HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Wish I had nothin' else to do but set around
an' laugh at things!
The whole world's funny through an' through, from you an' me clear up to
kings.
You think that I am gay an' glad with not
a thing to worry me;
I think the outlook's pretty bad, but your
good fortune I can see.
Each woman sees a hat or dress that she
thinks should ha' been for her—
An', take it by an' large, I guess this world
keeps gettin' funnier.

Each town is full o' candidates that thinks
they are the people's choice,
All over these United States they're harkin'
for the callin' voice;
An' each one wishes he'd the chance the
other fellow has to win,
But, after all, it's just a dance—some
goin' out, some comin' in.
We know the office seeks the man, an' that
is why we never fail
To try to hit upon a plan to leave a mighty
well-made trail.

You worry when the agent calls to get his
little monthly rent,
His heart with disappointment falls if he
finds you without a cent;
We read about some millionaire who sings
the joy of bein' poor,
An' know of poor men everywhere who
scheme to make their fortunes sure.
The man who has an appetite must be content plain things to eat;
The rich man's in a sorry plight—his appetite he must entreat.

Wish I had nothin' else to do but set around
an' laugh at things!
I'd chuckle for awhile at you, an' then I'd
snicker at the kings.
You think it would be very fine to loll
around an' wear a crown;
The king is anxious to resign an' lay the
heavy headgear down.
I'd laugh at them that wants to walk;
I'd laugh at them that wants to ride,
At them that talks, or doesn't talk—if I
was only satisfied.
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Salvation of Daniel

By WINIFRED DOLAN

MRS. TRAPAUD was in high good feather; the bay mare and foal had fetched 130 goden sovereigns between them. Moreover, she had only given 80 guineas for the mare. Who will be astonished, therefore, that she found the news of her bargain quite an agreeable adjunct to her breakfast that morning?

Mrs. Trapaud was a woman of some humor; when her husband died she met a friend—a man also of some humor—who knew as all the world knew and as Mrs. Trapaud had never pretended to hide, that the marriage had been the reverse of happy. He looked at her weeds with a comprehending smile.

"Got your divorce at last?" he said.

"Yes, and in the higher courts, too," she replied.

Mrs. Trapaud was always equal to any occasion.

When Trapaud died his widow carried on the work of his life; she continued to breed his horses. Not so much, be it understood, from any touching sympathy with the dear departed as from a sound conviction that it was in her to make the thing pay. And she did.

It was a strange household composed of antiquated serving men and women who had been begotten and born on the estate and in whom the last expiring breath of feudalism lingered as though dying hard. Trapaud left no heir, and these farm and stable hands, these domestic serving maids, were Mrs. Trapaud's children. She dosed and physicked them when they required it, she rubbed their backs when the rheumatism got importunate; she scolded, she praised, rewarded and blamed—and they loved her.

But as in every fold there is one black sheep, so in this patriarchal family there was one strangeling. Daniel—he had no other name—had not been born and bred on the estate; he had not even first seen light in the village; no, not within ten leagues of it, the gossips said He came from practically nowhere; it was so very far away. On winter nights, when the evenings were long and dull, the younger ones—for age was a mere matter of comparison in the Trapaud household—would coax old Mrs. Goodheart to tell again the story of how Daniel first came to the hall.

"It was a wild, black night, jest sich a one as this,'" the old housekeeper would begin.

"And the wind were howling in the chimbley, we knows," would interpolate an irresponsible voice.

"Will ye niver lear to hould yer tongue then and not interrupt the story?" a chorus of voices would protest, and then, Mrs. Goodheart having duly allowed herself to be appeased, the story would drag out its slow, familiar existence, punctuated with "ohs" and "ahs" and "theer nows" that had become sanctified by custom into a sort of rite. But the reader who does not know what 365 days spent on a midland horse farm situated a good 20 miles from anywhere on the map can be like would hardly appreciate the art with which Daniel's history was told, so we will offer a brief and more modern up to day sketch that shall state the plain matter in a nutshell.

