

BACHELOR TEA. fresh weary night begun againpassed; the sun rose in a glory that The bachelor maid, with a sigh content; A Encholor man and a bachelor maid Stirred the nectar about in her cup, And thoughtfully paused to ponder a bit Before looking merrily up, And saying, "Why, where will you go, my flooded the room and shone pink on Sat sipping a cup of tea, Said the bachelor man, "Elizabeth, dear, the weary little face lying on the crum-It certainly seems to me. That never a cup of nectar rare Or wine from the vanits of kings pled pillow; and then, when the pink glory had faded and left only one bar dear, For a nice little haven of rest? For it we are married, don't you see You never can be my guest?" Was equal to this fairy cup you brew White the bright little kettle sings. of gold peeping through the blinds, and resting lovingly on the yellow curls, he came, Straight to the little "It rests me well, and it soothes my soul So these bachelofs twäin sat quietly down, And talked the matter o'er, While the kettle sang; and the fragrant herb Its part in the council bore: And the story ends, as storles should, In wedding bells and laughter: And it comforts me through and through Tis a magical cup; and I'm fair spell bedroom he came. "You see, queen of the garden," babbound As I sit and sip it with you. bled the restless little voice, "it hurts Shall we sip it together thro' all the years The future is bringing our way? We could meet right bravely its hopes and rather had: He loved you the belest of all; but he won't come-and Of course they married - you knew they mustn't cry, you see. But it hurts!" So pray do not answer nay." And lived happy ever after. He bent over her, her tiny hands in -Mrs. E. M. Addison, in Good Housekeeping his. "Inanas" Joan's beaming smile greeted him. "He has come, queen of the garden-"JOAN." Man Daddy has come!" she said, will an infinite content, and fell asleep. When she awakened the pain had 'Most gone." A Complete Story by Margaret Westrup. "I knowed you would take it away. Man Daddy, but"-wistfully-"I didn't find you, dtd 1?" He glanced across the bed at the "A great old sweet smelling garden, | "You see," she said, sitting down for and one little maid among the flowers one minute beneath the sunflower and woman's down-bent head. and bees and butterfies. All alone she gazing up at it wistfully, "I'm not real-"Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't was, for mother did not come out into ly a butterfly; and-my legs hurt a looked for me I should not have come.' the garden much these days, Joan little," She half smiled. stopped before a tall pink hollyhock The sunflower norded encourage "But= ingly: "Never mind, now, little one. It is "It's a long way," said Joan: "I've "I don't think this is such a hice all through you I all here." "Hönest Ingin, Man Daddy?" summer as most," she said. "I used to fun miles and miles; pretty gold lady say 'fink,' once-oh, years and years -oh, miles and miles-miles-" her "Honest Ingin, Joan:" ago when I was ker-wite a little baby, voice trailed off into a drowsy mur-She beamed, satisfied. but I say 'therink' now, 'cause I'm mur-"and miles!" she said, with a "If I hadn't looked for you, you most grown up, you see." sudden jerk and sitting upright. She wouldn't have comed. Aren't you ever Then she walked on again down the gazed up at the sunflower reproachfulso, glad, mother?" little twisted gravel path, with her ly. "I mustn't go to sleep," she said: Low and carnest came the woman's hands 'clasped behind her; and her "I've got to find Man Daddy in the big answer brows grave with thought. For so place where they took Fido when he "Yes. dear." Man Daddy used to walk when he was was lost. It's just there," pointing "May I go and tell the flowers, Man down the road, "Goodby, gold lady. I having a big "therink." Daddy?' "But it's whole days-'most yearsmust be quick, 'cause Man Daddy will "Not vet. Joan." since Man Daddy went away," she be lonesome without me and mother, "But you haven't tied up my stumsaid, stopping beside a gray green bush you see, and mother will be lonesome mick into a dollyof lavender, "and he said goodby so too." "Not this time: Lie still and be hasty, he squeezed me so hard that he She started at a run, then looked good, little one." hurt, and his eyes were angry, and I back over her shoulder at the sun-"Yes, Man Daddy. Kiss me." hadn't been naughty, at all. Are you flower with a troubled little laugh He bent over and kissed her. sorry, sweet lavender?" "My legs won't work propelly," she "You, too, mother." Then suddenly She burled her face in the fragrance, said, and struggled on. The sun had she dimpled glecfully. "I want a jumgone behind great threatening clouds, ble kiss," she said.

