

MOTHER IN THE WEDDING GOWN.

Here's a picture of my mother in her wedding gown. Ah, me, there ever was a fairer bride than she.

BEST OF THE LOT.

They were sensible, hard-working girls, were the Thurlows, and every one liked and admired them. The two elder ones made quite a nice little sum of pocket money by their poultry and vegetables, which they took into the market themselves, and sold right well, for their things were always of the best and found a ready sale.



The ordinary blue print, or print on ferro-prussiate paper, which is without exception, the most easy of manipulation and quickest made, can be toned to a very rich brown color if as soon as washed the paper is immersed in a solution made up of 5 ounces of water in which has been dissolved a small piece of caustic soda, about the size of a pea.

An amateur sometimes keeps very poor negatives, because they are of subjects he cannot easily duplicate. Such negatives may be much improved, and, if not too poor, converted into fairly good negatives by developing them in old hydrochloric acid.

"Let me take them, Maude," said the man stepping forward. "There is no need to trouble any one to carry your parcels when I am here. Is that all?"

At that moment the door opened and Angela came in. Tom always declares that both she and Geoffrey Lawler looked as if they had been suddenly struck motionless.

POET, LINGUIST, MUSICIAN. One of the most popular and prominent club women of America is Mrs. Dimble T. S. Denison of New York, who was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the recent convention in Los Angeles, Cal.

THE ZEBRA MULE NOT A SUCCESS.



Some efforts have recently been made to cross the zebra and the mule, with the hope of producing an animal of the mule type, having some of the attractive characteristics of the zebra.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mrs. Winks—A peddler was here today, and I got the greatest bargain—a whole pound of insect powder for only 10 cents. It looks just like dirt, but it's awfully effective. I tried it.

The Woman of It. "But how do you know he loves you if he hasn't told you so?" asked the girl in the Gibson waist.



Pedestrian anxious for his safety. Now, which way are you going to hit the ball?

Worried Beginner—Only wish to goodness I knew myself!—Punch.

His Experiences. Sister—I don't believe that horrid Miss Filberton would stop at anything.

Brother—That's where your trolley is twisted, sis. I was out walking with her the other evening and she stopped at the first soda fountain we encountered.

Willie's Query. Little Willie—Say, pa, this book says nature never wastes anything.

The Feminine Trait. He (elated)—Then it's a bargain; you will have my wife?

He Tied the Score. "No," said the beautiful creature, who was at least three seasons to the bad, "I couldn't think of marrying you."

Extract from a Love Letter. "I waited for over an hour for you, dearest, but in vain; I hope that you were ill."—Flegende Blaetter.

A Savage Encounter. Miles—I wonder how Swiggs happened to get bruised up so artistically.

At the Races. "I understand the race was quite a moving event."

His Idea. Architect—I suppose you want closets in every room, sir?

Limited Occupation. Housewife—Why don't you work?—Trump—I can't, ma'am, till next Easter. I'm a hot cross bun baker.

Queer Creature. "Merchant has a most remarkable typewriter girl."

Good News. "You won't be bothered any more by the minister, papa."

A Charitable View. Miss Antiquate—Do you suppose he really proposed to me because I have money?

Rather Sarcastic. Hixon—My wife has persuaded me to accompany her to church next Sunday.

The Feminine View. He—Do you believe in the doctrine of every man for himself?

A Literary Boomer. Scribbs—My new novel will be read, I tell you.

Fortunate is the man upon whose face nature has written a letter of credit.

The Stern Parent.

"Johnny," said his father, "you have disobeyed your mother again. Come out with me to the barn. Johnny complied. There was a washbasin on the premises, but the stern parent preferred the barn.

Milkless Water. Landlady—Do you care for a glass of milk?

Know the Ropes. "Have you ever had any experience in handling high-grade pottery?" asked the importer of an applicant for a job.

Of Course. This is considered the liveliest corner of the town.

Will Hear Them Soon Enough. Brown—Do you think that the honorable way is to tell a man his faults to his face?

A Hardened Wretch. "See that man with the hard face? He's killed his man."

Not Many. Teacher—Johnnie Stokes, how many make a million?

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A ONE-MAN TORPEDO BOAT. THE NEW TERROR OF THE SEA.



One man and a deadly torpedo floating about beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo charged so that it will blow a great warship to destruction; the man provided with means by which to discharge his dangerous weapon in a way to do the most harm.

The man who has perfected this offensive and invisible destroyer is Thomas J. Morarity, for many years a mechanical expert in the employ of the United States Government at the torpedo station at Newport.

Mr. Morarity was long ago impressed with the idea that the only way by which to make the action of the torpedo actually certain was to put an experienced operator inside it; for, while its automatic machinery operates with almost human intelligence, there is no certainty that it will on long ranges do exactly what is required of it.

