

THE FAVORITE BRAND

With M. Harris, in The Commoner.
Down in Bilkins' store the other day
We had a bundle of roarin' fun;
A 'brevlin' dropped in that way
And a 'glov'n' 'rars on 'Health' he
spun.

Said he was collin' a new health food,
Made scientific, and all of that;
And warranted wholesome, pure and good,
And calculated to make men fat.

He was middlin' tall and awful thin,
And pale and peaked around the gills;
But a talker—well, he waded in—
Talked through valleys and over hills.

Said his preparation was immense
For muscle buildin' and makin' brains;
Put up pretty, and the price ten cents,
And includin' all the best of grains.

And old Si Hankins—you all know Si—
He spoke right up and he said, says he:
"All these health foods are good,
and I
Am ready to give my guarantee."

Says Si, a stretchin' his six foot three,
And bulgin' his muscles like cords of
wood,
"What is your food made of, now tell me,
For I'm illin' and need what's good."

And that there man without a halt
Just talked of pro-teen, and things like
that;
Predigestion, and sugar'n malt,
And muscle buildin' and makin' fat.

Says he, a smitin' his holler chest,
"Two years ago I was nigh a wreck,
But this here health food—which is the
best—
Made me a new man right on deck."

Then old Si he says, says Si, says he,
"I was just like you some years ago;
Little and thin and as poor a soul,
Blood all pisoned and runnin' slow."

"Thought I was done for, I did, by hen!
But I got some health food right in here,
And took it regular a long time, then—
Well, I guess I'm good for many a year."

And the travelin' man, says he to Si,
"Adminin' his tall and rugg'd frame,
"I was just a wonderin' friend,
Might ask you for that there health
food's name?"

And Si—you know how Si can yell—
Just yelled till he shook the wider
screens,
"Of course I'm willin' the name to tell—
'Twas nothin' on earth but pork and
beans."

THE MISTAKE OF MARTINA.

On the short, dry grass in the valley of the San Diego River the fierce sun of midsummer was pouring its scorching rays.

The brilliant wild flowers were dead and only the darting lizards and horned toads were enjoying the torrid air.

A solitary rider on a large bay horse appeared along the dusty road.

"Only a few miles farther, Don, to the shade of the big oaks. Do a little better, old boy, and we'll soon be there," said a good natured voice.

The horse seemed to understand, for in a short time they began to enter the narrow part of the valley. Here the wild mustard grew high on either side of the road, furnishing protection, if not shade.

Trickling down between some great rocks was a tiny stream of water, and at sight of it the thirsty horse whined plaintively.

"Be patient a little while, Don," said the young fellow kindly. "Cool off awhile and then you can have a good drink. I'll see if the bucket is in the same old place."

They were now in the picturesque enclosure known as the "Monte." Under the shade of the great live oaks one could be protected from the brightest rays of the California sun. In their drapery of wild grape vines, the wild sycamores looked like fairy pagodas, or the retreats of sylvan godesses.

Frank Gardner knew every foot of this ground for he had spent the five years previous on a stock ranch ten miles up the grade. Could it be really five years since he left his desk at the office, exchanging his pale face for one tanned and sunburned, and the derby of civilization for the jaunty sombrero? He whistled a gay air from an opera heard in San Diego the evening before, and smiled at a pleasant thought.

"Time to go on," he said to his horse, as he adjusted the saddle and remounted. Higher and higher wound the road, sometimes only a gash in the mountain side. Past the granite walls of El Cajon, through the wickiups of Captain Grande, toward the heights of the Santa Isabel.

A bend in the road brought a little cabin in sight, half hidden in the shadow of the great pines. Frank Gardner rode up to the open doorway and waited a moment. An olive-checked Mexican girl appeared, and flushed with pleasure at the sight of the tall, yellow haired young man. The girl's coarse black hair was tied with a ribbon of red, a rose of the same shade was tucked above her small left ear and a brilliant scarf of Mexican national colors was knotted about her waist. Her white dress was edged by an elaborate trimming of drawn work, and from the top of her head to the tips of her high heeled slippers she made a picturesque little figure. Looking shyly at the young man, she said:

"Buenos dias, Senor? Will you come in? My father will be most glad to see you."

"Si, Senorita, with your permission I will stop a moment. Where may I find the Senor Pacheco?"

