

BILL NYE SPEAKS OUT.

HE OBJECTS SERIOUSLY TO BEING ANNEXED TO NEW YORK.

Staten Island and Brooklyn Should Be Left Alone, and New York Should Reach Out Toward Albany—A Few Current Personalities.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.] The proposition to include Brooklyn, Long Island City and Staten Island in the city of New York, thus constituting a town of 2,500,000 people, will no doubt materialize at some time in the future, but there will be strong opposition to it, and especially by the suburban towns



"I AM NOW ABLE TO KEEP A COW."

referred to. As a resident and taxpayer of Staten Island I know that I but voice the sentiments of many of my neighbors when I say that we do not wish to have New York annexed to us.

In the first place, most of us removed to Staten Island in order to get out of the city of New York and its temptations, and we do not desire to have the noisy town follow us to our fair with its civilization and its sewer gas. For instance, I am now able to keep a cow, and every night with a wild onion scented breeze the winds slowly over the sea. If New York should be annexed to us an Alderman would milk her probably on her way home, and soon also her sweet breath would disappear. At first she would seek to deceive me by eating clover or oatmeal on the way home. Then gradually she would lay aside all reserve and come up at a late hour, getting into the corral with great difficulty, accompanied by a jug.

This cow I am especially proud of, and I may truthfully say that she has led a comparatively blameless life thus far. That is, it would be so regarded in a large city. I mean, she is as simple as a butterfly. She has almost constantly communed with nature and has never smelled a gas leak in her life. What she would do if we were to become an eighty-seventh ward of New York city I do not know.

Many of my friends also keep goats. M. Tucson Kelly, a neighbor of mine on Airyette street, says that he has a new milk goat that was born on Staten Island, and has never been an elevated train. He says he would hate to see the noise and cussedness of a great city creep in and usurp the place for his own homie and dirt roads.

"Possibly," adds M. Tucson Kelly, of Airyette street, Tomestaville, "I may do the best classes of New York city a little injustice, for folks tell me that it is not the best classes that comes over here on Sunday to play ball and escort a large oxized jag home at night; but from what we see we form an idea that our relations with South and East New York might become strained at most any time if we should become Ward 87 of the city."

Mr. Robert Craig of Rossville, a dealer in fresh laid, cucumber pickles and embryo hams, says that he wishes he should not be compelled to restore the depleted treasury of New York city and help pay for elevated sidewalks on Manhattan island while we have got over eighty square miles of green country, fresh from the hand of the Creator, where the soprano song of the thrush mingles richly with the rumbling bass of the lusty mosquito. "Why should the three story high stoop brown stone front creep steadily into my truck patch?" he muses, "and no one yet has successfully replied."

Mr. Craig says that the first man who attempts to build a ten story brick block on his premises will have to do so over his dead body. He says that it may be all right for Brooklyn to join New York, because the feed for stock is poor there anyway, but when Wall street gets to running to its well to water its stock it is time to call a halt.

It is urged that we would have a larger police force on Staten Island if we were a part of New York city, and that has done a great deal to build up the opposition to annexation, I think. That is one good thing now about Staten Island. She is almost free from the encroachments of that bane of civilization—the police. Three policemen on week days and four on Sundays surround Richmond county with the clutch of a giant, and say outbreak or disorder outside of the hospital is a thing almost unknown, or, if finally known of, it is so late that the matter has already blown over.

city we will have to stand it, I presume, and help pay for school houses, county line roads and gopher scalps on Manhattan Island from that on; but I know I voice the sentiments of a man here who writes a good deal for the papers over the non de plume of "Taxpayer," and several other well known writers both at home and abroad, when I say that the Great Spirit gave us these lands, and we shall oppose the palface who comes to us with smooth promises and tries to be the godfather to our little children.

We do not understand the ways of the palface from New York. We will accept our destiny, whatever it may be, if it cannot be avoided. The Staten Islander suffers, but he never weeps. He gets it in the neck, but he never squeals.

Our forefathers settled on the island, and here they hunted the same fox that we hunt now. He has grown up amongst us. He loves us. He comes and eats out of our hand and lets us hunt him. He comes up nights and is a good roaster. We are attached to these lands. Here we can see the broad and heaving bosom of the ocean. It is open all night.

