The St. Tammany Farmer

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Go fishing by all means, but if you let the big ones get away forget them.

Gooseberries, raspberries and green-apple stomach aches are ripe.

When the lake breeze gets cantankerous the safest place is the dry land.

A madman on Lake Erie was calmed by a piece of pie. Thus is Boston vindicated.

Where the aeroplane has the advantage over the automobile is that it can fly across rough ground.

New York is preparing to string so many electric lights along the Hudson that Broadway will be jealous.

If the latest fashion edict among women that "hats and shoes must match" is carried out, where will mere man walk?

The American Federation of Labor says there are 2,000,000 men out of work. So there may be, but the fishing is now good.

This is the season in which the American tourist proceeds to skip from one European capital to another on scheduled time.

Some New Jersey towns now require bakers to deliver each loaf of bread in a sealed aseptic bag. Sanitary science is marching on.

No American style has been as bad as that peach basket affair the former shah used to wear while he was still on the job.

The South American war may eventually materialize, but at present it looks like a very petty quarrel which should be very easily settled.

A big flotilla will accompany the president down the Mississippi river, but it is safe to say that none of the pilots will try to make rings around the president's boat.

Two hundred grenadier hats for women have arrived in New York from Paris. Some day American women will have a Boston tea party for foreign monstrosities of fashion.

It is estimated by the city statistician that Chicago will have a population of over 2,500,000 in 1910. Uncle Sam, however, will send around a man to check up the figures.

Fruit, it is said, retards the hardening of the tissues and thus conduces to the preservation of youthfulness. Yet age is itself a lemon handed out by life to youth and beauty.

A grandson of King Edward goes to the naval college with the reputation of singing a capital song. Still, critics in England may like to hold their jobs.

The czar in visiting his own relatives dares go off his yacht only long enough to take tea, and then when surrounded by Invincibles, Inflexibles, Dreadnoughts, et al., to be sure no bombs or anarchists are around.

A novel law point has been raised by a man in Connecticut who has sued one of his neighbors for a stinging administered by the latter's bees. Curiosity is now rampant to see if the bee-owners will be also "stung."

A man in New York is suing a judge, two police chiefs, three detectives and a coroner for false arrest. He ought to rest satisfied that he had a good reputation, since it took so many to damage it.

The inmates of Sing Sing make public their need of more tenor voices to assist in the church services. Sing Sing's dearth of singers suggests the proper disposal of the next grand opera star that murders his notes.

Experiments have resulted in the production from petroleum of a brand of butter said to be "something just as good" as the genuine bovine article. But it is doubtful if this sort of "near butter" will be in good odor among those who are a little particular in such matters.

There was a time when the discovery that worms are fond of the jack pine would not have caused a ripple of alarm among the owners of timber. They would have taken a fresh grip on the ax and gone to work with added vigor among the big Norways. But now the jack pine has come to have value, the case is different.

Perhaps the lowering of cable tolls between Great Britain and India, Australia and South Africa is a result of the recent colonial conference in London. However this may be, the British and colonial governments have agreed that hereafter the cable press rate shall be only ninepence instead of a shilling a word between Britain and India, Australia and South Africa.

Some of his advisers have been trying to point out to King Alfonso that the war in Morocco is likely to follow in the trend of the disastrous war in Cuba. But they are confronted by the depressing fact that the Bourbons never learn.

Flying across the English channel in an airship appears to be the height of the old world aeronaut's ambition. No less than three aviators are now contemplating such a trip. And if all succeed it would seem to be good-by to England's insularity.

The tuberculosis exhibit, with demonstrations of the tuberculin test, which has been determined upon by the Wisconsin state board of agriculture as a feature of the state fair, will serve to present the scientific safeguard to the farmers of the state under authoritative circumstances, and thus aid in the work of mollifying the opposition, says the Milwaukee Wisconsin. Wisconsin is one of the foremost dairy states of the union and she should occupy advanced ground in the struggle against bovine tuberculosis.

Recent Styles

1.—Model for a gown of white chiffon cloth. It has an eccentric but attractive arrangement of heavy filet lace touched with gold and silver bullion around the shoulders and on the skirt. The hat is a Gainsborough of white lace trimmed with aigrettes of raspberry pink. The scarf is in the same color.