"He is down at the sheep-pen, but I may call him?"

"Never mind, Senorita, another time will do just as well. By the way, I found a gular arrangement of 'Sobre Las Solas,'" said Frank as he unrolled a piece of music. "You know I said that I would look for it the next time I went down to the city."

"Gracias, Senor," and Martina's face grew still brighter. How glad she was that for five days she had carefully dressed in her gala attire each afternoon, and listened eagerly for a well-remembered whistle. Looking up at the young man she ventured softly:

"You have been for a long time away? Is it not so?"

"Yes, for three weeks. The prospect

of going back to the ranch seems more lonely than ever. You and your father have been very kind to me, Senorita."

"It is but very little we have done, Senor."

"Is it—do you think it too lonely up on my ranch for a young girl?"

He hesitated, and it was his turn to flush. Martina tried to look up, but could not. In all her sixteen years she had never felt her heart beat so fast, or a queer suffocated feeling almost choke her. Finally she faltered:

"But, with you—"

"Yes, of course, I would do my best to be entertaining, for old Jose and Pedro are not specially lively. Still, as a continuous show, I might pall on the feminine mind."

Martina did not have the faintest idea what he meant, but she smiled discreetly. The Senor was fond of his American jokes, and she always knew when to smile if she watched for the twinkle in his eyes.

"But what I want to say is, that I, I mean we—shall depend on you for company, when we—I mean, when I am obliged to be away from home."

Martina's fingers clasped each other nervously and she felt a curious tightening around her heart. But the young man was in love—and blind to the effect of his words.

"Sue—I mean Miss Sherwood, who was up here last summer with her mother, is soon to be my wife. She says that she feels as if she already knew you, and is very grateful to you for showing me so much kindness."

By this time the dark eyes were blazing and the small figure trembling with anger.

"Will you not be her first visitor?" he went on, wondering at the girl's strange silence. Martina faced him like a young tigress.

"Caramba—I hate her, and you." She could say nothing more, and turning, fled through the cabin and out of the back door, forgetting her kid slippers and her white frock and rushing wildly across the rough fields.

The young man looked after her a moment, a bewildered expression on his handsome face, then mounted and rode away in the brief twilight. The current of his happy thoughts soon hurried far past the little Mexican maiden, and he was gaily whistling "La Golondrina" when he reached the long, low adobe which was home to him, and would soon be a nest for his fair young bride.—Mary Peabody Sawyer.

Japanese Babies.

Judging by Western ideas, Japanese babies have a hard time; yet, says the San Francisco Bulletin, there are no healthier children in the world. The Japanese baby is dressed and undressed in a frigid temperature in winter, and in summer no care is taken to protect its tender little eyes from the full glare of the sun. In winter the small head is covered with a worsted cap of the brightest and gayest design and color. The black hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country.

The babies of the lower classes are generally carried on the backs of the mother or little sister; sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nurse-maid. The kimono is made extra large at the back, with a pocket of sufficient size to hold the baby, whose round head reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it. It is not an uncommon sight to see children who are barely old enough to toddle burdened with a small brother or sister sleeping peacefully on their back. At first one expects to see the child stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcerned as if it were not loaded down with another member of the family.

At Nagasaki, among the women coalers who coal the ships, one sees many who carry babies on their backs in the rain or the sun or the snow, and the baby seems indifferent to everything. The top of its head alone is visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men.

A Frightful Accident.

A laborer was on the way to work the other morning as a "through" train was about to pass a little station where a crowd had assembled for the "way" train, due in a few moments. A child who had strayed to the edge of the platform seemed about to lose her balance in her effort to get a good view of the oncoming engine.

Quick as a flash the workman jumped forward, tossed the child back to a place of safety and was himself grazed by the cylinder, which rolled him over on the platform pretty roughly.

Several people hastened to his assistance, but he rose uninjured, although with a face expressive of grave concern.

"Confound it! Just my luck!" he exclaimed, drawing a colored handkerchief, evidently one containing luncheon, from his pocket and examining it ruefully.

"What is it?" inquired the onlookers.

"Why, the salt and pepper's all over the rubarb pie, and the eggs—well, I'm not telling her something would happen if she didn't boil 'em harder."

Building Up a Business.

