

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## RULES FOR CANDY MAKING.

**Mrs. Rorer Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.**

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home in "The Ladies' Home Journal" and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work:

"Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake or move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil, watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains are too large, add a little cream of tartar. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have boiled a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar is reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large metal plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy put it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

## NAMES WE MISSED.

**Some of the Titles Intended For Our Geographical Divisions.**

It was intended that Maryland should be called *Crocotia*, but Charles I. changed it to *Terra Maria*, in honor of his wife, and we made it *Mary's Land*; hence Maryland (home pronunciation, *Merryland*). William Penn wanted to call his state *New Wales*, but afterward decided upon *Sylvania*, to which the king prefixed the word *Penn.* In 1784 the territory northward of the forty-fifth degree—that is to say, of the completion of the forty-fifth degree from the equator and extending to the Lake of the Woods—shall be called *Sylvania*. See what we missed!

The territory under the forty-fifth and forty-fourth degrees which lies westward of Lake Michigan was to be called *Michigan*, while that to the eastward, with the peninsula formed by the lakes and waters of Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie, was to be called *Chersonesus*. Heaven forbid.

Of the territory lying under the forty-third and forty-second degrees, that to the westward, called *Assensipia*; that to the eastward, in which are the sources of the Muskingum, the two *Miamis* of the Ohio, the *Wabash*, the *Illinois*, the *Mississippi* and the *Sandusky* rivers, was to be called *Metropotamia*. The country through which the *Illinois* river runs was to be called *Illinoia*; the next joining to the eastward, *Saratoga*, and that between the last and *Pennsylvania*, extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, *Washington*. All that region adjacent to which are the confluences of the *Wabash*, *Shavnee*, *Tennessee*, Ohio, *Illinois*, *Mississippi* and *Missouri* rivers, was to be called *Polytania*, and that farther up the Ohio, *Pallapia*. Verily, a woful Providence seems to have guarded us from these afflictions.—*New York Press*.

**Be Careful.**

"Before permitting you to pass to the front," said the officer in charge of the telegraph to the war correspondents, "I desire to know whether you are qualified to report our actions in the field." The war correspondents bowed and awaited the pleasure of the great man.

"In the first place," continued the officer, "I should like a definition of the phrase, 'feudish atrocity.'"

The correspondent smiled as if he considered the question altogether too easy.

"Feudish atrocities," he said, "are murders committed by the other side."

"Correct," returned the officer.

"Now, what is 'just vengeance?'"

"Just vengeance," answered the correspondent, "is the term used to designate murders committed by our side."

"Correct again," returned the officer. "I will give you an order that will take you through all the lines."—*Strand Magazine*.

**Animal Worship.**

Swine were adored in Crete, weasels at Thebes, rats and mice in Troy, porcupines in Persia, the lapwing in New Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindus never molest snakes. They call them fathers, brothers, friends and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea a hog happens to kill a snake, the king gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

**An Easy Test.**

Timmins—I have never been able to make up my mind whether I am a genius or not.

Simmons—It is easily tested. Just act like a hog when you are in society, and if you are a genius people will admire you for it.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Most of the men in the islands of southwest Japan lead lives of idleness and are cheerfully supported by the women. The males are fond of music, some of them being excellent musicians on various instruments, but it is considered useful for a woman to play.

## FOREST MONSTERS.

**Some of the Giant Trees That Are Found in California.**

In the national parks and forest preserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural features. There are two varieties—namely, *Sequoia sempervirens*, ordinarily known as the redwood, the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and the *Sequoia gigantea*, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been made. The former is the smaller variety and grows on the foothills along the coast. The latter attains a considerably larger growth, is more strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5,000 feet.

Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevada from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of *Sequoia gigantea*. These are generally known by names significant of locality, as, for instance, "Calaveras," "Tolomeo," "Mariposa" and "Fremo," names of the counties in which the groves so called are situated. The *Tolomeo* grove is in the Yosemite park, and the *Mariposa* near by. This latter is the one most frequently visited by tourists and contains the "Wawona"—a tree with a hole bored in its base, through which the stage road runs and four horse stages are driven without difficulty, and the "Grizzly Giant," one of the largest trees in the world.

