and it was the ambition of the managing editor's life to beat the opposition evening paper and get they'd set the bairns on to do it. It the news of a big event like this on the street first. "The other fellows had beaten us on

the Futurity story a few days before. and the managing editor made no secret of the fact that he was going to get even.

"Accordingly he laid all of his plans a day ahead, and, although we did not know at the time what they were, we

felt sure by the way he strutted around on the morning of the race that he had the winning combination up his sleeve. "Along about noontime of that day the editor, the most nervous man 1 ever met, called me into his office and told me that, as the match race was the fifth event on the card, he wanted me to have one of the other operators the three nations-the white of France, take the result of the fourth race, and he also wanted me to get a wire in good working order and prepare to get

the result of the fifth race. "The scheme was to have two presses

set and all ready to start. One of them was to have the big front page headline read 'Dobbins Wins the Big Match,' and the other just the same, except that Domino's name appeared in the place of Dobbins'. The Dobbins extra was on press No. 1 and the Dom-Ino extra on press No. 2. Whichever horse won, the managing editor was to call out No. 1 or No. 2, and the press

would be started in quicker time than it takes to ten of the arrangement. "I couldn't help but inwardly smile

as I watched the managing editor striding nervously about, waiting for the start, just like a man who had thousands of dollars wagered on the chance of one of the racers.

"Suddenly the key of my instrument began to click, and he quickly stopped and looked anxiously at me, but it proved to be only the operator at the other end testing. Learning this, he resumed his walk up and down the room. "Presently the key began to click again. This time the horses were on their way to the post. The next I got from the other end was that the horses

## WOMAN AND FASHION

STYLISH SHIRT WAIST FROCK.

cents one can buy a set of shirt waist

nothing neater than calico, and the

cirl who will go to the trouble of mak-

ng herself half a dozen shirt waist

#### Mounds Erected to Men Who Were Design For Young Girls. Liars While on Earth. No dress of the season is more sat-While other nations build monuments o the memory of men who have One isfectory or generally useful than the

simple shirt wa@tasodel. This one, reat and noble deeds, the Dyaks heap designed for young girls, is peculiarly hp a pile of the branches of trees in attractive, as it includes the new drop memory of the man who has utter yoke with shoulder straps and applied a great lie, so that future generations box plait at the front so allowing efmay know of his wickedness and take

warning from it. The persons deceived start the tugong bula by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the main road. Every passerby contributes to it and at ory of whom it is. The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will

meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs.

MONUMENTS OF SHAME.

This custom dates from very ancient times. It is interesting to notice that though the ethics of the Dyaks, even at the present day, do not agree in many points with the moral code of other and more advanced races, still from the earliest ages the Dyaks seem to have agreed in considering a lie a most disgraceful crime and a liar a man who deserves the curses not only of his own generation, but also of people yet unborn.

> A few small branches, a few dry twigs and leaves-that is what the tugong bula is at first. But day by day it increases in size. Every passerby adds something to it, and in a few years' time it becomes a large and imposing monument raised to the memory of one who was a liar.

It has often been remarked by Dyaks that any other punishment would, if a fective combinations. As illustrated, man had his choice, be much preferred the material is figured batiste comto having a tugong bula put up in his bined with plain white and finished memory. Other punishments are soon with fancy stitching and applique of forgotten, but a tugong bula remains heavy lace. The plaits in the skirt as a testimony to a man's untruthful- are stitched for a short distance only, ness for succeeding generations to wit- falling in becoming folds below that ness and is a standing disgrace to his point and harmonizing to a nicety with children's children. the waist. To make the waist for a

Believing, as the Dyaks do, in the girl of fourteen years of age will be reefficacy of curses-a curse among them quired 4 yards of material 21 or 27, or being a fineable offense-it is easy to 21% yards 44 inches wide. To make understand how a Dyak would dread the skirt, 5% yards 21, 4% yards 27 or the accumulation of curses which 2% yards 44 inches wide, would necessarily accompany the for-

tlements Budget.

Love's a whetstone to the mind. Love stoops as fondly as he soars.-

They who love are but one step from heaven.-Lowell.

fesséd.-Spencer.

ing it is.-George Sand. There is but one kind of love, but

of it.-La Rochefoucauld. Love is never lost. If it be not resiprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart .- Irving. Love looks through spectacles which make copper appear like gold, poverty like riches and foul tears like pearls .-

Natural Law.

## WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

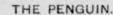
You Should Never Eat Simply For the Sake of Eating.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to at without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted.

Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of fogis will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and due insalivation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distance and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be predigested.-Exchange.