Here we may gather berries in the summer time; also soft shell crabs and mirth provoking lobsters. Here we may take a straw ride down Jersey street or catch a swift horse car and see the plaster mill and smell the Standard oil works.

But in a few years, where now the new milk goat permeates the saline air with his pungent presence—or her presence rather, of course, in this case—and where the hobnob swings to and fro on the honest bough, a metropolitan museum, open where it will do the least good, will be seen perhaps. Polite ticket choppers will brain the masses from New Dorp and tell them to step lively, please. Gentle things will tell you "there is a broodhagganigan lie from the east side. To give a seat to a lady in a car will then be the mark of a jay, as will also the gentle "thank you" in return be regarded as the grand halting sign of the jayness.

So the Staten Islander asks permission to worship the Great Spirit undisturbed and wear flannel shirts even after a "clock," and he wants time to get used to the ways of the world a little before he is called upon to dwell in a great city or wear the straight brim derby of Little Fifth avenue.

It is true that New York has outgrown her garments, and that she is oozing gradually through the pores of her Jersey, but why not extend back up the Hudson to Albany, where they are used to political corruption and musso' up virtue?

Why cross the beautiful bay to swell up our clover meads and broad, green lawns with the odor of sewer gas and private and poorly plumbed legislation? Why enter the hallowed precincts of the Vanderbilts, and the Van Toozlemans, and the Van Wycks, and the De Nyses with the odor of a loud smelling political past and the fortissimo present, rich with the promises of future elections, which will even turn the stomach of its own Maduro Stenehor cigars?

Oh, spare us then, Mr. Editor, and give us a chance to learn something of metropolitan government before we are called upon to grapple with it. At present we are ashamed almost to let folks from town come and see how awfully out corruption has been done here so far. Little as I know about such things I can see all the points in these jobs. Our bootlers are only apprentices so far, and I would be mortified to death to have city folks drop in suddenly on us and see the amateur way our stealing is done.

Society here is at its full height now. Everything is out gay. Mr. Stilton, of South Fifth avenue, a sleeping car official, who has the right run betwixt New York and Rossville, and wife, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whitmore, of the County Seat. The Whitmores are worth \$2,000 before the war, but after the emancipation proclamation you couldn't give them away.

Accommodating. Sweet sixteen at the confectioner's to beardless clerk—Have you any fringed kisses? Beardless Clerk (confidentially)—Just out of them, but I can supply you with the smooth face variety.—Philadelphia Press.

He Did Not Know How. "Now say your prayers," said the hawk to the bantam rooster, "for I am going to eat you."

"Alas, how can I?" replied the rooster; "I am not a bird of prey."—West Shore.

A Help. "Why do you always go to walk round the powder house?" "Because I am trying to break off smoking."—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Would Dissect Him. "If I ceased to love you, Olga, would you stab me to the heart?" "No, Antonio; I'd cut you dead."—Society.

Spelling an Old Saying. Mamma—Take your fork, Tommy. Don't you know it is wrong to eat with your fingers? Tommy—Fingers were made before forks, mamma.

"I know it, Tommy; but yours were not."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Culture." Mr. Wheeler—I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson? Miss Emerson—Why, yes, Mr. Wheeler—even the beans go through a course of Browning before they come to the table.—Brooklyn Life.

An Apt Comparison. "She has the disposition of a flannel shirt." "What on earth do you mean?" "She is a shrinking little thing."—New York Sun.

CANVASSING THE FREAKS.

The Census Man on His Mission in a Bowery Dime Museum. One of the census enumerators entered a dime museum on the Bowery. He explained to the proprietor that he was taking the census, and that the dime museum came in his district. The museum owner gave him permission to question the "living curiosities."

"Where were you born?" "I was born in New York," said the Carriassian beauty, "in de 'Ate ward."

"Where were your parents born?" "Me father and mother were born in Germany."

"What is your name?" "Mary Ann Higgins," said the beautiful Carriassian.

"Are you white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian?" "I'm green."

"Single, married, widowed or divorced?" "Divorced and married again."

"What is your trade or occupation?" "I'm a Carriassian beauty by trade."

"Are you able to speak English?" "Dat's de only language I speak. See?" The enumerator walked over to the haughty "Zulu prince."

"Where were you born?" he asked. "In ole Virginny, sah," said the Zulu prince, smiling.

"Where were your parents born?" "Dey was bawn in Norf Carliny."

"Where do you live?" "In Thompson street, sah."

