

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BABY.

Just a little bit of baby,
Twenty pounds and nothing more;
See him floor his giant daddy.
Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;
And beauty? Not a trace;
See him stealing all the roses
From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby;
Ignorant as he can be;
See him puzzle all the sages
Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby;
Walking? No, not crawling, even;
See him lead a dozen grown-ups
To the very gate of heaven!
—Good Housekeeping.

Aunt Meg's Column

HARRY, I can sum up your case in three words," said Lancaster. "The fact is—and you cannot deny it—you're in love!"

"How on earth did you find that out?" he muttered.

"Experience and casual observation," replied Lancaster, shortly. "By the way, I saw Milly Holmsworth to-day. Then, with a grin, 'Um, I thought I wasn't far out. She's a nice girl, Harry, and a clever one. Women nowadays who are good looking and can earn their own living are in great demand in the matrimonial market, so I'm told, and I can quite believe it.'"

"Yes," groaned Ellington, "but when a man has only a paltry twelve hundred and fifty a year, the idea of—or even proposing to a lady who can buy him up might give rise to unpleasant conclusions—h'm!"

"Personally, I should try my luck. Faint heart, etc., you know. You never know what may transpire. Say you decide to see how absence might affect the case and to wait till your return to England. She might be snapped up in the meantime. Perhaps the steamer might founder, and—"

"Don't, Lancaster, don't!" shuddered Ellington. "Your advice, old chap, I fear has not advanced the improvement of the outlook at all."

"Then the only course that remains



"HE RESOLVED TO TRY AUNT MEG."

open for you is to consult Aunt Meg," sighed Lancaster.

"Aunt Meg? Who is she? And what's she got to do with it?"

"Aunt Meg is a lady connected with a popular publication entitled 'The Daisy,' whose official duty it is to receive and reply to, through the columns of the aforesaid journal, all questions that may be submitted to her notice on the all-important theme of love and its attendant trials, misunderstandings and vagaries in general."

"Consult Aunt Meg?" the words seemed to ring in Ellington's ears for some time after the departure of his friend Lancaster.

"A precious fool I'd be thought," he mused, "supposing I was idiot enough to trust my private affairs to the tender mercies of a modern lady journalist. If the story leaked out. Certainly one might write under a nom de plume or initials, but then I don't believe in such rot."

Half an hour's meditation, however, served to put matters before him in a different light. He reflected that the journal in question bore a very high character, and he resolved to try Aunt Meg.

After due destruction of various sheets of note paper, his communication was at last fairly neatly transcribed and ran as follows:

To "Aunt Meg," Daisy Offices, 420 Fleet street, E. C.

Madam—I trust you may be able to successfully advise me as to my actions in the following matter: To be brief, I am aged thirty and am in receipt of an annual income of twelve hundred and fifty dollars as private secretary to a titled gentleman, who is to depart on a voyage of indefinite duration in three weeks' time for his health's sake, and I am to accompany him. A month ago I made the acquaintance of a charming lady about my own age, and we have met at various intervals since.

As you will already have surmised, I am deeply in love with her, though I have not as yet declared my passion. As far as I am aware, from the statement of a friend, she is in receipt of an income exceeding mine by two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, derived from her employment, the exact nature of which, however, owing to the shortness of my acquaintance, I am unfortunately in ignorance of, beyond that it is something in a city office.

I have every reason to believe that my attentions, such as they have been, are not altogether distasteful. What would you advise me to do? Ask her now and risk a slender income, or wait till I am in more affluent circumstances, which chance is slightly remote at the present outlook?

H. A. E.

Two Saturdays passed and all went in the deepest depths of despair, owing to the non-appearance of a reply to his communication.