2.—Gown of pale lavender batiste with long narrow skirt. Oblong panel back and front made of net with vermicelli design of heavy floss over its surface. This is outlined with twisted soutache between two straight bands of black velvet ribbon. Under arm pieces are of net with trimming of black velvet ribbon. Shallow yoke and high stock of white net. Hat of black with Henry VIII. crown of lavender velvet. Hat pins of amethysts set in filigree silver.

3.—Hat of black chip trimmed with two large plumes and stiff pleated bow of jade green.

4.—Frock of dull pink linen with embroidered lingerie collar and cuffs. It is trimmed with linen covered buttons and the sash is of black satin. Hat of rough straw trimmed with large wired bow of black satin.

5.—Child's frock of white batiste with bertha of lace and rosette of pale blue satin ribbon. Lingerie hat of eyelet embroidery with scarf and bow of pale blue satin.

IN SOFT QUALITY OF LINEN

Model That Would Make Up Well in Any Light Color, Preferably Pale Green.

Linens are made in such delightfully soft qualities this summer, that they adapt themselves well to fine tucks such as are made at the top of this skirt. The number of colors suited to a summer dress are many, but

for coolness in appearance, nothing is better than pale green, of which this dress is made.

The front panel is in piece embroidery; it may either be laid over linen or left transparent. The bodice is unlined, and is cut off at waist and sewn to a band to which also the skirt is attached.

Tucks are made on the shoulders, and a panel of embroidery is carried down front. The sleeves are composed of bands of embroidery, and fine tucks.

Hat of white spotted muslin with frill of muslin falling from the brim, roses and leaves form the trimming.

Materials required for the dress: 6½ yards 42 inches wide, 1½ yards embroidery 18 inches wide.

A Jewelry Novelty.

Happy indeed is the girl who owns one of the new locket watches, as thin as a silver dollar, that is the latest fancy in jewelry.

The uninitiated will not know that these watches are aught but what they seem, jeweled or enameled lockets worn on a thin gold chain. Yet they are good time pieces, put up in a truly convenient and artistic form.

FOR AN ALL-BLACK COSTUME

Always Well to Have One for Genuine Service, and Here Is a Splendid Model.

There is quite a return to the once-popular fashion of having a black frock for genuine service. Every woman, even with an elaborate wardrobe, knows there are some hours when everything seems to be in need of cleaning or mending.

For just such occasions she has a smart one-piece frock of black hanging in the closet. It is made of fine silk voile, for there has been found no better fabric for this purpose. It fits the figure, has an added belt of patent leather run through slides of watered silk, and is fastened down the back with hooks and eyes.

The skirt clears the groun by two inches and has a hem of black watered silk. The sleeves are elbow or three-quarter length. Each woman is in a go-as-you-please race concerning sleeves, and knows she is in the fashion as long as she keeps them small.

The top of this frock is laid in small folds from shoulder to belt, has a round yoke of black chiffon cloth covered with silk soutache braiding in Egyptian design and a shallow upper yoke of that heavy Venetian lace that wears so well.

This lace is repeated in a narrow pear-shaped armhole that runs halfway to the waist, and the black sleeves have a wide band of it around the middle.

With a black, purple of grass-green hat and patent leather shoes, any woman is smartly frocked.

In Pastel Colors.

Plain materials are much easier of construction than are those of striped, barred and flowered material. Perhaps it is this that has made the delicate pastel-colored batiste a favorite with the home dressmaker.

The fact remains that many of the more expensive sheer linen models in these delicate tones are copied by the amateur in the less expensive batiste.

A favored method of finishing the batiste frock is the basting together of its various parts and the holding of them in place by a very close and even feather-stitching.

Frills of Footing.

Plaited frills of white tulle footing are much in evidence on pretty blouses of colored foulard. They are intended, it is true, to be worn with the separate skirt, but the colors should match, thus making the dress at least harmonious, if not a true example of the one-piece frock.

The footing frill usually is edged with a little strip of straight or bias silk like the blouse, and its covered buttons and small bow tie are of plain foulard to match the general color scheme.

TO RENOVATE THE PARASOL.

Much May Be Done by Clever Use of Design in Soutache Braiding.

If you have a parasol that is too good to throw away, yet not quite nice enough to carry, cover the top with a close design in soutache braiding. There is a decided fancy for such parasols this season, and the braiding can be used with advantage on either silk or linen tops. The work is easy, after the design has been carefully stamped.

