JULIA WARD HOWE.

CONSIDERED BY EUROPEANS AS THE FOREMOST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

Home From a Winter in Rome She Hastens to a Club Meeting as Soon as She Gets On Shore—Her Standard for Americans Still the Highest and Best.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, after her winter in Rome, passed a few days in Boston before going to her Newport country palaces. The season abroad had not lessened her devotion to the club idea, for hardly had she set her foot on shore when she found herself at a club gathering, in this case the annual meeting of the New England Women's club, of which she has been president for so many years. This in itself—this hastening to a club meeting immediately after a tedious ocean voyage—would be possible to few women in their eightieth year. Yet if she could have her own way, Mrs. Howe would not have hesitated to follow her ocean voyage with a journey to Denver.

After six months abroad, Mrs. Howe seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was ready to talk about the women's clubs in which she had been interested while at Rome. It was not, however, as some have thought, a regularly organized club with a cut and dried constitution, but an informal coterie with aims somewhat less definite than those of most clubs. It was Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot who first proposed to her mother, saying, laughingly: "I know that you will miss your clubs over here, and we must see what kind of literary gathering can be arranged to take their place."

What had been suggested half in fun soon became an accomplished fact, and a group of a score or more of ladies met eight or nine times during the winter to listen in true American fashion to papers on various subjects. Although ladies of several nationalities were in the coterie, all were able to speak or understand English, and, therefore, most of the papers were given in that language. The two given by Mrs. Howe herself were on "Optimism and Pessimism as Efficient Social Factors," and "A Plea for Humor." Paul Loyson, son of the famous Pere Hyacinthe, spoke to the coterie on "The Religion of Ancient Rome Traced Back to Its Latin Beginning." Signor Segele spoke in Italian one day on the difficult problems of dealing with the abandoned children, of whom there are so many in Italy, and another Italian gentleman spoke one afternoon on "The Origin of Modern Musical Notation." Philip Sinclair Hedderley, a talented Englishman, on another occasion gave a paper on "Pope Urban VIII." In the course of one of these

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afternoons Mrs. Howe was asked to recite "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and she tells me with a laugh at her own expense, that when she had finished, young Loyson inquired innocently, of Mrs. Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Mrs. Howe returns to America as good an American as ever, for the pleasure she has had and the courtesies that she has received in foreign countries. The American standard is still to her the highest and best, both in matters of thought and matters of life. "If our own people," she says, "wish to have an idea of what the French may become they must keep their faith in all that America finds precious and valuable—in free institutions, in popular education, and, above all, in the hearts of the people. Let Americans who go to Paris remember that they should there represent republican virtue and intelligence."

Mrs. Howe is very eloquent on this subject, adding that there would be little chance of misunderstanding with France if American tourists, instead of devoting themselves to shopping and amusements in Paris, would try to make friends with the best people there. "Better than the full trunk and empty purse, which usually mark a return from Paris, will be a full heart and a hand clasping across the water another hand, pure and resolute as itself, the hand of order, the hand of brotherly progress and charity."

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Howe has written a number of patriotic lyrics hardly second in beauty to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The volume in which many of them appear was published in the exciting year following the war, when the nation was hardly in a condition to give the fullest appreciation to poetry. The edition of "Later Lyrics" was soon exhausted, however, and in a volume of poems to be brought out the present season will be included several of these earlier patriotic poems.

As an active worker in the American Peace Society, whose doctrines she has promulgated in public addresses both in this country and in England and France, Mrs. Howe would naturally prefer arbitration to war, but if a wrong can be righted only by the sword there is no more earnest patriot than the author of the "Battle Hymn" in supporting the policy of her country.

The Spanish Cruiser.

There was an angry don
Who had an ugly gun,
With which he'd shoot the Yankee pigs, he said, said, said;
But the Yankees knew their man,
So they sel her dodged nor ran,
And merely kept on marching straight ahead, head, head.
The Spaniards blazed away,
But his bullets went astray,
As the Spanish bullets generally do, do, do;
They bottled up the don
[illegible] his powder was all gone—
[illegible] Yankee treachery, boo-hoo, boo, boo!

STUDIED TIME TABLES.

Success of This Fake Depended Largely Upon It.