then trotted on down the little path fill she came to a tall foxglove. She tilted back her yellow head and gazed up at the willte and red bells with wide gravity, her hands still clapsed upon a group of poppies growing in behind her back. "One day," she said, "a lady came

and spoke.

didn't like her, you see, and I wouldn't | and then she lay still and set all her kiss her, and I ran in to mother, and teeth together to keep the sobs back mother was ill on the-I forget-the But presently she sat up. "Dey's combed without covers in the drawing ing," she gasped, her grammar growroom, you know, and the lady was ing weak in her extremity. A sudden smiling ever so, and her dress was as gleam lit her face. long as a new little baby's, and that

was the day Man Daddy went away." flowers water," she said, as a great She bowed gravely to the polite fox- tear rolled down her cheek, and, kneel-

but Joan took no heed. All her mind There was a little constrained pause was centred on getting on. She took "You haven't forgotted, Man Daddy?" no more rest till she came suddenly

"No." the grass at the wayside; by them her legs stumbled and gave way, and she hands. "Come long, mother." to see mother. It was-it was a long | sank down on to the grass. She whisbig time ago, afore you were borned, pered to them in a little voice that was pretty ladies what bow, and she tried breathless and full of tears: "I want a foolish game, butto kiss me when she was going, but I mother and Man Daddy!" she said,

The man kept his arm around when the "game" was over. "We must pretend well, she is so sharp," he muttered, weakly. Joan lay and chuckled drowsilv When the long lashes rested on the baby's cheeks, the woman made a "Grown up angels cry to give the

slight movement aw from him; but his arm tightened. she wakened?" he

in shrill tones of woe.

BIG REDWOOI thought after each doze that it was a AMERICA'S TALLES TO LUMBERM. Chance for Second Gr tion by Bureau of That Young Shoots Grown and the Ra What is to be dou of the Pacific Coast is has not only agitated is of sentimelital cone

nation. The Bureau tacking the problem i practical spirit, has w clusions that should at able at once to the lu cut redwood on account cial value, and to those ancient and marvelous growth preserved.

The results of this stu a bulletin by R. T. Fisl sued by the deflartment The redwood forests merchantable yield, pro est on earth, many stand 000 board feel in the set logging represents the h ment of the lumbering has ever been attained coast. The total supply estimated to be 75,000.00 amount cut in 1900 was a with a value of \$3.645. only one-tenth of the United States is owned I according to the last ce of the redwood is in the the stands they own are est and most valuable in belt

> Seems Doomed to Ex Ever since the Spania: cut redwood along San F the range of its growth h inishing; it now occupies about 2000 square miles. last 50 years several hundi acres of timber have bee and the good lands put int. or turned into pasture: As ; the redwood forests have has come to be pretty g lieved that the tree is doe tinction.

The popular idea that t has no chance of survival founded. The studies of the "Then, be quick!"-holding out her Forestry have proved that] of a new growth of redwoo "We must humor her," murmured old trees have been remov the mether, with downcast eyes. "It is cellent: Hiven half a chanc wood reproduces itself liv su astonishing vigor. Measuren by the hureau on cut-over that in 30 years, in a fair dense stand, trees will be inches in diameter, 80 feet 1 ing 2000 feet board measu acre.

Hope for Future Grov Realizing that when attempts to check the cutting

itself to proving that it is we

to the lumbermen to do less

the young trees in logging v

wood lands, and to hold such



Wagons.

