

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Lotta M. Crabtree is the richest actress in the world. Miss Katherine B. Davis, commissioner of corrections in New-York city, is a baseball fan. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman says that "man has put an aura of myth and poetry about the home, but did you ever see a man who would stay there for any length of time?" Mrs. Ernest Hart, a woman scientist of England, who invented washable banknotes, is the head of a factory erected in London to carry through some of the chemical processes she has perfected. Mrs. Carolyn B. Shelton is the only woman who has been acting governor of a state. Mrs. Shelton was secretary to Senator Chamberlain when he was governor of Oregon, and when it was necessary for him to be out of the state she took his place temporarily.

Home Helps.

To clean the wire of a milk strainer when the holes get filled up rub salt into it thoroughly, then wash with hot water. On the tread of your sewing machine fasten a piece of carpet. Brussels carpet is best. You will find it much more comfortable and easy to run. If the bamboo furniture has a tendency to crack rub it over with a polish made of equal parts of spirits of turpentine and linseed oil, using a soft rag. If wooden ware must be left unused, instead of putting water in it to grow stagnant paint it all over inside with glycerin. It will not shrink until the glycerin dries out, which will not be for months.

Town Topics.

As has been said before, Terre Haute just will be Terre Haute, and you can't really expect anything else.—Indianapolis News. The debt of the city of London is \$192,829.947. Such a trifling Why, New York's debt is nearly a billion.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Maybe the pleasing unanimity with which Cleveland has taken to eastern time is not entirely independent of the fact that it costs nothing.—Cleveland Leader. An exchange says that 12,000 persons daily contemplate suicide in Chicago. The estimate must be low, considering that nearly 2,000,000 people seem obliged to live there.—Detroit Free Press.

Flippant Flings.

Of course Europe is sending us some undesirables, but just think of some of the people we are sending over there every summer.—Cleveland Leader. A polite bellboy gets \$30,000 in the will of a former hotel guest.—Is this the size of a tip necessary to win politeness from a bellboy?—New York Sun. A Philadelphia man has a bottle of rum 215 years old. The dispatches fail to state whether he is a teetotaler or merely a man of remarkable self-restraint.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pert Personals.

Levi P. Morton is almost enjoying a posthumous fame, it is so many years since he retired from public life.—Philadelphia Ledger. A newspaper headline informs us that Edison obeys his wife. This increases our admiration for the wisdom of the wonder worker.—Atlanta Constitution. "Uncle Joe" Cannon celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday recently. And yet he wants to enter the freshman class in the next congress.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

German Cleanings.

Berlin has nearly 83,000 unmarried women. About 60 per cent of the population of Germany dwells in cities. Germany has, on an average, 800 orchard trees to the square mile. Of these there are 332 plum, 251 apple, 119 pear and 104 cherry. Collapsible water towers used by the Berlin fire department are but five feet long when closed, but can be extended to throw a level stream of water into the eighth floor of a building.

Tales of Cities.

Vienna builds tenements for its poor. Each building is supplied with a co-operative store for the benefit of the tenants. San Francisco prohibits tearing up new pavement to lay pipes until the pavement has been in place for at least two years. Cincinnati, O., was laid out in 1790 by Colonel Israel Ludlow. The county of Hamilton was organized in 1790 and Cincinnati became the county seat.

English Etchings.

In the Sheffield cutlery workshops the daily output is not less than 50,000 knives. More than one-half of the money derived from England's income tax is collected from Londoners. The wooden roof of Westminster hall in London was recently repaired for the first time in 600 years. Charing Cross bridge is the longest of London bridges, being 1,390 feet. Southwark bridge is only 800 feet long and Hammersmith 480 feet.

Apartment House Life.

They have next door apartments. They meet once in a while. When ten years flew They ventured to Exchange a passing smile. Years ago, they have been neighbors Almost two decades now. So now and then, Like friendly men, They venture on a bow. For years they have been meeting At morning, night or noon, And you'll agree Are apt to be Quite well acquainted soon.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Mistake.

"Look here," yelled the customer, "didn't you tell me it would be safe for me to carry those six dozen eggs home in my suit case?" "I did," replied the produce man. "Well, look at this mess," yelled the customer. "Every dingbatted one of them is busted." "Well," replied the produce man, "you must have forgotten to hard bolt them."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In G Minor.