The stately grandeur of these enormous and lofty trees is so impressive that it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and every distinguished general among them, "General Grant," in the General Grant park, and the "General Sheridan" of the "Giant forest" (situated in the Sequoia park) are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the "Grizzly Giant"—the gnarled base of any one of which will exceed 80 feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees ever discovered.

The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government a California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last 40 years, cutting many millions of feet per year.—*Harper's Weekly*.

## A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

**Showing What a Shotgun Can Do in a Load of Hay.**

"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Haight at the Olympic Gun club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves up in Souma county. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or perilous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had.

"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the country road and started for home. It was a good four miles' walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a big wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on top, lay down on the sweet, new mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when bang! went my shotgun. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump, and the driver rolled off into the ditch.

"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road. The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road.

"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and already I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran, and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers commenced getting hot, and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets commenced exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my doves broiling.

"I had just made up my mind that all was over, when the tail of my coat burned off and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor of the rancher, but cut straight across that field for home. That gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—*New York Press*.

**Swindled.**

**First Street Loafer**—It's a shame, Bill, to think that any one would swindle a poor hard working man in that way.

**Second Street Loafer**—Why, what's your trouble?

**First Street Loafer**—Here I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a redbreasted Belgian canary, and I am blowed if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a half hat crown for it.—*London Spare Moments*.

**Tom**—How do you like that novel I brought you yesterday?

**Alce**—I don't like it at all. I don't care to finish it.

**Tom**—How much have you read?

**Alce**—One chapter.

**Tom**—Then you really haven't got into the story. The first chapter's merely a sort of introduction.

**Alce**—But the first chapter isn't the one I've read, and the heroine dies. No; you may take it back.—*Chicago News*.

**Peer Old Man.**

"That's a strange case of the aged gentleman who moves in the highest circles, isn't it?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Hadn't you? Why, the *Yerkes* telescope is authority for the story that the man in the moon is all burned out."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

There is a distinctly peculiar halo that invests the being of an old soldier in the eyes of the present generation. The sight of him arouses a feeling of admiration for his brave deeds and heroic achievements.

Among those who bravely fought was Dr. L. Clark, who, when but a beardless boy, served in the war of 1812. He lived his patriotic spirit to a fervency that found relaxation only in his realization of fighting in the battles.

To the call of President Lincoln for troops in the latter part of '61, young Clark promptly responded.

There was need of men in the navy, and he joined that service in the mortar fleet of Admiral Porter, which soon after began operations on the Mississippi River.

At the terrific bombardment of the *Victory* forts, the hero of this story fell on the deck of the *Joliet* with a shattered arm from a charge of shrapnel.

He lay in the hospital for months, and when he had recovered sufficiently to be moved, he was sent to his home at Warren, O.

Though partly incapacitated for active service, his patriotic zeal got the better of him, and when the call for more troops came, young Clark enlisted in a company formed by Capt. Joel I. Asper, at Warren.

It became Co. H. of the 7th Ohio Volunteer and was sent to the Army of the Potomac under General Grant, and was sent to Virginia again; General Robert E. Lee, in a scratch near Richmond, he was wounded again and was sent to the hospital. He remained there for some time,

## TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

**A Rattler and a Mexican Assent on a Plank For Hours.**

"I have heard of many men being placed in odd predicaments," remarked Captain Jenkins, "but one of the most peculiar situations that ever befell an individual was assuredly that of an ignorant Mexican a good many years ago near Indiana, Tex., at the time the local hurricane or cyclone. I have heard so much about them, although it happened so long ago. It was during the extreme height of the storm, and the story many times, although it happened so long ago. It was during the storm in Indiana were going to pieces like so much paper boats, were being wrecked, and it looked decidedly bad for the individuals who were located in exposed portions of the coast. It was about this time that a little Mexican settlement on one of the coast islands adjacent to Indiana began to go to pieces, the water having risen over the top of the sand dunes and the waves smashing the loosely constructed building. Joe Barrett, one of the inhabitants of the settlement, was separated from the remainder of his family, and clinging to a long plank, was driven in to the inner bay over the ruins of the settlement.