One Christmas eve a quarter of a century ago the hospitable glare of a fire that not only could roast an ox, but was actually doing so, attracted a little ragged fellow who was tramping along the high road in search of a night's lodging. One of the keepers found him in the fir plantation and dragged him after him till they stood in the glare of the firelight before Trapaud, his wife, and the assembled household. Questioned, the little fellow said his name was Daniel: he was a foundling and had been put out to service with a drunken carpenter, from whom he had run away. He had got as far north as this in a barge along the canals and had worked at whatever came to his hand for all the food and lodging that charity had not given him. Trapaud liked the lad's face and took him into his service. He was honest and industrious, he had risen by slow degrees, and now for seven years he had been butler at the hall. Daniel took a pathetic pleasure in hearing his own story recited, it made him feel a kind of hero, but there was always the ever-present ache at his heart that he bought his proud position at the cost of love and fear. He was never quite one of them, but a thing apart as a man who does not know his own surname must ever be.

Mrs. Trapaud was habitually careful about money, never leaving carelessly about any sums however small. She never distrusted any of her people, but she knew the value of the axiom concerning the open door. On this particular morning, however, she rang the bell for breakfast to be cleared while the 130 sovereigns were still lying glistening in the sun upon the table.

Daniel answered the summons as usual and began to clear away. As he did so his eye fell on the money and he gave a little quick, sharp gasp. Mrs. Trapaud heard it and turned to look at him.

"Yes," she said, "it's a lot of money, isn't it, Daniel? One hundred and thirty pounds. The bay mare and her foal fetched it."

Daniel murmured some reply, and went on removing the breakfast things. Mrs. Trapaud rose, folded her napkin leisurely, and gathering up the gold pieces, crossed to the fireplace and put them in a tidy little heap on the mantelpiece Then she walked into the conservatory that opened out of the room to see how her pointsettia was coming on. Suddenly her pulses stopped and her heart stood still to listen. She heard a voice distinctly speaking in a weird, mad whisper from the breakfast room behind.

"Make a man rich for life," it said, and repeated the phrase like a litany.

She turned.

Daniel was standing near the mantelpiece, his face white as death, great drops of sweat standing out upon his brow. His fingers twitched nervously, his eyeballs were painfully distended. Covetousness, avarice, greed, were writ large upon his countenance. He looked horrible. Instinctively Mrs. Trapaud shrank back among the greenery to watch.

"Make a man rich for life!" reiterated Daniel with a curious sibilant sound. "Make a man rich for life—rich for life!" With one swift look in the direction of the conservatory he put out his hand, and with stealthy touch noiselessly took the gold. You could have heard a pin drop. Mrs. Trapaud stepped quickly forward.

"Daniel, what are you doing? Put that money down."

She spoke sharply—peremptorily. Daniel turned. An ugly look came over his face; he was dangerous.

"Put it down this minute," she said.

"Make a man rich for life," he muttered, backing to the door.

"Daniel, are you mad? Put it down at once, I say."

She had reentered the room now and her hand was on the bell. With a quick movement Daniel reached out to the sideboard and seized a knife; in his other fist he still clutched the gold.

"I see," she said quietly. "Then we have been housing a thief and a murderer for five and 20 years.'"

The knife dropped from his hand. A violent trembling shook him in every limb, the wild, weird look died out of his eyes, and he stood for a moment gazing dazedly at the money in his clinched palm.

"Daniel, put it down!"

He crossed to the mantelpiece as though in a dream and put the money back where he had found it in the spirit of a little child. Then he stood there silent, his head bowed upon his breast.

"It is the first time I have ever known you drunk, Daniel," said Mrs. Trapaud, slowly. "Do not ever let me see you drunk again or I shall have to dismiss you. Now you may go."

He turned and walked slowly to the door. He had his back to her, but she could see his shoulders heave. Presently he turned again, his face still bowed upon his breast.

"God bless 'ee, mistress," he said brokenly and went out.—The Tattler.

BEAUTIFYING A STATE.

One Californian Bought Beautiful Birds and Let Them Loose in Country Around Pasadena.

Whenever I see any of these propagandas for beautifying a city," said Senator Perkins, of California, the other night, according to the New York Times, "I always think of the work done to beautify the state of California by a citizen of Altadena, which is hard by Pasadena. The man's name is Andrew McNally, and when he came to California there were few birds at Altadena, and those few were hardly what we would call beautiful. McNally made up his mind that the land needed birds, so he built him an aviary and imported many hundreds of his feathered friends. Once a year he would open the doors of his aviary and let the young birds fly whithersoever they would, and in a short time, the whole country was populated with feathered creatures of every variety of hue and song. His example was followed by Joseph Grinnell and Mrs. Grinnell, both of whom are ardent ornithologists, so that now the country around Pasadena is a garden spot for birds of beautiful plumage. Many of the birds that were imported came from Japan and China. So you see there are more ways than one of beautifying a city or a state."

