

She Will Do It.
 Lady Member of the Advanced Brigade—I cannot understand why you men seem to prefer the silly, foolish, insane women, who have not two thoughts in their empty heads. If I were a man, I should select a girl with a mind of her own.

Male Outsider—The worst of that sort of woman is that she is always so fond of giving pieces of it away.—Ally Sloper.

In the Mountains.
 From the hotel we see the hills that in the hazy distance slip the water, too, with a business thrills as he goes on from tip to tip.—Chicago Tribune.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.
 The boarder as he said farewell, exclaimed in terms emphatic: "Madam, I find your attic room entirely too rheumatic!"—Penn. Punch Bowl.



She—Yes, papa is suffering terribly from gout—he can hardly move his foot.

He—Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, something seems to tell me to speak to him about our engagement to-day—bah Jove.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Not Satisfied.
 The boarder as he said farewell, exclaimed in terms emphatic: "Madam, I find your attic room entirely too rheumatic!"—Penn. Punch Bowl.

A Pretty Good Indication.
 "What makes you think she's in love with him?"
 "Why, she's letting him teach her to swim when she knows more about it than he does."—Chicago Post.

Among Rogues.
 Life Prisoner—My ancestors all got to be more than 80 years old.
 Short Term Man—That must have been before the death penalty was established.—N. Y. Herald.

Human Nature.
 Some people practice what they preach. But it's a lead pipe chin.
 They preach to others by the yard. And practice by the inch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IT'S UP TO HIM.
 "I'm going away to-morrow. Won't you think of me sometimes while I'm gone?"
 "Hadn't you better ask papa if I may?"—Chicago American.

Due Warning.
 "I've seen the train stop for a cow." The duke said with a laugh.
 The maiden said: "Keep off the track; it won't stop for a calf."—Chicago Daily News.

Preferable.
 "I think I will write a book on the automobile," said Hojack.
 "Too wobbly for comfort," replied Tomdik. "Better use a desk."—Town Topics.

Sizing Him Up.
 My dentist has an eagle eye, and vicious tools he backs with. He's clever, but I've come to think he'd make a better blacksmith.—N. Y. Herald.

GROWING LIKE A WEED.
 "How do you know young Nobras married for money?"
 "I've seen his wife."—Judy.

Hope.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast, in politics its influence is plain. The man who has by office once been blest hopes on for more and never works again.—Washington Star.

Too Much for Him.
 "Have you ever made bread before, Marie?"
 "Oh, yes. I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me stop."—Chicago American.

Can't Help It.
 Ella—That fellow is perfectly killing.
 Stella—It's heredity; his father was a motorman.—Town Topics.

More Pleasant Treatment.
 "Gee whiz!" said the boy who had been forced to take castor oil. "I do wish ma was a Christian Scientist!"—N. Y. Times.

Why, Tommy, how you do grow!
 "Yes, auntie, I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Astronomical.
 "I cause the heat," the dog-star said, in manner most mysterious.
 The little bear then raised his head and murmured, "Is he Sirius?"—Judge.

THE SEASON'S FANCIES.

Odd Bits of Finery That Are Now in Favor with the Devotees of Fashion.

Sashes are all important for evening gowns this season.

Advices from Paris state that merame fringe is being used in that city as edging for collars and flounces on linen gowns, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

The new coarse lace known as guipure de craponne, which is the most fashionable trimming for linen gowns at present, is to be had dyed in all the tints in which the linen is produced.

In every form the stole is the preferred shoulder wrap, and is equally popular in ostrich, marabout and lace.

An exceedingly pretty ruffle fresh from Paris is in plaited chiffon, the plaits finished with tiny ruffles of the same, dotted here and there with minute rosettes in heliotrope baby ribbon, and trimmed with stripes of the same ribbon, the long stole-ends, also thus befringed, reaching to about the knee.

A stole-collar in Venetian lace with narrow black velvet ribbon run through, and gathered into rosettes here and there, is another form of the many pretty new shoulder finishes.

A large enamel key represents the latest addition to the pendant group. White crepe de chine delicately embroidered in silk, mounted upon white taffeta, and edged all round with narrow white silk fringe, is a third new creation.

As accompaniments for grass linen gowns are fobs to match with charms of self material on the end.

Coaching parasols of blue taffeta, polka dotted in white, are edged with a piping of white velvet.

Among the imported novelties are plain volles, some in tones of green and blue, others in delicate pastel shadings.

Popular among summer belts is one representing a combination of open-work braid and white duck with gilt harness buckle.