"Are you white, black, mulatto, quadroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian?" "I dunno. I speck I'm Zulu."

"What is your name?" "Pompey Linkun Fields."

"What is your profession or occupation?" "I'm a Zulu prince."

"Are you able to speak English?" "I can understand English."

"The 'Australian giant' said he was born in New Jersey. His parents were born in Vermont.

"Are you single, married or divorced?" "Well, I've been married four or five times in the museum to draw a crowd, but I believe the marriages were not regular."

The double headed girl puzzled the census enumerator greatly. He didn't know whether to put her down as one person or two persons. She gave two sets of answers to most of the questions. One head said she was 24, but the other head denied it and said she was only 18.

"Where were you born?" "In the Congo republic," said the first head.

"In Ireland," said the second head. The Texas cowboy said that he was born in Boston, and had always lived there.—New York Morning Journal.

The Perfected Naphtha Launch. Shore Dweller—Look out their, cap'n! You're runnin' plumb outer Shoot Fly rock!

Not an Omelette. Tangle—Mrs. Rhinestone brought back from Europe a very curious amulet, which is said to be 2,000 years old.

Mrs. Tangle—How in the world did they keep it so long as that? It can't be much good now, I should think.—The Bostonian.

Saw His Most Right Away. The scene is a Roman studio. "How do you know that old fellow is an American?"

"Because he asked the price of that Madonna. Any other but an American would have asked who painted it."—Society.

A Different Thing Entirely. In Court—How old are you, prisoner? "Twenty-four, your honor."

"But that was what you said here five years ago."

"Oh, but that was in quite another case, your honor."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Rare True Tale. Quizzle—Catch anything? Frankleigh—Lots—one fish; ditto sore throat, two soaked feet and a first class supply of rheumatism for all summer.—Detroit Free Press.

BRAVE LUCRETIA MOTT.

SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

A Sweet Quakeress Who Had the Heart of a Lion and the Brain of a Genius. How She Conquered a Howling Mob. A Final Meeting.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] When in 1891 I made an active interest in the woman suffrage cause, the people, the places, the surroundings of the movement were all entirely new to me. Brought up as I had been in the most conservative circles, it was like stepping into a new world to attend a

convention where the advocates of the cause assembled, and the figures of those I first saw there loom up in memory with something of the majestic proportions with which the heroes of the Revolutionary war must have appeared to the young men who were boys during that struggle.

Foremost among the impressive personalities that were even then near passing away was Lucretia Mott. She was already touched with the fragility of advanced age, but something of the grace and beauty of her earlier years still hung about her. No more heroic character ever adorned the pages of history than that of this sweet Philadelphia Quakeress. She was endowed with a native gift of eloquence, gentle, yet forcible and persuasive, which she early learned to use, because she belonged to a sect that permitted women to speak in public if moved thereto "by the Spirit."

She was married in her lovely youth to James Mott, a "Friend." Like herself, who was her devoted husband for more than half a century. In due time a group of children surrounded her, but while never neglecting any of her duties as wife, mother and housekeeper, she continued her public preaching, her fame constantly spreading, as she spoke not only on "the Sabbath," but also at many reform meetings. The anti-slavery agitation early touched her ardent spirit, and she devoted much of her energies to the cause of freeing the slaves, aiding in holding meetings and conventions, and enforcing her views, not only in stirring speeches, but also in practical acts.

She was an ardent lover of freedom in all directions; her favorite motto was "Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

Lucretia Mott was one of the earliest advocates of "Woman's Rights," as the agitation was then called. She was present at the Seneca Falls convention of 1848, where the demand for woman suffrage was first publicly made. She did not then go so far as to think women should have the right to vote, and when Elizabeth Cady Stanton put forth the revolutionary idea, Lucretia said: "Elizabeth, does she think she is right?" with much questioning earnestness. Gradually she became converted to see that this was the only real guarantee of freedom, and was thereafter one of the most earnest champions of the cause.

As her children grew to maturity, no longer needing her constant care, she was able to leave her home more frequently to speak for the reforms dear to her heart. As a presiding officer she was also greatly gifted, combining dignity with rare tact in ruling an audience. Her personal power was very great. On one occasion when a disorderly mob was howling at the door of an Equal Rights meeting in New York, and some of the women speakers were afraid to leave the hall, Lucretia Mott, a tiny woman, but with the soul of a lion, stepped boldly forth. Approaching one of the shouting rongs who seemed to be the leader, she said to him gently, "Friend, will you give me your arm and help me through this crowd?" The man at once took her under his care, touched and awed by her goodness and beauty. He hushed the noise and led her and her companions through in safety.