Select a pattern that is continuous, as the only hard part of braiding is to finish off the ends. Therefore there should be as few as possible.

An easy way to do this braiding is to open the parasol, fix it firmly in a block or hold of some sort and work with both hands. Take tiny stitches on the right side and not too large on the wrong, as they will be unsightly if the parasol is not relined.

Maeterlinck: Not a single day is trivial.

Postcript Stamps.

Will the special stamp fad which began in philanthropic work have as prolonged a vogue and assume as many shapes as the picture postal? It begins to look that way, so many and so varied are the developments.

The latest novelty is a set of comic stamps, already gummed, and intended for private correspondence. They come in sets of 12, all different, and printed in many colors.

A single set retails at five cents. The mottoes on the stamps include business maxims, proverbs wise or otherwise, lovers' sentiments and so forth. They are known as postscript stamps, and may be used on the flap of the envelope, like a seal, or on the face of it, beside the stamp required by Uncle Sam.

Corset Cover Hint.

Make corset covers of your white shirtwaists that are still good, but out of style. Cut out the neck, back and front and take out sleeves, making the arm holes larger. Finish around the neck and arm holes with ribbon, beading and lace.

PRINTERY HOSPITAL

WELL-EQUIPPED INSTITUTION IS CONDUCTED BY UNCLE SAM.

Located in Portion of Building Easily Accessible from All Parts—Nearly 1,200 Patients Treated During Last Year.

Washington.—One of many indications that the United States government is a model employer, and does much to look after the comfort and general welfare of the many thousand men and women on its pay rolls, is to be found in the thoroughly up-to-date hospital it maintains at the government printing office.

During the regular sessions of congress, when there is plenty of work at the big printery, which is the largest in the world, nearly 5,000 men and women are employed there. Through illness and accident some of this great number of employes are incapacitated for work each day, and it was to render these persons immediate and gratuitous assistance that the hospital was established in 1906, under the administration of Public Printer Oscar Ricketts.

The official designation of the hospital is the emergency-room of the government printing office. It is one section of the division of sanitation. It is purposely located in that part of the building most accessible from all sections, on the fourth floor front, midway between two elevators. It is connected by telephone with each room of the building, and in an emergency call its combination reclining chair and stretcher can be rushed to any part of the office without delay. The hospital is not a great distance from either the top or bottom floors.

The hospital chair, like a small ambulance, has the right of way in the corridors and elevators and can be seen frequently being wheeled quickly and silently in and out of the elevators and along the corridors to different parts of the office, going to the assistance of those who are taken ill or have been injured through an accident.

The hospital occupies one room, about forty feet long and sixteen feet wide. Each end of the room is fitted up in duplicate and so arranged that it can be curtained off as a separate ward. The furniture and equipment are complete, but compact, arranged somewhat like the hospital on board a large ocean liner.

There is a bed at each end of the room, and also stationary baths, basins and washstands, and a wardrobe for the patient. The floor is of marble mosaic, and the wainscoting and walls are of white enamel, so that they can be kept in a thoroughly clean and sanitary condition. As the room faces the east, there is plenty of sunlight in the morning, and also rather an extended view. In general appointments and location the hospital is as pleasant a room as the patients could possibly wish for in which to recuperate from any slight illness or accident.

Modern equipment of all kinds has been provided, and many who have visited the emergency room declare that it compares favorably, with that in any hospital in or near Washington. At each end of the room there is an electric instrument sterilizer, and in the center a larger sterilizer for dressings. There are duplicate medicine chests, well stocked with all the usual remedies known to modern medicine, and an instrument case containing all the instruments necessary for emergency or first-aid work.

There is also an oxygen and nitrous oxide generator, a receptacle containing salt solution, an operating table, electric warming pads and every other contrivance that goes to make the equipment of a modern hospital complete.

That the emergency room supplies a real want in the government printing office is shown by the large number of cases treated each year. During 1908 there were 1,180 patients treated; 544 were surgical cases and 636 medical. Four persons died in the hospital last year of heart disease or apoplexy, and there have been two deaths from apoplexy this year.

As a rule there are more women treated than men, especially for illness, but accidents are confined almost exclusively to men, as they have all the heavy and more dangerous work to do. There are many cases where women come or are brought to the emergency room faint or exhausted, and yet return to their work in an hour or two completely relieved by some simple and immediate treatment.