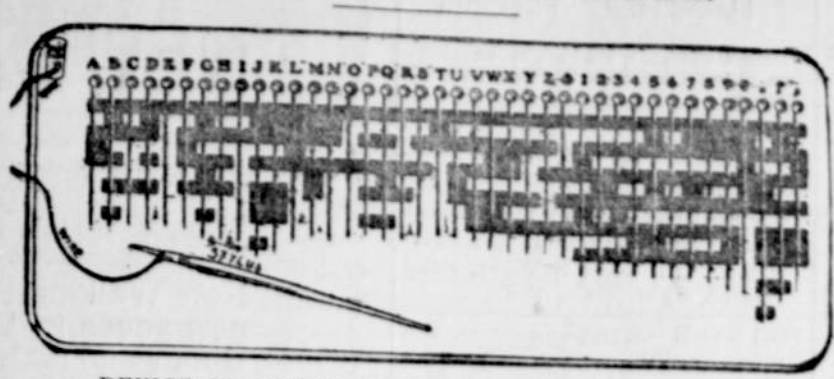
In the meantime he met Mildred Holmsworth on two occasions at the house of a mutual acquaintance and once was almost on the verge of a declaration, but checked himself in time to save making himself an arrant ass, as he termed it.

It was with feverish excitement that he opened the last issue of 'The Daisy' published before he left England. Eagerly he scanned the page sacredly set apart for the benefit of "Aunt Meg" and her amorous scribbles.

Yes, it was there at last!

H. A. E.—Waste no time, but go and ask her at once. If I judge rightly from

HOW EVERYBODY MAY TELEGRAPH.



DEVICE BY WHICH ANYBODY MAY SEND A TELEGRAM.

Martin Armstrong, station agent on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe road at Kenney, Texas, has invented an appliance by which any person may send a telegraphic message without knowing anything about telegraphy. The apparatus is intended primarily for use in educating people to be telegraphers, and with it they can without a teacher, master the secret of dots and dashes that go to make up each letter of the alphabet according to the Morse system.

The outfit, which can be carried in the hand, consists of a sounder key, such as is used in all telegraphic work, a small dry battery, a transmitter, stylus, and the wires that connect the various parts. It is the transmitter that is the wonderful thing about the whole apparatus. This is simply a piece of wood about twelve inches long and eight wide. Extending along one side of the board are all the letters of the alphabet, followed by the numerals 1 to 0, and the punctuation characters. Under each one of these characters there is a little hole or depression in the wood. Below these holes again there is a geometrical pattern formed by strips of metal set into the wood, with a minute groove leading from each character through the metal strips, and the wood that at intervals breaks their continuity.

The stylus, which looks like an ordinary pencil, and all the other parts of the apparatus are connected with the battery by wires. The novice sets the apparatus on a table before him and takes the stylus in his hand. Inserting its point in the groove running from the letter he wishes to make he draws it toward him. As it moves the sounder clicks the letter. This is done by the stylus passing over the metal strips and forming an electrical connection, which is broken for longer or shorter intervals necessary to make a letter by the intervening spaces of wood between the metal strips. A few weeks of practice on this instrument and the novice knows the sound of every letter, and it is only then a matter of practice to receive and transmit in the usual manner. The sounder gives him his opportunity to practice this, and if he is ever in doubt as to its correctness he can verify this work by producing the letter with the stylus.

Telegraphers say it is the most ingenious as well as the simplest arrangement they ever saw by means of which to learn telegraphy. Railroad men who have looked at it value it from another standpoint. One general manager of a railway says it will prove of great value in railroad work. By having one on every train, in case of a wreck the conductor will be enabled, by throwing a wire over the telegraph wires along the road, to at once communicate with the train dispatcher of the division, telling where he is, and the nature of the casualty. The conductor need not know anything about telegraphy to transmit a message slowly, but with perfect accuracy.

made it easier for me to do so. Kiss me, Harry, and say you forgive me." Waverly.

Dogs as Life Guards.

In a short time, says the European correspondent of the Baltimore American, quite a number of Newfoundland dogs will be added to the corps of officers who patrol the Seine as life guards. The dogs are young, magnificent fellows, and have been in special training for some months. Their education has been carried on in an indoor bath built for the purpose, and recently several exhibitions have been given before members of the municipal board of police for the purpose of demonstrating the dogs' fitness for their work of rescue.

In the early spring work the dogs take their places among the ranks of gallant rescuers, kennels will be built for them at intervals along the river. The work of education will then be carried on regularly, the dogs being taken through their paces just as the horses of the fire department are exercised every day. In the recent exhibitions these noble animals showed themselves splendidly qualified for their work by their quickness, their powers of endurance when attacked by would-be suicides and their power to sustain for a considerable time the weight of a human body.

Many Varieties of Rice.

