Taxation in the Isle of Man.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There are no income tax, no succession duties chargeable against the estates of deceased persons, no highway or turnpike tolls. Roads are maintained by the revenue from two sources—a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof and a levy upon every male inhabitant, who must give a day's work on the road, or its equivalent in cash. There are no stamp duties on receipts, cheques, promissory notes, etc., in fact, stamps are used only for postage.

Every Great Man's Experience.

"I have come," said the reporter to the man who had found a rich gold mine in his back yard and thus suddenly been made famous, "to get some anecdotes about you. We would like to have a few stories of your experiences as a boy. Were you ever caught up in your neighbor's cherry tree, or is there still living some one who taught school where you learned to read and who boxed your ears because you threw paper wads? We would——"

"Speaking of schoolboy days," said the great man, "reminds me of a little experience I had once when we all gave recitations on a Friday afternoon. I wasn't much of a speaker in them days, but the teacher said I had to speak and picked out a piece for me to learn. Well, I studied it hard for about a week, and at last the day when we had to go through the performance came along, and when it was my turn I went up on the platform and started in as fine as you please, till I came to the place where it says 'Greece her knee,' and then I couldn't——"

Something in the reporter's manner made the great man look at him with wonder.

"What's the matter?" he asked at last. "You ain't ever heard about that happenin' to anybody else, have you? Well, I'll be switched. I'll bet forty dollars the feller that told me that story got it out of some paper. And yit he told me it was a bran' new one that happened to himself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crowded Stations.

The London County Council street railway experts have drawn up an interesting table setting forth the number of passengers using per year some of the most important termini in the world. Here it is: Grand Central, New York, 14,000,000; South Union, Boston, 21,000,000; North Union, Boston, 23,108,000; Broad Street, London, 27,000,000; Park Street Subway, Boston, 27,400,000; Waterloo, London, 28,659,000; St. Lazare, Paris, 42,062,000; Liverpool Street, Liverpool, 44,377,000.

The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

Patience and Perseverance.

London requires 600,000 cows to supply it with daily products.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Scabbards worn by Russian officers are made of papier-mache.

Best For the Bowels.

Electric cab service in Paris has proved very unprofitable.

The metropolitan police of London look after 8200 miles of roads and streets.

Shetland's shortest night is five hours, but her longest is over eighteen hours.

Ratio of mortality in Switzerland has decreased one-fourth in thirty years.

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could know to-morrow's secrets—see
Just where to-morrow's lights and shades shall be,
If we could pull the curtain back and gaze
Down all the smooth and up the stony ways,
I wonder who would wait complacently?

For you there might be fortune and for me
Gray woes from which I fain would turn and flee—
I wonder who would sing the songs of praise,
If we could know?

Death might be grinning at us there, if we
Could draw the curtain! You might bend the knee
In suppliance while I rushed forth to raise
Such wild and joyful shouts as should amaze—
I wonder which would shrink—men's woe or glee,
If we could know?

—S. E. Kiser.

IT was quite an event for Sageville when Silas Stanford, the political boss of eleven counties, registered at the Bellevue Hotel and became the loadstone for all the local politicians. But it was something of a shock and more of a joke for Sageville when the news leaked out that young Max Watson was "after the nomination for sheriff."

Max was a boy, just twenty-two, with "no record" except that of a bright Kansas boy. Born in Sageville, only child of the late Judge Elmer Watson, he was rich in the possession of $2000 and a half-section of corn land which came to his hand when he attained majority. His grandfather and grandmother had reared him out at the Watson homestead on the edge of town, but he did not respond to all their ideas of bringing up. Since he left the high school he had repulsed all efforts to send him to the university, preferring to loaf about the fire department in town or sit on dry goods boxes talking politics with the precocious acumen of the typical Kansas lad.

His political services thus far had consisted in carrying torches in the perennial "rallies" of his party and casting his first vote for the regular ticket. Being an amiable idler everybody liked him. Tall, athletic, even handsome, with the blue eyes, yellow, closely cropped hair and florid skin of his forbears, Max had slipped from boyhood to fine physical maturity

DISCOVERED THE TRAIL IN THE MUDDY BOTTOM LAND.

without doing anything to awaken his neighbors to the fact that he was a man. He had no trade and sought none. When he got his patrimony he bought a saddle horse, a new magazine shotgun and two pistols, but he continued to run with the firemen and more than once showed his mettle as a volunteer rescuer of life and property.