Among the kinds of cases treated for both men and women are fracture or dislocation of limbs, infected wounds, burns, strains, foreign bodies in the eye, epileptic fits, heat exhaustion, acute indigestion and fainting. Four cases of ptomaine poisoning were treated last year.

There have been frequent cases of poisoning due to overdoses of headache powders or cough medicine, taken by employes at home when they felt too ill to report for duty. Lead colic is a rather frequent cause of trouble with those who work in the composing rooms and inhale the graphite fumes of the molten metal used with the printing machines. There have also been numerous cases of electric shock.

Diskinson to Visit Island.

Secretary of War Dickinson will go to Porto Rico in September or October to familiarize himself with the workings of the Foraker act, the organic law of the island. Amendments have been proposed to the Foraker act and the need of them will be investigated by Mr. Dickinson. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs, will go with him. They expect to return in time for Gen. Dickinson to join President Taft on his southern trip.

STORIES BY SENATOR TAYLOR.

Why the Old Darky Woman Wanted Her Husband Pardoned—Three Great Talkers.

GOOD story tellers are hailed with delight in the United States senate. They enliven many a dull executive session while cigars are being smoked out. Senator Robert L. Taylor's reputation had preceded him and "Fiddling Bob," who worked his way into the hearts of his constituents by playing for their country dances long ago, justified his right to a place with Senator Depew and other reconteurs of the senate. This is one of his:

"While governor of Tennessee I was once approached by an old negro woman who asked a pardon for her husband, sent to the penitentiary for stealing a hog.

"'How long has he been in jail?' was asked.

"'Goin' on two years now,' came the answer, 'but law, he ain't no good to them and wa'n't no good to me nohow, an' I speck they'll be glad to git rid o' him.'

"'Why do you want to get him out if he was of no use to you?'

"'To tell the truth, guv'ner, we done gettin' short o' meat.'"

The Taylor brothers, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, once stumped Tennessee against each other. One night after a hot debate from the same stage as they were leaving the hall a sparsely clothed and slightly inebriated darkey met them in the aisle. Placing a hand on the shoulder of each he said: "Say, we three Taylor boys be the greatest talkers in Tennessee."

WASHINGTON TO SET EXAMPLE

Permits for Unsightly Billboards in Front of Union Station Are Refused.

Washington.—Washington is setting an example for the rest of the country in its war on the billboard nuisance. Visitors reaching the national capital are not to be shocked henceforth as they emerge from the new Union station—the creation of Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago—by a welcoming horde of bizarre advertisements. The station, artistic in design, combining all the best modren features of such structures, faces a large plaza. The semi-circle enclosing it offers tempting sites for the billboard men, notwithstanding in the near foreground is the capitol and the new senate office building. Under the strict laws now in force in the district, controlling not only the erection of billboards, but the character of advertisements displayed upon them, permits were required of the commissioners before the boards could be erected.

The commissioners have decided to refuse such permits. They have gone even further. Several enterprising sign painters in the employ of different companies had decorated the sides of houses near the station with flaring advertisements. These are to be removed. Washington will therefore set an example, so far as its railroad station is concerned, which the American civic association is to take up in Chicago, New York and other large cities, to suppress billboard advertising near such public places. The campaign against billboards will be carried on here to have all of the unsightly affairs near public buildings and parks removed.

Brownlow and Jefferson Bible.

A few years ago congress authorized the publication of a facsimile of Thomas Jefferson's Bible. Jefferson had this Bible in the form of a scrapbook in which the life of the Saviour was set out from the scriptures in chronological order with special emphasis as to the philosophy of life He enunciated in His saying. This material was set down in parallel columns in the Greek, Latin and English texts. After the order of congress was carried out the publishers were given leave to print additional copies which were put on the market at $2.50 a volume. Recently there has been an overproduction and the price is now quoted at $1.25.

A few days ago a constituent of Representative Walter Brownlow of Tennessee heard about the decrease in the price and rushed in to tell the congressman, who had more requests for the Bible than he could fill.

"It's going for $1.25," said the caller.

"Well, what of it?" replied Brownlow. "I can buy a whole Bible for 25 cents."

Hard Luck Follows Crow.