More than twenty varieties of rice are known in the Philippines; but, though this cereal is so important to the natives, not enough of it is produced to supply their needs, and large quantities have to be imported annually.

Undoubtedly.

"That's a novel occupation," ejaculated Mr. Dinsmore, looking up at his paper.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore.

"Writing fiction."

The industrious man likes those with whom he works better than those he meets in "society."

TO MAKE A SWELL HAT AT A SMALL COST.



MANNER OF MAKING BRAID FOR HAT.

A swell hat, made after an exclusive imported model, is within the scope of any girl with nimble fingers. The most rudimentary knowledge of sewing only is required. One needs not know even the first principles of millinery. By the expenditure of \$1.25 in cash, a little patience and about three hours' labor, this seeming miracle can be wrought. The following is the manner of its performance:

Two yards of chiffon or mousseline de sole in any becoming shade may be had at 49 cents per yard. Sometimes it can be purchased as low as 29 cents at special sale, but in that case it is more apt to be tumbled and shop worn. So the best economy is to purchase the fresh, crisp goods, as a great deal of the effect depends upon the dainty appearance of the hat when finished. Therefore \$1 should be allowed for the material. A buckram frame at 19 cents, one spool of mercerized cotton at 6 cents completes the list of money's expenditure. Now comes the skill, patience and other necessities of an inch in width. Turn in the edges neatly, and join them with what is known as a "blind stitch." You need not a number of long hands. Braid three together, after the manner in which you plait your hair, and then sew the braided band round and round upon the frame until it is completely covered. The short "streamers" in the back are made of chiffon about three inches in width and four and six inches in length. They are trimmed all about the edges with the braid work, and the same idea is carried out in the "pompons" which are used for the front of a hat. This effect is obtained by double box pleating goods, finished off similarly to the floating ends in the back.

Another very pretty style is to make loops of the braided chiffon, doubling the ends and forming rosettes. One can vary the color. All white, pale blue, rose or salmon tints would make beautiful "Summer girl" chapeaux, or white with black choux, or reverse, for black and white has renewed its perennial hold upon feminine hearts in millinery as well as in costumes.

Crowns and brims may be of contrasting colors or may match, and the same holds good with the trimming used. If one wishes to go beyond the \$1.25 limit flowers or wings may be added, but very desirable results can be secured by the use of the chiffon only.

LIFE IN PIONEER DAYS.

People Have an Easy Time Nowadays, Says the Forty-Niner.

"People nowadays have things pretty easy," said a grizzled man who drove an ox team 2,000 miles across the country to California in 1849. "Boys and young men who talk about 'roughing it' don't really know what the word means. It is true, too, that women lead easy lives compared with the hard ships our mothers encountered. I was thinking of my mother last night; we lived in the country and game was in the woods close at hand. My mother used to take down a gun from over the door and go out and shoot a wild turkey whenever she wanted it. She was thoroughly feminine, too; but she could do things when she had to.

"Sometimes a man was compelled to do woman's work, too. On the way across the plains our oxen gave out. We had to unharness twelve out of the twenty we started with, and leave them to die by the way. Then we left one wagon behind—we had two big wagons at the start—and also we threw overboard our little cook stove, barrels and boxes, and everything we could spare to lighten our load. I remember I had to throw a good blanket- overcoat—made of a fine Mackinac blanket—that cost me \$20 and was quite new.

"By mistake somebody in our mess threw away my little trunk and left me with just the clothes I had on my back. In a little while I needed a change of raiment—and hadn't even an extra pocket handkerchief. We couldn't buy many garments ready-made in those days; but I remembered how my mother used to shoot turkeys and I decided that it wouldn't kill me to try to make my own underwear. So at Salt Lake City I bought some heavy muslin, needles and thread and a pair of scissors. Well, sir, after that I sewed all the way to California.

"I made myself some highly creditable and comfortable garments—yes, sir. The other boys wanted me to make some, too, but I said I 'couldn't' take in sewing until after the gold scare was over. When I came home," concluded the grizzled one, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and my mother saw my work she nearly had a fit. The stitches were pretty big, of course, but they held the material together as long as I needed it—yes, sir."

Baby Girl a Regular Sandow.

The city of Malden, Mass., boasts of having a phenomenon in little Gladys Martyn, who is a marvel of strength. She is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Sedgewick Martyn, and is only 2 years 10 months old. Her father is the new pastor of the First Unitarian Church, says the Boston Herald.