#### It is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast In the Water.

A kind of penguin, the adelie, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelies are most inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clew that they will scramble along the ice on the belly, pushing with their legs and using their flippers alternately like the paddle of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion, especially when it doubles. In the water the penguin is perfectly at home, diving and steeplechasing in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on his feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It esses the most extraordinary nruscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the skee stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclama-

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturplist's Theory as to How the Sound is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming-a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine-is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me eal lace and also for sleeve frills the strongly to believe that the tail plays, wide awake girl will utilize any old at any rate, the more important part. fashioned handkerchiefs trimmed with During the performance the bird flies lace, such as real valenciennes or du- at a great height round and round in wide, sweeping circle. At intervals ie makes a sudden and rapid descent. holding his wings partly flexed and his slightly tarnished for some years, but two, joining the lace and linen careful- tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points wrist a very pleasing and satisfactory outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next. and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tall feathers seem so puny that It is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken-it is slightly scimiter shaped, with the outer web much reduced - and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethercal height, and the small bird is descried, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.-London Na ture.

LOVE. Anacreon. Wordsworth.

Love's best habit is in seeming trust -Shakespeare.

Love is not where most it is pro-

The deeper the love the more exact-

there are a thousand different copies

Cervantes.

mation of a tugong bula .- Straits Set-Waists of Calico. The washable waists are lovely in cambric, and they are making very useful and pretty ones out of old fash loned calico, which costs but a song and is very neat when tailored and

finished in the new ways. There come designs in calico at 6 and 8 cents a yard which can be made up into shirt

waists for a fractional sum. Four yards will make a waist, and for 25

studs to match the figures in the calio, blue, pink, brown, green or gun metal. As for shirt waist suits, there

suits will not regret the time, and surely she will not regret the money, for no better showing could be made on the money expended. Homemade Wrist Frills.

Now that there is such a rage for

above the mouth. It seems we were good heavy monkey wrench in my wanted in a hurry. The Quahmen pocket by way of persuader, took a had got their tails up again, the three bottle of gin to bribe the sentry and European factories were in a state of another for personal reference and set siege, and the whites in them were off.

scared out of their lives. The tomtoms had stopped, and the All was hurry then, you can bet. The native town was as still as death. The planted victoriously on the walls of soldier officers were full of fight, and only sounds were the snores of the It was "Push along those engines of West Indian troops in the factory yours, Mr. McTodd," twenty times a sheds and the night noises from the day. The mud banks gleamed against the wiry mangroves on the banks, the There was no moon in the sky, and a sun glared from overhead, and the scum of white mist lay twenty feet brown waters of the river gave out a deep all over the land. I went to the smell of marigolds fit to make you gate at the farther side of the palisade choke. The whole place reeked with and showed the sentry a bottle of fever, and I rolled a cigarette paper "square face." full of quinine and swallowed it every

"I want to go for a stroll in the country," said I. "Oh, massa," says he, "what for?"

But at last we came up with the factories, and then the fun began. All "My palaver," said I. "You hold the buildings had been grass roofed, your tongue and let me come back with bamboo walls, but two of them when I am tired, and I dash you this had been burned out, and not one of bottle."

watch.

them could withstand a gunshot. "Massa, dem bushmen plenty bad They'd a palisade round the whole, Dey cut your trote." with sentries here and there, and they "My palaver," said I. "My friend, de looked very warlike, and very sick, you want this gin?" and very down on their luck. There I couldn't see his black face in the were only eighteen whites all told and darkness, but I saw a sudden gleam of sixty Krooboys, and their principal white teeth and pressed the bottle into weapons were flintlock "trade" guns his hand and got over the gate. The made out of a gas piping, with only mist was thick as a hedge, but there nails and trade powder to load them was a good well marked road two feet with.

wide, and I stepped along without There was no fighting going on when much fear of getting lost. I had got we steamed up. The native town was the Portugee's chart that he drew for in at the back, and there was a noise me on the top of the palm oil puncheon coming from it of tomtoms and bits of well fixed in my head and knew which from clashing together and music of turnings ought to come. There was a that kind that made you think of shiphalf mile through the forest to begin building yards on the good old Clyde. with, and my shoulders rubbed against It appeared they'd one of their "custhe shrubs at the side of the road, and toms" on in the native town and that I got bone drenched with the dew. It they'd captured some dozen of the factory Krooboys and were going to sacrifice them to the ju-ju first and chop them afterward.

Our soldier officers were very full of bustle. A wharf straggled out into the brown river from one of the factories, and Debbs (according to instructions) handy to join in the chorus. laid the M'wara squarely across its end. They got all their giddy warriors ashowe, took over the defense of the place from the traders (who were glad enough to be shut of it) and prepared to fight according to book. It was edifying to watch them, and I hoped they'd give the Quahmen plenty of occupation. But, for myself, I'd the business matters of Miss Laura Cameron to attend to.

