

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

And now it appears from records found in Pekin that the Chinese discovered America. They made about as much use of it as they did of gunpowder or the mariner's compass.

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accordion. The zither is growing in popularity, and will probably be the favorite instrument during the winter.

Spectacular science astonishes the multitude and wins their money. The philosopher patiently studies the laws of nature, and modestly announces his discoveries. Then the scientific prestidigitator goes into partnership with the promoter. Soon after "the public" acquires some new stocks and some experience.

Dr. Shradly, the famous New York chemist, does not believe in condensing food into tablets so that a busy man may take a portion of beefsteak as he would a pill. "We have teeth," he says, "a palate, jaw muscles and other pieces of machinery that are ignored, if not insulted, when you pop a tablet into a man's mouth and say, 'There, you've had your dinner.'"

In the recent session of the International prison congress held at Brussels, the section on juvenile delinquency was strongly in favor of the introduction of manual training in juvenile reformatories, and also by resolution expressed its conviction that the system of placing children in families might be combined advantageously with that of placing them in institutions.

A prospecting Idahoan thinks he has discovered inexhaustible deposits of asphalt of the highest quality on the lands of the Choctaw Indians, a find of more than tribal interest if the extent and quality are as represented. The Choctaw, in the common experience of his kind, stands to be frozen out of most of its advantages, and perhaps out of his territory, his road of exile not even smoothed with a surfer layer of his own asphalt.

Great manufacturers of cruciferous plants from Sheffield to States. A site providing water and rail facilities has been secured near Wheeling, W. Va., proposed to erect thereon a plant, costing upward of \$3,000,000, which from the first will employ about 3500 men. Constantly increasing cost of coal in England is a prominent factor acting as an impetus to the move.

Official sanction has been given to an opinion always held by women that tears are a legitimate argument. A ruling made recently by the Judge of the Appellate Court in Tennessee refused to set aside a conviction on the ground that the jury had been improperly influenced by the tears of the prosecuting attorney. On the contrary, the court went so far as to declare that "if counsel has tears at command it may be seriously questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises."

The Philadelphia Times makes an earnest plea for good navy yards, saying: "Let us have the navy yards fitted out for all the work needed and keep our ships employed and in the highest state of efficiency. We have done enough of pioneer work for other nations with our monitor and turret construction and tests of modern ordnance. We can afford to wait until they show us some valuable lesson, and then being ready with good navy yards we can take advantage of it. That is the kind of preparation we need as a protection of peace."

The idea that the husband is the head of the household by virtue of the fact that he is a man is a survival of a bygone age. It won't do nowadays, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. It is the lingering relic of a species of domestic despotism which society long since repudiated. The real head of the household is the one who, by superior energy, example and influence, commands the position. The accident of sex no longer counts. Society gives the fullest recognition to the successful competitor, and in this wholesome decree from one of our Federal courts we have the assurance that the laws shall be equally just and generous.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Let not the heart a future grievance borrow,
Nor o'er our path one faintest shadow lay;
Let not the clouds which may arise to-morrow
Obscure the fairer sunshine of to-day.
To-day is ours—the past has passed forever,
Its joys and griefs alike are ours no more;
The future lies beyond Time's silent river,
A dim and distant and untrodden shore.
The world's so fair, and life so grand, that living
Should one sweet hymn of purest rapture be;
From Nature's hand, so bounteous in her giving,
The fulness ours, to reap unceasingly;
And ours the bliss, through Hope's enchanting vision,
E'en darkened skies to view with promise rare;
To grasp at joys, though Phoenix-like they're risen
From out the ashes of a past despair.
As to the day, its burden or its sorrow,
So is our strength by Love all-wise decreed;
Beyond the trust which looketh to the morrow
Not ours the striving, nor is ours the need.
He knoweth best—the sowing and the reaping—
Who left the power of will unfettered, free;
The great, kind God, who holds within His keeping
Each day and hour through all eternity.
—Beatrice Harlowe, in the November Woman's Home Companion.

The Unseen Singer

I WAS alone in the little seaside town, the solace of work being denied me because of the illness that had brought me there to seek for health. I was desperately tired, and my nerves were in a state that rendered all enjoyment impossible. I used to lie late in the mornings, for there was nothing to do but wander idly on the promenade, and the trivial pleasures of the crowd vexed me unutterably because I could not share them. It was only at night I realized that possibly this irksome time of rest was bringing me nearer to the recovery of my health. Then I used to wander until all but the latest of the visitors had left the promenade. It was impossible not to be at rest. The coolness of the night, the soothing murmur of the sea, and the shining yellow lights of a fishing village across the bay, combined to make a perfect world, and as I watched I knew that even the garish day might presently give me pleasure again.

I had been perhaps a fortnight in the place when first I saw the lady of whom I would tell you. It was only for a moment, as she drove past in the company of an older woman, but that moment's sight was enough to fill my thoughts until I saw her again upon the morrow.