An amusing fable, which bears evidence of its Western origin, although the author lays the scene in the East, is that which relates the cleverness of Pandy Chock, the apothecary. One day he transplanted an apple tree from his orchard to the side of the common road. While he was surveying his handiwork with satisfaction there came along the road a learned pundit.

"O what avail is it to have moved the tree from its pleasant place in the orchard to the sandy roadside?"

"Of much avail, most learned pundit," said the apothecary in a plying tone, for thou must know that the dreams of an apothecary who dwells in a land of small boys and green apples are sweeter than those of the poet slumbering in the rose garden of Shiraz—the knurler the apples, the earlier the small boys, and in good time myself to heal them for a consideration. Go to, pundit! Thou art too learned to be practical!"

BETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City.—Waists of lace over chiffon or mousseline are eminently fashionable and are charmingly becoming and attractive as well. This one



BLOUSE WAIST.

is made of cream repose lace, the yoke being composed of strips of insertion and bands of silk embroidered with French knots, and is lined with chiffon only, cut exactly like the lace, over the fitted foundation can be used when liked. The cream lace over the white makes a most attractive effect and the deep belt of cream mesaline satin is both correct and in harmony with the waist. When lace is not desirable thin silks, chiffon and indeed all materials soft enough to allow of shir-

cream or red are equally good) and the rosette at the left back is particularly good. And one word before we leave this subject. The short coat walking suit is much more becoming to most of us than the short skirt with a long coat.

Pretty Neckwear.

Any women waist, and especially colored ones, are made twice as attractive if, instead of tight linen collars, airy lace or embroidered linen or lawn ties are worn with them. This is a little feminine touch never omitted by a French woman. The fine handkerchief cravat, easily made at home, is pretty, and the innumerable dainty and fragile neck pieces for sale in the shops are also wound twice around the neck and fastened with a gold pin at the throat. Any of these lightened cloth or flannel waists wonderfully.

Deep Cream Bonnet.

In the short ostrich bonnet to be seen this year a pretty one is a deep cream Deep cream or pale tan is seen in many ways this year, in embroidery in white or entire garments made of it, and the cream ostrich box matches costume better than the plain white as well as being prettier and more becoming.

Pattern Evening Gown.

Fine silk nets are embroidered with paillettes for pattern evening gowns. These come in delightful colors and combinations. A pale green net is embroidered with the paillettes in the same shade, a brown net has applied leaves of a dark brown velvet and brown gold paillettes, and one of the most elaborate gowns is of white net

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



ring will be found equally satisfactory, the design being suited to all such.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional, front, back and yoke and is closed invisibly at the back. When the lining is used, yet a transparent effect desired, it and the material can be cut away beneath the yoke. The sleeves are simply full, finished with bands and frills of lace.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards eighteen inches wide, five yards twenty-one inches wide, or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with four and one-fourth yards of insertion for yoke, two yards of lace for sleeves and three-eighth yards of silk for belt.

The Tricorne Shape.

A smart little hat is the tricorne shape in pale blue fancy straw, soft Japanese ribbon in blue and black being threaded through little straw straps on the brim, an effective finish being provided by a feather cockade at one side, while the crown is encircled with narrow black velvet ribbon. It can be procured in other colors as well, and in many instances it is threaded with the new Vienna scarf, which is promised an immense vogue this season. White, cream and pale yellow tints, with touches of black or blue in the border or ends, are the favorite colors for these scarfs. They are very chic draped around a turban or wide hat.

Smart Walking Suit.

With the walking suit in the height of favor this fetching model comes as a particularly pleasing addition to our wardrobes. The Eton is jaunty personified with its silken flares and olives, and the cleverly gored skirt shows the necessary fullness about the feet. Here we see the one-color costume, the entire arrangement being carried out in a soft tan shade. Colors may come, by the way, and colors may go, but tan is one of the lasting favorites. The blouse worn with this suit is of creamy batiste, inset with lace. Lace in the same shade serves as an effective applique along the edge of the modish tan sunshade. Most richly does the natural shade of the modish straw hat blend in with the tone of the cloth. It is trimmed with velvet ribbon (emerald, brown, black,



SHIRT WAIST.

yards twenty-one inches wide, four and three-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Baked Beans.

Clean, wash and dry the fish; mix half pint bread crumbs with two tablespoonfuls melted butter, add half teaspoonful salt, a speck of pepper, and stuff the fish; then put it in a baking pan; baste with melted butter and add half cupful boiling water; dust the fish thickly and bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour, basting several times; serve with tomato sauce and potato balls.