"When the day broke, he was out of sight of land. The waves had calmed down and the storm was gone. As he cast his eye about in the early dawn, to his horror he found the other end of the plank occupied by an immense rattlesnake. As soon as the snake observed the Mexican he began to writhe and coil in an odd sort of manner, and apparently to make attempts to reach the poor fellow, whose hair was then standing on end in a manner wonderful to behold. The hours went by. The snake kept up his antics, but for some reason did not get any nearer the Mexican. The unfortunate fellow was afraid to leave the plank, knowing that he would drown, and at the same time he was in a horrible fear of meeting death in a more terrific manner from snake bite. He lay on the end of the plank with his eyes fixed on the rattler. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, when a fishing smack came sailing along on the lookout for outcasts.

The Mexican was seen from the boat, and in a short time was hauled on board more dead than alive. He pointed weakly at his hissing companion. The sailors on the smack killed the rattlesnake and found that he had jammed his tail through a small knothole in the plank. The immersion of the buttocks of the rattle in the salt water had caused them to swell, and he was unable to remove his tail from the hole. To this fortunate circumstance the Mexican owed his life. The fact that the coast islands contain many rattlers accounts for the presence of the snake on the plank."—*By the Bye in New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

**Run and Caught the Car.**

A short man with a fat, red face ran out of the Erie railroad depot at the foot of West Twenty-third street the other forenoon and chased a cross-town car which was midway between Eleventh avenue and the ferry. He was a fast runner and held his hat in his left hand as he gained on the car. The passenger on the rear platform, in a spirit of mischief, encouraged him:

"Don't give up, you'll make it. Make a sprint, old boy. This is your last chance to get a car before two minutes," one of them said.

At Eleventh avenue he caught up, and, perspiring profusely, sprang upon the rear platform. He appeared happy, and when he handed his fare to the conductor he said: "These Broadway street cars run down Ninth avenue do not go often, so I ran to catch this one." The conductor rang up the fare, and in a matter of fact was answered:

"This car goes to Thirty-fourth street ferry. Get out and wait for a Bleeker street car."

The sprinter got off as some of the passengers cried out: "It is better to run and lose a car than never to get a car at all."—*New York Commercial*.

**A Timely Retreat.**

A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through the conservatory and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants.

Among the visitors was a would be young looking middle aged lady, who at every description volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite equal to where exhibited here or indeed anywhere. Just as they were passing a giant cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is something extraordinary. I have a cactus at home that is still larger. I planted and reared it myself."

"Reared it yourself," the professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is 63 years old, and if yours is still larger!"

The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

**Her Regaining.**

**Tom**—How do you like that novel I brought you yesterday?

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**One Woman's Trials.**

A resident of Staten Island has lately been very much annoyed by some of the urchins of the neighborhood. She is a great lover of nature and has on her front piazza a number of potted plants which have been cared for all winter.

At night, when everything is quiet, the boys come and manage to steal one or two plants without discovery. One by one her choice flowers have disappeared, and although she has watched for the thieves they have never been caught.

The other day she conceived a plan by which she saved her remaining treasures. Tying a string to each flower-pot, she connected the ends with a bell in the hall. That night she waited patiently for the alarm. At last there was a tinkle and then a crash. Rushing out of his senses, running down the path. When he found the pot tied and heard the bell ring, he dropped his body and took to his heels. The boy escaped, but there has been no more trouble with flower thieves.