She failed to observe the poor mat, And down on his carcass she sat. Said the mat: Hully gee, The world's down on me! I'll stand gam, though I'm gnat as a gnat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She failed to observe the park sign— Upon the new bench made of pine— "Look Out For Fresh Paint!"— "And she cried, 'Holy saint, I've ruined this new dress of mine!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Full of Meaning.

"The count thinks our American stang is so picturesque and means so much. He said he was going to study it up and surprise us by his command of it some day." "Did he?" "Yes. At the supper at Mrs. De Styles' last night he said to her, 'Lead me, little one, to the east?'"—Baltimore American.

Modest Marjorie.

Now prudence little Marjorie Eliza Phillips Hooper sits in 'he lap of luxury And thinks it not improper. But in the lap of poverty She'd sit—not, it's a clincher, 'Twould never do at all, you see, For poverty would pinch her.—Puck.

She Had Made a Mental Note.

Instructor in Latin—Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess? Miss B.—She was the goddess of marriage. Instructor—Oh, no! Of agriculture. Miss B. (looking perplexed)—Why, I am sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry!—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Drawback.

The rain is good for thirsty ground. For seeds that seek the air. For roots that grow in light and shade. For meadows dry and bare. It paints the flowers in reds and blues. Or any shade you wish. But, oh, it's bad for lanky shoes. That swish, swish, swish!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sequel.

"My husband sees blink elephants when he drinks." "Mine has a worse delusion than that. He sees green dogs. It's very expensive too." "How's that?" "Why, he goes and buys licenses for 'em."—Buffalo Commercial.

That's the Limit.

I don't mind the whiz of the passing mob, And I cheerfully scramble and dodge. But it galls me to feel That the man at the wheel Calls his remodelled henhouse "garage."—Detroit Free Press.

Qualified Enthusiast.

"Don't you think he is too cute for anything?" asked the proud young mother, referring to her baby. "Oh, I don't know," replied her seventeen-year-old brother. "He's cute enough, I guess, but I never did think much of people who hadn't any teeth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wuff!

"I don't like my wife," said Bill Dadder. "Her talk makes me madder and madder. I'm a frenched bookkeeper. But to make me feel cheaper She calls me her old spotted adder."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cause For Rejoicing.

"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?" "She hasn't the time. We have two little children." "Well, well! After all, children are a blessing!"—Dallas News.

Her Predicament.

Poor mother hangs around the aisle With deep distress to voice. The hats are always out of style. Ere she can make a choice.—Kansas City Journal.

Foiled!

Mr. Crimsonbank—I see a novel departure has been made in New South Wales by starting plowing at night. Mrs. Crimsonbank—Just think! There is a new excuse for you to try and put over for staying out late at night!—Yonkers Statesman.

Personal Exception.

On patience we put special stress. All projects should commence with it. 'Tis something others should possess, While we ourselves dispense with it.—Washington Star.

She Knew a Way.

He (after the proposal)—My salary is \$1,000 a year. Now, dearest, what is the least you think you can live on a year? She—Well, how much credit can you get!—Sacramento Union.

Reunited By Chance

By F. A. MITCHEL.

We peddlers—I mean we who drive about the country selling our wares—meet with some very strange experiences. On one of my excursions that I made with a double team and a high red wagon loaded with everything a farmer's wife could need I was looking about me for a place in which to put up for the night when I came to a house standing beside the road that looked inviting except for a certain loneliness there was about it. We know instinctively when a place is occupied and when it is deserted, and the moment I looked at this one I knew that no one lived there. Nevertheless I determined that if I could get into it I would stay there all night. The lock on the gateway leading to the barn had fallen, and I had no trouble in driving in my team. The barn was as easy of access as the gate, and drove both horses and wagon in under cover. I had feed for the animals with me and, having fed them, went to the house.

Looking through a window, I saw furniture which seemed to be new—that is, it had evidently never been used. Something like mold had settled upon it, indicating that it had been there for a long time. A screwdriver from my wagon acted in place of a jimmy to raise a sash, and I effected an entrance through a window. I explored the house, all of which had been evidently newly furnished. Indeed, some articles had not been unpacked. In an upper story I found the plastering had in part given way from water lot through a roof that needed repair, the water having run down a wall against which stood a mantel. The mantel had been displaced and leaned forward. Beside it on the floor I picked up a letter which, though it had been drenched, I could see had never been opened, and with difficulty I made out the address. The postmark had been too far damaged by water to be legible.