Asparagus Soup.

Boil two bunches fresh, tender asparagus in water with one slice of onion and one tablespoonful salt thirty minutes; throw away the onion; remove the asparagus and cut off the tender part and pound to a paste with a little water; add to it a lump of butter rolled in flour and one-half teaspoonful sugar; mix over the fire until it melts; now add all to the boiling water in which the asparagus was cooked; then beat the yolk of an egg in half a pint of cream or milk and add to soup; season with salt and pepper, and as soon as it comes to boiling point strain and serve; cut one stalk of asparagus in thin slices and add the last thing.

Chop Suey.

Bone a small chicken and cut the meat into half-inch strips; peel and slice an onion; soak a dozen mushrooms in cold water a few minutes, then drain; cut up a stalk of celery and six Chinese potatoes, washing them well first; prepare the rice by putting a cupful into boiling salted water, and when the grains are soft drain the water off and set the saucepan in the oven to dry the rice; cook the chicken in a big spoonful of hot butter well done, but not dry; add the sliced onion and fry to a nice brown; add the mushrooms and a small cupful of Chinese sauce (this sauce takes the place of salt); add a cup of boiling water and cook fifteen minutes; stir in the celery and cook ten minutes; add the potatoes and cook three minutes longer; rub a spoonful of flour smooth in a little cold water and add to thick; boil up once well and serve with the hot rice.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Cut-steel buttons and buckles may be polished with powdered pumice stone slightly moistened and applied with a soft brush or cloth.

To blacken tan leather boots and shoes, rub every part of the boots well with a juicy potato cut in thick slices, and when dry, clean in the usual way with blacking, taking care to put the blacking well on.

To fill cracks in plaster, mix plaster of paris with vinegar instead of water and it will not "set" for twenty or thirty minutes. Push it into the cracks and smooth off evenly with a table knife.—What to Eat.

Milk can be sterilized at home. Absolutely clean bottles are necessary. Soak them in soda and hot water before using, and scald just before the milk is put into them. The milk should be perfectly fresh. Fill the bottles, cork them tight with anti-septic cotton, lay them in cold water; heat slowly to the boiling point, boil for an hour and let them cool in the water. Do not uncork until the milk is to be used.

What a hostess calls "rocks," though the name is wrongly suggestive, are delicious little drop-cakes sure to be found on her five-o'clock tea table. They are made from one cupful of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one pound each of chopped English walnuts and dates or raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves and one of soda dissolved in hot water. Drop by teaspoonfuls, as they run easily, on buttered tins, and bake. They are almost as rich as fruit cake and improve with age.

Boston baked beans are now served as a salad. The quantity of oil to be used depends on the quantity of pork used in cooking the beans, and for sedate people it is well to omit the pork. In this case three or four tablespoonfuls of oil may be used for a pint of beans. Stir into it half a teaspoonful of paprika, a few drops of onion juice and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix this through the beans and turn them onto the serving dish. Cover and let them stand half an hour in a cool place. The salad may be garnished with pickles and slices of tiny cucumber pickles, and a teaspoonful of finely cut olives may be added if desired.

It is almost time to begin to think of moths, for the time to remember them is before the first one appears. With these pests prevention is not only better than cure, but it is absolutely essential. Moth balls, tar paper, the most expensive cedar chests, are useless after one wretched insect has found a lodging in a garment. Therefore, before the moths appear, take the necessary precautions. Beat and brush furs and woollens, not overlooking a single pocket or fold, and when perfectly certain that not a moth or an egg is there, pack the garments away where moths cannot reach them. That is the whole secret. Furs are safe and cheap. As a matter of precaution, it is well to reserve one closet, which, lined with tar paper, covering the cracks around the door and stuffing up the keyhole. Hang or lay away winter garments in here, and enjoy an additional feeling of security.

JUST WOMAN'S WAY

EPISODES THAT ENLIVEN THE AUCTION ROOMS

WHY, good morning, my dear."

"Oh, good morning. Am I late? I've simply been rushed to death ever since breakfast."

"No. They haven't begun yet. You haven't missed a thing."

"Have you seen anything good this morning?"

"Oh, simply loads! A perfect dream of a bigboy and a love of an old English cream and sugar set. Sheffield, you know. I think they almost match that pot I got in New Orleans six years ago."