NESDAY, JULY 15, 1903.

d trees. Supported and noury full-grown roots and stems,

I' Polly lets her lashes fall trees grow under shade that kill the small seeding. The will endure an astonishing of shade. In stands of second so dense that not a ray of sunn enter, saplings 6 or 8 feet e to be found growing from bare of branch or foliage ex-' a few inches of pale green t the top. In very dark, damp I the virgin forest one may find of shorts as white as sprouts

potato. Nood Has Many Uses. 77 od possesses qualities which fit uses. In color it shades ht cherry to dark mahogany. It worked, takes a beautiful polis one of the most durable of

ferous woods of California. It ecay so well that trees which n lain 500 years in the forest n sent to the mill and sawed ther. The wood is without d offers a strong resistance to te record of fires in San Frantere it is much used, indicate. cidom injure it, because of an ient it contains. In sea water, the marine teredo eats off piling as readily as other tim-

RIDE ON A CAMEL.

Woman Traveler Describes the Experience. in western Australia. Water 'ce and the long journey to' is had been rendered unsafe and beast by the failure of 's supply. It was decided to e experiment of importing nd native drivers from Afrinumbers of men were at the id the hauling of provisions ssury to avert a famine. Thus at the cantel displaced the ox ing of the highway. When I 1 to take the trip to the the caravan, a minister who rested in the welfare of the lecided to go at the same ir traveled by camel and he ous to try the experience. 30 another," morning the camel and his irs stopped ah my door. That inc jure the camel was the last 3 Lord made, and, well, he r been finished. The owner o understand him. In a few on words he commanded the kneel: The animal obliged, is own time. As we aphe sniffed and growled; and

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And droops her eyes with growing score, Nor drights to look on me at all,— As I'olly chose to do this morn,— My chiding mood I quick relent, I'd fain each jealous word recall, For, ah! I grow so penitent For, ah! I grow so penitent As Polly lets her lashes fall, I feel that I should punished be For making Polly's heart to hurt; Although, letween just you and me, She did encourage Jack to flirt! My heart so quick is to repent, It hares itself to scourgings all, And deems it righteous punishment when Polly lets her lashes fall ! -Roy Farrell Greene, in Puck.

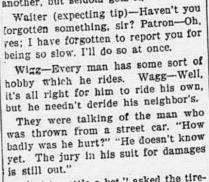
MY CULPRIT HEART.

HUMOROUS. The Doctor-How's business? The

Undertaker-Oh, I'm simply rushed to death. Nell-I don't care for fair weather friends. Belle-No, I'd rather have a rain beau

Lady to Blind Man--My poor man, what made you blind? Tramp-Looking for work, ma'am. Blobbs-We seldom get all we de-

serve. Slobbs-In which respect we are like the one good turn that deserves another, but seldom gets it.



"Just to settle a bet," asked the tiresome caller, "will you please tell me what you consider the champion lie of the ages?" "I am glad to see you!" acayled the answers-to-correspondents editor.

"So your lawyer got you out of trouble?" "I don't know," answered the man who is never happy. "I haven't The truth is, the good man yet paid his bill. I suppose he simply got me out of one kind of trouble into "I'm told," said the prison visitor;

"that before you got here you were one of the leading men in your profession." "Well," replied the convict, "I certainly was in the van just before I

Cossel, who was discussing her rela-

tives. "That isn't any way to c'rect

her husband. "If you want to convince

Passing of the Bicycle.

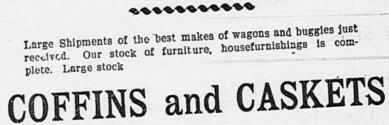
them."

morning."

"Of course it isn't," answered

arrived here" Papa-Look, here, didn't I tell you to introduce the 'streflüctus life' in your playing? Tommy-We are, papa, Papa -You are not rowing or swinging clubs, Tommy-No; we are just playis long neck emphasized his ing we are married.

n us by making a sudden dive



FURNITURE.

