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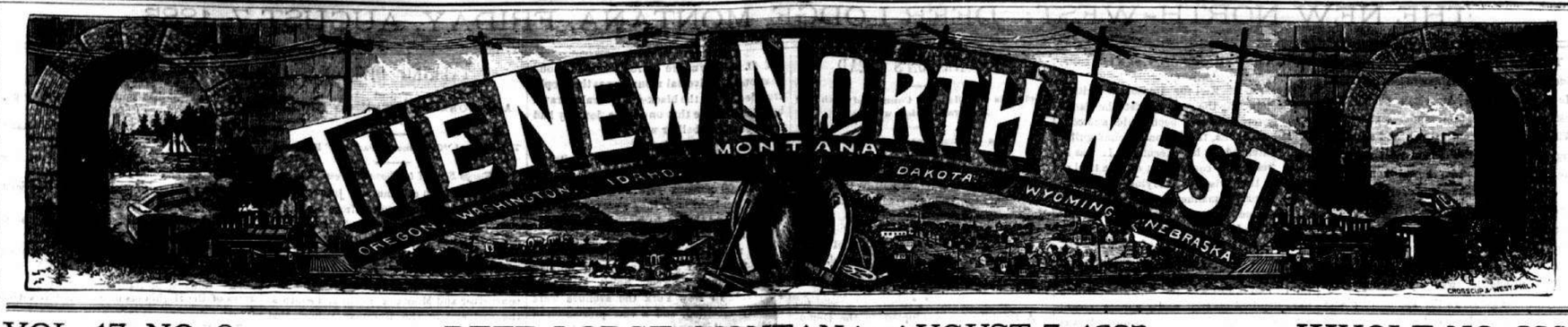

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VOL. 17, NO. 6. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, AUGUST 7, 1885. WHOLE NO. 839.

CHAFF AND GRAIN.

[Horatius Bonar in Every Other Saturday.]

"Each story of a soul is great; but who
Shall write it, for who knows what makes the greatness?
Or, who can sift it and bring out the grain,
Winnowed and clean from the concealing chaff?
Who can the dross dissever from the gold?
Who estimate the little or the great
Even in one human word? Or who shake out
The folded feelings of a human heart?
Or who unwind the one hour's ravelled thoughts
Of one poor mind even in its idlest day?"
"The balances of man are all untrue;
His weights and eyes deceitful. He may write
The story of a pebble or a rock,
The annals of a beetle or a worm;
But the great story of his own vast being,
The hills and valleys of his life, he can not;
A life made up of but a few short years,
And yet containing in its troubled round
Tempests and tides and changes, failures, conquests
In daily flux and reflux without end."

BUCKWHEAT CAKES IN SUMMER.

The Grain Is First Polished, Then Shucked, and then Ground Into Flour.

[New York Sun.]

While a down-town flour merchant watched an employe load a truck with buckwheat flour, the other day, he said: "You would hardly expect to see such a large sale of buckwheat as that at this time of the year, would you? The fact is the use of buckwheat is increasing. The restaurants here serve buckwheat cakes the year around, though it strikes a countryman as rather odd to see buckwheats in warm weather. The increased use of this flour is due to the great improvements in its manufacture within the last three or four years.

"When I was a boy the straw with the grain in the head was piled on the barn floor and pounded with a flail. The straw was then forked off and the grain swept into piles. When the wind was blowing briskly the grain was thrown into the air with shovels, so that the chaff could be blown away, and then the grain was ground between the old-fashioned milestones. The bran was separated from the meal by sifting with a wire-bottomed sieve. The first improvement was made when a silk bolting-reel was substituted for a wire-cloth sieve.

"After a great many years an old York state miller concluded that the meal would have less shuck or bran in it if the shuck could be removed from the berry before it was ground. To do that he run the grain through a series of corrugated rollers which simply cracked open the shuck and allow the kernel to drop out. The broken shucks and kernels were separated by screens, and thereafter buckwheat flour was about as white as any other. The demand for it increased rapidly, but it was not quite perfect, because the fine fuzz and dirt adhering to the outside of the berry fell through the screen with the kernels after the shuck had been broken open by the rollers of the shucker.