"Why, how lovely. Oh, there's Mrs. Smithers."

"Yes, and yesterday she bid over me and took the Chippendale desk I've been waiting for ever since the sale began. I think it was rude of her."

"Perfectly horrid! I always did think she—why, how do you do, Mrs. Smithers? How well you are looking. I'm so glad to see you."

The three ladies kiss. That is always a sign that hostilities are imminent.

"Good gracious! There's that man again. He's a perfect brute. I'm not going to bid against him again. He simply waits till he knows I've reached my limit, and then he bids fifty cents more."

"Why don't you complain to the auctioneer?"

"I believe I will. Oh, just look at that old copper pot! Isn't it a dear?"

"A perfect love. I wonder if we have time to walk through again before the auction begins?"

"Yes, but we mustn't miss getting front seats. What are you looking for this morning, Mrs. Smithers?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I just thought I'd drop in and see if I could pick up anything good. I believe I'll go back and sit down."

"I'm sure she's found something fine and has got the auctioneer to put it up. Let's hurry back."

"Ladies, the first thing I shall sell this morning is this fine specimen of old English ware. It was picked up by one of our agents in the County of Suffolk and originally came from one of the stately old homes of the English aristocracy. How much am I bid? One dollar? Do I hear two? If I see a hand raised I shall take it as a bid. Thank you, Mrs. Smithers. Two dollars? Two dollars for this beautiful specimen of early English ware from one of the stately seats of the British aristocracy? Why, ladies, it's as if you handed me a fifty cent piece and I handed you back a dollar. Two dollars! Two dollars, once. And a half, Mrs. Cary? And a half! Two and a half, once, two and a half, twice, two and a—, three. Thank you, Mrs. Smithers."

"There! I told you she was trying to play some underhand trick. And it's just what I needed to fill my set. Would you go any higher?"

"Oh, I think it's a perfect love. I believe I'd go \$4."

"Mrs. Smithers bids \$3 for this rare piece of pottery from the stately home of a belted earl. She bids \$3. Do I hear the four? Mrs. Cary raises her hand. Mrs. Cary bids \$4. Are you all through? Third and last call, 8—5—. Thank you, Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter bids four and a half. Once, twice, three times. Sold to Mr. Carter for four and a half dollars."

"Oh, Mrs. Cary, I'm so sorry you didn't get that piece. You wanted it so badly."

"Oh, not at all. That's way I didn't go any higher, my dear."

"Any way, now that I look at it closely, I don't believe it's genuine, anyhow."

"Why, neither do I. It's a horrid shape, too. What do you suppose anybody could do with a thing like that? But isn't it just like a man?"

"Yes. They are so pigheaded."

"The next thing I shall offer for sale, ladies and gentlemen, is this exquisite highboy. It is a rare bit of colonial workmanship. Its original owner was one of the proud old Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts. I have no doubt that this highboy was once among the household goods of Elder William Brewster. I am almost sure that it came over in the Mayflower. Why, ladies, the possession of this exquisite highboy is quite sufficient to qualify one for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution. And how much am I bid for this antique relic of old Puritan days in merry New England? Mr. Carter bids \$10. Ten—"

"I think it's a horrid old piece, don't you? But if that man wags it let's all bid against him and pay him up for taking that beautiful old English set."

"Oh, good! Let's all do."

"Mr. Carter bids \$10. Do I hear the \$20? Thank you, Mrs. Cary bids \$20 for this unique and interesting specimen of the furniture of our forefathers. Twenty dollars! Twenty dollars! Mr. Carter bids twenty-five. Twenty-five! Twenty-five! Mrs. Smithers raises her hand. Mrs. Smithers bids thirty. Thirty dollars! Forty from Mr. Carter! Thank you, sir. Forty dollars, once, forty dollars, twice, forty—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Cary. Mrs. Cary bids \$45. Forty-five, once, forty-five, twice, forty-five, three times—and sold to Mrs. Cary for \$45."

"Oh, what on earth shall I do? I wouldn't have the thing for the world, and besides, I've spent twice my allowance already."

"Get up and let the man have it."

"Since the gentleman who bid against me seems so much disappointed, I'm willing to withdraw my bid and let him have it."

"Mr. Carter says he couldn't think of being so rude, Mrs. Cary. He is quite content that you should have it."