I made myself as comfortable as I could during the night and the next day drove on to the nearest postoffice, where I turned over the letter to the postmaster. He read the address and looking up at me, asked where I had found it. I told him, and, taking up a hand magnifying glass, he studied the postmark for a while, then said to himself rather than to me: "That must have been the day before the intended wedding. Now I remember Sam asked me to send my letter that night come for him to his new house. Andy?"

A young fellow about eighteen came from the rear part of the office, where he had been stamping letters, and the postmaster asked him: "Can you go back far enough in memory to recall delivering a letter to Sam Joslin a day or two before the day he was to have been married?" The young man massaged his memory for a while, then replied: "Yes, I can, because I didn't find Mr. Joslin there, and I didn't find any one in the house either. I went all over it and finally concluded that the front sleeping room upstairs on the mantel was the best place to leave it. So I set it up against the wall and left it."

"Did the mantel stand flush up against the wall?" I asked. "No. It was a wooden mantel and had warped, leaving a crack. I set it up so that it wouldn't slip down the crack." "But it did, all the same," I said. "I remember that I got caught in a terrific windstorm on my way back. Maybe it shook the house and the letter fell into the crack," suggested Andy.

"Maybe that letter or Sam's, not getting it explains the split," suggested the postmaster. "What split?" I asked. "Why, Sam Joslin was to have married Annie Springer and had built and furnished a new house. The day of the wedding Annie didn't appear. Sam had taken her away from Bill Edwards, a good for nothing fellow, who had been courting her, and Sam, who was an impulsive man, made up his mind that at the last minute she had thrown him over and had concluded to marry Bill. Sam got a fit on him and, shutting up the house, went away and has never been back here since."

He opened the letter, but the ink had been so blurred that it would have required a long time to decipher had it not been very short. It read: "Oh, dearest, our wedding must be put off! I have just heard that mother is dying, and I must go to her at once. I went on peddling tin pans, washboards and the like, leaving the postmaster to work out the romance. Six months later I drove by the house in which I had found the letter, and I saw at once as I approached it that it was no longer deserted. I drove my team into the barn, and a young man and woman came out to learn what I meant. "Reckon I'll make myself at home here," I said. "By what right?" asked the man angrily. "I'm the man that found a letter here some time ago." The two looked at each other; then the man grabbed one of my hands and the woman the other, and the man said: "You come right in and occupy every room in the house."

"I was a good while getting away from that couple."

A Strange Windfall

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

"Goodby, mother, dear," said Martha Eldridge. "I shall work hard in the city and send you all my earnings. I shall be able to make enough to pay the interest on the mortgage and perhaps pay something on the principal." It was very courageous for the little girl to talk so, but it availed little or nothing. She was going to the city, since there was nothing for her on the farm—only a mouth to feed. Her fate was to sew all day for a pittance making shirts for a department store. Her mother knew very well what was in store for her daughter and burst into tears. Martha put an arm around her, then, taking up a bag in which were all the clothes she had in the world, went out to where a wagon was waiting to take her to the station.

Ben Hughes held the reins, and he looked as sad as Mrs. Eldridge. "Don't feel bad, Ben," said Martha, laying her hand on his sleeve. "Something will turn up." "I don't see how," he said dolefully. "We'll both work hard and save all we can. Some day I'll come back, and we'll be married and live here with mother and all be happy together."

Ben refused to be comforted. How many farmers' boys remaining on the farm and girls in the city making shirts can look forward to a day of comfort? On the car a gentleman sat in the seat beside Martha and entered into conversation with her. He listened sympathetically to all she had to say—she told the whole melancholy story—and seemed affected by it. "Not long before they reached the city he opened a bag and took out a package.

"Would you mind taking this to your room," he asked, "keeping it for me till I call for it? I expect to go on, not completing my journey for several days, maybe weeks, maybe months, and I don't wish to carry it with me. You know where you are to go, don't you?" "Yes, and I'll take charge of your package with pleasure."

She gave him her address, and when the two rolled into the station the gentleman left the car ahead of her. She saw him as he passed through the gate and noticed a man tap him on the shoulder, take his bag and, putting his arm through that of its owner, walk away with him.

Martha asked a policeman to put her on a car to take her to her room and, as soon as she was in it, took some writing materials out of her bag and wrote her mother that she had a fine large room—it was 6 by 9—and in a pleasant location—really in a dirty street—and she would get on very nicely. She also wrote Ben not to be discouraged, for she was sure something would turn up to enable them to realize the dreams of happiness both had at least tried to indulge in. Then she sat down on her bed and sobbed as, if her heart would break.