Representative Charles A. Crow of Missouri holds all medals for hard luck in congress. Thirteen brothers were in his family and all of them are dead except himself. Of three sisters two are dead. He had six children of his own, four of whom died. His wife died since this session was opened and now Mr. Crow is afflicted in the right eye, having lost the sight of it, while the left eye is afflicted through sympathy. Before coming to Washington Crow was postmaster, lawyer and farmer at Caruthersville, Mo., and his district is normally democratic, so that he has the hardest sledding to hold his seat in the house. He thinks no man, not even the president of the United States, can earn a salary of more than $10,000 a year.

Tomcats for Statesmen.

Three tomcats, gayly bedecked with ribbons and ensconced in a basket that had evidently been decorated by feminine hands were received at the office of Representative Tawney of Minnesota at the capitol the other day. A card attached said that one of the felines was intended for Mr. Mann of Illinois and a third for Representative Smith of Michigan. Mr. Tawney looked the cats over, but said he had no use for them. He directed his messenger to set the cats free, which was done. The debate in the house recently relative to "Tom cats and other kinds of cats" evidently was what inspired some one of a facetious frame of mind to send the cats.

WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH

BY EMILY S. WINDOR

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There was a deepening green on the mountain slopes, and the song of a robin came to John Lester standing at the entrance of his tent.

"Yes, spring is come," he mused, "and what an everlasting bore everything is."

A group of men lounged on a huge fallen tree at some few yards from his tent. There was a movement among them as the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road near by. Then as the horseman appeared crossing the clearing they sauntered towards him.

"Any letters, Sam?"

Morris dismounted, and took a package from his coat pockets. "Two for you, Brown, three for you, Cooper, one for Davis. No—Dick, none for you." He turned towards Lester. "None for you, sir."

Lester nodded carelessly. He was not disappointed. He had long ago ceased to expect any letters.

"How's the river?" he asked, briefly.

"Still rising. They say it will go to 70 feet."

"Then we'll just stay here till it goes down."

"It's a good deal of a nuisance, though, sir, to lose the time, with such a bit of work before us. There's no trains going out. And the hotel's full of swells on their way to Frisco. They'll likely find time heavy on their hands waiting for the water to go down."

Lester's gaze came back from the mountains. "Have my horse ready, will you, Sam?"

Twenty minutes later Lester rode away from camp, his stalwart figure erect and easy in the saddle.

The men read their letters and resumed their position on the tree.

Their glance followed Lester's de-

He Lifted Her in His Arms.

parting figure. "Seems to me your boss is a queer chap," said Dalton, who had but the week before joined the engineering corps.

"Lester's all right. Not very sociable, that's all," returned Cooper.

"Say, I feel sorry for him," said Davis.

"Why?" asked Dalton, curiously.

"Well," returned Davis, "any fellow with a good income like Lester and who chooses to work in this God-forsaken part of the country, and who is evidently not getting any happiness out of it, deserves pity."

"Oh—where's he from?"

"New York. You see his father took it into his head to marry again, and Lester wouldn't stand for it. They quarreled, and they've had nothing to do with each other since."

"You say he has a fine income. Where's his money from?"

"He inherited it from his mother."

"Well," observed Dalton, "why shouldn't his father marry again?"

"Lester adored his mother, and couldn't bear to see any one in her place. He's never even seen his stepmother, and it's six years since his father married."

"Isn't there a story about some girl going back on Lester, too?"

"Oh—I heard something about it—some girl he met in Europe the year after he broke with his father."

Here, Sam Morris came sauntering toward the group. "Say," he said, "a child is lost—belongs to some of the folks at the hotel that's waiting on account of the high water. They'd just found it out as I was leaving, and such a fuss as there was."

"Well, there's no bears around to eat it. Come on, what do you say to quoits?"

Meanwhile Lester was riding slowly on. For some distance the road was a narrow one between two lines of mountains. Presently, the way gradually widened, and he came out on a broad valley with the overflowing river in the distance. The view was magnificent, but Lester paid small heed to it. A spell of deepest gloom had fallen on his spirits. How flat and worthless life seemed. What was the use of it all? How would he get through this enforced idleness while the river was preventing them from pushing their work? Work, work was the only thing for him.

As he neared the point where three roads met and branched off, there was a rattle of wheels, and a carriage which he recognized as from the village livery appeared around the bend. It turned into the road farthest from Lester. It was occupied by a man and two women. He was not enough interested to look at them as they turned into the other road, but the fleeting glance he had of them told him they were people from a world unknown to him the last few years. He did not see that the man in the carriage had turned and was looking earnestly back at him.