"Gentlemen," he said, "while my assistant here passes around the hat I will fortify myself. Then I shall endeavor to show you my powers of mesmerism. They are wonderful, gentlemen, and it is well worth a quarter to see my efforts. Many times have I sat down, gentlemen, and wondered where I got my powers—but, gentlemen, we anticipate."

Then the hat was passed around, and the lecturer took a drink from a bottle he carried in an inconspicuous part of his trousers. After which he brought out a chair from the railroad office, put it in the center of the platform, and dumped the money from his hat into his pockets.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I could easily show you wonderful exhibitions of my power over my subject here, but some of you have probably seen 'fake' subjects, and might, therefore, doubt me. So, gentlemen, I will select one of you to show that my efforts are all 18-karat and above suspicion."

Then he picked out a big, healthy-looking fellow from the crowd and put him down in the chair. He then made several passes before his face. Then he took a potato from a basket. He advanced upon the subject.

"This, sir," he said to the subject, "is a nice red apple. You will observe," he remarked to the audience, "that he will eat it just as he would an apple."

"O, go to the devil," growled the subject.

The professor looked shocked and surprised.

"Didn't I have any effect on you?" he asked.

"Nope."

"Not a bit?"

"Not a bit."

"That's strange—very, very strange. I can't understand it. But just wait a second."

Then he made some more passes before the subject's face.

"Peter," he said, turning to his assistant, "run in there and get me another chair."

The chair was put in front of the subject.

"Permit me, sir, to introduce you to Miss Lillian Russell," said the professor, with a wave of his hand at the empty chair. "You will observe gentlemen, that he will talk to the empty chair as he would to a young woman."

"Ah, what do you take me for?" growled the subject.

"What, not yet?" exclaimed the professor in astonishment. "But just one second. Now, gentlemen, I will make some more passes, so. Now, gentlemen, here is a pin. You will observe, gentlemen, the subject will not feel the pain. I will stick it—"

"Not much you will!" said the subject.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, with wounded pride, "I have done my best. You have seen my efforts. I trust you have appreciated them. But, gentlemen, I cannot permit any gentleman to trample upon my feelings, sirs, simply because his will is stronger than mine. There comes your train, gentlemen; you've got to hustle if you want to catch it."

Idealism and Realism.

"What do you think, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Brownjones, in tones of joyful excitement, "You know the Federation of Authors is meeting in our city—well, we are to have the honor of entertaining the celebrated novelist, Godolphin Whatnot, as our guest."

"Ugh!" responded Mrs. Brownjones enigmatically. "Is Mr. Whatnot a realist or an idealist?"

"Why do you want to know?" asked Brownjones, surprised.

"Well, if he is an idealist, I can just leave things as they are; but if he is a realist I must give the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. I may not be literary, but I've dipped into realistic novels, and I know their style: 'The right-hand curtain hung slightly askew, suggesting that one of the drapery pins had lost its grip. A pendulous cobweb waved mournfully from the cornice just above the door leading into the hall, and there was a fine bloom of dust, like that of the purple grape, on the piano lid. In the left-hand corner of the room, almost buried in the pile of somewhat faded carpet, was an invisible hairpin, clearly indicating the recent presence of a woman in the apartment.' Find out right away, Barrington, what Mr. Whatnot is, and then I shall know how to proceed. I have no desire to let my house afford material to a realistic observation sharp."

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

"'Wars en rumors er wars,'" said the old deacon, "en 'airthquakes in divers places!' Dat's what de Bible says gwine ter he des fo' worl' come ter a end, en I sees by de papers da divers is done got places under the Guv-ment, en dat fulfils de prophecy. I shouldn't wonder any, right now, w'en you's a-sleepin' en dreamin' dat de house rent paid, en de water bill settled, ter heah Gabriel blow his ho'n en say: 'Put on yo' cloze en come ter jedgment—you mis'-bul sinners, you!' Shouldn't he 'tall surprised ter see de sun shut he eye, en de moon paintin' de sky red. En dat remin's me: W'ile things is lookin' so skeery I ain't gwine ter pay no mo' rent in advance—I don't keer ef de lan'lord takes down de steps en nails up de winders! Kase de Bible comin' true, en hit may be jedgment fo' de lan'lord sign de receipt! Look out, sinners—look out!"

Mamma—"Never say you can't. There's no such word as can't."

Tommy—"There always seems to be such a word when I ask if I can have more jelly."