Too Much Indeed.

"What's the trouble, Harker?"

"Too much raising."

"How's that?"

"Why, I raised the car window for a very pretty young lady and then she raised her eyes."

"That was nice."

"Then I raised my hat and her father came in and raised cane."—Chicago Daily News.

The Real Danger.

If Russia fights Japan and they get the names of the generals snarled up, says the Washington Times, it will take a patent Edison disentangler to get rid of the results.

FOR THE COMING SPRING

WHILE still in the midst of winter, with its ice-bound streams and snow-covered ground, it seems inappropriate to talk of fashions for the coming spring, and still it will be but a little while before we are considering the cut and material for our Easter gown, and for those of us who must, through force of circumstances, replenish our wardrobes at the present time, it is just as well that we know something of the near future, that we may, perchance, be able to introduce some of the little novelties into these gowns, and so be not only just a trifle ahead for once at least, but also not be behind the procession if we have to wear the gowns purchased now through the spring.

Sleeves and collars make the fashions in waists whether they be of the tailor variety, the washable kind, or that which goes as a part of the complete reception or dinner costume. So it is that we give a glimpse at the coming sleeves and collars.

One of the sleeves shown in the illustration is extremely novel. The material is voile and the entire costume—sleeve, bodice and skirt—shows a design of Van Dyke points of self-color and very narrow silk soutache braid. Silk acorns edge the sleeve, from the edge of which extend lingerie ruffles.

Another of the illustrations shows the collar and cuff details of a costume. These portions are made of finely shirred silk forming a flat puff, the sides edged with braid and trimmed with a fancy rosette.

An excellent trimming idea for collar and cuffs, for tailored costume or shirtwaist suit, is shown in another of the illustrations. The deep-pointed collar and cuffs are trimmed with flat rows of braid of contrasting color, fancy buttons and loops of braid giving the additional style touch.

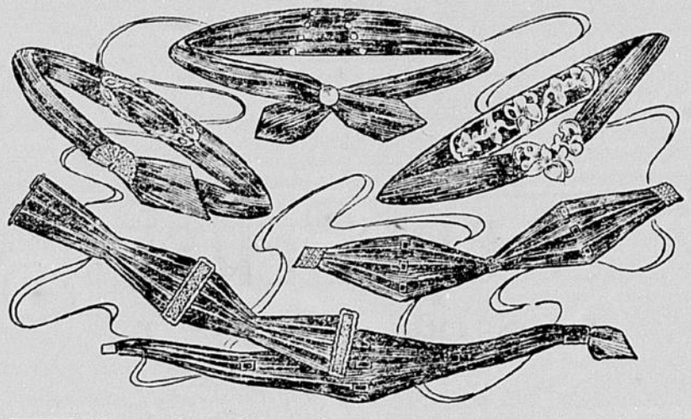
Three other of the pretty modes in spring sleeves are also shown, and while not so elaborate or startling as the one already referred to, will no doubt be more generally worn.

Group of Dainty Aprons

SUCH a thing as having too many nice aprons is unheard of. Every woman appreciates them, and though a dozen may be her supply, it can be none too many. They serve as appropriate gifts, or upon their making may be spent pleasant hours. The dainty housewife appreciates them, especially, for they add attractiveness to morning working gown. Then, too, aprons may be designed for special work, such as sewing, and these special uses but add to the number that may be desirable.

We give illustrations of five dainty aprons, which, together with a description of the material of which they are made, should be of assistance to any one wishing to make such a garment. One of these, which is of black silk, is for a lady in mourning, made of black China silk and trimmed with bands of black and white fancy ribbon. The edges of the apron and bib are finished with an accordion-plaited ruffle of the silk. Another is made of flowered lawn in a Dresden design, set in a border of fine white lawn. The trimming is entirely of white lace insertion, and outlines the lawn upon the bib and the skirt. A third, to wear when sewing, is very useful with its deep pockets, and is of white lawn. A bias ruffle of the lawn finishes the entire edge. The rest of the trimming is lace beading through which ribbon is run, and tied here and there in little bows. A Russian tea apron is shown which is made of a Bulgarian printed square, or a silk bandanna handkerchief may be used to reproduce this design. One side of the square will make the bib and the shoulder straps, which cross at the back and button to the belt. And a fifth apron is of fine Indian linen, trimmed with a border composed of Teneriffe lace wheels, outlined with an open-work lace braid. The sides of the apron are hemstitched. The strings are finished with the lace wheels.