Buggies.

always on hand. All calls for our Hearse promptly responded to. All goods sold on a small margin of profit. Call to see me, i will save you money.



gloves, and trotted on escame close she stopped again gently down and laid her soft cheek

against the snowy petals. For a momen, the baby lip quivered. "Man Daddy loved you the bestest of and rolled over and lay still. all. 'Queen of the Garden'-that's

what he called you, you know." Then a cry went up in the warm, sweet air. "I want Man Daddy-oh, I want him so bad!"

The little hands were unclasped only to be locked together tighter still. "For I'm 'most grown up, you see," whispered Baby Joan to the tall white side. "You see, little blue ladies, it lily, "and grown-ups don't cry, you hurts bad in you stummick-jus' here, know.

She left the lilies, and walked on in deep thought. At the end of the path her wee red sunshade was tied with string to a nail in the wall. Such a long while it had taken to fix that sunshade "propelly," but Joan eyed it proudly now.

"Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvulus behind the little parasol. "Poor muslin ladies, didn't the wind blow you drefful?" Then she watched a little blue but-

terfly as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally sailed over the wall.

the convolvulus, "I would soon find Man Daddy." She sighed, so that her shaking their voices-but Man Daddy small muslin pinafore bosom gave a big heave, "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother." She sighed again. "Mother says, 'Don't worry, Joan,' when I ask when Man Daddy's coming home, and then

she kisses me ever so, to make up." She trotted on again, with hands behind her back.

A woman looking from a window turned away in anguish from the small feminine imitation of Man Daddy. Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go 'most as fast as a buttlefly," said Joan, "and I'll find Man Daddy at the nice place where Fido was took when he was lost, where there were such a heaps and heaps of dogs. I know Man Daddy'll be there," with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dimples laughing to her cheeks. "Mother

never thought of that. I b'lieve it was the lilies what put the therink in my inside." Along the hot, dusty road, meeting

no one in this peaceful dinner hour, she trotted, her sunbonnet dragging behind and her yellow hair rivalling the glowing cornfields on either side.

In her desire to emulate the butterfly she got over the ground at a surprising pace. She put all her heart and soul into her endeavor, as she always did into everything she undertook. Life to Joan 33s a deep and an earnest thing. She hardly knew that her short legs were aching, or that her curls were sticking to her damp little brow. By the time the village dinner hour was over the village was left far behind by Joan's determined legs. She began to meet people, and a few asked her where she was going. Joan's beaming, moist smile and her answer, "Man Daddy-jus' there," with a grimy forefinger pointing apparent-See. ly to the end of the road or lane, satisfied them. But presently Joan stopped to talk to a great sunflower nodding its golden head at her over the railing of a little garden. It was when she caught sight of its friendly face that she knew how her legs

ached.

ing, she bent over the poppies and Before a group of tall white Illies sobbed her heart out while the stopped again. She game closes groups from dark clouds overheaddrops that beat the poppies shuddering to the earth. "The angels aro crying, too," murmured Joan, sleepily,

The ungels' crying was long and vehement. It woke Joan several times, but she was dazed with weariness. Once she murmured with a smile: "It's most a cold bath 'stead of a teppy today, mother," and went to sleep again.

In the dimly lit room on the little bed Joan tossed wearily from side to laying one hot little hand on her one of them!"-The Quiver: chest; "but I'm not crying, you know."

"No. my brave little darling," murmured the woman, bending over her. "But you is, mother!" in an access of utter surprise. "I feel it on my head. I finked-therinked-grown ups never-Oh, it hurts, mother!" her fingers clinging around her mother's; "it hurts, you see," drawing a long, sob-

bing breath. Presently she began, anxiously: "That did sound like crying a bit, but," with a tremulous little laugh,

wasn't-it wasn't, really-" "No, no, dear-I know-try to go to sleep," and she began to sing a lullaby. "You sing very nice, all of you,"

vears.

tal degeneration.