Simply Dreaming.

The imagination of some small boys is worth having. The other night, when Mr. Wallypug was lying asleep on his library sofa and snoring away for dear life, Mrs. Wallypug remarked that she wished he would not snore so.

"Pa ain't snorin,'" said Tommie Wallypug. "He's dreamin' about a dorg, and that's the dorg growling."

The great trouble with the majority of men who bet on sure things is that they always bet the wrong way.

The biggest fish stories come in boxes.

WOMEN'S REALM

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT

May Manton's Hints Regarding Seasonable Toilettes.

In this season of startling combinations, black and white stands out conspicuously as always chaste and very rarely unbecoming.

The waist here shown is of black peau-de-soie that matches the skirt, its soft glimmer showing well against the yoke, collar and epaulettes of white satin veiled with embroidered chiffon applique. Narrow ruching of black chiffon edges the waist, epaulettes, collar and wrists.

The arrangement is simply made over glove fitted linings that close in center front.

The yoke plastron is laid on and permanently secured under the edges of the blouse fronts on the right, the left edges being finished separately and provided with hooks to close on the shoulder, arm's-eye, and under the edges of the left front.

The seamless back has the yoke applied in pointed outline, gathers at the waist giving a becoming fullness in the center. The standing collar that finishes the neck is joined to the plastron in front and closes at the left side. The two seamed sleeves are

provided with fitted linings, the greatly modified fullness being arranged in gathers at the top, while the wrists are shaped in pointed outline.

The epaulettes are shaped in points at front and back, the notch at the top giving a double pointed effect that is very graceful.

Waists in this style may be of silk wool or cotton fabrics, all in one material or coloring, or a combination of two or more as may be desired.

A fancy belt can be worn at the waist in place of the knotted sash ribbon here illustrated.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size, 1 3-4 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required.

Interesting Paragraphs.

Now that low shoes are the order of the day, the summer girl wages her old battle of trying to keep them tied. The patent fasteners that she used to clamp on her shoes played havoc with her laced-trimmed skirts and the ruffles inside her gown and never did their duty at that. They were always coming off, as the many odd clasps in her possession testify. If the bow is tied properly, there is no need of clasps. Tie once, and proceed as if to make an ordinary double bow knot. Just before the loops are pulled tight, wrap the left-hand loop under the knot and then pull the loops. This is an improvement on the old way of tying the loops, which, if done effectively, often caused the nails to become broken in the effort to undo the work. This bow can be undone by pulling the string, just as if it were tied ordinarily.

For an elderly lady an excellent traveling mantle is princess shaped, tight at the waist, the back forming puckered plaits below the waist. Heart-shaped shoulder slope, with velvet facings, joined to a round turndown collar, the whole edged with a stitched slope; sleeves open and turned down, mounted in hollow plaits, the open part of the front is trimmed with velvet facings, edged by a stitched slope.

For the present sunbonnets in all their quaintness, made from organdie or fine lawn, are the novelties most sought after and make the head covering most prized by the girls and women whose enthusiasm falls short of reckless exposure and defiance to the sun.

The new shirt waists are of butcher's blue. This shade is very bright, and does not fade easily. As the heavy, duck-like material in which the shade comes is apt to draw up very much when laundered, it should be shrunk before it is made.

When buying hosiery to match tan shoes, do not be too particular about the match. If the hose are darker it is better, since the shoes wear dark very quickly, and stockings lighter than the shoes are very undesirable.

What is called the "summer glove" is of the thinnest possible kid. These are not to be recommended to women whose hands perspire. Such a woman wants her gloves thicker than ever in the summer.

There seems to be a wild desire to reduce the seams of skirts. Now the new skirts have only one seam. These are difficult to hang, and should not be attempted except by an experienced dressmaker.

"WALK-OFF FOLKS."

An Old Negro's Explanation of People Without Brains.

This relates to a gentleman who tried up-to-date farming in Arkansas and a wise old negro who was his assistant.