There lies beside me as I write a photograph taken from the portrait painted of her at about that time. It represents a beautiful woman in the full prime of maturity, the hair dark, the face oval, with regular features and wonderful dark eyes. The costume is that which she always wore, a dress of "Quaker drab" plainly made and of delicate materials—of the richest silk when the occasion was suitable—a square of finest lawn covered over the breast, and a cap of the same dainty material on her head.

The last time that I ever saw the veteran leader and thinker was on a soft summer evening during the Centennial of '76; a party of us were invited to her country home a short distance from Philadelphia. She had always been an exquisitely neat housekeeper, and the house was beautifully ordered, the evening meal charmingly served. Later we sat in a group on the piazza, the central figure the sainted woman whose days on earth were so few. Children and grand-children and friends all looked up to that noble figure, the silver moonbeams touching the snowy cap and the sweet, pale face like a faint illumination from the light of a brighter world.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

BEAUTIFUL BIRCH BARK. It May Be Used in Making Artistic Frames for Pictures. [Copyright by American Press Association.] Birch bark, which is its favorite material for decorative purposes of all kinds, is especially suited to the framing of certain pictures. Along the outer edge of a plain pine frame is put a two inch beading covered with the delicately marked bark; inside of this are glued pieces of lichen, so as to entirely cover

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OR READY MADE GARMENTS AT THAT TIME IN THE TRADE.

The subject under discussion was the sum per dozen paid for sewing plain calico shirts on the machine, the ladies of the committee appealing to the employer to advance the sum beyond fifty cents a dozen. His answer was explicit, and from a business point of view strictly defensible: "Why should I pay more than women offer to work for? I do not regulate the trade price. I used to pay seventy-five cents. Some German women came here who wanted to buy sewing machines on installments of \$1 a week. They had comfortable homes, and only needed the dollar to pay on the machine. They offered to do the work for fifty cents. I was obliged to regard my own interests. If the girls who were already sewing for me would not reduce their rates I had to take the German women." All this was said with much emphasis and gesticulation, and it was the unanswerable truth.

It is with sorrow that, after seventeen years' work among women for women, I must repeat the statement. In every branch of women's work women stand ready to underbid and underdate the work of others. While individually I have great satisfaction in the reflection that a new field of work for women has been opened in the teaching and writing of cookery, I regret to believe perforce that numbers of writers are engaged in newspaper work on this subject who have no more real experience than a blind kitten, who laps milk instinctively, discriminates between the maternal and bovine fields. Provided with paste pot and scissors, an array of exchanges and some cookery books, they slash away without knowing what sort of dishes their readers will produce. Poor readers! Pitiable victims to the literary pirate, who cares only for the price he or she receives for each column of patchwork.

How is the young housewife to know if her materials are to be wasted and her workmanship derided by the unfortunate eaters of her culinary attempts? There is only one safety for her: the resolve never to test a recipe which does not bear the name of some acknowledged authority in the world of domestic economy; the personal signature, not some version prepared by an adapter. Even with the most carefully prepared manuscript to work from the compositor and proofreader will make mistakes enough; but how much more questionable must be the results when the writer does not really know whether the subject matter is correct? In the publication of my own books, the revised sheets of which were submitted to me, I have never yet had a copy of the first edition that did not contain some error, perhaps small, but still an error, that had escaped all watchful eyes.

One more statement and the reader will be left to reflect upon the best way of arriving at a safe basis of operations for the kitchen labors, upon which the comfort of the whole house depends.

One of the New York leading dailies has been making signed articles of interest to women a weekly feature, and even proposing the republication in book form. Heaven save the unhappy readers if all the subjects touched were treated as superficially and incorrectly as cookery has been! The writer has even had the courage to alter my own recipes after interviewing me to secure them. And recently she favored me with a description of her method of work. Under half a dozen names she gives, rewrites a little, sends an article derived from a California publication to one in the eastern states, and vice versa. If one of her literary friends is good natured enough to give her an opening where some special work has been accepted regularly and paid for fairly, this friend to herself straightway conceals matter of similar import from her various sources of information, sends it in at a low rate, using as a lever the name of the daily she writes for, and having once secured a foothold continues to put in so much matter ahead, under her several names, that she sometimes has as many as forty columns in type covering the field of women's work, and of course shutting out the work of other writers.