"Mrs. Smithers, you take it. Your house is so much larger than mine."

"Oh, no! You keep it, my dear. I'm sure it's a good piece. I guess I won't wait any longer. Good morning."

"Good morning, my dear—the wretch! I honestly believe she is—had that I got it. And I paid three prices for it, too. I wish I could make her take the old thing."

"Just look at that man! I actually believe he is smiling!"

"Did you ever see such a horrid looking person?"

"A perfectly brutal face."

"What shall I do with that old highboy? It's really a good piece, after all, though. Don't you think you could use it, my dear? It would look so well in your dining-room."

"I'm afraid not. I have to deny myself a great many things, you know. And, anyhow, I couldn't think of taking it away from you, dear."

"Well, I just thought your dining-room looked a trifle bare, that's all. There! That Carter man is going out. The very idea of his sitting there and letting us have that highboy, when he knew perfectly well that I was just bidding against him as a joke!"—Chicago Tribune.

SPECIALISTS IN ARCHITECTURE.

A Class of Workers Having Great Value in England and Less Here.

Specialization has made great strides in the profession of architecture. Time was when a single architect with skilled assistants planned and designed buildings from cellar to roof, consulting an architectural engineer, perhaps, if the work was of such size and form as to involve serious engineering problems.

Then came the era of architectural firms. One member of such a firm would be specially skilled as a designer, the artist of the combination; another acquainted with materials and methods of construction, so that he was able to superintend the work of the contractors; a third good at specifications or perhaps specially rich in friends and able to deal with clients.

Architectural firms in which men of various gifts participate are still numerous, but specialization has developed independent architects who are consulted by many firms upon special problems. There are men who do little or nothing but write specifications and others who are employed by many of their fellow architects in preparing the colored drawings intended to make unimagined clients see how a building will look when completed. Architectural engineering is more than ever a profession in itself.

Meanwhile the architectural draughtsman has also had his development. English architects are surprised to find how large a share of important work in the offices of New York architects is left in the hands of so-called draughtsmen. These are often carefully educated young architects who hope sooner or later to set up independently or get into some established firm as junior partners. In some cases a draughtsman develops into a sort of managing clerk, just as some law clerks become the executive officers of important law firms.

Other draughtsmen are prized for the taste and skill in decorative design. Such men are sometimes employed to do a large part of a competitive design submitted for important buildings, public or private. However little the employing architect may have advised in this work, he and not the designer gets the credit, and the prize if it is successful.

New York has few such architects as have attracted special attention in England by methods unusual in this country. The English architects in question are men who work largely alone, having no partners and employing few draughtsmen. They do not seek to create a great business, but are content to build comparatively few houses. They do, however, place their individual mark not only upon the general design of the houses they build, but upon every detail. This method of work makes it impossible that they should intrust to hired draughtsmen a great variety of details such as in this country is done by draughtsmen.

This architect works almost purely as an artist with jealous care that nothing shall go out from his office that is not ready to father in all its important details.

Such architects do not earn great incomes, for the comparatively small volume of the business makes that impossible, but their fees for individual houses are relatively large, and they well to do can employ them. The work is known all over the British Isles and even in this country. The few American architects who work in this fashion attract less attention than like men in England.—New York Sun.

The Country Newspaper.

"The country newspaper is the most useful of all the agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the aid of local newspapers towns are, as a rule, thriftless and dead. It is common for all great men to speak with contempt of local newspapers, but the village newspaper makes more great men out of less material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and is the ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning of wider fame. The advent of the local newspaper has always dated the increased thrift of the community. The local newspaper is the life of the locality, and the measure of its support, as a rule, measures the advancement of people."—Niles (Mich.) Daily Star.

Strange Blooming of Flowers.

Last September a large part of the village of La Chaux-sur-Marne, France, was destroyed by fire and neighboring orchards were scorched. A month later many pear trees, the branches of which had been scorched, began to flower and were soon covered with blossoms as in the month of May. The same thing occurred with some lilac bushes that had been exposed to the heat of the conflagration without being seriously burned, and a few plum trees also broke into bloom. It was remarked that all the plants thus stimulated by the fire belonged to species which are accustomed to form their next year's buds in the month of August. These buds, feeling the fire, burst forth as if their destined time had come.—Youth's Companion.