PHILOSOPHY.

The signs is bad when folks commence A-findin' fault with Providence, And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake At every prancin' step they take. No man is great till he can see How less than little he can be Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare He hung his sign out anywhere. My doctorn is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied; Jest do your best, and praise er blame That follows, that counts jest the same I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with troubles more or less, Aud it's the man who does the best That gets more kicks than all the rest. -James Whitcomb Riley.

The Craven Fire.

T HE morning papers were full of the recent fire. I had give paper but a cursory glance, but now, having examined the mail, I began to make a more thorough reading. Fires in New York were of so common occurrence that they deserved little notice, and the incendiary seemed to have a fertile field in which to follow his diabolical inclinations with little or no fear of detection or molestation.

This morning it was the same old story, with perhaps a few new trimmings, followed by the usual comments as to the probable perpetrator of the erime. It was painful to think that in the center of civilization wanton destruction of life and property should go unchecked and unpunished, and yet the efficient departments of the city seemed to be making every effort to bring the criminals to justice. A carriage stopped before the office, and Inspector Jones and Mr. Smith, of the Department of Public Safety, entered. They wished to consult me on business.

"I see you have been reading about the Craven fire," said Mr. Smith, glancing at my paper. "It was clearly the work of an incendiary. I am satisfied that it is closely allied with a number of recent city fires, and that one person or gang is responsible for the whole. Now I want you to draw on our detective force and use every possible means to run down the author of this fire. We will pay you any expenses that you may incur and allow you to name your own fee for professional services. If you accept this offer, I would suggest that you begin work at once. What say you?"

"I fear that I shall not be of much service. You forget that I am not a detective. However, if you wish me to see what I can develop, I will accept your proposition."

"Very good," replied Mr. Smith. "And now to work. What do you advise?"

"First let us obtain some general information. Suppose we call on Mr Craven."

"Mr. Craven lost his life in the burning building. His daughter, however, survives."

"Then I will interview her," I replied calmly.

"You won't get much information out instructions, and it was with from that quarter," said Inspector pleasure I noted the fact that he was feet of deadening sound. Also notice "I saw her at an early hour this morning, and she knows absolutely nothing about the details. But the carriage is waiting, and you can try your hand and see how you get along.'

Bidding Mr. Smith good morning, Inspector Jones and I drove rapidly to were shown to the apartments lately taken by Miss Craven. As we entered gathered a little useful information." I found myself confronted by a most striking woman. Her eyes were red from weeping, but her self-control was far beyond the average. She received | made for Mr. Craven's body. It was us courteously but formally, and with an air of resignation took a chair facing us, as if waiting to be interrogated. In a few words the inspector made known the object of our visit.

"I might suggest," said I, "that a little of the early history of your family would be of service."

"Anything you desire," she replied year 1890 we came from Denver, Col., and located in New York. At my solicitation my father sold his Western property and built our pretty little house on the Hudson. Here we lived in seclusion for about two years, my father for some reason shunning society. We had but one servant, a man named Robbins, who accompanied us from the

West. "About two years after our arrival my father had a frequent guest, James Butts, an ill-looking fellow, who swore profusely and drank heavily. I remonstrated with father about encouraging the man's presence, but it was of no avail, and James Butts enjoyed the freedom of the house. At times he would leave and remain away for months, but he always turned up again, to assume his place in our household. On his return he often brought with him other men, more polished than himself, but I never became acquainted with any of them, as they were immediately closeted with my father, and I was sent to visit a relative, or to board in the city for a time. Coax as I might, I could never find out either from my father or Robbins what was being done in my absence. One thing I noted. After and Butts drank heavier than usual.

"About ten days before the fire one sent from home. The men came at night and left at dawn, so that I did and angrily. A week ago Butts went value to Mr. Craven. If the box conaway. We accompanied him to the tained anything which he desired to landing. For a time he and father save from the flames, it must be the ward it he shouted back, 'Remember, ing obliterated, but the formula reyou'll hear from me!' Last night the mained intact.

house was fired. I can't tell much about it, I was so badly frightened. I rushed from my room just in time to escape death by suffocation. Father met me in the hall and assisted me from the house. Suddenly he rushed into the burning building. An explosion followed and that is the last I saw of him."