Hoke Mudge, sheriff incumbent, candidate for re-election and an old wheel horse of the party in Sageville, laughed loudly in his long whiskers when he saw in the Daily Banner an announcement that Max Watson had "approached" the redoubtable Silas Stanford on the subject of the nomination for sheriff. Hoke Mudge was eloquent—he could talk so fast and so interminably that his awed constituents were beginning to make plans for sending him to Topeka. He hadn't made exactly a brilliant record as sheriff, but then the county had been so placidly law-abiding during his term that there wasn't much room for brilliance.

"Sheriff ain't good enough for Mudge," the voters would say. "He oughter be up t'Topeky ashowin' them fellers how t'make a fust-rate speech."

Whereupon Hoke Mudge would expand his chest, stroke his long beard and with benign condescension murmur:

"Never heerd me sayin' a word 'bout Topeky, did ye?" But deep down in his heart he knew that he hadn't the nerve to go after so lofty a place and that his position as sheriff was for him a dizzy pinnacle.

But fate was preparing an awful test for Hoke. It was three days before the nominations that two desperate horse thieves broke jail at Truxton and reached timber with a good start before the jailer was through telephoning to the sheriff. The pursuit from Truxton and the direction of the wooded valley to which they had fled forced them toward Sageville, and by 10 o'clock in the morning every available citizen in the county seat had been added to Mudge's posse and was sent forth to chase and capture the jail breakers. Max was one of the first to volunteer, and coming to the sheriff with a frank challenge in his blue eyes, being the best armed man in town and knowing the outlying region better than any hunter present, Hoke Mudge could not refuse his services.

Max led the chase afoot, Mudge following him with jealous assiduity on horseback as if he feared the boy would snatch from him the glory of the only notable deed his official career had offered. It was noon when the boy's eyes discovered the trail in the muddy bottom land. Two pairs of footprints pointing south were all the signs he needed, and away he ran through the tangled brake like a greyhound coursing a jack. The sheriff galloping along the margin could scarcely keep up with him. All but ten of the mounted posse had been distanced, and when at last Max emerged from the thicket, and pointed up the hill toward his grandfather's house he could hardly gasp out the words, "Headed for grandpa's!" Mudge gained as they climbed the hill, and as he stopped it and the Watson home came in sight he paused and waited to instruct his few remaining adherents. The rest were scattered in different directions, led astray by their own straggling footprints.

Mudge, being a coward and sure of his belief that the fugitives would hardly venture into the Watson house, bade his men surround the place, which was on a hilltop, while he alone approached the residence to ask old Watson if he or his wife had seen the runaways. Max ran 'round to the rear of the barn and the others made a cordon at a respectful distance so as to prevent escape. Mudge dismounted at the fence and entered by the front door. His men waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, then drew nearer, scared, wondering, alert. In an hour they ventured into the yard fearing their sheriff had met foul play.

Suddenly an ill-visaged stranger, bearing a cocked Winchester, stepped out on the porch, shouting:

"We've got your sheriff foul and we'll kill him and this old couple the minute you open fire on us. My partner has 'em settin' in a row against the wall. The fust shot you fellers fire we'll kill 'em all, an' then we'll go after you."

Then Mudge was pushed out with the rifle at his back. He, too, appealed to his posse to "give in." He said he didn't care for his own life, but he didn't want to bring death on "this poor ole couple." His eye rested on Max as he pleaded with his men to help him save the Watsons by withdrawing. When he went back into the house Max bade them withdraw to a respectable distance or go home as they saw fit. Five sneaked for Sageville. The others lingered beyond range. Max slipped back into the barn. Just before dusk Mudge, handcuffed and in his stocking feet, was thrust out. The two fugitives, one bearing the sheriff's rifle and the other with his pistols at the back of Mudge's head, followed. They paused while one shouted:

"First move you fellers make, first shot you fire, Mudge dies."

Then they hastened at a quickstep in Indian file across the yard and down the road into the night. The warning was repeated at intervals as they ran, till at last, Max, leading his horse out of the stable, leaped into the saddle, sat still a moment and cried out:

"Oh, grandpa!"

The old man came out at the front door, his frightened old wife after him, both handcuffed.

"I'll turn you loose in a minute!" Max shouted, and dashed for the road. "Now I will run for sheriff," he muttered as he laid away into the darkness with his magazine gun across the saddle bow. Half a mile down the road he saw in the gloaming shadows by the road, plodding back toward town, the dejected form of Mudge. But he did not stop.

It was 9 o'clock that night when the reassured sheriff and his defeated posse returned to rescue Max. They met him driving a sullen prisoner slowly along in the dark.

"Go up and cut grandpa and grandma loose," he shouted hoarsely, "I'm afraid to chance it."

"Where's the other one?" demanded Mudge, plucking up courage when he saw the poise of Max's gun.