Now, I quite understood by this time that grabbing that idol was not the soft job it had looked in Sarry Leone. But the longer it was put off the worse it would get, and for this reason: The soldier officers were after the ju-ju themselves. It was common talk of the ship that if once they got it in charge the war would end with a snap, and the Quahmen, with their king at the head of them, would come in and make | English newspapers." submission. And, besides, if the Quahmen were badly pressed by the troops they would try and carry the ju-ju off wanted. The mist had cleared a bit, to the bush and hide it in some spot and I could ge something which turnwhere no mortal white man could live. ed me rather sick and very sober. The So, anyway, the longer I walted the Portugee had been wrong when he successful, and if I wanted to earn Krooboys for supper that night. But you are."

outward and the white between. This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino and the Danube, which they

> almost every European capital.-All the Year Round.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Spin flax if you canst not weave silk. Dull silver is better than shining rass Even the stupid man is clever enough

to make an excuse. He who receives too much praise

grows donkey's ears. No brass is prouder than that which has lately been coined.

If thou sayest snow is dirty, what wilt thou say about chimney soot? Eat the honey thou canst find; drink the vermuth thou canst not avoid. When the avaricious man has sold

his forest he wants to sell the trees. Do not look too long at the holes in your coat, but put patches on them. When the nightingale's voice was praised the cart horse began to neigh.

The bees gather wax and honey. The avaricious man asks that they should also prepare bis mead. "What a plty to lose my splendid

boat!" cried the ferryman as he and his passengers were drowning.

SHEEP IN INDIA They Are the Favorite Beasts of Bur

den In Mountainous Regions.

In Tibet and among the mountainous hadn't begun to get cold yet, and the night was a regular stew of heat, so I uncorked my bottle of "square face" and took a nip every now and again to keep off the fever. But I didn't overdo it. I'd no wish to get noisy when there was a town of 10,000 cannibals close

find a footing. At the end of that half mile I began In the inner ranges of the Himalayas the building, he came to in a diffy and to get among the houses, just the or-

dinary grass roofed shantles, with walls and without, which you see in all sheep are the favorite beasts of burden. Sheep withstand the intense cold harder probably than he ever worked the west coast towns, and I can tell you I trod with niceness, and I went of the higher parts of Tibet much more before or since, and although we didn't easily than the yak and can better face beat the opposition paper, as we were on my way rejoicing, nipping gin as I went to keep off the fever. The fever's the stony roads. vara dangerous in these low lying river Sheep carrying from seventeen to

towns, and drugs are a necessity. At last, after five turnings to this side and that, which I took according to the

chart, I came to the end of the houses and shook hands with myself in congratulation. miles. It is very common in the Himalayas to load sheep, high up in the "Mr. McTodd," I said to myself, "you

are an experienced navigator. There's drive them down to the plains, where trees ahead of you, with a path running through them. Yon'll be the turn laden with grain or salt. 'fetich grove,' as they misca' it in the

I stepped in through the trees, and Considerate. "Why don't you take me with you forty yards brought me to the place I sometimes of evenings, dear? I get so tired of staying at home alone." "Because I can't afford to dress you

as well as my elf. I don't want to be worse chance I would have of being said the Quahmen had chopped the seen around with a woman dressed as to remonder that I prefer smaller

creased his jumpiness, for he ordered the men who were standing around to cease their talking and also called downstairs half a dozen times to know if everything was ready below in the know it. press room.

"In the midst of this the key again began to work, and I called out that they were off.

"The clicks of the instrument that followed now told me that they were moving along, nose and nose, at the quarter. At the half mile Domino was in the lead by a nose, and as I announced this I was watching the man-

aging editor, and I could see his lips framing the words 'No. 2,' which was the Domino press.

"Dobbins just managed to shove his nose in front at the three-quarters and the boss moved nearer the speaking tube as I made this announcement. Coming into the stretch the two game colts were head and head, and the man-

aging editor, with the mouthpiece of the speaking tube pressed tightly against his lips, was waiting for the result.

"Well, the result came along in good season. But never so long as I live shall I forget the expression on that editor's face when the key told me that the match race was a dead heat. I hesitated just a second before calling it out, for I could almost picture in my mind what effect it would have on him. Finally I called out in as firm a voice as I could, 'Dead heat!'

"Well, that editor's knees just gave way from under him. If he had not grabbed a chair I am positive he would have fallen to the floor.

"'Dead heat?" he gasped, with a liv id face. 'Are you sure?'