This woman is very fond of pets of all kinds and has a number about the house. One day, while marketing, she saw a beautiful gamecock and thought it would make a novel sort of pet. Paying \$50 for her bird, she had it sent home. The bird arrived before its mistress and was received by the cook, who chopped off its head and prepared it for dinner.—*New York Times*.

**Lisimore castle, the Irish seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is beautifully situated on the Blackwater. The town is of great antiquity and was once famous for its university and its monasteries.**

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# Battles and Diseases.

This is the story of one who participated in many naval and infantry engagements during the war. From wounds received then he suffered for years, but to-day, rejoices in renewed strength.

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**THE CITY.**

Swallow to the mountain side, For the city is calling me.

The chinquapin scattered with lavish hand Her sum to the city's apron-land. There's an opaline tinge to the remaining air. The spell of autumn is everywhere. But how can I longer bid. Fair though the month let yet For the city has lifted her eyes again. She's smiling and beckoning over the plain. As the winds grow chill. Her warm blood bounds and her pulses thrill. Oh, the mountain's glow with the frosty breath. A feverish glow, ere the rigor of death To the mountain's billowy blue. But sing, my heart—with rapture sing—The city breathes anew!—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

**TROUT AND PICKEREL.**

**Something About Their Methods of Feeding, as Observed at the Aquarium.**

It is easy to observe at the aquarium the habits of fish in feeding. Some are sluggish, some are fierce and some are sly. The trout are fed on live killies. The killies when thrown into the tank scatter in all directions, with the trout after them like chain lightning, twisting and turning with marvelous celerity. The killies double, the trout dart after them. Rising to a bunch of killies at the top, the trout fairly make the water fly. They jump almost, if not quite, clear out of it, as if they were turning somersaults, and down they go in again and on after the killies. It is a dash, a slash, a crashing pursuit, and in about half a minute the killies are all gone.

The pickerel—how different! How silent, and yet how sudden! The killie dropped in above darts downward through the water. Not pursued, it slows down and halts in the middle of the tank to rest and to recover its equanimity after its recent disturbing experience of being removed from its home in the live food tank, carried about in a galvanized iron tray, and finally dropped into another tank as food for other fishes.

At a little distance is observed the pickerel. It has come up silently, like a long, slender, little steamer moving dead slow. It comes to a halt so smoothly and quietly that the instant of its halt is not noticed. It is simply seen to be lying there, motionless, about six inches from the killie.

All is peace and quiet in the tank, and the killie still balances itself in the water and rests. Suddenly, with no apparent exertion of power, the pickerel darts forward. The movement is so sudden that it is not realized that the pickerel has moved until it is seen in its new position. The killie is gone. It is now the pickerel's interior, and probably has only a very hazy notion, if any at all, of how he got there.

The methods of the trout and pickerel are very different; their results, however, are much the same.—*New York Sun*.

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Didn't Locate It.  
Dr. H. F. Fisk, principal of the academy of the North-western university, is an exact man, says the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. He has made it a rule that for all absences from recitations his students were away and what recitations were missed. One day Dr. Fisk received a note as follows:

"On account of the carache, headache, stomach ache and cramps I was unable to attend algebra at 8 a. m., grammar at 10 a. m. and English at 8 p. m."

Dr. Fisk excused the student, but at the same time took occasion to rebuke him for not stating in his letter where he had cramps.

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**Hood's Pills**

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**Opera Bonnets.**

Just where the line between the head-dress and the bonnet is drawn takes a keen eye to discern, but undoubtedly the latter does cover a little more of the head. Spangled wings with an algeud and small caplike Dutch bonnets fitted with rhinestones and with one nodding plume rising from a soft cocarde of white lace are included in bonnets, but the ornaments of tails which have a feather are only a trifle smaller. Pale blue, pale pink, black and white, all are used, while in the different shades of velvet there are curiously tinted bows which quite cover the bonnet frame, are very becoming and, best of all, do not interfere with the range of vision of the person in the seat behind, which an egret or feather sometimes does. When the bonnets are worn broad, they must sit closely to the head to be in style this winter, and the hair generally extends beyond them. When the sharp, hard lines of velvet or lace are unbecoming, a ruche of tulle or jet is permissible and will often work wonders in the effect.