Later she unpacked her bag, first taking out the package the gentleman had given her, which she put in one of the drawers of the little bureau—there was plenty of room for it—and then went out to a restaurant to get a fifteen cent supper.

Several weeks passed, and she heard nothing of the gentleman who owned the package. When as many months had gone by and he neither turned up nor sent any one for the package she began to think that he must be making a very extended trip. Meanwhile she was making just enough money to keep her in clothes ragged ones—and in food, not a sufficiency or of good quality. But she kept up a stout heart and wrote her mother and Ben cheerful letters.

One day while sewing in her room there was a tap on the door. She opened it, and a man in police uniform entered and handed her a note which contained an order to give him the package. She did so. She didn't know enough to take a receipt, nor did the man give her one. Martha saw several other men in uniform outside the door and wondered why so many of them had come. When they went away she resumed her sewing.

The next day the same man came again. He was alone this time and told her he wished her to go with him. She did so wondering in a carriage which she found standing at the door below. The carriage stopped at the door of a bank and she was taken to a private office in the rear. A gentleman with gray hair and whiskers was sitting at a rosewood desk, and several men in uniform were standing near. What surprised Martha most was to see the man for whom she had been keeping the package.

"Is this the girl?" asked the man at the desk of the man Martha had met before. "Yes." "Martha Eldridge," said the former, "this gentleman is or was the cashier of the N. bank. The package he left with you contained bills he had appropriated, and, knowing he could not get them through the station gate, he left them with you. He was arrested and finally agreed to turn over the missing funds on condition of not being prosecuted and that the reward offered for the return of the funds be given to you. Please sign this."

He handed her a receipt to sign and a check for \$10,000. The mortgage on the farm was paid off, there was a wedding, and prosperity came for all.

SIRES AND SONS.

James Deering has given \$1,000,000 to Wesley hospital, Chicago. John N. Brown, aged fourteen, of Providence, R. I., is heir to \$12,500,000 from the estate of his father. General J. P. Taylor, eighty-six, of Philadelphia has purchased a coffin costing \$1,000 for his future use.

J. N. Mills, now a resident of Boston, assisted Mrs. Lincoln out of Ford's theater in Washington in 1865 after the shooting of President Lincoln. The Right Rev. Francis L. Norris, whom the archbishop of Canterbury recently consecrated as bishop of north China, was ordained in 1870. He went to Peking in 1890 as a missionary.

Sir James Caird, whose last gift of \$500,000 for a new city hall for Dundee, Scotland, brings the total of his benefactions to his native city up to \$1,000,000, is a jute manufacturer. From a rather modest beginning he has developed one of the largest houses of the kind in the world.

One of the highest scholastic honors that can be awarded to student graduates at Columbia, the William Mitchell fellowship, has been bestowed upon C. M. Pang, son of a Chinese merchant in Brooklyn. Although born of Chinese parents, Pang declares his life work is to be in this country.

Recent Inventions. A machine for grinding steel balls invented in Germany retains the balls within it until they are perfectly formed and sized. For saving lives at sea there has been invented a water tight cask in which a person can float indefinitely until rescued, as a valve admits air and food supplies are carried.

A German named Rother has invented an arrangement which will automatically extinguish the flame in a lamp that is accidentally overturned. It can also be connected with clock-work which puts out the light whenever wanted.

Astronomical. The new comet is asserted to be tailless. Will some expert astrologist kindly explain what this foretells?—Pittsburgh Dispatch. The latest stranger in the skies is called the "hobo comet." It is said to be moving at the rate of millions of miles an hour. Did an astronomer ever see a hobo?—New York Sun.

A spot group about 50,000 miles long has been discovered on the sun. It may be due to the opening of navigation on the sun, with the consequent activity of the smoke making tugs.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Train and Track. Plans are being considered for another railroad across the Siberian country some distance south of the existing line. Two small Isthmian railways—the Panama railway, forty miles in length, and the Tehuantepec railway, 190 miles long—carried in 1913 \$130,000,000 worth of merchandise.

Reading's passenger department has made a ruling that in the future no special train will be furnished with a car or facilities for selling or distributing intoxicating liquors.

Fashion Frills. No matter how high he may roll the bottom of his trousers, no young man ever succeeds in making his ankles exciting.—Galveston News. Some of these newfangled skirts the women are wearing look like they were made of a tier of parasol covers half raised.—Pine Bluff (Ark.) Commercial.