"If I was a buttlefiy," she said to babbled the restless voice. "I do like flower singing-you can hear the wind won't come! One day, it was years and years ago, little pink ladies, I ran and ran-you see, I'm not really a buttlefly, but, then, when buttleflies use their legs they go quite slow, and I haven't any wings, you see-"

A frock coated figure bent over the bed now, and the woman's eyes never left his face.

"Fever high-she must be soothed." "I want Man Daddy-you're not Man Daddy-do you know, one day, when I was ker-wite little-I cut mine finger -I cried-wasn't it funny? But Man

Daddy tied it up and I laughed, 'cause he said it was a dolly. Would he tie my stummick up if he was here? It hurts, you see ob, it hurts!" Anguished and broken came the wo

man's voice: "I do not know where he is.' The doctor looked grave, and pres

ently he went. "Darling, you are so brave and good, will you try to go to sleep, to-to be well when Daddy comes back?"

still.

heart.

"Is he coming back, mother? Oh, it hurts!" with a sob, "it hurts so, mother." "If you go to sleep, dear-oh, do try,

Joan, do try!" "I will shut mine eyes-tight, mother, so-'

.The restless little body lay rigidly

"Think of the sheep, dear," said the mother, usi 3 a recipe she had found successful with Joan in a former childish illness. "Count them as they come up to the gate and jump over it. See, there they go-one, two, three." Presently the great eyes opened with

a piteously worried look. "Mother, they stick! They won't jump over the gate at all!"

All the woman's pride had gone. She racked her brain for some clew to her husband's whereabouts. At last she thought she had one, faint and elusive, but she would try-she would telegraph. She crept from the room while Joan lay in an uneasy

doze, and wrote her telegram, and delphia Record. sent it off with a wild prayer in her

The night-so long that Joan clusion, only to find it isn't there.

There was no "Nora, I cannot go away again." "Stay"-she breathed-"I do not be lieve that tale."

"No-no; I was wicked to doubt a second crop. The study r cerns itself with young secon rather than with mature tr "I deny it, now, before-' timbered areas rather than But she stopped him with a kiss. virgin forest. Where atter "Man Daddy, kiss me, too. May I go given the old forests and m and tell the flowers in the morning? I lubering, it was only that am ker-wite well now." "Go to sleep again, little one." She shut her eyes obediently, then opened them with a gleeful smile.

knowledge might be gained growth and how to deal with The redwood of California a genus of which the big ti "All the sheeps are jumping over the only other species now alive. gate now, mother !" she cried-"every allied to the cypress; and the is often called by the same i they are botanically distinct i QUAINT AND CURIOUS. other. They do not even occ same situations. The big tree The range in weight of the jewels in scattered bodies on the west watches is from one one-hundred-and-

the Sierra Nevada, while the fifty-thousandths to one two-hundredforms dense forests on the we and-fifty-sixth-thousands of a pound. of the Coast Range. Tallest American Tre-

The most wonderful of aboriginal The redwood grows to a American monuments is the famous height than any other Ameri Aztec calendar now in the Mexican but in girth and in age it is National Museum. It is a zodiac, 11 fect in diameter, and carved from solid by the big trees of the Sier rock. The monks of Cortez buried it the slopes 225 feet is about i in a marsh, and it was lost for 232 mum height and 10 feet its diameter, while on the flats, ut