"You have stated the case very clearly," said the inspector. "Do you suspect any one of firing the house?"

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "I don't see how papa could have any enemies. He certainly treated Butts well."

"You have stated, Miss Craven," said I, "that Mr. Butts said something to your father about hearing from him. Do you recall anything peculiar in your father's actions just prior to the fireanything that would indicate a warning, or perhaps a little nervousness on

Miss Craven fell into a deep study.

"Let me think a moment," said she That was yesterday morning. I walked with father through the grounds. His attention seemed to be attracted toward a bill posted on a large elm tree. He stopped and read the bill, clutched my arm convulsively and then tore it down. I thought he was angry because it was posted on the premises.

"What became of that bill?" I asked quickly. 'Father gave it to me to burn, and I why, I have it in this dress pocket.

I forgot to burn it." I took the bill and read:

'Fireproof house, et cetera, to let. Night bells. Watchman, police protection. Butts' lightning arresters. No time to lose. Buy or rent at once. Of-

fices 376 Broadway, N. Y." I passed the paper to Inspector Jones, who, after giving it a hasty examination, remarked:

"Anything further, Colonel?" "I might as well get a description of Mr. Butts. This is the last question I

shall ask, Miss Craven." "He is a man about five feet in height, with square shoulders. His heavy beard gave his skin a dark appearance. His eyes are bloodshot. His black mustache is always carefully curled and his hair parted. He walks with a swagger and generally wears his hat tipped on one side. When talking to any one he generally closes one eye. I think that is about all I can recall."

"Very well done," I exclaimed, "In behalf of Mr. Jones, as well as myself, I wish to thank you for the information you have so kindly given us, and to bid you good-morning."

She escorted us to the door, and with a gracious bow bade us farewell.

"A very clever girl," I remarked to the inspector, as we drove rapidly to

police headquarters. Here we found Jackson and Perkins of the detective bureau awaiting our

arrival. Now Perkins is a very clever fellow in his line; like a young foxhound he is prone to "back track" and bungle things furiously at the start, but place him on the right trail he is sure of his man. He knows how to carry

to be my assistant. information have you gathered on this there is what seems to be the remains

case? I judge you have the problem almost solved." "I am sorry to tell you otherwise," he said. "I've searched the premises

the Waldorf. After a slight delay we thoroughly since the fire, and I don't catch a single clue. Of course I have "Let's have that."

"You see I happened to be on the ground when the search was being found among the ruins in a badly charred condition, and near it lay this little iron box." Diving into his satchel he held up the article named for inspection. "The papers it contains are charred, but the writing is quite legi-I fully expected this to throw

some light on the tragedy, but imagine my chagrin at finding it contained only resignedly. "I will do all in my power a few title deeds to his property and a to assist you in bringing the murderer scrap of paper on which is written a of my father to speedy justice. In the prescription of some kind. Of course the box and papers settle the question of why Mr. Craven went into the burning building, and therefore eliminates one point in our problem."

"Let me examine those papers, Perkins," said I. "By the way, did you find out in what business Mr. Craven was engaged?"

"Never thought of that," he replied carelessly, "While you examine the papers I'll make the search."

"And as you are going out on one quest you might as well make another. Just find out what real estate firm has its offices at 376 Broadway," I sug-

gested.

Perkins laughed. "Come now, Colonel, don't send me on a wild goose chase. The next thing I know you will be wanting me to find the family tree and run the history back to B. C."

"Perhaps," sald I, and Perkins took

the hint. The contents of the box revealed two facts overlooked by my assistant in his examination. Truly, it contained the title deeds to the property, but a careful reading showed they had been placed on record in the recorder's office for the city of New York by Mr. Craven such times father appeared exhausted in his lifetime. This must have been done for two purposes: first, to make a perfect chain of title on record in of these meetings occurred. I was not case he desired to sell; and, second, to perpetuate his title in case the original deeds were lost or destroyed. The not see them. They talked excitedly deeds themselves were therefore of no

plus (Sil hydroxide plus Sod. Bicarb, fused), or SiO,2 equals 11.00. .412.50."

presence of chemicals in the house would account for the explosion.