"I told him that it had been repeated part of India sheep are employed as to me and that there could be no mis carriers. The mountain sheep of these take. He was too dumfounded to move districts, true to its nature, is remark- | for two or three seconds, but when he ably sure footed and can carry loads of saw all of the men who were about to wenty-five pounds, or even more, over jump to their places ready to throw tosteep crags and precipitous paths gether a new scare head, while others where hardly any other animal could hustled around to find the stereotypers, who almost to a man had gone out of

the yak cow and the hardy mountain was the same old hustler. "Everybody took hold and worked so certain of doing, we were on the

street only a minute or so behind it. twenty-five pounds of baggage and liv- We afterward learned that they had ing entirely on the scanty grass found made exactly the same arrangements growing by the way accompanied Nain to beat us and had been fooled in pre-Suigh, the famous Indian explorer, on cisely the same way."-Washington a journey of more than a thousand Star.

### Modest Abbe Delile.

It is said that the French Abbe Delile I take. Do turn him out and let me mountains, with borax and then to once had in his household a very quick have my dinner in peace. Landlordtempered relative, with whom he some- Please, sir, my Carlo is such a knowthey are shorn of their wool and re- times had animated disputes and who ing brute. I expect you have got the sometimes went so far as to throw plate he generally eats off.

> have been a person of great amiability and self control. Once, when a

particularly large and Deavy volume was thrown at him, he caught it grace fully and said: "My dear friend, I must beg of you

The reputation of Mr. George Washington Jones for honesty had been his son Erastus was not supposed to by and shaping the linen to fit the

"Cur's how cold contracts t'ings," Mr. Jones remarked thoughtfully one evening. "Now dere's Max'milian Smith's wood pile for a case. 'Pears like dat

wood pile is shrinking steady since dis as' col' spell set in." "Seems as if our pile behind de stove was getting bigger, paw," hazarded Erastus, gazing at his parent for explanation of this phenomenon. "Course it am, chile," said Mr. Jones

calmly, "'cause de room is hot an' heat expands t'ings. 'Pears like yo' gwine to school don' put much wisdom into dat head of yours."

A Chinese Dog Story. The following dog story is a favorite

one in China: "There was a Chinaman who had

three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble, whip ped them and drove them forth. "The next night when he came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies; therefore he gave them another whipping. "The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool

Dress Clothes For Foreign Travels. "Here's a tip for you," said the man who has traveled to the one who is about starting for the other side. "Take your evening clothes, but if you are traveling light leave your frock coat suit at home. Even the Englishman of fashion no longer considers it absolutely necessary to appear in the laytime in his frock coat and slik beaver. For myself, a good serge is the thing in which to knock about the home is out of his reckoning. Over there at dinner, even in what we'd call a cheap lunch joint here, you'll find lenty of men carefully garbed in even ing clothes. Dinner is a ceremony to lress for even though one be not rich."

A Knowing Dog.

-Philadelphia Record.

Traveler-Here, landlord, what's the natter with your dog? I've driven him way a score of times, but he always omes back again and sits close up to my armchair watching every mouthful

Important Part.

Lawyer-Then, too, there will be the court crier's fee. Foir Litigant (breach of promise)-Oh, I shall do my own rrying! I should never think of trast ing anybody else to do that-goodness. no!-Puck.

sso which she may be fortunate enough to possess for making sleeve flounces. By cutting them directly in

> effect is obtained. Gay Striped Ribbons.

Color is plentifully used in the ties and stocks of the year, the idea being that a plain gown is thus easily bright ened and smartened. Striped ribbon. such as green and gold, old rose and black, red and green, blue and biscult, and so forth, is employed. It is no exaggeration to say that there are

hundreds of different designs in neckwear on view at present. The New Sailors.

Somewhat like the short back sailors of long ago are the newest shapes this summer, but they come back to us with a very distinct difference. The newer ones are wider from side to



NOVEL SAILOR SHAPE. side, have a deep bandau in the head piece, which lifts the shape off the face, while the back bends closely in to the head. The model is in burnt continent. The man who takes his yellow straw, faced with chiffon, with frock and leaves his swallowtail at a double crown folded over to one side and trimmed with yellow dukies and bronze green velvet ribbon.

For the Neck.

Few of the collars in the fancy waists are boned. Ruching basted in the neckband and finished with a band of black velvet ribbon gives a cool appearance if one can wear her neck slightly low. Linen collars, stocks and linen turnovers are still the proper thing to wear with tailored shirt walsts.

#### Literature Versus Nature.

The essay naturalist observes and ad mires: the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your en-Austasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts, he gives impressions that scamp's demise couldn't possibly and analogies and as far as possible shows you the live bird on the bough. |er

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

#### His Hunt Is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very herdoned offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.-London Globe.

#### Time to Die.

City Editor-See here! In your account of Congressman Crookit's funeral you continually refer to his "premature demise." Reporter-Well, he was a young man, and- City Editor-Bat be too premature .- Philadelphio Ledg-

books at the abbe. The abbe must

gifts."