COMING MODES IN BELTS



THE work shop of the trade journal editor or artist proves a veritable fortune teller's den when you wish to get a peep into the future. I found this true when I visited an artist friend connected with the Dry Goods Economist some days since. While I was at that time thinking of holiday costumes, he was working away picturing the spring and summer modes, and was giving his special attention just at that time to the coming belts.

Judging from the array which were spread out before him, I should say that "to the making of belts there is no end." Belts of every variety, of almost every imaginable material, belts with buckles and belts without, belts wide and belts narrow, in fact every conceivable form of belt was there.

Both leather and fabric belts will be worn during the coming season, and it is hard to say which will have the greater prestige. The illustrations given here are of the fabric belts only, and they tell their own story to a certain extent. Some show width at the back, some at the front, some at the sides. Some are ornamented with conspicuous buckles and other ornaments, and some are comparatively plain. I very much believe it will be a case of take your choice, with the full assurance that whatever that choice may be, it is sure to be in style, and what is even more, not so very expensive.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

The Quicker Way.

Harry—I was so mad with him that I came very near calling him a fool right to his face.

Uncle George—That would have been poor policy. Tell a man he is a fool and he will keep it to himself; tell it to one of his friends and the whole town will probably know it.—Boston Transcript.

Another Matter.

"Did I understand you to say that Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith were great friends?"

"Oh, no; I said they were neighbors."—Times-Star.

Popular Science

THE SHORT MADE TALL.

English Professor Adds Inches to Stature of Men by a Unique Process of Stretching.

The attention of the English people was called to the fact not long ago that the stature of English soldiers gradually was decreasing. The house of lords immediately appointed a commission to inquire into the facts in the case, but even the house did not expect to be able to remedy it if it should prove to be so.

If some member of the house should arise and announce there was a great scarcity of sunshine in the British isles the house would immediately appoint a commission to inquire into the matter.

That's because it's customary. In the stature proposition the commission did not expect to accomplish much, for has not Solomon said that man cannot by taking thought add one cubit to his stature?

However, Solomon was talking without reckoning on a certain Prof. Atkinson who was to come after him. The professor also discovered that the British soldier was falling off in point of inches and decided that he should be stretched and pulled out to the necessary height.

When the Boer war fell upon England it became fashionable to enlist and fight and bleed for the country's sake. Unfortunately for a number of young fashionables anxious to bleed they did not come up to the standard of inches prescribed by the British recruiting officers.

These unfortunate fashionables could not obtain commissions because they were not tall enough. That is where Prof. Atkinson stepped in.

It is said that 400 cadets passed through his pulling process and that 150 feet were added to the English army by the method. It is said that he charges $100 an inch, and that clients as a rule pay about $500, having five inches added to their height.

Most of his clients have been cadets from Sandhurst and Woolwich. Many of these cadets on entering the academies, which they do at ages varying

STRETCHING THE NECK.

from 16 to 18, are undersized. They trust to Providence to bring them to the necessary feet before they go up for examination into the army.

When nature fails Mr. Atkinson steps in.

During the lengthening process the patient is placed in a seat that looks like a cross between a bathtub and a barber's chair, and an airproof mackintosh which fits tightly around the throat and is fastened about him. After sitting in a high temperature for some time the patient is given a massage, and then the "lengthening professor" begins the manipulations of the cervical bones. The same process is repeated with the spine and the joints of the knees, ankles and wrists, each joint being rubbed three minutes. After this the patient is subjected to a hot air and electrical bath. Then he has ten minutes of physical exercise.

Two hours of this treatment every day for three months is said to increase the height from three to eight inches.

Signaling Beneath the Waves.

There has recently been put in operation at Boston a system of signaling beneath the waves to vessels approaching dangerous shores during foggy weather. The apparatus consists of two receivers, located on either side of the ship below the water line, and connected by wires to the wheelhouse, where a telephone box is placed. The signals from shore are given by striking a submerged bell at regular intervals. When the observer wishes to ascertain his location he takes the ear piece, and by moving the switch either to the right or left soon ascertains upon which side the bell will be found. The value of a system of this nature is at once apparent when it is borne in mind that fogs frequently obscure the most powerful lights, and that certain atmospheric conditions during stormy weather render fog horns almost, if not quite, valueless.