A half hour later Perkins rushed into the office very much excited.

"By Jove, Colonel, that real estate poster is all a fake! The people at No. 376 have been annoyed for two days with inquiries about it; they say they are perfectly ignorant of the whole transaction, and as they are jewelers I am inclined to believe their story." "How about your other mission-the

profession of Mr. Craven?" "Mr. Craven had no business. was a retired gentleman."

The problem was becoming complex. "I wish you would watch the workmen on this property, Perkins, and make note of anything that is found in the debris. I will join you this afternoon."

I hastened to my office and began making a careful study of the papers in my possession. I took up the advertisement found on the premises and read it carefully: "Fireproof house, et cetera, to let. Night bells. Watchman. Police protection. Butts' lightning arresters. No time to lose."

Taking into consideration the fact that no real estate agents did business at the address given, there was but one construction to be placed on the poster. It must be a warning, written in cipher. But how to find the key? After various trials I finally succeeded in obtaining an intelligent message from the notice by striking out every other word. It read. It read: "Fire house to-night. Watch police. Butts' arresters." The phrase "No time to lose' was of course part of the message, but not in cipher. The remainder was a

I was still in the dark as to the author of the fire, and in the hope that the second paper would reveal something I took down a work on chemistry and began to study the symbols. Ag, silver; Ni, nickel; Cu, copper; Pb, lead; SiO, 2, Oxide of silica, And now the meaning of 412.50. Suddenly an idea dawned on me, so improbable that I hesitated to follow it. It would do no harm, however, to investigate, and taking the first train I hatened to join Perkins at the destroyed mansion. I found my assistant poking about the ruins and apparently deeply absorbed. On seeing me, he beckoned me mysteriously to one side.

"I've decided that there's something wrong about this house," said he in an undertone. "It's the queerest arrangement I ever saw. Just come over here and take a look at it."

Perkins led the way to a breach in the stone wall from which we had a good view of the cellar.

"In the first place," he began, "notice the double wall that surrounds the entire cellar, with the intervening air space. Now that would have the efhat there are no windows in the wall. "Well, Perkins," said I, "how much another peculiar circumstance. Down of a gas engine. Furthermore, the heating apparatus is most peculiarseems to be cased like a furnace. I wonder what kind of a joint this is, Colonel?"

> "I'm hardly prepared to say at present," I replied, "There's the place the explosion occurred. Let's look at that."

The spot to which I referred was on the south side of the house, and at this point everything was badly shattered and the debris scattered for some distance over the lawn. It was therefore necessary to make quite a detour to reach it. This led over a part of the grounds that was poorly kept and thickly grown with weeds. As Perkins was much younger than myself he took the lead, and was some distance ahead of me. Suddenly I heard an angry exclamation and saw him fall violently to the ground. I immediately rushed to his assistance, only to find that he had fallen over a huge piece of iron that lay hidden in the grass. I laughed as herubbed his injured shin and hurled all manner of adjectives at the offending piece of iron.

"You needn't laugh!" he cried angrily. "It's only because you haven't vitality enough to make a good fall that

you missed this." "Well, I consider it a rather lucky fall," I replied seriously. "You have solved the problem to my satisfaction. I congratulate you.'

"I don't understand," he said dubiously, examining the piece of iron over which he had just fallen.

"Then I'll explain. Sit down and nurse your leg and listen. In the first place, we have discovered the den of a gang of counterfeiters."