She was beautiful beyond all words; I fancied she could hardly have passed the age of twenty; and speech and hearing had been denied her. She had the innocent gladness that remains while they are yet young with some who are thus afflicted. She looked upon the world with beautiful bright eyes, and, in despite of fate, was well pleased to be alive.

But she was talking with her fingers to the elder lady, her companion, in whose eyes as they looked on the girl I saw an infinite pity expressed. That pity instantly invaded my own heart, though its object was gone out of my sight within a few seconds of her appearance; and, despite the fact that I knew not so much as her name, there was mixed with the pity a sense of angry rebellion against the fates who had thus afflicted her, wantonly robbing of its value a generosity that, through her, might otherwise have gladdened the wide world.

Now, more than ever, I regretted my loneliness, for I had no one from whom I might expect to gather any information of my gaining the privilege of her acquaintance. I made some futile inquiries at the hotel, and only got so far as to be almost certain she was, like myself, a visitor.

On the next day, at about the same hour, the carriage passed along the length of the promenade. She was still innocently glad to be alive, content to accept her burden so if it were no burden at all; it was with smiles she looked into the pitying eyes of her companion, and I could fancy that the messages she was conveying with swiftly moving fingers were humorous appreciations of what she saw around her.

My earlier questions had been addressed to a quaint, elderly waiter at the hotel, a man who had in some sort made it his especial task to see to my well-being, and who was the nearest approach to a friend I possessed within a hundred miles of the place. It happened that I was lurching at the open window one day when the carriage passed, a little earlier than usual. "That is the lady of whom I was speaking," I said to him. He looked out of the window with quick interest. "A dear little maid, if I may say so. Yes, and the poor dear is deaf and dumb; she's talkin' upon her fingers. Well, I thought from what you told me that they must be strangers in these parts and so they are. I don't even know the horses nor the carriage."

Thus passed several days. I began to find myself vastly better, and, with the growth of energy, to look forward pleasantly to the time when I should return to my work in London.

My good friend, the waiter, had succeeded, much to his delight, in getting me to go for numerous drives through the lovely country that surrounds the

watering place. I did even, on divers occasions, set forth on foot and explored the coast and the inland lanes for myself.

I went alone, but I never felt the absence of companions, for my expeditions always took place before or after the hour at which she might be expected to pass along the busy promenade, and so my thoughts were always busy, whether with anticipation or remembrance.

Never once did she fail me; never once did her affliction seem to mar the beautiful gaiety of her mood. It appeared that she saw and enjoyed every little thing that could be seen; nor was it altogether a young man's vanity that made me wonder whether she had begun to notice the fact that a certain sallow invalid was always idling on the promenade at the hour when she drove by.

I came to understand the routine of their daily outing. They were manifestly living somewhere to the west of the town. Every day they went through the inland lanes at the back of it until they were a mile or two to the east, and, then, descending seaward, drove home by the promenade and the road that skirts the sea.

Now, one day, with no set purpose that I would have confessed, not even to myself, I took the western road and went into the country. The road lies for some distance between low hills and the southern sea; at first the sun's heat was intolerable, but gradually one mounted higher, and then the sunlight was but the fit accompaniment of the lively wind that blew in from the sea. So I went forward in the best of spirits until I had come to the edge of a great valley that runs inland from the sea.

Some dozen or so cottages and a little pier stood at the margin of the sea. Inland a few houses were seen among their fruitful orchards. But at the edge of the slope there was a little space of wild wood, and, this, as I looked across the flower-grown hedge, tempted me to rest. I climbed the intervening barrier and lay down in the shelter of a little oak tree.

It may be I slept. Certainly I was a long time under the oak before I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the wood. Some one was singing softly, and I could hear footsteps moving slowly through the fern. I could tell by the sound that the newcomer was stopping here and there to pick flowers.

Now, I had enjoyed the solitude, but even at the first the person who was coming toward me did not strike me as an intruder. Her singing was in absolute concord with my mood; it was as if one had thought of a poem, and a moment later found oneself humming the melody that would make of it a perfect song. I lay and waited and the singer came nearer. The song ceased when she presently appeared. She was a little startled, but not near so much as I.

"Then you are not dumb?" I cried involuntarily, as I started to my feet. She hesitated, and a little smile played about the corners of her pretty mouth. "It is my aunt who is dumb," she said. Then, with a sudden recovery of her dignity, "I don't know why you should ask." But that was a matter I had no great difficulty in explaining ere I came back to London—the happiest man on God's earth.—Black and White.

Relic of the Days of the Pretender.