A woman's light laugh floated back; there was the scent of violet in the air. Lester's thoughts went back to days which it was his constant endeavor to forget. She had had such a laugh, and she had always about her a faint odor of violets. He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and quickened his horse's movement. He would not let the memory of those past days take possession of his mind.

When within a half mile of the village he reached a road leading directly to the river. The thought came to him that there would be some interest in seeing the river at nearer range. He turned his horse in that direction. He rode slowly, taking in the breadth of landscape before him. Suddenly a child's cry broke the stillness. Lester looked around. At the side of the road sat a child, a girl of four or five years. She was holding one foot in both her small hands.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lester, jumping from his horse. "What is the matter, little one?"

The little child looked up at him. "My foot, it hurts." There was a fresh burst of tears. "And I'm lost. I want to go back."

Lester bent over her. She was a beautiful little creature. She had a profusion of brown wavy hair and great gray eyes shaded by thick dark lashes.

She cried softly as Lester examined her foot. She had evidently turned her ankle violently in walking over the rough stones of the road.

"Where do you live?" asked Lester. "Don't cry, I'll take you home."

"Don't live here, we're at the hotel." She stopped crying, and looked at Lester with the confidence which the glance of his eye and his smile always won for him.

"At the hotel? Well, my horse will take us there very soon." He lifted her in his arms, and placing her on his saddle, sprang up behind her. "She belongs, no doubt, to those people that Morris said are staying over on account of the flood," he thought.

The little girl leaned against him comfortably. Lester chatted gayly to her, and soon she was laughing merrily. Her name was Dolly, she told him, and she had run away because she wanted to see the river.

By the time they reached the village and were riding up to the hotel, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her foot. The street seemed deserted and there was no one visible about the hotel except a young woman standing on the veranda which ran around the building. Dolly called out as she saw her: "Here I am! Here I am!"

The young woman screamed and ran down to the road.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you naughty child!"

Then as Lester drew rein, she saw his face. "You, John!"

Lester had turned white to the lips. "Is this your child?" he asked, his voice sharp.

He had dismounted and held the child in his arms. "My child!" she returned, impetuously. "No, John, I am not married. No—" as Lester made a movement toward her. "Matters are unchanged— but I am going to tell you what I would not before, because I did not want to appear as trying to influence you to accept your stepmother. She—is my sister. She was married to your father while I was at France in school. I did not know for some time after I met you that you were her stepson. When it was known to me—I decided not to marry you. But now—well, Dolly is your stepsister. She was left with me this morning while your father and my sister went for a drive with another member of our party. Suddenly she was missed—oh, I was so frightened—your father adores her, and if anything had happened to her—and, oh, John, to think that you found her!"

Lester had stood rigid and white during this explanation, his eyes on the sweet face of the speaker.

Now he folded the little girl closely in his arms and rested his cheek against hers.

"I have been a fool," he said, tersely. "I'll tell my father and your sister so. Is she as sweet as you, Alice?"

"Much nicer than I. Oh, John, your father will be so happy to have you back."

"And you, Alice? Will you have me now?"

"Yes, John."

Lester laughed happily. "I must carry Dolly in. Her foot must be attended to. She has hurt it."

Dolly seemed to thoroughly understand all that had been said. She put her arms around Lester's neck.

"I am glad that you are my brother," she said.

Widow's Tea for Wall Street Nerves.

There is one young widow who has made a financial success of a tearoom in one of the Wall street office buildings. Two years ago her husband died, leaving her to care for herself and a daughter four years old. When the funeral expenses had been paid the widow had $750 left out of a $1,000 life insurance policy. This was all the money she possessed, and she spent $500 in fitting up the little room over which she presides. She serves excellent tea and coffee in genuine china. Newspapers are on every table, and an English idea has been borrowed in the opportunity for the tea drinkers to engage in a game of dominos, checkers and chess. The tearoom is an ideal spot for half an hour's rest or relaxations from business, and now the tea owner is preparing to take in another room. When her husband was working as a clerk the family occupied a small, close flat in the upper East side, but the tearoom has wrought such a change in fortune that the widow and her daughter now live comfortably in a West side hotel. Moreover, the widow has rejected more than one offer of marriage from wealthy brokers.—New York Press.

We are always wishing we were this or that person instead of ourselves, and if such a thing as metempsychosis were possible we'd be mighty glad to get back to our own trials.