"How do you know?" "Well, to begin with, the double wall of the wild birds are fond of apples. about the cellar and the absence of windows indicates that secrecy was desired. The presence of the gas engine of the uses of the movements of the and the peculiar construction of the furnace are circumstances that tend to A venturesome browsing creature strengthen proposition No. 1. The piece coming near it is afraid to touch a of Iron on which you are sitting is cer- plant which so evidently is occupied tainly part of a hydraulic press, or, in by spirits, technical language, a screw for stamping the coin, while this small bit of one of the dies for a silver dollar. Proposition No. 1 proved-eh, Perkins?"

"By Jove, you're right!" exclaimed Perkins. "Now for proposition No. 2. Granting shrill, whistling sound, which keeps the accuracy of proposition No. 1, we the birds of prey at a distance. will say that Mr. Craven belonged to a gang of counterfeiters when he resida plant to resume his old business. At years old.

"Ag equals 280 plus Ni equals 30 plus the completion of this plant Mr. James Cu equals 60.25 plus Pb equals 31.25 Butts appeared on the scene and took charge of operations. At various times Butts visited other plants of a similar No doubt Mr. Craven was an invent- nature, and also solicited capital for or, and here was his secret. While the his own. This accounts for the pepaper might not be pertinent to the culiar meetings at Mr. Craven's house, case, it would at least be a kindness to the last of which, according to the Miss Craven to place her in possession | story of Miss Craven, was not entirely of her father's formula, which some harmonious. You also recall her stateday might prove valuable. Again, the | ment that when Butts departed he informed Mr. Craven he would hear from him. The week before the fire Mr. Butts left, and here is the message, no doubt sent by a confederate, that was found tacked up on an elm tree near the house. Strike out every other word and read it for yourself."

Perkins took the paper and read it.

"By Jove," he weakly repeated. "To continue, we will take up the paper which you found in the little iron box near the body of the deceased Mr. Craven. Remembering that a silver dollar weighs 4121/2 grains, there is only one deduction to be made from this paper."

"And these two papers gave you the clue to the entire matter?" cried Per-

"Certainly."

"And Mr. Craven fired his own house to escape the secret service detectives, but forgetting his formula rushed back to save it?"

"Exactly," I replied. "And now for the last point in our problem, the explosion. It is self-evident that a hydraulic press weighing several tons would not be destroyed by fire, hence it must be blown up. Its present position is therefore due to that cause, and was only discovered by your unfortunate fall."

"Well," said Perkins, "it's a very true saying that a blind pig will find an acorn once in a while."-Waverley Magazine.

BEECHER WENT UNSPANKED.

Dr. Cressey's Story of the Great Preacher's Romp with the Boys. A new story of Henry Ward Beecher was told at a Plymouth Church prayer | had an almost irresistible charm for meeting by Dr. E. K. Cressey, of me; but it was too sacred for my coun-Brooklyn Hills, L. I. It was a story of try-bred feet to tread except with a Dr. Cressey's boyhood. One day his mother left the house, cautioning him I wondered why it was so. I do not and his brothers that they must be know whether my experience would be very quiet and not romp while she was called a failure, a success, or a miswhich Mrs. Cressey was wont to pun- made a failure as a servant girl, but I vided with a socket which will fit over ish violations of the domestic statutes when any such occurred in her wellordered household, and the youngsters promised to be good and remained as still as mice.

Presently Mr. Beecher arrived to make a call on the Cresseys, and found no one to receive him but demure-looking boys. A flash of anticipation came into his eyes, as he joyously told his young hosts to prepare for the romp of their lives.

"But mamma told us we musn't romp," protested the future doctor of philosophy.

"I'll take all the responsibility," re-

plied the great preacher. When Mrs. Cressey neared the house on her return she heard indications of a small riot. Filled with indignation at this unheard of rebellion in her quiet 9 little republic, she rushed into the house with words of stern rebuke trembling on her tongue. At the door she aused, petrified.

Henry Ward Beecher was flat on his back on the floor, with a parcel of ghost dance on his prostrate form and emitting shrill yells. The appearance of the avenger instantly froze all the rebels into silent consternation, except the arch-insurgent. Climbing to his feet, the unabashed clergyman said:

"Mrs. Cressey, I promised my friends here to take all the responsibility for this outbreak, and"-here he reached for the hairbrush, and presented it to her with a Chesterfieldian bow—"I am ready to take whatever is due them. You may begin at once."