Shortly after his arrival in that historic State, which is said to be the nursery of tradition, he bought himself a farm. He stocked it with all the necessary flocks of blooded sheep, cattle, hogs, and horses, and bought patent cotton and corn planters, and started in to use all of the latest modelled machinery, which the farmers where he came from think indispensable to agriculture. For running his place and assisting him in farming he hired an old negro, who became as enthusiastic as his "boss" in the use of the new-fangled implements for farming as soon as he began to understand them. One day the "boss" and his man were just starting in to cut the corn crop with the patent corn-cutter when a number of the neighbors, passing by the field, which adjoined the road, stopped, and after watching the machine work for a while, commenced to laugh and make fun of the new farmer and his assistant. The old negro was quiet awhile, but finally burst out, "Don't yo' min' 'em, boss! You's all right! Don't yo' min' 'em! They is nothin' but 'walkoffs,' anyhow! Nothin' but walk offs,' I tell yo'! Let 'em alone!"

When the neighbors had finally gone the farmer turned to his man and thanked him for his consideration. "But," said he, "I did not understand that name you called them. It's a new expression to me. What does it mean?"

"Well, you ain't never heard that? I tell you how dat expreshun started. It's an ole sayin', and start long befo' you born. You see it was this way. When de Lord made Adam in de garden of Eden He saw He war sorter lonesome, so He made Eve fur ter kep him company. Wal, they lived thar sum time, and de Lord He kinder liked dem, and He thort He wud make sum more lik them, ter kep them company, as He was gettin' very much pleased with sich nice sensible people.

"Well, He mad' Him a half a dozen er more jes' as nice looking people as yo' ever seen. He mad' them out er clay, 'cording to the direction of de Good Book, and He stood 'em up against the fence to dry when He was finished makin' 'em up. He had 'em all finished 'ceptin' the brains. Now, the brains clay it was skeerce around them diggin's, and de Lord He thot dat there was some down by de river. Well, he went down there to look for it, and what do you think them fool people did? Why, they dried up and walked off. An', mister, you mustn't min' them people out ther, 'cause they has been walkin' ever since."

HE KNEW JOHN SMITH.

But the Court Said He Didn't Know Enough of West Virginia.

John Burns, a shabbily dressed man, who was "holding up" pedestrians on Pennsylvania avenue, fell into the hands of Policeman Herndon, and appeared in Judge Scott's court on a charge of vagrancy.

"Several complaints were made about this man," said Policeman Herndon, "and when I went to look for him I saw him stop three pedestrians. Two of them were reporters."

"I'm from Clarksburg, West Virginia," he said, when questioned.

"Do you know anybody living in Clarksburg?" the court asked.

"I know John Smith," was the answer.

"What does John do?"

"He keeps a foundry."

"Why did you come here?" the court wanted to know.

"I thought I might get a job in the navy yard," he answered, "and I'm also thinking about going in the navy."

"Then you are only thinking about it?" queried the court.

"Well," said Burns, "I've been in the service before and I'm thinking seriously about trying it again."

"You don't seem to know much about West Virginia," the judge told him.

"I only worked there about four months," said Burns. "I'm an Englishman, but I have made Philadelphia my home."

The court sent him down for thirty days.

A New Hero.

"Hullo, Billy!"

"Billy?" Yer rat, I'm Kunnel William Muggs, leader o' de great newsboy's strike!"

A NAME IN PROPORTION.

A Man Who Chose a Name That Meant Something.

He walked into the office of the police commission the other morning about 8:30 o'clock. Behind him trotted one of those animated frankfurters, technically known as dachshund. The dog stood about seven inches high, and his body stretched out from his shoulders behind at least three feet.

His owner made for the desk of John Perkins, who, with his duties of secretary of the commission, also has the privilege of making out all the licenses.

"I vont a lizence," said the man.

"All right," answered Mr. Perkins, automatically, and reached for a pad to take down the animal's name, breed, and place of residence. "Gimme his name," he said.

The owner of the dog drew a deep breath, and sat down at the secretary's elbow.

"I geef 'im to you schlow, so you geet him righdt," he said.

"Go on," and Mr. Perkins poised his pencil over the sheet of paper.

"Spitzbub Ned——" said the man.

Mr. Perkins wrote.

"Haf you god eet?" he was asked.

"Yes, go on."

"Duke of Columbia——"

Mr. Perkins put that down.

"Did you geet dot?"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Scheerenschleifer Schnudel——"

Mr. Perkins darted a look at the man, then wrote it down.

Haf you god dot on de baber?" he was asked.

"Why, of course; go on."