The child is perfectly developed, and her strength is due mostly to the way in which she was brought up. When only a few days old Mr. Martyn began to try tests upon her and has continued them daily, making them more severe as she grew older. Her father holds the single-arm record of the world for lifting and holds the record to-day of this country for heavy lifting, doing many tasks which, it is said, even Sandow does not attempt. He can lift 1,264 pounds dead weight from the floor. During the years that she studied at Columbian College he held the amateur record for short-distance running.

The girl has inherited in many respects the strength of her father, and delights in doing feats which many athletes are unable to perform. One of her feats is to lie prostrate on the floor and a-w her father, who weighs 170 pounds, to stand upon her abdomen. She can stand upon her head for an indefinite time, and is a wonderful contortionist. With her head on the edge of one chair and heels on another, she lies between them and holds a thirty-pound weight upon her abdomen. Her own weight is only thirty-four pounds. She can hang for almost an indefinite time by her toes or fingers.

She Ought to Know.

Four-year-old Ruth was seated on the floor tending to the cares of a large family of dolls, one member of which was in rather a dilapidated condition. "How old is that dollie, Ruth?" inquired a visiting friend.

"She is 50 years old," answered Ruth gravely.

"Why, Ruthie," exclaimed Sister Margaret, "I don't think she is as ancient as that."

"Margaret," and the large brown eyes were raised in surprise, "I certainly think I ought to know the ages of my own children."

And Ruthie was right. The doll had been her grandmother's—Little Chronicle.

No Satisfaction in That.

"Yes," he explained, "she is very angry with him."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, he caught her dozing in the hammock and kissed her."

"While she was asleep?"

"Yes."

"And she didn't know what was happening?"

"How inconsiderate. I should think she would be angry."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Titles Cheap in Bavaria.

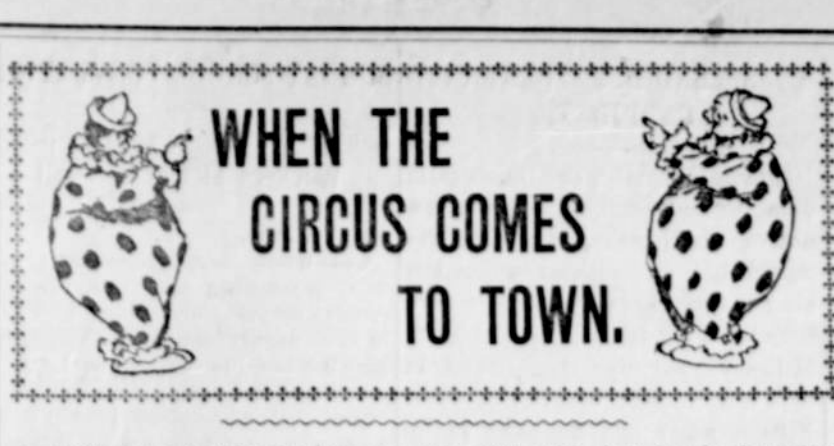
It is not expensive to become a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "von" costs a matter of \$375; to be raised to the "ritterstand" \$500; to be made a "freiherr" \$1,250; to be made a "graf" costs \$2,500, while to be made a prince costs only \$5,000. These prices are for only one person, but the government kindly makes reductions in the case of whole families wishing to turn noble all at once.

Forests of the Philippines.

Captain Aborn of the forestry bureau says he saw large tracts of virgin forests in the Philippines with 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet of magnificent lumber per acre, where the trees were more than 150 feet high, with trunks clear of branches for eighty feet. Fifty valuable hard woods are now offered to the world.

Love is a capsule in which silly talk is swallowed, thus disguising the unpleasant taste for a while.

Peace may have its victories, but the victories of war are far more productive of gold lace.



WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

FOR three months the huge posters in red and blue ink have flamed forth. There is the "Blood Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ," with an open mouth six feet square; there is "Mme. Lisette, Gorgeous Queen of the Hoops of Fire," clad in pink tights, leaping through billows of flame; there is the "Unsurpassed, Unparalleled, and Unequaled Udon of Unique and Mighty Monsters" leering out through bars of iron; there are a hundred other marvels, any one of which is enough to throw the small boys into spasms of excitement.