But for once there was an infraction of the laws in the Cressey household that was not punished. Mr. Beecher



It takes a snail exactly fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

Peaches are not a favorite except with a few animals, though rabbits fancy them.

The lantern fly of Surinam, South America, has two sets of eyes, so as to eatch the light from all directions. It is much more brilliant than our firefly.

Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs and many of the wild animals eat apples with avidity. The elephant and deer are fond of them, while others become accustomed to them after a trial or two. All the domestic fowls and many

Plants protect themselves by terrifying attitudes just as do insects. One sensitive plant is to frighten animals.

In China carrier pigeons are protected from birds of prey by an ingenious metal I have fortunately discovered is little apparatus consisting of bamboo tubes fastened to the birds' bodies with gown is always well supplied. thread passed beneath the wings. As the pigeon files, the action of the air passing through the tubes produces a

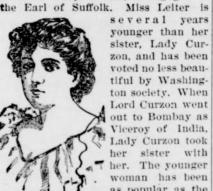
A woman who has as many as five talked in an undertone. The boat was so-called prescription. This paper was ed in Denver, Col. That subsequently little children, doesn't get a night's approaching, and as Butts rushed to- badly charred, part of the writing be- he moved to New York, where for two undisturbed sleep from the date of the years he busied himself in perfecting birth of the first till the last is ten



A GIRL'S CITY EXPERIENCE

EING a farmer's daughter, the stances, I concluded to go to the city and engage in something, with the hope of bettering home finances, writes a young woman in the Practical Farmer. I procured a situation with a private family and went to work. But the contrast between my life there and at home was so great that I remained but three weeks. At home I was a leader among my friends and assoclates; there I was not deemed worthy to associate with the family whose roof sheltered me. At home I gathered with father and mother, sisters and brothers, around the family altar morning and evening; there I was denied this precious privilege except on Sunday mornings when I did not attend church. At home I sat with the family at the breakfast table and discussed with them the topics of the day; there I took my meals in the kitchen in loneliness and silence, and they almost choked me. I often glanced at the family gathered around the tea-table or library lamp of an evening, and it always filled me with a longing desire for home. My work was light and the people were kind to me, but I could not endure that loneliness and lack of companionship. How I did wish they would invite me into the library with them just one evening any way. That room, with its well-filled bokcases, beautiful statuary and rare paintings broom and dust-cloth in my hand, and There was a hairbrush with take, but I believe it was all three. I gained knowledge concerning the any gas burner. It may be allowed to "hired-girl problem" that I could have remain on the gas bracket, in no way gained in no other way. My object in writing this article is to convince other girls that home is the best place.

> Another Leiter to Wed a Peer, It is reported that Miss Daisy Leiter, sister of Lady Curzon, is engaged to the Earl of Suffolk. Miss Leiter is



MISS LEITER.

as popular as the Viceroy's wife has been admired. Among those who have young Indians apparently dancing a paid Miss Leiter devoted court, according to the gossip from Bombay, and later from Simla, the summer capital of the Indian empire, has been the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. He is an aid-de-camp on the Viceroy's staff. He is 22 years old, and succeeded to in the care of the finger nails. Cleanlithe title only last year. His full name is Henry Molineux Paget Howard.

> "ent to "chool Too Ear'y. There is a class of children who suffer from overworked brains who have no right to suffer. We refer to children under 7 years of age, whose parents understand nothing of the laws of pushed. During the first seven years the expense. of life the brain develops very fast. All that is done to crowd it during this time is done to the child's disadvantage. During this period attention should be given to developing a good constitution, remembering that the

that age. Parents make a mistake if they send their children to school before they are 7 years of age (unless, perhaps, to the kindergarten). There is no doubt about this. All physiologists agree on this point, and there is no sound argument against it .- New York Telegram.

brain will go forward fast enough after

To Keep the Hands Soft.