"Baron Dachs von Spiel——"

Mr. Perkins dropped his pencil. He turned toward the man. His face was red and he was mad.

"Say," he exclaimed, "don't you think that dog's got a pretty long name?"

"Vell, what for you geet mat; he's a long tog, already, ain'd it."

And the secretary fell off the stool.

HOUSE HOLD TALKS

The Value of the Lemon.

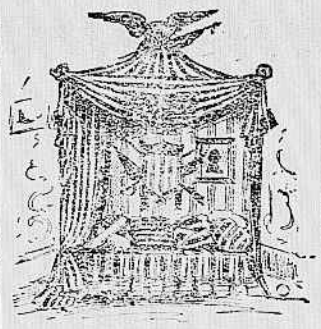
No woman should be without lemons on her toilet table. They are about as necessary nowadays as soap, so those who believe in them say.

"Lemons!" exclaimed one who believes in them religiously. "Why I wouldn't be without lemons a whole day for anything. I once heard of a Frenchwoman who was considered the most beautiful woman of her time, and she attributed her good looks to eating eight oranges a day for 365 days in the year.

"I'd be willing to declare solemnly that lemons will do far more towards beautifying a woman than oranges. Nothing in the world bleaches the skin, hands, and face like a little diluted lemon juice applied at night, and, strange to say, unlike most bleaches, it softens the complexion. Then the finest of manicure acids is made by dropping a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of tepid water. This removes all stains from nails and skin and loosens the cuticle naturally and much better than any sharp instrument. A dash of lemon juice (only a dash) in plain water is an excellent tooth wash, removing tartar and a teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will drive off a bad headache. Best of all, the juice of lemon taken with a teaspoonful of soda, cooking soda, after each meal, will reduce the fat of any flesh-ridden woman."

Patriotic Cozy Corner.

One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. A cozy corner is a fashionable, as well as a comfortable adjunct to every complete home these days. Why not combine fashion, comfort and the patriotism everybody is bubbling over with just now and have an American corner instead of a Turkish one? It certainly would be original, unique, different from any one else and a change, which is often a relief. The home decorator can easily carry out in red, white and blue the cozy corner our picture represents. Bunting answers nicely for back, sides and canopy, the sides to be finished with a band of stars. The seat may be upholstered in red, rep, denim or burlap, but preferably the latter. Small brass buttons should be used for tufting instead of the regulation upholstery button. A shield, bayonet, sword, badges of the Grand Army and relief corps, or anything suggestive of the army or navy can be used to advantage. Framed copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, or photo-



THE COZY CORNER.

graphs of our war heroes would add to the general effect.

A great deal of ingenuity can be employed in the decoration of the cushions. Any material will do; blue and red denim are favorites and the different flags of the navy, the shield, the Union Jack, or the Standard will do to embroider on them.

If this is too much trouble the shops are full of patriotic cushions that can be bought ready made just now.

A down cushion covered with a flag would be effective and characteristic.

Brown Bread Souffle.

Beat up the yolks of five eggs and gradually add them to an ounce of butter previously rubbed to a cream. When the butter and eggs are thoroughly mixed add to them three-quarters of an ounce of sugar, two ounces of grated brown-bread crumbs, a few powdered cloves, half an ounce of picked currants, a spoon of grated lemon peel and the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs already broken, the latter ingredient to be added after the others, and to be stirred in lightly. Turn the mixture into a buttered pie dish and bake about one-half or three-quarters of an hour.

Sponge Cake.

One tumbler powdered sugar, heaped; one tumbler flour, level; four eggs, five teaspoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful baking powder, heaped. Take yolks of eggs, sugar, a pinch of salt and the baking powder and water and beat all together until very light and creamy. Then beat the whites stiff and put in alternately with the flour.

Scotch Woodcock.

First toast and butter some bread on both sides and spread on this some chopped anchovies. Beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a pint of cream, and thicken this for a few moments in your chafing dish without letting it come to a boil. Arrange the small pieces of toast into a little pyramid and pour the egg over it.

Her Sacrifice.

"Now we have war," said the little woman with the bright gray eyes, "we must all do something to help. We can't fight, of course, but each of us can aid in some way. We must economize on our pocket money, and buy nice things for the wounded. We must reduce our extravagances. We can buy cheaper goods, you know, and put less material into our gowns."