"He's down in Creep Hollow," roared the triumphant Watson. "You can fetch him in on a shutter."

The Sageville Banner gave its front page to this story the next morning, and an hour before the convention assembled the county commissioner got a telegram from Silas Stanford, the political boss of eleven counties, which read:

"Make that boy of Judge Watson's sheriff. I'll fix Mudge."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Raise For the Polite Conductor.

"Sit a little closer, please!"

It is the polite street car conductor who thus adjures his passengers.

"Sit a little closer, please!"

Again they crowd together, while ten more people get aboard.

"Sit a little closer, please!"

The passengers squeeze into yet smaller space.

From the press of people a hand is seen urgently signaling the conductor.

He approaches the hand and traces it to its owner.

"What is it, sir?" he courteously inquires.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars a day to superintend my sardine cannery," gasps the man at the end of the arm attached to the hand.—Baltimore American.

Effect of Lyddite.

The extraordinary effect of lyddite has been revealed by the statement that, during the recent experiments with the hulk of the old battleship Bellisle, shells containing that explosive refracted fragments upon the attacking vessels, which were 300 yards distant. Other fragments dropped close to a gunboat situated 2000 yards abeam of the line of fire.

The deduction drawn is that when lyddite is used there is danger for a friendly vessel at least 2000 yards away. The London Outlook compares lyddite with a boomerang, and points out that, to be of any service, it must be dropped right on board a hostile vessel, as, "if the projectile does not hit the right place it will fly back and slay the slayer."

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Severely plain but stylish is this shirt waist of linen striped with green. The combination is delightfully cool and one that will

LADIES' TAILOR MADE SHIRT WAIST.

be very popular during the coming season. The foundation is a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the centre front. This may be omitted and the waist adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams if preferred.

It fits smoothly across the shoulders and is drawn down close to the belt, where there are small gathers. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The waist closes in the centre front with small crystal buttons and buttonholes worked through a narrow space between two box pleats that are flatly stitched. There is slight fullness at the neck, and the waist forms a decided blouse over the velvet belt.

A plain collar completes the neck, and fastens at the back. It is provided with embroidered protectors and a stock of heavy black satin.

The regulation shirt sleeves are fitted close to the arm with inside seams. They are finished with deep, straight cuffs, and a facing at the back, where the sleeve is slashed.

Waists in this mode are made of heavy peau de soie, bengaline or moire, to be worn with tailor made suits, and beautiful buttons are used for the centre closing. It is also an appropriate mode for wash fabrics, as it will launder easily.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of thirty-six inch material.

JAUNTY NORFOLK JACKET.

Norfolk Jacket With Applied Pleats.

Norfolk jackets possess certain inherent advantages, and are always smart and jaunty. The admirable May Manton model shown in the large drawing is adapted alike to the jacket suit and the general wrap, and is suited to all cloths, cheviots, tweeds, and the like; but, in the original, is of tobacco brown frieze, stitched with corticelli silk, and makes part of walking costume made with flounced skirt that just clears the ground.

The back is snug fitting and includes a centre seam that is curved to the figure, the fronts are fitted by single darts which are concealed under the applied pleats. The pleats are graduated in width, so producing a tapering effect at the waist and are applied over the jacket. The belt, which is merely an ornamental feature, passes under those at the back and terminates in pointed ends over those in front, and can be omitted when the jacket is preferred plain.

The yoke is pointed and the neck is finished with a regulation collar that rolls over with the fronts to form lapels. The sleeves, in coat style, have flaring pointed cuffs that open at the back.

To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size three and one-half yards of material twenty inches wide, two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, or two yards fifty inches wide will be required.

The Latest Scarfs.

Have you seen the new, the very new, scarf? It can be made of fur or lace, of a strip of cloth or a two-faced ribbon. It must be narrow and easily arranged around the neck. The method of wearing it is unique. It is brought around the shoulders, be it fur or chiffon, lace or velvet, no matter what its texture, and fastened upon the bust with a pin. The pin should be a large one, and there are handsome medallions that come for this purpose, and lovely miniature pins the size of a young butter dish. Little sable scarfs, not as wide as three fingers, come to be thrown around the neck and pinned upon the chest.

A Black Cluny Collar

A dark blue serge gown has a little Eton jacket, cut with coat-tails in the back. Over the shoulders goes a wide collar of black cluny lace. This is an extremely smart finish to the bodice and relieves it of the bald plainness which it would otherwise present to view. A little neckband is covered with white cloth, and shows a braided design in black, dark blue and silver. The Eton has pagoda sleeves, with undersleeves of white cloth gathered into a narrow wristband, with design of the same embroidery. The skirt is untrimmed, except with rows of machine stitching.