In France an excessive growth of high, with a diameter of 20 feet, Mos! hair on the lip was noted in 497 insane of the redwood cut is from 400 to 800 years old. After the tree has passel women out of each 1000, while only 290 the oge of 500 years, it usually begins were found in each 1000 in the general hospitals. It was noticed that the latter very frequently had a personal off in growth. The oldest redwood found during the bureau's investigation or family record of neuropathy or menhad begun life 1373 years ago. The bark of the tree offers such a

remarkable resistance to fire that ex-The floating gardens in the lakes cept under great heat it is not comnear the city of Mexico were recently visite? by an English naturalist, who bustible. It is of a reddish-gay color. reports them a paradise and accounts fibrous in texture, and gives to fullfor their existence. Floating tangles grown redwoods, a fluted appearance of peat moss, rushes and grass are Moisture available for the roots is caught by stakes driven into the soft the first need of the redwood, as any lake bottom, and upon this mass rich hilly tract of forest will show. mud from the bottom is thrown. The Wherever a small gully, c bench, cr surface is then transformed into a basin is so placed as to recive an uncommon amount of seepage, or whereever a creek flows by, there the trees

market garden. The new hydroscope invented by Sig- are sure to be largest. While moisture nor Pinos, an Italian, it is said, en- of the soil affects the development of ables human eyesight to penetrate the the redwood, moisture of he atmossea to an incredible depth and for an phere regulates its distribution. The enormous radius.' A naval official who limits of the sea fogs are jus about the witnessed an experiment with his hy- limits of the tree. The fogs, nless scatdroscope in the Mediterranean says tered by winds, flow inlandimong the that the instrument can be operated mountains. Western expostes receive from the deck of a ship, making visible most of the mist they cary, except cables and torpedoes, and ought to those higher ridges above leir reach, nullify the dangerous character of sub- which support, in consequice, only a scattering growth of redwod. marine boats.

The tree's vitality is so reat, it en-.The United States census for 1900 dures so many vicissitudcand suffers

finds 3536 persons in the United States | from so many accidents inae centuries who are 100 or more years of age. The of its existence, that therain of its wood becomes uneven in oportion as value of these figures may be questioned, and perhaps may be best esti- its life has been eventfy The wood mated by the fact that 72.8 percent of fibers formed under diffent rates of the whole number are negroes, many growth sometimes get us tension so of whom have no reliable evidence as great that when the logs sawed the

to the date of their birth. They are but wood splits with a loud port. The seed of the reducd will not 11 percent of the total population. It seems improbable, too, that this coun- germinate in shaded plrs; the small try should have over 3500 when Ger- seedling demands plentof light. The crown is almost as thiand open as many, with a population of nearly 35,that of a larch, anothesign that the 32,000,000, only 146, and France, with tree is not naturally toant of shade. 000,000 has only 778, and England, h In a mixed stand : redwood's 40,000,000, has only 213.

those of its companionand the crown bends eagerly to place here the light A Query. ful flying machine leave any foot enters the fort st cano But in spit of these signs of its sens'eness to light, prints in the sands of time?-Philathe red wood forms o of the densest forests that grow. The reason for this that the stand

A woman sometimes jumps at a con-

'e to hide behind a preacher: or fashioned one of his knees t mount for me, fro.n which into the saddle, and when at tave the marching orders. il has but one joint in his and two in the back. When ; to get up no creature on a camel could do such stupid Ie straightens out his back leaving that part of his in the air. As I rose maslumming, eh?" above the preacher and Mr. Wredink (the old bookkeeper)-Today marks my fortieth year of service with you, sir. Mr. Hides-I was aware of it, Mr. Wredink, and I ar-

y with difficulty keep my adly fear came upon me lest fall upon him, and thus unand suddenly end a carcer less. My only comfort was this alarm clock, with my best wishes ubtless was better prepared for your continued punctuality. r world just then than I was. a beast finally gained his footbecame accustomed to the motion, the ship of the came a most conifortable conveyance.

The Five Stages. ie said: "I want a man who

the conditions, it grows to be 350 feet is ardent in all of love's ways and whose passionate devotion may never flag. He must be tall and broadshouldered and handsome, with dark, flashing, soulful eyes, and, if need be, to die down from the top and to fail go to the ends of the world for my sake.'