The little Normandy bonnets are among the new designs. They were shown early in the winter, but did not meet with much favor. Lately they have been revived, with some needed modifications.

With a high waist any of these little bonnets is considered suitable for the opera in the orchestra stalls, but this year it is a fall, and a most sensible one, to arrange the hair well and not wear any bonnet, and certainly, it adds greatly to the brilliant effect of the house having the women with uncovered heads and in demitoid when not in full ball dress.—*Harper's Bazar*.

**Denim Gone Out.**

Denim, in all colors—that cotton material which has been in such favor for decades and cushions—has lost its taken its place!

No less or greater a fabric than ticking—ordinary ticking as to weave, but of choice and solid hue as to colorings. Old pink, green, blue, new yellow and orange and terra cotta are the tones. The material, as women will recall, has a finish as of sateen, and it is especially adapted for its purpose. The price is only 35 cents.

In a house where artistic effects are more desired than expensive ones this material could be put to much service. One or another of the colorings would lighten the bedroom, the dining room, or darken the drawing room, as might be desired.

Charming portieres are made from lengths of it without the least ornamentation. But the beauty is heightened by appliques of white or a lighter or darker shade of the same color.

These appliques are of flowers or figures, and fanciful stitchings blend the pieces set on with the background.

Sofa pillows yet are the most desirable objects in nice needlework. They are large, square, plain. Usually they are made with ruffles of the fabric of the pillow. Yellow, perhaps, is the favorite color. One big ticking pillow had a huge tiger's head embroidered on it in dashes of black where the spots ought to be, and where the open mouth showed, and white where the teeth should show. It was immensely effective, but more suggestive of active life than slumber. However, too much must not be asked of a contemporary sofa pillow. If it is smart and well made, it has fulfilled its mission.—*New York Press*.

The Philadelphia Record suggests that women wear their daintiest petticoats on muddy days, when the necessity of lifting the dress skirt gives them an opportunity to display the petticoat. They should reserve plain mohair and serge for bright skies and clean sidewalks.

**The Growth of Language.**

No committee can tell whether a word is a good word or a bad word, or whether it is used or not. Old fashioned words will always tell you that there are plenty of exact equivalents for it already in the language. This seems conclusive, yet experience often proves that they were wrong and that there was a shade of meaning which they did not pressing eagerly for expression. Thousands of words which we now consider absolutely essential to the language were, when they were first introduced, mere superfluities and unnecessary and not worth the trouble of introducing. Let any one turn to that most humorous of Elizabethan plays, "The poet (Marston) is the subject of the satire) is given an emetic and made to bring up all the newfangled words which he has used in his works. The keeps on calling out the such and such a monstrosity "has newly come up." This was thought a brilliant piece of satire at the time, and yet now half the readers and writers are admitted by all to be no censorship in literature. The only chance and allow the fittest to survive. It was in this sense that Dryden declared that if the public approved "the bill" passed and the word became law. Instead of a writer being on the lookout new word or phrase that may be suggested, it ought to be his business to encourage all true and fitting developments of his native tongue. Dryden, in a late quoted already, uses the memorable phrase, "I trade both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our tongue."—*London Spectator*.

**Dogs are not permitted in the cars of the elevated road. Various means are carried into the cars, for instance, under coats and cloaks. In a Sixth avenue elevated car the other day passengers heard the whining of a small dog, finally in a handbox carried on the knees of a passenger.—*New York Sun*.**

**EXERCISE FOR BABY**

**A PHYSICIAN'S VIEWS ON THIS VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.**

Influence of Repressed Activity on Growth and Development of Infant. This Authority Declares Positive Freedom of Movement.

"Infantile Athletics" was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the Academy on pediatrics of the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Ling Taylor.