Water Green Muslin.

Cool-looking dotted Swiss comes in mauve, primrose yellow, delectable myosotis blue, and also in water green. This is not a clear stem green, for it has a bluish tinge, instead of the yellowish reflections visible in most shades of green. It is patterned with an arrangement of coarse threads, loosely knotted and thrown on the surface. The bodice has a yoke of soft embroidery in white and a fichu of the white embroidered edging and knotted at the waist line. There are elbow sleeves edged with a frill. The skirt has a full graduated flounce.

Pampilles Are Ornamental.

Various ornaments are used to trim that feminine stand-by, a black silk dress. They vary from the stiff masses of silk and beaded passementerie which is almost like a coat of mail. Very ornamental are pampilles, arrangements of glossy black chenille with beaded ends, or the soft silk blades of satin fabric, the length and shape of grass blades, here and there a-glitter with a jetted drop or two. Chenille buttons in clusters are styled "grappes," evidently from their resemblance to bunches of grapes.

Striped Chambray Gauze.

The daintiest of airy-fairy fabrics is called striped chambray gauze. It is composed of alternate stripes of satin Liberty and sheerest gauze, the stripes being each an eighth of an inch in width. Over all this is printed a complicated Persian design, every pin-point of space entering into the lovely scheme. Over white silk or a very delicate tint this gauzy fabric discovers unsuspected beauties and is mysteriously fascinating.

A New Sash Ribbon.

Latest and loveliest in sash ribbons is a very broad beauty in palest blue satin Liberty. The ground is strewn with satin broche dots in the self color. But all this is hardly noted because the whole is strewn with warp-printed garlands of faded roses, with an occasional nosegay in the same soft dull pinks.

Woman's Fancy Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists increase in popularity and variety with each season as it comes. This novel design, with the deep pleats at the shoulders, is eminently smart, and well adapted to all the season's cotton and linen fabrics, as well as to wool and silk waistings. As shown it is of white pique with embroidered dots and trimming of needlework, and is made without the lining; but taffeta, moire velours, flannel and the like are more satisfactory when the fitted lining is used.

The foundation is smoothly fitted and extends to the fashionable waist line. The back proper is plain across the shoulders, simply drawn down in gathers at the waist line; but the fronts are laid in deep pleats at the shoulders that are stitched near the edge for a short distance, then allowed to fall in soft folds, giving a broad tapering vest effect. The lining closes at the centre front, but the waist is hooked over, invisibly, beneath the inner pleat at the left side. The sleeves are in bishop style with pointed cuffs, and the neck is finished with a regulation stock.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and one-half yards

A NOVEL FANCY SHIRT WAIST.

of material twenty inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

What Mud Has Done.

Mud, that at first glance seems so unsightly, is in truth the annual blessing of the lowlands to which it is being borne. We sometimes feel impatient at the way in which sediment closes the mouths of our rivers and impedes navigation. If we could see a map of our country, with a red line surrounding all the portions that have been built out of this silt, I think it would startle most of us to recognize how much of our best land is the gift of these muddy streams.—Professor S. C. Schmucker, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Dummy Weapons For Officers.

The new war office regulations will lay down that an officer is still to carry a revolver in his belt, but is also to be equipped with a carbine. Some wiseacre has induced the authorities to add that no carbine ammunition whatever is to be allowed. The carbine is to be merely a dummy weapon, the idea being to make the officer as little distinguishable from his men as possible, but at the same time to prevent him from yielding to the temptation to shoot when he should be looking after his men.—Allahabad Pioneer.

A Bounty on Babies.

For some years past the province of Quebec has given grants of 160 acres of land to the fathers and mothers of families of not fewer than twelve living children. The annual report on the lands of the province shows that in 1901 no less than 10,080 acres were so granted to sixty-three families.

Special Rates Announced via Southern Ry.

New York to Charleston and return, $22.55. Round-trip tickets at greatly reduced rates, good for eleven (11) days. The Charleston Exposition Flyer, which leaves New York daily at 3.25 p. m., carrying through Pullman Sleeping-car Coaches and Dining Cars, New York to Charleston. $50.00 California. Will sell Colonist tickets, months of March and April, New York to California, at $50.00. Tourist Sleeping Cars operated Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Washington, D. C., to San Francisco without change. Berth rates Washington, D. C., to San Francisco, $7.00. For full particulars, information, etc., call on or address New York office, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thweatt, East. Pass. Agt., 1185 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Paper currency of Spain now stands at forty-three per cent. loss on the gold standard.

Earliest Russian Millet.

The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444.