One of the best preparations for keeping the hands soft and white is a mixture of glycerine and vinegar, to which a little perfume may be added if desired. After the hands are washed, dry lightly, and while still damp rub on a little of the mixture. This may be used with we can buy so cheaply are a great help. excellent results by people who can but in one point they often bother the not use the glycerine alone, the vine- home dressmaker-they allow for such gar neutralizing the unpleasant effects very large seams, which are a waste of of the glycerine.

Purses "Out of Sight." The strictly tailor-made girl has dis-

carded the purse. Nothing of the sort is seen in her hand or suspended from a neck chain. For large purchases she way in each; but the lining must be cut uses the credit or C. O. D. system, and and fitted before the outside, which not her small change is carried in one of only secures a better fit, but enables the many pockets with which her tailor

Cultivate Napping.

The cultivation of the "forty winks" habit is the cultivation of longevity and of general well-being throughout the waist all around to the form. life. There is no antidote against To secure a stylish-fitting tight sleeve preserves us youth and vigor, however | comfort to the tightest sleeve.

taxing may be the routine of our lives. To this many will say: "But I cannot sleep in the daytime." That, however, is only incidental, for any one can cultivate the habit by trying persistently.

It may take a week, two weeks, or even a month, before the first "dropping off" occurs; but it is sure to come; second will quickly follow, and the habit ultimately becomes established, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

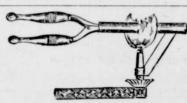
Every one accustomed to napping must have remarked how much more refreshing is a nap of five, ten or twenty minutes than a long daytime sleep of two or three hours. This is because in a short nap the brain and senses are rested without relaxing the muscular and nervous systems Indeed, there is no better way of gaining time on a busy day than to cut out fifteen to twenty minutes for renewing the energies. After a morning's effort body and mind both grow tired; the work flags; "things go wrong." Now is the time for the magic dip, from which you return to your post fresh and in good spirits, ready to carry on things with a

Bracket for Curling Irons.

One of the latest and most valuable introductions as an accessory to the toilet is the "keep clean" curling-iron bracket. This clever little arrangement will appeal to the woman who



uses a curling-iron, on sight. It consists of two parts-a nickel-plated steel tube, to hold the iron, and an arm prointerfering with the light. The tube



CURLING IRON IN PLACE. prevents the accumulation of soot on the iron, and also precludes overheating, two matters of great importance in the preservation of the hair. An addi-Lord Curzon went | tional advantage is that it is not necesout to Bombay as sary to hold the iron over the flame, the Viceroy of India, construction of the article, as shown in the cut, being sufficient for the purpose.

What a Weman Can Do.

A woman has had charge of the street cleaning in the First Ward of Chicago for eighteen months, and the business men of the district have sent her an address of congratulation on her zeal and efficiency. They say the streets were never before kept in such excellent condition.

The Care of the Nails.

It is not possible to be too particular ness is a mark of refinement, and, too. lack of cleanliness is unsafe, as disease germs are often carried under the nails when foreign matter is allowed to collect there.

Economical. The long lace ties that are so popular are very neat and airy for summer. physiology, but feel that no time should The careless, graceful bow-knots at be lost in getting the child to school. the ends are easily put on, and making The brighter the child the harder he is the ties one's self considerably reduces



All over the land our women are trying to make their dresses at home, and in general they succeed wonderfully well. The correct paper patterns which material and a puzzle as to the line on which to stitch.

The utmost care should be used in cutting the lining and outside, so that the thread of the goods runs the same one to cut the more expensive goods with economy. Some persons think it best to fit one side of the waist, then rip apart and cut the other side exactly like it; but others, remembering that no figure is perfect, find it better to fit

American nervousness half so potent requires careful basting and fitting. as the quick renewing, in the midst of Try on the lining separately, and when duties, afforded by a short nap. It the dress goods is basted on be sure would seem that a single dip into ob- and hold it loosely at the bend of the livion is that magic, fairy touch which elbow, which will give shapeliness and