Two of the most fashionable textiles are ecru batiste and toile de soie of the same color. They are plain, figured or embroidered in large all-over design.

One of the buckles which is expected to acquire considerable vogue during the coming season represents a combination of gun metal and copper. It is in heart design, with scroll background in art nouveau effect.

The wallet flap appears on the fashionable envelope.

Recent importations of metal girdeles show many handsome and costly designs. One in filigree in gold finished set with imitation jewels and mounted on white silk or satin ribbon.

A Parisian novelty is the "calkewalk" parasol, fashioned of scarlet or white taffeta, with bamboo shank, surmounted with the head of a negro in ebony and banded with a ring of gold to suggest a collar.

Silk fiber paper in imitation of voile is a novelty in stationery.

The ends of many new sashes are finished with tassels or fringe.

WARM WEATHER AND MEAT.

There Are Many Nutritious and Delicious Substitutes for the Season of Heat.

Abstinence from meat in the summer is, with few exceptions, a wise thing and results in much benefit to the abstainer, says American Queen.

The exceptions to this rule are anemic people—those suffering from lack of the proper amount and quality of blood.

There are many nutritious and delicious substitutes for meat, substitutes which are more beneficial to the mind as well as body, during the hot weather.

Eggs can be prepared in a diversity of ways so as not to pall on the stomach. There are cooling fruits, salads and cereal preparations that supply to the different parts of the body all the sustenance necessary to the proper performance of all their functions.

There are also soups, fish and desserts of numerous varieties that require little time or care to prepare.

A very delicious soup is made in the following way: Place in a stewpan a quart of milk; add to this a large onion, a leek, a stick of celery, a turnip and a carrot thinly sliced, some mace and a bouquet garni. Simmer gently until the vegetables are well cooked. Remove the last two articles. Thicken with flour and milk. Strain and heat again. Serve with fried crusts.

A delicious dish for all seasons is eggs a la Indienne. Boil eight or ten eggs until hard and remove the shells. Put into a stewpan one ounce of butter, a sliced onion and a sliced apple, a little celery and a carrot cut into five pieces. Fry all together for six or seven minutes. Add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup and a tablespoonful of curry powder mixed to a paste with stock or water. Let the mixture simmer very slowly until the vegetables are well cooked. Thicken with one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour kneaded together. Add a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar. Add the eggs and serve very hot, with a border of well-cooked rice handed separately.

Deviled Eggs.
 Boil six eggs and put them into cold water for 15 minutes. Remove the shells, cut the eggs in half lengthwise and carefully take out the yolks and mash them to a paste with half a teaspoonful of French mustard and half a tablespoonful of olive oil. Add one large tablespoonful of cold ham or tongue, minced. Season. Fill the whites with the mixture and serve in a bed of watercress.—American Queen.

A Curious Fact.
 "My dear," said Mrs. Ferguson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"
 "Of course I do," replied the brutal carter of the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't curious."—Stray Stories.

Teaching the Teacher.
 Teacher: "Tommy, can you tell me how far north the Mississippi river runs?"
 Tommy: "It doesn't run north at all; it runs south. See?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.



WASHING THE DISHES.

Our Polly goes a-fishing, be the weather what it may. Not less than twice, and often thrice, on every holiday. She always starts right after meals, and singing merrily. She fishes and she fishes in her little Soapy Sea.

She'll catch the best pink china cups, and when she drops her line again she'll draw spoonmosses out.

The plates, of course, are flounders (so round and flat, you know). The kitchen knives are hungry sharks out watching for a foe.

Each saucepan is a pollywog, with handle for a tail. And—"There she blows!"—the frying-pan! how very like a whale!

There's nothing left—pour out the sea, and put the fish away. All high and dry, and waiting to be caught another day.

—Hannah G. Fernald, in Youth's Companion.

HEROIC LITTLE MARY.

By Her Self-Possession Ten-Year-Old Katie Murphy Saved Her Mother's Life.

Here is the story of a little girl who was as great a hero as any grown man could have been. She was Katie Murphy. Katie was only ten years old, but she had more knowledge and experience of life than many a rich girl twice her age has.

That is the advantage of being poor—if there are any advantages, that is—you learn of life in many phases, most of them hard and unpleasant. But you learn also to do things and take care of



SHE THREW THE WINDOW OPEN.

things and to think and reason in some ways that you would never know at all if you were rich.