"Yes," said the dreamy girl with blue eyes, "I know what I can do. I can have my bicycle skirt cut shorter!"

And all the other girls said "Oh!"

A PUZZLED DARKEY.

His Amusing Experience With An Accommodating Conductor.

There is a very obliging conductor on the Main street trolley line who always calls out the names of the streets the car stops at for the benefit of his passengers. The other day a colored gentleman, who bore the illustrious name of George Washington Robinson, boarded the car in charge of this obliging conductor. He was apparently a stranger in town and asked to be let off at Lake View. The conductor nodded pleasantly and George went in and sat down. The car proceeded on its way up Main street and the first stop was at Smith street. The conductor called out "Smith" and a gentleman arose and left the car. The next stop announced was Taylor when another gentleman arose and got off. The car went on until the conductor pulled the bell and called out "Mary," at which a young lady alighted and when the trolley reached Elizabeth, a few blocks further on, another lady left the car upon the announcement of the name.

The colored gentleman was staring at the conductor by this time, although none of the other passengers appeared to notice the coincidence of the names. Just one block this side of Gould avenue a passenger signified his desire to stop the car and the conductor called out "George!" The darkey looked up with a quizzical expression on his dusky countenance and then bolted for the door. The car went on and after looking around he asked the other passenger who had alighted if this was Lake View. The passenger replied it was George street and that Lake View was about half a mile farther down. A realization of the situation dawned on the African and he started walking towards Lake View muttering something about "fool nigger."

Depends on the Person.

Visitor—"I say, old chap, is it worth me's while to try any shooting about here?"

Native—"Wal', young feller, that depends on who you shoot."

Storyettes.

Scotch caution is well illustrated in the story told by a minister who taught a bible class in Edinburgh. Having missed one of his students for several Sundays, he said to one of her relatives: "I haena seen yeer cousin Bell at the class for a long while. Ye ken it's her duty tae attend the schule. Whaur has she gaen?" "I canna very weel tell ye that, meenister," was the careful reply, "but she's deed."

The other day a would-be playwright brought to Richard Mansfield a play for him to read. The actor found it execrable and when the author demanded a verdict, Mr. Mansfield felt it a kindness to point out the mistakes he had made. But the tyro waxed wroth. "Do you know that play cost me a year's hard labor?" he exclaimed. "My dear man, you are fortunate," returned the imperturbed actor; "a more just judge would have made it ten years—he really would."

Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, proved his patriotism during the war by enlisting and by frequent heavy contributions from his private purse. In November, 1862, his regiment was in Virginia, suffering great discomfort. Not having been paid off and the men needing money Private Howe advanced $13,000 due them. He sat at a table handing out the money, when a clergyman asked him for a subscription toward a new church. "Oh," said Howe, "this is war time." "Yes," the clergyman replied, "but we need churches and hope you will give us something for St. Peter's." "St. Peter," said Howe; "he was the fighting apostle and cut off a man's ear." "Yes." "Oh, well," said Howe, "I'll give you $50 for St. Peter, but just now most of my money is being spent on saltpeter."

Mr. Henpekt of Frog Hollow.

Mr. Hiram Henpekt, of Frog Hollow, had finished his business in the city and was slowly drifting along with the tide of humanity toward the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a sign on a building he was passing.

This is what he read:

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

A smile of anticipation lighted up his countenance as he turned aside and entered the building.

A middle-aged, sharp-featured lady in eyeglasses came forward and bowed to him as he stepped up to the counter, and after slowly looking her over he said:

"Excuse me, madam, but air you the only one they've got on hand at present?"

"The only one on hand! What do you mean?" was the puzzled reply.

"The only woman, of course. I hain't got Hanner along with me to-day, but I noticed that this was a woman's exchange, an' I thought I'd drop in an' look over what you had on hand, an' if I liked the looks of any of 'em I'd bring the old woman in the next time I come to the city an' make a trade."

Gently but firmly the woman in charge explained the mistake to him, and Mr. Hiram Henpekt, of Frog Hollow, resumed his homeward journey a crestfallen and bitterly disappointed man.

Large Pumps.

The City of Cincinnati waterworks will be equipped with pumping machinery said to be the largest machines ever built for any purpose. There will be three triple-expansion engines, each weighing 1,414 tons, and having a capacity of pumping 30,000,000 gallons of water per day.