"When one considers the important physiological effects of muscular activity," said Dr. Taylor, "it is apparent that the human organism is imperfectly adapted to a sluggish or sedentary life in the cities, is largely made up of individuals who are distinctly trainable, the neglect of proper exercise, a five man, being obliged to hunt and fight in order to exist, was of necessity athletic, and now that the struggle has in a measure been shifted from nature to brain, men still find it advantageous to train their muscles in sports and games. When the important relation of muscular activity to nutrition, respiration, circulation and elimination is called, this wholesome instinct actually finds its vindication. Every muscular mass is in an important sense a supplementary heart and a supplementary kidney. The lungs are never thoroughly ventilated, except through vigorous exercise. Moreover, the nervous and muscular elements are so intimately related as to form practically one system. Education and progress come through motor and sensory experience, that is, largely through muscular activity. Growth itself is influenced by exercise.

"Dr. H. G. Beyer of the United States Naval academy has shown that not only do school cadets who take systematic gymnastic training largely exceed those who do not in average gain in weight, lung capacity and strength, but that their average gain in height during the four years is a great deal in excess of the cadets ranging in age from 16 to 21 years, and it is probable that appropriate exercise would have similar if not greater effect in children.

"It is even more true of the infant than of the adult that the kind and degree of habitual muscular activity largely determine the structure of the body and the tone of the mind and character. It is more true because the infant is more incomplete and more plastic. The newborn babe is, as it were, but half made. Its organs are immature, its activities restricted, and they will never attain full and harmonious development except under the stimulus of use. It is not without significance that exercise is begun five months or more before birth, and that the infant appears upon the scene with a kick and a cry. Though among the most helpless of nature's children, the infant comes with considerable training and some remarkable muscular endowments, as for instance, the well known ability to support itself by grasping a horizontal rod. In waking hours the small limbs practice constant and vigorous movements, superficially aimed, but important in producing tissue changes fundamental to nutrition, as well as in furnishing sensory and motor experiences necessary to mental and bodily growth, development and power.

"As 8 months of age the baby finds its hands and begins to reach out for and hold objects; at 8 or 9 months it creeps; at 13 or 14 it walks, and so progresses from simple to complex positive movements and to such adjustments as put it in more comfortable and intimate relation with its surroundings.

"Since the infant has such ample endowments and spontaneous impulses to wholesome activity, our first and most important care must be to avoid undue interference or repression. It is interesting to observe what pains some unwritten and appliances needful to protect the infant shall not prevent freedom of movement. In describing Indian infancy and Fletcher says: 'It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept up in the bath and placed on a robe or blanket to kick and crawl to its heart's content, only when the family carries out to mother away he is put into the cradle, to with arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hood which encircles the head of this little portable bed.'

"What a refreshing contrast to the insipid experiences of our overreared, overcoddled youngsters. Still, rough exercises are not required for civilized babies. They will attend to their own gymnastics, if not prevented. It is evident that the movements of the trunk and limbs should not be impeded with wrappings. Baby's activity should have free play. At the start we are confronted with the conventional bellyband; if tightly adjusted, it must exert injurious pressure; if too loosely adjusted, it gets displaced and rolls into a contracting string. When adjusted with a proper degree of looseness, it may be innocuous, but its benefits outweigh its disadvantages? The clothing should be loose and simple, fitting in successive layers, so that all can be put on at once. "When it comes to artificial exercises for the baby, there are few prevalent among us that seem calculated to help him. Monotonous jarring, shaking and trotting are undesirable, if not harmful. When the idea is once grasped that a good, hearty cry is an admirable chest expander, there is less temptation to this form of parental indulgence, for it will usually be found that the baby is trotted for the sake of the trotter rather than for its own. Pouchiness is of course undesirable. If due to indigestion or other physical ailments, the baby should be treated; if complicated by overindulgence, the treatment should be tempered with discipline which should not stop with the child."

There is a distinctly peculiar halo that invests the being of an old soldier in the eyes of the present generation. The sight of him arouses a feeling of admiration for his brave deeds and heroic achievements.