When the first bill goes up they all begin to make plans for going to the circus. In divers ways they begin to get together the money needed for a ticket. They save rags and old iron; they cut lawns; they pick strawberries; they chop kindling and carry in wood. Every penny is saved. To the children the coming of a circus is the greatest possible incentive to industry and economy. This is a virtue which, strangely enough, the modest circus manager has been slow to claim. And then finally comes the parade—which is really better than the circus itself.

The "show-off" is always on the flats at the other end of Main street. You get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and hurry down to see the circus "get in" and unload.

Perhaps if the fates are kind you get

the curb, with their feet in the gutter. Behind them stand other rows reaching back to the front of the stores and then climbing to points of vantage on the tops of dry goods boxes. All the windows are full, anxious mothers clutching with nervous hands the waists of small children, who do their best to fall out into the crowds below whenever a stray strain of music comes floating up from the direction of the circus lot.

If you have earned a ticket or have an extra quarter in your pants' pocket you buy a big bag of peanuts, the shells of which you throw down from your high perch on to the heads of the people on the sidewalk. When the shells strike you turn your eyes away and look as unconscious as possible.

Now the town marshal emerges from the crowd on the other side of the street, dragging by the collar a young man who is denounced as "one of them city thugs." He starts down the center of the street with his prisoner, followed by a street full of excited men and boys, to whom an arrest is as exciting as a declaration of war. It is the marshal's day to shine. He gets to within a block of the lockup, under the engine-house, when a farmer's team, frightened half to death by the unusual noise and by the swift approach of the crowd, breaks away from the hitching post at the curb.



THE PARADE PASSES UP MAIN STREET.

a Heaven-sent chance to carry buckets of water until your back aches for a tickle of admission to the show. That makes you an object of envy to all your fellows. You stay and watch the canvasmen drive their pegs, rig their poles, and build a canvas city while the ordinary man would be marking off the site. You see the animals fed and your eyes stick out like hard-boiled eggs when a beautiful young woman with red cheeks and a short white lace dress is let into the cage with the lions.

Finally the crisis comes. From the far end of Main street a wild strain of unearthly music sweeps up the packed street. It is the steam calliope in action—an instrument which sounds like a score of tug whistles blowing at once. At the sound all the horses in hearing rear and plunge and their owners rush frantically out to wrestle with them. Meanwhile the town marshal, running down to the street to have the calliope turned off before the town is torn to pieces.

Far ahead of the rest of the procession ride two men in a shiny victoria, drawn by two white and two jet black horses, wearing silver mounted harness with yellow reins. One of the men is a quiet looking person in a modest suit of black clothes and a black slouch hat. He owns the show, but he cuts no figure in the eyes of the populace in comparison with the gorgeous and glittering individual who rides with him. This latter wears a red waistcoat with blue polka dots, white spats, shining patent leathers, and almost white frock coat and a tall silk hat, on which the sun plays in splendor. His ample paunch is crossed by an enormous gold chain, which meanders also once or twice around his neck. In his big red necktie shines a diamond greater and more brilliant than the Kohinoor.

Twice in each block as he proceeds in his triumphant progress up Main street, this glittering personage rises to his feet and lifts his silk hat, revealing a bald head as shining as his hat. He opens his mouth and out of it comes a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

"Come one! Come all!" he bellows. "On behalf of the management I am authorized to announce that immediately before the performance under the large canvas Mme. Lisette will perform the unparalleled and stupendous feat of dancing the skirt dance while suspended in midair on a slack rope stretched between the top of the wagon factory and the roof of the vinegar works. Entirely free, gratuitous, and complimentary. Without money and without price the gifted little lady will disport in midspace. Come one! Come all!"

Then he would make a bow and sit down, while the small boys gasped with awed admiration and envy.

Then you start on the dead run up Main street to get the seat in the second story window over Brown's grocery which has been reserved for you. Already Main street is packed with people. One row is sitting down on

IN LOVE WITH THE CONVICTS.

Admirers of Men and Women Imprisoned for Crime.