How she can possibly do such an amount of work is simple enough. She is only a copyist, and every column she "adapts" takes just so much bread away from women who depend upon their honest work for daily sustenance. Let our readers ponder upon this subject. They will wonder less that so many failures attend trials of formulas, not some persons conversant with special lines of work, particularly of women's work.

In conclusion, a word to wise women: If any one working after my own signed formula has failed to meet with entire success I shall be glad to receive a detailed account of the entire matter and do my best to see where lies the occasion of defeat, for I never publish a recipe until I know just what result it will produce when worked out exactly according to directions. Of course, if any change of any kind is made, or there is any typographical error, I am not responsible, and can only point out the correct way of work.

JULIE COBBIN.

None of It in His Soul. Angry Advertiser—If you think I'm going to pay you for this ad. you're mistaken. Advertising Clerk—What's the matter with it? "You promised to put it next to reading matter, and you've got it right alongside a column of poetry."—Chicago Tribune.

The Vice President's Daughters are very fond of horseback riding and may be seen galloping about the streets of Washington any fine day. Mr. Morton frequently accompanies them.

That Settles It. Wife—I am undecided whether to go to Newport or Long Branch this season. Husband—You had better remain undecided until fall, for I have no money to go to either place.—Munsey's Weekly.

AN AFTERNOON STUDY.

Colored glass beads such as the Indians use in their fancy work make very appropriate decorations for the chamois leather frames. If the Indian patterns can be copied, all the better.

The crinkled Japanese crepe or calico makes pretty covering for frames of certain kinds of pictures. It comes in different patterns, always blue and white, three-eighths of a yard wide, and costs twenty-five cents a yard. There is a pretty stock pattern which might be used for a senesheer sketch, or Church's "Dreamers," the frame carrying out the design of the picture.

Plain frames of pine, oak or any light wood showing the grain well are varnished and finished along both outer and inner edge with a border of half inch manilla rope covered with a coat of gold or silver paint. The chamois leather frames would also look well with a rope molding. A sailor's knot in one corner, with fringed out ends for tassels, would add somewhat to the variety.

One of the handsomest frames seen had the half of a horned clam shell on each corner. These shells, which are found on the Pacific coast, are larger than the ordinary clam and are covered with dozens of long, crooked, scraggy horns. They are found in a great variety of colors, from pure white to the deep red and orange; some begin with white and shade to the red or yellow, while others have the dark centers, the colors gradually fading until the edges are a pale pink or yellow. Smaller shells and starfish may be used with the rope and fish net decoration.

Ivoryine in a great variety of coloring is used for frames, with heavy modeled moldings on the edges. Indeed, anything and almost everything is used for frame coverings and decoration.

Laura B. Starr.

One Thing the Girls Can Do. One thing the girls can do if the boarding house keepers draw the line against them. They can rent neat little flats and go to keeping house in the dainty, aesthetic way that women understand so well. Women are learning the first lesson of life, to associate together without quarreling, and that is a great gain. There is scarcely a friendship in life so true and tender as that between two women who have roughed it in the world together for several years.

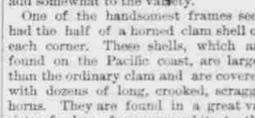
Iowa's Girl Notary. Iowa now has a fair girl public notary, Helen Louise Burr. For four years she has been assistant court reporter at Cedar Rapids, and in the difficult field of technical law reporting she has won so honorable a place that the judge commends her work highly.

Patents to Women. Three thousand patents have been granted to women since the establishment of the United States patent office. Some of these are of considerable importance. The hollow brick for flues and partition walls is the invention of a woman.

Miss Corson Says a Few Words to Young Housekeepers About Authorities. [Copyright by American Press Association.] When so many departments in periodicals devoted to women's work are conducted sensibly and with an interest directly applicable to their needs it would seem strange that such serious misinformation should be circulated broadcast if nothing were known of the system of clipping and recasting matter already in print.

The accusation has been made in nearly every branch of women's work that women themselves were always to blame for the comparatively small payment offered new owners in any field of work.