A little south of the county-house at Burlington stood 150 years ago a small Indian village, which is marked on the old maps of Northern Pennsylvania as Oschanu. Many interesting relics of a bygone civilization have been found in the grounds where this Indian village was, near the country-house. When the excavations were made for the foundations of the county-house, among the relics found were a number of coins that bore different dates up to near the advent of the white man in Bradford County. Several of these coins were presented to the Spaulding Museum at Athens. Two coins belonging to Superintendent E. W. Putnam are of bronze, one an English halfpenny of the reign of King George I., and the last a larger piece, which is very singular in its make-up and history. On one side it bears an Irish harp, with a crown above it. On the reverse side is a room containing a table with money upon it. A hand is extended toward the table, as if to take the coins. An armed man with a drawn sword threatens the hand, and above in an arc of the circle are the words: "Touch not, says Kildare." The piece bears the date of 1745, which marks the year when the young pretender, Charles Edward, was trying to raise a rebellion in Ireland, and the coins must have been brought to Burlington within a year or two by some French refugees, who had been connected with the pretender's party.—Troy (Penn.) Gazette.

Has Names to Spare.

The Dowager Empress of China rejoices in the names of Tze-hsi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chunancheng Shokung Chinhsien Chungshih, but such a name being clumsy, they call her simply Tze-hsi. She is a lady of middle height, with black hair, dark eyes and feet shaped according to nature. A witty journalist described her as the only man in the Celestial Empire. Such is the Empress Dowager of China.

It has been frequently stated that Tze-hsi's parents were of the lowest social grade—actors according to some, small merchants according to others. Both statements are erroneous. Tze-hsi's father, Li-Tsun, was a Manchurian noble who held, some years before the birth of his daughter, an important Government post at Pekin.—Everybody's Magazine.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



For Beating Carpets.

The most convenient thing in the world for beating rugs and carpets is a piece of rubber hose. This may be fastened to the end of a broomstick, like an old-fashioned flail, or can be used without a handle. While stout enough to dislodge the dust, its flexibility prevents the wear and tear given by the ordinary stick or rattan beater.

A Cozy For the Baby.

The newest new thing for the new baby is the "mollot," or cozy. This is a sort of pillowcase arrangement made of sheer lawn, and trimmed with handsome Valenciennes lace into which baby is tucked while being exhibited to friends and relatives. This custom is an adaptation of the French and German habit of carrying the baby around in a case until almost old enough to walk. The fashion is called "en mollot."

Washing Delicate Embroideries.

An easy and good way to wash delicate embroideries is to put enough household ammonia in a basin of tepid water to soften the contents, then make a lather of ivory soap, in which the pieces may be washed without any danger of fading the most delicate colors. Never rub soap on silk embroidery. Wring out as dry as possible, and lay several thicknesses of jannel over the ironing-board; upon this place the piece, the embroidery side down. Press with a hot iron until dry and smooth, then reverse, and polish the right side, taking care not to run the iron over any part of the embroidery. This manner of ironing causes the work to stand out in a way most satisfactory to the skillful embroiderer, while to iron any piece when damp gives the necessary stiffness without the use of starch.

The Care of House Plants.

Nine-tenths of the windows used for window gardening are too crowded for the plants to look well or do well. Turn a new leaf right now by throwing away every poor or insignificant growth. Better to buy new stock in the spring than to turn your precious window space into a hospital ward for sickly plants. Keep the foliage immaculately clean. Wash the leaves once or twice every week. A plant's lungs are its leaves. Showering the foliage washes the dust out of the pores, refreshes the plant and imparts vigor. Beside this, clean plants do not harbor insects, the greatest foe of the indoor garden, and the hardest to fight.

Loosen the crusted earth at the top of the pots. The roots need air, and in soft, pliable earth they get it by capillary transpiration. A hard top crust seals the soil up as though in a jug. Neither air nor water finds free entrance through it. Plants in hard soil often suffer from lack of moisture at the roots, though water has been given every day.

Slide the shades up to the top of the upper sash; take down the curtains at the plant windows, and let God's invigorating sun shine in. Sunshine to a plant is what gold is to a Klondike miner.

In extremely cold weather stay the watering pot. Plants need little water during severe weather, and they chill or freeze twice as quickly after a fresh drenching. If watering becomes absolutely necessary, have it the temperature of the room, and give only in the morning. Watering in the evening during a cold snap is to invite a visit from Jack Frost.

Pot your plants. Turn them, train them into shape as they grow, pick off every dead leaf or faded flower. Hazard care does not pay with house plants.—Chicago Record.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Velvet Cream—One-third box of gelatin soaked in water for twenty minutes. Whip one pint of cream stiff, flavor and sweeten to taste. Add one-half cup of boiling water to the gelatin. When it is dissolved add the whipped cream, etc., and put in molds to harden.

White Soup—Take the white stock you saved from the veal for breakfast, let come to a boil, add one cup of milk or cream, one tablespoonful of flour to thicken it a little, and lastly two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cup of oysters. If you prefer you can strain the oysters out before serving.

Sardine Relish—Beat four eggs well together, add saltspoonful of salt and dash of paprika; place in warm spot on stove; add four tablespoonfuls of chutney sauce and two dozen sardines which have been skinned and washed; then add cracker crumbs until the mixture can be molded into small cakes; cook till thick; cool and make into cakes; roll in cracker crumbs and fry brown in butter. Serve hot on very thin rounds of toasted bread.

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