The Big Yacht Race. Tom Lipton will have two boats, from which he will select the faster to sail for the America's cup. But that won't be enough.—Los Angeles Times. The dimensions of Shamrock IV, which were so jealously guarded, are now a revealed secret, and the yachting experts are free to air their theories. But the America's cup races will be decided by a real contest and not by clubroom arguments.—New York World.

Just Slanders. Nearly every mother believes her daughter-in-law won her husband by unfair means.—Philadelphia Ledger. One reason a woman will not permit her husband to criticize her friends is that she considers it an invasion of her sacred rights.—Topeka Capital.

Over the Ocean. Germany is said to want the Philippines. That is the way it goes—nobody is ever satisfied with his own troubles.—Chicago News. In addition to the well known waves, Britannia now rules the links. However, there will be other days and other teetings-on.—New York World.

The Greeks, according to the report of the Carnegie commission on the Balkan wars, were worse than other participants in atrocities. Exit "The Terrible Turk."—New York Sun.

Rankin—I thought you said Rosemary was a strawberry blond. Phyllis—She used to be, but since purple hair came into fashion she is a huckleberry brunette.—Judge. You cannot sell experience. This makes a fine holler. I have a lot I will dispense at five cents on the dollar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What makes people so curious about that work of insulation?" "I suppose it is the natural tendency to rubber."—Baltimore American. His young stenographer was fair. He started a flirtation. His wife got wise to it, and there will be no more flirtation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Patience—I understand Mr. Styles has given his wife a string of pearls. Patrice—Well, he was determined to have some sort of a string on her.—Yonkers Statesman. Old Mrs. Wiggins is a crank; she went into the yard and tried to catch soft water when she saw it raining hard.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What good children she has!" "Yes, indeed. She never has to neglect her card club to look after them."—Detroit Free Press. The savage said: "I really find mine is a gloomy lot. They look me if I'm good and kind and shoot me if I'm no good."—Washington Star.

Creditor—You couldn't go around in your fine automobile if you had paid your debts. Debtor—That's so! I'm glad you look at it in the same light that I do.—Boston Transcript. To publish all the things he knew A hundred volumes took, And yet he did not know enough To fill a pocketbook.—Puck.

First Working Girl—Say, Mame, I heard an awful sad thing this morning. Second Working Girl (wearily)—So did I—the alarm clock.—Life. Why is it that the divers bricks And bullets that meander From fights and riots always hit The innocent bystander?—Judge.

"Why on earth don't men settle down after they marry?" complained Mrs. Gabb. "Because their wives won't quit stirring them up," retorted Mr. Gabb.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Now, please accept this little gift. I hope your love will win. I'll send you something worth more when My looked for ship comes in.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Snapp (with newspaper)—Here's an article which says that meat causes bad temper. Snapp—It certainly does the way you cook it.—Philadelphia Ledger. There isn't much in writing poetry. Big pay for clever rimeing is a myth. A very lucky bard, indeed, is he Whose ode to Keats pays what he owes to Smith.—Baltimore American.

"Does your wife open all the mail that comes to the house?" "Everything except the bills, and she's afraid to see what's inside them."—Detroit Free Press. Black remarked: "A proposition in a mine for you I've got. 'Tis a good thing, I assure you." "While replied, 'Well, I am not!'"—Appincott's.

Bill—I saw a woman hanging yesterday. Tom—Where? Bill—Around her lover's neck.—Judge. Here is a funny thing that's true— Now is the time to learn it— If you would keep a woman's love, My son, you must return it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"If my dog could get a job I wonder what kind he would select?" "He is like yourself. He would want something of a snap."—Baltimore American. The picture we had taken When we were young in years— Her hand upon my shoulder— Now moves us both to tears.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Edith—I'm very fond of Jack, but papa will never hear of my marrying him. Ethel—No, dear, he never will. Jack has proposed to me.—Philadelphia Ledger. Oh, take away the breakfast bill And heed this calculation: To boll an egg may mean to kill A poultry generation!—Washington Star.

"Is that Ella's husband?" "Yes." "He must be easily suited." "Easily suited! Say, that fellow would take a round trip in a street car just for the ride!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. He signed the pledge in hurried flight. No more corn juice for Mr. Adam. His wife wore a green wig one night, And poor old Adam thought he had 'em.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Which would you advise me to plant here, turnip seed or watermelon seed?" "Candor compels me to tell you that my chickens prefer turnip seed."—Kansas City Journal. Now, Hamlet's father ate a pig— That's what I have been told— And that is why his ghost said, "Ham, I could a ta' unfolded!"—Philadelphia Ledger.