In 1873, when this writer was actively engaged in building up an institution for helping women to earn their own livelihood, she met in committee one of



LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

the largest manufacturers or ready made garments at that time in the trade. The subject under discussion was the sum per dozen paid for sewing plain calico shirts on the machine, the ladies of the committee appealing to the employer to advance the sum beyond fifty cents a dozen. His answer was explicit, and from a business point of view strictly defensible: "Why should I pay more than women offer to work for? I do not regulate the trade price. I used to pay seventy-five cents. Some German women came here who wanted to buy sewing machines on installments of \$1 a week. They had comfortable homes, and only needed the dollar to pay on the machine. They offered to do the work for fifty cents. I was obliged to regard my own interests. If the girls who were already sewing for me would not reduce their rates I had to take the German women." All this was said with much emphasis and gesticulation, and it was the unanswerable truth.

It is with sorrow that, after seventeen years' work among women for women, I must repeat the statement. In every branch of women's work women stand ready to underbid and underdate the work of others. While individually I have great satisfaction in the reflection that a new field of work for women has been opened in the teaching and writing of cookery, I regret to believe perforce that numbers of writers are engaged in newspaper work on this subject who have no more real experience than a blind kitten, who laps milk instinctively, discriminates between the maternal and bovine fields. Provided with paste pot and scissors, an array of exchanges and some cookery books, they slash away without knowing what sort of dishes their readers will produce. Poor readers! Pitiable victims to the literary pirate, who cares only for the price he or she receives for each column of patchwork.

How is the young housewife to know if her materials are to be wasted and her workmanship derided by the unfortunate eaters of her culinary attempts? There is only one safety for her: the resolve never to test a recipe which does not bear the name of some acknowledged authority in the world of domestic economy; the personal signature, not some version prepared by an adapter. Even with the most carefully prepared manuscript to work from the compositor and proofreader will make mistakes enough; but how much more questionable must be the results when the writer does not really know whether the subject matter is correct? In the publication of my own books, the revised sheets of which were submitted to me, I have never yet had a copy of the first edition that did not contain some error, perhaps small, but still an error, that had escaped all watchful eyes.

One more statement and the reader will be left to reflect upon the best way of arriving at a safe basis of operations for the kitchen labors, upon which the comfort of the whole house depends.

One of the New York leading dailies has been making signed articles of interest to women a weekly feature, and even proposing the republication in book form. Heaven save the unhappy readers if all the subjects touched were treated as superficially and incorrectly as cookery has been! The writer has even had the courage to alter my own recipes after interviewing me to secure them. And recently she favored me with a description of her method of work. Under half a dozen names she gives, rewrites a little, sends an article derived from a California publication to one in the eastern states, and vice versa. If one of her literary friends is good natured enough to give her an opening where some special work has been accepted regularly and paid for fairly, this friend to herself straightway conceals matter of similar import from her various sources of information, sends it in at a low rate, using as a lever the name of the daily she writes for, and having once secured a foothold continues to put in so much matter ahead, under her several names, that she sometimes has as many as forty columns in type covering the field of women's work, and of course shutting out the work of other writers.

How she can possibly do such an amount of work is simple enough. She is only a copyist, and every column she "adapts" takes just so much bread away from women who depend upon their honest work for daily sustenance. Let our readers ponder upon this subject. They will wonder less that so many failures attend trials of formulas, not some persons conversant with special lines of work, particularly of women's work.

In conclusion, a word to wise women: If any one working after my own signed formula has failed to meet with entire success I shall be glad to receive a detailed account of the entire matter and do my best to see where lies the occasion of defeat, for I never publish a recipe until I know just what result it will produce when worked out exactly according to directions. Of course, if any change of any kind is made, or there is any typographical error, I am not responsible, and can only point out the correct way of work.

JULIE COBBIN.

None of It in His Soul. Angry Advertiser—If you think I'm going to pay you for this ad. you're mistaken. Advertising Clerk—What's the matter with it? "You promised to put it next to reading matter, and you've got it right alongside a column of poetry."—Chicago Tribune.

The Vice President's Daughters are very fond of horseback riding and may be seen galloping about the streets of Washington any fine day. Mr. Morton frequently accompanies them.

That Settles It. Wife—I am undecided whether to go to Newport or Long Branch this season. Husband—You had better remain undecided until fall, for I have no money to go to either place.—Munsey's Weekly.