Although one would naturally think—said a well-known prison chaplain—that the path of crime was the least likely of all to lead to the altar, it is a very remarkable thing that some of the most notorious criminals I have known have been simply inundated with offers of marriage from unknown sympathizers and admirers. In fact, such is the fascination of crime to persons of a certain class that it is almost safe to say that the more brutal and heartless the criminal the better are his or her matrimonial chances, says London Tit-Bits.

Neill Cream, the famous, or rather infamous poisoner; Deemling, the Australian wife killer; Fauntleroy, and many others of the greatest scoundrels of our time, might have been married over and over again if justice had not substituted the halter for the altar; and for a woman to commit a crime, especially if she be at all good looking, is to awaken tender emotions in many a manly breast.

A few years ago, when a certain young man of rank was charged with a particularly heinous crime, at least a score of silly women promptly fell head over heels in love with him and inundated his solicitors with messages of sympathy, offers of financial help and of marriage.

Every day of his trial some of them attended the court and exhausted every stratagem to get a word with him; and when he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, one woman, an absolute stranger to him, fainted in court.

So infatuated was one of his lovers that she went to live in the neighborhood of the prison where he served his sentence and was happy if she caught a glimpse of him on his way to the quarries. Whether she married him or not ultimately, I cannot say, but it certainly was not her fault if she didn't.

In another case which occurred at about the same time a young and pretty girl was charged with the manslaughter of her child under peculiarly sad conditions. Her case excited wide sympathy, and to my certain knowledge at least a dozen men wrote to make her offers of marriage. After a long trial she was acquitted and one of her numerous lovers, a man of some wealth, found a home for her, and at the end of six months led her to the altar. This strangely united couple are now living on the continent, and, as I hear from a friend of mine who is an English chaplain there, are very happy together.

HAUNTED VIOLIN.

It Has Been Heard to Play When No One Was Near.

A violin, which formerly was the property of Herman Schifferl, a violin manufacturer who died in Minneapolis last summer, is said to be bewitched. A weird, uncanny mystery surrounds it, which has not yet been cleared away by any reasonable explanation. It is said that the violin gives forth musical sounds which have been distinctly heard by human ears, while no human hands were seen to touch the instrument.

The first time that the sounds came from the violin was during the week following Mr. Schifferl's death, and the instrument was then hanging in what formerly was his workshop, 424 Nicollet avenue. There were several other violins hanging at either side of it, but Mrs. Schifferl, who was the only one in the shop at the time, has declared that she heard strains of music, and that they came from this particular violin. Her friends assured her that she must have been dreaming, or that she imagined that she heard the sounds. Others said that a current of air might have caused the strings to give forth the notes which Mrs. Schifferl heard.

These explanations do not change Mrs. Schifferl's opinion. She was perfectly sure that she heard the sounds, and that none of the causes mentioned were responsible.

After a time the violin went into the possession of Miss Verna Golden, the violinist, and while it was at her home, 3019 Lyndale avenue, the violin again was heard to play.

It was left in a room upstairs, and was the only violin there. The members of the family who were at home were seated at the dinner table. They declare that they heard a violin play, and that the sounds came from the room where this violin lay, out of its case. Miss Golden was not at home when the mysterious sounds were heard.

The violin is a very good one, an Italian copy, but it does not look especially different from other violins of the same kind.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Longfellow and "Hiawatha."

"Such a confusing variance in the pronunciation of 'Hiawatha' exists both in dictionaries and in the speech of educated men and women," writes Elizabeth A. Withey, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "that I have asked Miss Longfellow how the word is pronounced by the poet's family. She says the pronunciation which she always heard from the poet himself is, Hi'-a-wá'-tha, the 'a' pronounced as it is in 'machine' or 'pique,' the second 'a' pronounced as it is in 'far' or in 'father.'"

Camping in Rocky Mountains.

Camping in the Rocky Mountains is to be one of the inducements offered Colorado and Utah tourists this year. The idea was suggested by the inability of the Colorado resort hotels to care for the business, and the popularity of some experiments made in "hat direction by tourists last year.

Mail Delivery Routes.

It is estimated that the value of land along rural delivery routes has increased from two to three dollars an acre. Then, too, there is an educational value in the rural free delivery in that thousands more magazines and periodicals are finding their way to people's homes.

They tell of a farmer who has beaten a banker out of two years' use of a farm, and who now demands a deed to the land. The banker is not allowed on his own place.

Everyone insists that others "pay him some attention."