At 20 she said: "I want a man who tinites the tender sympathy of a woman with the bravery of a lion. I don't mind his being a little dissipated, because that always adds a charm. He must be, however, accomplished to the last degree, and capable of any sacrifice for my sake."

unites with an engaging personality a complete knowledge of the world, and if, of necessity, he happens to have a past, he must also have a future; a ficiency in its management to which man whom I can look up to, and with the talkers had attained. whom I can trust myself at all times without the slightest embarrassment." At 30 she said: "I want a man with money. He can have any other attributes that a man ought to possess, but he must have money, and the more he has the better I will like it." At 35 she said: "I want a man."-

Blood Poisoning.

Life.

Blood poisoning is now recognized as poisoning by a living organism, while ordinary polsoning is by some chemical substance devoid of life. Blood poisoning took its name before its na-Baltimoro American. ture was properly understood, and it was thought to be a form of ordinary poisoning, but that the blood rather than the "vital principles" was chiefly attacked.

As the stomach can, as a rule, de stroy the life of most organisms, while it can only to a similed extent alter the constitution of chemical poisons, poisoning by living organisms, cr blood poisoning, is far more common through wounds than by things eaten, and thus the idea of its being a branches die off mor/apidly than poisoning of the blood was strengthened. As a "blood poison" is alive, it can, and often does, go on increasing 1 after its first indigestion, and the most

is maintained chiefby suckering ing reaches its height almost at once. coast for millinery purposes.

landscape, aunty? Aunt Hannah-Well, and history left untouched, and nc er-1 don't think so much of the trees, but that graps-vine is pretty tormen may be. good. Ethel-Crape-vine? Why. dear, that is the artist's signature, ers for a moment; and spectators of "For some time past," said Mr. Pompus Nuritch, who had engaged passage for Europe, "I've been con-

templating a visit to the scenes associated with the lives of my ancestors." on his way with a roar of laughter .-"That so?" replied Pepprey. "Going New York Mail and Express.

Purses and Economy.

"Did you ever think of the influence for economy exercised by a purse?" asked the observant man. "It is imranged a little surprise for you. Take possible for a man to become extravagant if he carries a purse. I don't mean a big wallet in which to stow "The idea of sending children to bed early to punish 'em!" exclaimed Mrs.

greenbacks-just one of those little purses for small change. I haven't always been a spendthrift. I can remember when I started away to college how I hoarded the pennies and would not indulge in more than one

'em that you mean business, make 'em get up an hour or so earlier in the haircut a term. But in those days I carried a neat little leather purse. and it seemed to want to stayed closed so badly that I hated to open it. All that thrift of mine disappeared when One of the signs of the times, or I discarded it. The little receptaclo rather of the characteristics of the seemed to exercise a sort of psychotimes, is the decline and fall of the bilogical influence over me and I couldn't cycle. It has not been so long ago spend money while I had it. It is so since there was a perfect craze for the different when all you have to do is to wheel-a craze from which no age, reach in your pocket and pull out color, sex or previous condition of ser-

vitude to other fads was exempt. Men some loose change. "All men who carry purses are closeand women, old and young, adults and Asted. They couldn't 'loosen up' if children-all rode the wheel. The they tried. You watch one of these parks and streets and the roadways chaps when he takes out his little coin were filled with riders of the steel reservoir. He picks out a nickle or steed, and whenever one passed a a quarter as if he were pulling teelb. couple or a group in deep conversation, the cne subject of talk was sure When I begin to save money again I am going to buy a purse."--New Yor to be the wheel, its properties, its belongings, its excellencies and the pro-Press.