Katie Murphy's mother was a widow with five children. Tommie and Charlie, aged eight and six, went to school, while Katie stayed at home and took care of Mary and Nellie, the little ones. Mary was four; Nellie, the baby, was two. Mrs. Murphy went out to work every day, leaving home at seven and not getting back till six in the evening.

Katie was one of those "little mothers" you have read of who have to keep house and mind whole families of children while their parents go out to earn a living. She had never been in the beautiful country and had never seen grass except in a city park, where she only knew it was beautiful and something she and her baby sisters must keep off. But she knew how to keep house in the fashion of very poor people and how to mind the babies all day. She loved them and devoted herself to them. She had had so much care and hard work in her life of tugging babies around that she did not look like a child at all, but like a tiny woman with her pale face and serious ways. And she was a real woman, too, as you will find.

In the pleasant weather she took the children to the park in the afternoon and kept them till nearly six o'clock. Then she trundled Nellie home in the baby cart while Mary trudged beside her. At home Katie lit the flame of the gas stove, boiled some water and made tea, all ready for poor, tired Mrs. Murphy.

But one afternoon there was a procession and a great crowd in the street, so Katie could not cross with her baby cart and little sister. She had to wait so long that it was long past six ere she reached home. In the hall at the door of their tiny flat a frightful smell of gas seemed to come from under the Murphys' closed door. Katie knew that was something dangerous.

"Stay by the baby," she said to Mary.

Then she dashed into the outer room. The gas fumes nearly suffocated her, but she sped on into the kitchen. Her mother lay unconscious on the floor, with the gas turned full on in the stove, but not yet lighted. Katie herself nearly swooned, but she knew enough to turn off the gas and had just strength enough left to run to the window and dash it open to let the air in. She put her head out, took a long, deep breath and screamed and called with all her might for help.

Many a woman would have lacked the level-headedness to do that, but Katie had more presence of mind than half the grown girls have.

People from the street and neighbors ran in in answer to her call. Some threw open the other doors and windows, others lifted her mother and one tore out for the doctor.

It was an hour before the physician brought Mrs. Murphy to consciousness. He told them that only Katie's prompt action had saved her life. Even half a minute more and it would have been too late. Mrs. Murphy had been taken ill in the shop where she worked and had come home in the afternoon. Feeling very weary, she thought she would make the tea herself. She remembered lighting a match and turning on the gas—that was all. She must have fainted just at that moment and fallen upon the floor. The gas, flowing out, overpowered her so she could not regain her senses, and she would have been suffocated but for her heroic little daughter.

People could not say enough in praise of Katie. But as for Katie herself—well, as soon as the people ran in to look after her mother she went back at once to see the baby and Mary and the goat.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

BEARS AS GUM CHEWERS

New England Bears Use Spruce Sap to Keep Off the Gnawing Scourge of Hunger.

It has been reported that spruce gum has been getting scarce in the woods of northern New Hampshire, much to the sorrow of the hunters of that article. The gum gatherers go through the woods in the spring and wound the spruce trees on the south side with an ax. The sap runs out, thickens in the sun, and after the summer is over is ready to pick. But when they came to gather it they found that the gum had vanished, and the cause of its disappearance is thus explained in one of the daily papers:

When Ike Nivins, of Wentworth, came down on Saturday for a box of rifle cartridges he announced that he had discovered the thieves. They are the black bears that haunt the forests.

He was hunting in the woods up near the Canadian line the other day when he found a cave in the hillside with six bears in it, two old ones and several youngsters. His 16-shot rifle brought down the two big ones and sent the youngsters away through the woods. The bears had just come out of their hibernation—they had just awakened for the spring. He found that in the stomachs of each of the bears was a tremendous lump of spruce gum, as big as a man's two fists.

This the bear had eaten from the treesides the fall before, and kept it in their stomachs all winter. The lump of resinous substance had caused the gastric juices to flow all winter, and yet had refused to digest. It had remained intact during the cold snap, and had kept away the gnawing sensation at the empty stomachs which sometimes awakens the bears in mid-winter and sends them out to forage for meat. When and why the bears adopted the strictly New England custom of chewing spruce gum is not known, but that they have adopted it is proved by every bear killed in northern New Hampshire this spring; each one had spruce gum in his stomach.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.
 In the Lovely Month of June the Happiness of Their Home Life Is at Its Height.

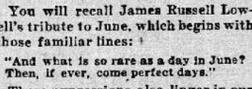
You will recall James Russell Lowell's tribute to June, which begins with those familiar lines:

"And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days."