Great Aid to Agriculture.

The chemists of the agricultural department have shown that ability to fix the nitrogen, which is infinitely abundant in the air, and apply it to the worn-out fields of the world will enable mankind to cultivate what is practically virgin soil forever. A plant at Niagara Falls is taking nitrogen from the air by electrolysis, but not yet in commercial quantity.

UMBRELLA-SHAPED SAIL.

Experts Are of the Opinion That Practically It Does Away with All Danger of Capsizing.

A sail that practically does away with all danger of capsizing, since increased wind pressure upon it does not tend to tip the boat, has been invented in England. The desired results are attained by making the sail like a flat umbrella—a shape whose advantages have long been recognized by yachtsmen, although until the past summer all attempts to realize them practically have been failures. Says Popular Mechanics:

"At last the umbrella, or cyclone, sail is a reality. Time and again attempts have been made to construct a sail of this kind, but not until the past summer have the efforts been satisfactory. The umbrella sail, which is an English invention, is attracting attention of yachtsmen in all parts of the world. With this type of sail, a small boat, which could not safely carry to exceed 200 square feet of canvas with an ordinary rig, can carry 360 square feet without danger. In fact, the risk of being capsized is practically removed, while the increased speed of the boat is nearly in proportion to the increase in her canvas. . . . The original boat put in service this year at Cowes, England, is only 17 feet on the water line, but carries an umbrella sail which measures 30 feet horizontally, and 16 feet up and down. The sail also serves as an immense awning. The American Ship-

BOAT WITH UMBRELLA SAIL.

builder says the chief feature of the cyclone sail, which is practically a large umbrella, is that the wind pressure on it has no effect whatever to incline the boat. Roughly speaking, the pull of the sail is at right angles to its mean surface—that is to say, in the direction of the mast.

"In other words, it may be described as a kite held by a rigid string. If the mast were stepped quite on the lee side of the boat, it is evident that the sail would lift the lee side and so list the boat to windward; and if the mast were stepped on the weather side, lifting the weather side of the boat, it would necessarily list the boat to leeward. It follows then that there is some certain point which happens to be slightly on the lee side of the center line, at which, if the mast is stepped, there will be no tendency for the wind to careen the boat at all. When actually sailing in the boat, the only way in which one is aware of a puff of wind is by noticing that the boat travels faster, and experiencing a slight sensation similar to that coming from the acceleration of the engines in a steamer. For sailing with the wind in different directions to the boat the whole mast and sail are rotated by means of a turn-table, to which the mast is attached, and the mast is elevated and lowered by means of two tackles. There is also a balance weight, which helps to elevate the mast and balance its dead weight.

"The Thornycrofts, the great English boat builders, are experimenting in the expectation that the umbrella sail can be adapted to rowboats, canoes and other small craft."

LESSON FROM SUNBEAMS.

The Microscope Far Outdone by an Instrument Invented by Two German Professors.

The sunbeam's visible dust particles have taught a lesson to scientists, and the result is an instrument far beyond the microscope in power. What this will mean in the study of germs of disease and as an aid to the medical world can hardly be calculated.

Profs. Sledentopf and Zsigmondy, of Jena university are the discoverers of the new method of microscopic observation whereby ultramicroscopic particles are not only made visible but can also be studied with a view of determining their size.

The method consists mainly in a powerful artificial illumination of the particles to be observed. These particles, because of their minuteness, exert no material influence upon the vibratory period of the light waves, and hence appear to the observer as self-illuminating, or luminous objects, by virtue of their reflected light. Since, however, the reflected light is weaker than the original illuminating beam, it is necessary, in order to secure the advantages of an intensified illumination of the particles, to employ the principle of dark field illumination.

The principle involved in this new method is well illustrated by the common phenomena of the "visible sunbeam" in a darkened room which is penetrated by a ray of light. Dust particles in the path of the ray, hitherto invisible, become visible when the eye of the observer is at right angles to the direction of the penetrating ray.

Helmholtz, the greatest physicist living at the time of the microscope now in use was perfected, declared the limit of microscopic perception to be 1-25,000 of an inch. This new instrument will make possible the study of bodies seven to ten times smaller.