To accomplish these essentials he has devised a cigar-shaped boat of bronze plates, about ten feet long, three feet deep and five feet wide. Beneath this is suspended the Whitehead torpedo in a frame, and it is propelled by compressed air when the operator has approached near the mark.

When in the boat the operator lies on a cradle astride of its support. Padded prongs on the cradle curve over his shoulders and hold him in place, providing also a purchase for his arms when operating the lever in front of him.

Air is admitted through the rear mast and circulates throughout the boat. This air tube is, however, automatically closed when the boat is beneath the surface of the water, and the conning tower is completely covered by means of a hydrostatic piston, open to the water at the bottom of the boat, the pressure of the water at the increased depth forcing up the piston, which actuates a lever to force a valve over the air-tube opening, thus preventing the entry of water through it.

The same motion of the piston operates levers connected to a valve in the compressed air tank in the bottom of the boat, opening it and thus allowing a fine stream of air to issue therefrom into the boat, and supplying the operator with fresh air. As the boat again reaches the surface the pressure on the hydrostatic piston is released because there is less depth of water and the air tube is again opened and the air tank valve closed.

The torpedo is fired by compressed air, but on leaving its casing the propelling mechanism of the projectile is set in motion, and it starts off under its own power for the mark.

Wonderful Iron Elephant. Designed for Great Exposition by a Chicago Man.

Mr. Joseph Husak, of Chicago, is prepared to our Ferris at the St. Louis exposition, or at any other exposition which may come along and make room for his "iron elephant," 300 feet long and 250 feet in height, or for his "Jonah's whale," 50 feet long and big in girth in proportion.

The "iron elephant" is the chief feature and creation of Mr. Husak's inventive faculty, and he purposes to adapt the metal beast to more uses than the Indian beast is capable of in the flesh. The body of the animal is to be four stories in height, the floors to be reached by elevators running in the legs of the creature. The first floor is to be used and rented for small show rooms; the second floor for a cafe and restaurant, and furnish entrance to the

ing for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest 4-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillow behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt and she turned toward home.

"My great-grand-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, 'expecting,' he said, 'to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!'"

She was not even wet; for the smart 4-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbersome load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her uninterrupted weaving.

Men Stenographers Scarce. "There is one feature of the government service that puzzles me," said a chief of division in the Treasury Department, "and that is the lack of men stenographers. I don't see why men who have ambitions to enter government work don't equip themselves along this line. I do not mean to disparage the efficiency of women typewriters, for they do all that is expected of them, and more, too. But there is a limitation to their usefulness, no matter how expert they may be. There are certain confidential relations which a superior must always have with his assistant, which cannot be shared with a woman. Oftentimes we have to rely on the judgment of an inferior, and are not always willing, and, in fact, would be afraid, to trust to the discretion of a woman.

"To my mind the scarcity of men typewriters is largely due to the fact that women have bluffed their masculine rivals or would-be rivals from the field. The latter evidently think that the craft has been monopolized by the women. To tell the truth, there is no field so much open to men, as far as Uncle Sam is concerned, as that of the typewriter, and in few is there held out such prospect of advancement. For instance, Secretary Cortelyou is an extenographer, and not so much of an assistant, but that, for he was, and always will be, a skillful hand at the typewriter. But he is a Cabinet possibility, and he rose from the opportunities and he rose from the opportunities held out by his calling."—Washington Post.

No Fitting Time. There are many poor correspondents who would doubtless like to make the excuse given by a boy who was spending his first year at a boarding school. The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point.

"Dear people," wrote the boy, "I don't believe I shall be able to send you any more letters while I'm here. You see when things are happening I haven't time, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say good-by, with love to all. In haste, George."

The world is improving. There are more sudden deaths every year, and fewer cases of long suffering.

Everyone has a kin problem he can't solve.

Tabitha Sanborn's Ride. She Really Couldn't Bear to Waste Time from Her Work.

Some of the feats which our foremothers performed quite as a matter of course when domestic emergencies occurred were such as would tax the endurance and courage of the hardest athletic maidens of our own day.

Hannah Sanborn, of Philadelphia, in a recent article on old-time Sanborns, relates how an ancestress of hers supplied a deficiency in her weaving apparatus.

She found unexpectedly that her work required the use of a certain reed and harness which could be obtained only at a place five miles distant, reached by a road leading over a number of steep and dangerous hills.

She was alone in the house with her baby and another young child, whom she could not leave to go on an errand. Nevertheless, she could not endure the idea of wasting time in waiting for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web.

Her husband owned the "smartest 4-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillow behind her.

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