These expressions also linger in our memories: "The little bird sits at his door." "The high tide of the year," and "Everything is happy now." We all agree with Lowell that everywhere in June there is home-life and happiness. And what a host and variety of homes there are! We find them of many forms and down in queer places.

Perhaps one of the queerest is the home of the swallow inside a chimney at the farmhouse. All day these soot-colored little birds have been racing through the air, twittering socially and gathering insects for the little ones in the many homes down in that big chimney. Perhaps there may be as many as a thousand birds living in one of these large, old-fashioned chimneys—a bird village in soot and smoke. Did you ever see a chimney swift alight on a tree? Did you ever see him alight anywhere? What persistent workers they are!

Another family gathering that interests us is that of the porcupines feeding on water plants at the pond-side by moonlight. Altogether a family of dull wits we might call them, for it would be difficult to find animals more intensely stupid. But they prize their pondside home, and wander around among the shrubbery and climb trees in perfect confidence that no animal can easily drive them away from their home. The mother porcupine made her nest in some nearby hollow log. The little ones, to the number



KINGFISHER'S NEST.

(A Hole and Nest Would Be If Earth on This Side Had Been Removed.)

born two or three in each home, were born early last month, and by this time are able to go out with their mother and seek food as she does.

Then there is that home in mid-air, the nest of the Baltimore oriole. The home surely looks enough like a hornet's nest to deceive a bird of prey. Some naturalists regard it as an example of real "protective mimicry."

In marked contrast to this bird home swaying in even the slightest breeze is that of the kingfisher, in a hole in the solid bank of earth by the pond-side. Not far away from this bank, down in the deepest water, is the family of the bullheads—in some localities called catfish or horned pouts. How fierce and persistent is the mother in protecting her little ones! In spite of this a little bullhead does now and then disappear, and some perch swims off less hungry than before.—St. Nicholas.

Snowfall in a Parlor.

There was an indoor snowstorm on a very clear, cold evening recently at a party given at Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered in a single room, which became so warm as to be insufferable. The window sashes were found frozen and a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold air current rushed in and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snowfall indoors.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE AND HER FAMOUS FLAG.

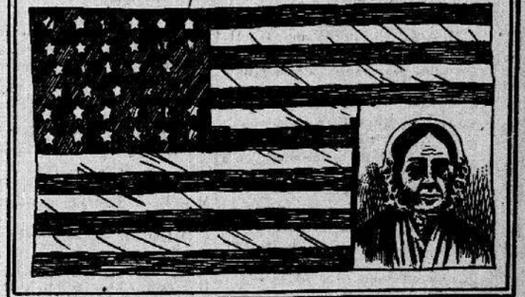
CAREFULLY guarded and sacredly treasured with other relics which belonged to her great-aunt, Mrs. Barbara Frietchie, Mrs. John Abbott, of Frederick, Md., has the flag which Whittier's heroine waved from the window of her home on "that cool September morn'" in 1862.

Visitors to Frederick find the pleasant and comfortable home of Mrs. Abbott an interesting place to visit, and the excellent lady takes a peculiar pride in showing the old flag, which is encased in a large frame, but her really prized collection consists of a large cabinet of chinaware, silver tea pot and other articles for the table, together with a long pair of gloves of undressed skin which Barbara Frietchie wore while working in her yard with her flowers. These gloves were made by Mrs. Frietchie's husband, who was a skilled workman of his kind.

"I had a much larger collection," said Mrs. Abbott, to a Detroit Free Press correspondent, "but there were so many friends of Aunt Frietchie's

served and is now in the Reno family. "Now that is all I care to say about the incident, and, as I have stated, I do not wish to talk for publication. There has already been too much written about the flag incident. Aunt Frietchie was a dear, good soul, and I am always pleased to show these relics to visitors. I have here a 'Frietchie Memorial Register,' and I always request visitors to register." Barbara Frietchie was in her ninety-fifth year at the time of the "flag incident," September 12, 1862, and died on December 18, following. When the confederate troops began entering Frederick on the 6th, 8th and 10th of September, Mrs. Frietchie took the flag down from her dormer window and placed it between the pages of the old family Bible. She, with other citizens of Frederick, realized that it was dangerous to permit the flag to float while the town was filling up with confederates. On the morning of the 12th, when Gen. McClellan's army, with the advance

under command of Gen. Burnside, marched up West Patrick street, Mrs. Frietchie was at one of the dormer windows and waved her hand as a token of joy. Her grandniece, Miss Julia Hanawalt—now Mrs. John Abbott—and a young Miss Yoner were standing by the old lady's side. The presence of the union forces and the inspiring music caused the patriotic old lady to request Miss Yoner to go into an adjoining room and get the flag from the Bible. This was done, and soon the Stars and Stripes were floating from the window. The enthusiasm and patriotism of Mrs. Frietchie caused the union soldiers to cheer lustily. The gallant Gen. Reno went into the house and congratulated her for the flag which she had waved. Mrs. Frietchie did not give the general a flag, but did get another and give him with a "God bless you and the Stars and Stripes," Gen. Reno waved the flag and proposed three cheers, which were given with a will. Gen. Reno was killed next day at the battle of South Mountain.