ART PATCHWORK. Now all is changed. As a fad the Patchwork quilts have not gone out, wheel is as obsolete as the dodo, esbut they have now become veritable pecially among young women, who beworks of art, and are no more like the fore, apparently, could not get enough beterogeneous arrangements of our cf it. This is a characteristic of the grandmothers than the grub is like the American nervous anxiety to get all butterfly. Designs that are really expossible out of everything in the shortquisite in color are now called patch est possible time, and to run a fad inwork, but are in reality more in the to the ground. Then the natural, the nature of applications, as the pieces inevitable, reaction comes; the pendulum of popular caprice swings to the are fitted together on a foundation, the other end, and what was before so adedges being hemmed over each other. Floral designs with leaves make the mirable is dropped completely and prettiest quilts, the patches being pays for its former supremacy by bemade of wash cambrics, of delicate ing consigned to practical oblivion .-tints, but they do not fit into each other as well as the geometric patterns,

and must have a background to er-A Plague of Wolves in Russia. As in Austria and Hungary, so in range the design on. Any number of pretty combinations may be thought out, and it is interesting work to group the pieces into fanciful designs, baste them in their positions and then neatly hem thom on .- New York Tri-

tour of travel."

lages. In one district in eastern Russia over 16,000 head of cattle were bune. lost. In the governments if Novgorod, Tver, Olonetsk, Archangel and in The passport traffic of the Depart-Finland it was necessary from time to time to call out the soldiers to eclipse anything ever known before, and by the argument of parallelism round them up and shoot them down. Thousands were disposed of in this is supposed to indicate the enormous prosperity of the American people,

Forty thousand birds, mostly sard pipers, are reported to have been killed recently on the North Carolina

part of his person was slighted-yet he was a large man-as large as mo-He gazed blankly at his puny revil-

the incident were prepared for a toryou hear him ask me if I'd pass the fent of retort. But the big fellow cream?"-Philadelphia Press. merely shook a warning finger. "A naughty, naughty," he said, and sped

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?" "Splendidly," answered Mrs. Cum-

board.

rox. "She can go to a classical concert and tell exactly where to applaud without watching the rest of the audience."-Washington Star.

COUNT ONE FOR HER.

A QUESTION.

"What do you think of the new

"Oh, I don't know," replied Star-

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did

PROGRESS.

boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"I think he's very polite."

The Count (old enough to be a grandfather and after Miss Moneyton) -I haf asked your mamma and she gif her consent-and-now I-er-Miss Moneyton-I am so glad! But won't it be funny to call you papa?-Lippincott's Magazine.

CRANKS.

Judge-Let us get this thing right. You say this man whom we are examining is not insane, and yet he is not in his right mind. How is that? Witness-Lots of people, your Honor, who are not insane are wrongminded about everything .-- Chicago Tribune.

PERHAPS HE BLUSHED.

Men filled the seats while she hung on to a strap. She had but two squares to go when a man got up to leave the car.

"You may take my seat," he said, politely, raising his hat.

"Well, mister," said she, "it's a pity you can't take it with you, isn't it?"-Pittsburg Dispatch.

CRUELTY IN REFINED FORM. "Yes," said the critic to the aspiring young playwright, "there are great

possibilities in this play of yours." "Thank you. It is very kind of you to say so."

"But there will be greater possibilities in the fellow who is clever enough to find them and get them out."--Chicago Record-Herald.

THE BASIS OF WEALTH.

"Of course Meaney made his vast fortune himself." "I believe he inherited the founda-

tion of it from his father." "Why, I understand his father was

quite poor." "Yes; but he was also mean and

stingy, and the son inherited those traits."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RESOLUTION

"You must give him credit for being a man with the courage of his convic tions."

"Why?"

ment of State in Washington is said to "If he buys a hat one year he never hesitates about wearing it the next." -Washington Star.

"Our countrymen," said an experi-We are ready to enter your name on our subscription books. You will not enced officer of the department, "almiss the small sum necessary to beways show when they feel comfortable and confident by going abroad for a come our customer.

wav. cbvious difference between the two is that blood poisoning generally begins with slight symptoms, and increases indefinitely, while ordinary poison-

Russia, the past winter will be remembered for the vast quantities of wolves which came out of the forests and mountains and preyed on the vil-