THE FLAG THAT BARBARA FRIETCHIE WAVED.

who wished some souvenir or keepsake that I gave away a large number of them. It is so hard to refuse your friends, you know. A great many people call here to see these relics of Aunt Frietchie and a few years ago I concluded it would be best to get them all together and put them here in the parlor so that I would have less trouble in showing them. So much has been written and printed about the flag incident that, not wishing to become involved in any controversy, I have declined to talk about it, leaving newspaper people and all visitors to get information as best they can."

"Will you answer just one question, Mrs. Abbott? Did Gen. Reno salute a flag which was waved by Mrs. Frietchie, and did that lady give him a flag which was placed on his grave when he was killed next day at the battle of South Mountain?"

"That is true, and here is a photograph of the flag Aunt Frietchie gave Gen. Reno, which was sent me by the general's son. The flag was taken from the grave and pre-

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WIVES AT ALL PRICES.
 Suitors in Savage and Semi-Barbaric Countries Are Compelled to Buy Their Brides.

In Europe, says a foreign explorer, it is customary for parents to give dowries to their daughters when they marry, but in uncivilized countries quite a different custom prevails.

In Uganda a man can buy a handsome wife for four bullocks, a box of cartridges and six needles, and if he has the luck to go a-wooing when women happen to be a drug on the market, he can buy a suitable damsel for a pair of shoes. A Kafir girl is worth, according to the rank of her family, from four to ten cows, and any young man who becomes enamored of a native girl of New Mexico will have to give at least 12 horses for her. In Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishimis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig. At Timor no girl will think of marrying a man who is not provided with a certain number of elephant's tusks, and at Unyoro, any desirable but penniless suitor may purchase his wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the uttermost farthing.

Among many tribes of Africa and Asia it is customary for a suitor to work as a hired man for his future father-in-law in the same manner as Jacob worked for Laban. A certain value is set on the girl whom he selects as his wife, and when his wages amount to that much he gets her, and not before. A man who falls in love with a native girl of the Manzoni territory fares better, for all he need pay for her is two deer skins.—N. Y. Herald.

Ways of Eating Lettuce.
 There has been an unwritten law among epicures that lettuce should never be cut with a knife. Indeed, it should not be touched with a knife, they say. Now, the common people have heavy this, and it is their habit to roll up a big leaf with a fork, sop it in the dressing and pack it in their mouths as usual to wad a muzzle-loading gun with a bit of newspaper. Once in awhile you will see a dainty enter pick up leaves in the fingers, horrified at the thought of touching the lettuce even with a silver fork. It has not occurred to most lettuce eaters that the epicures who established these unwritten laws ate only

the heart of the vegetable, which does not require cutting, packing or wadding, but may be taken on the tip of a fork and conveyed decently to the buccal cavity. Therefore when in society eat only the heart. If you want the best part of the lettuce (the outer leaves), sneak into the kitchen, shake a little pepper and salt into your hand and go ahead.—N. Y. Press.

No Sale.
 BIKES—I hear you want to buy a horse. Let me sell you mine.
 BORGES—No, no! Don't do that, old man. Let's be friends.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her next investment was in some gay little Japanese fans at a few cents each, some crepe paper, and more tea-chest matting. With these she covered the walls artificially and prettily, sticking the fans here and there to give a gay note.

Japanese paper napkins, plates, cups and saucers, and a three-burner gas stove behind a screen, completed her outfit.

Then the enterprising young woman announced her "tea room" was ready for business. From 11 o'clock to two she served tea, coffee and cocoa, and appetizing sandwiches. Her food was good, and things seemed appetizing.

It wasn't long before she had more customers than she could well handle. Before the first month was over she had covered her expenses. It was a clever little tea-room, just what it set out to be.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Next to excelsior, denim, two long wooden shoe boxes, which cost her 50 cents, and some gilt-headed tacks, she made two divan-looking affairs, which held innumerable things.

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