"To get rid of this it was necessary to polish each berry of the grain separately before it was shucked. The machine for doing this has just been put on the market. It consists of a cast-iron cylinder, say three feet long and one foot in diameter, which revolves within a jacket made of steel wire cloth. The cylinder is covered with square knobs a half inch large, which project to within a fraction of an inch of the jacket. The cylinder is set a-whirling at the rate of 750 revolutions a minute, and the grain, after passing over a screen to get the straw out, falls down between the jacket and the cylinder. There it goes around and around, knocking against the knobs and the jacket, an upward current of air carrying off the dust, until it falls out below as clean as a hound's tooth. Then it slides over a magnetized plate to remove any trace of metal before going into the shucker. That makes what we call perfect buckwheat flour."

Fatality About Odlum, the Jumper.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"I'm not at all superstitious, I want you to understand," said Capt. Boynton as he sat with the Owl club the other night. "I do not come from a superstitious family, but my father had a peculiar superstition, and I suppose I inherit it. It's this: When a person knocks a glass off the table it's a sure indication of disaster. Many times in my life I have had occasion to prove the truth of this, but it never came so forcibly to me as it did in connection with Mr. Odlum, who was killed jumping off the Brooklyn bridge. The day before we were taking dinne together and he knocked off the salt-cellar, and it fell to the floor, breaking in pieces. 'For God's sake,' I said, 'Odlum, don't try that jump, give it up; that is ominous.' I begged him and entreated him, but he would not have it. He was bound to make that jump any how, and he met his fate."

"What stimulants do you use in your long voyages, captain?" asked the doctor of the club.

"Tea."

"No whisky?" with an air of incredulity, in which the club all joined.

"No, gentlemen; on my voyage down the Ohio I used whisky part of the way, found out I could only make eighteen and twenty-four-hour runs, but in tea I found I could easily go thirty-six hours, so now I use tea altogether."

The Lava Peaks of New Mexico.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The geological survey reports from northwestern New Mexico a multitude of needle-like peaks rising out of a broad valley bottom to the height of over 4,000 feet. They are composed of black basaltic lava, having a beautiful columnar structure like the basalt of the Giant's Causeway. They are remnants of lava which once rose up out of the earth through the strata and congealed in the volcanic pipes or vents.

In later periods the strata which enclosed them have been dissolved away and removed by the general erosion of the country, leaving these basaltic cores projecting many hundreds of feet in the air, as casts of the volcanic pipes or passages through which the ancient towers rose to the surface. These which are just beginning to be disclosed in the mesa walls still have remnants of the old cinder cones upon their summits, while from those which are wholly or in greatest part excavated all traces of the cinder cones have disappeared. Thus the veritable roots of these ancient volcanoes are unearthed and laid open to the inspection of the geologist.

A Difficult Problem.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Blank is a rather young woman with a rather aged husband. He is a scientist who spends most of his time in obtuse speculation, although the neighbors say he is compelled to do most of the work about the house. This view of the case was recently strengthened by what a lady visitor saw. The wife of the scientist was at home and greeted the visitor cordially, who responded:

"How do you do? I am glad to see you looking so well. And how is your husband?"

"He is quite well," replied the wife of the scientist. "He is in his studio engaged in solving some difficult mathematical problem."

Just at this moment the voice of the scientist was heard from the kitchen:

"I've got through grinding coffee. What shall I do next?"

Japan's Railroad System.

[Exchange.]

The railroad system of Japan has attained a length of 225 miles, and is increasing steadily. It has been mainly built by the Japanese government with native capital. The business results up to the present time have given no cause for dissatisfaction.

University Honors.

[The Current.]

The female students of the University of Mississippi, who were only recently admitted to its halls, have succeeded, it is reported, in winning all the prizes. Just how much the traditional southern chivalry may have contributed to this end is not stated.

CHRONOMETERS.

AN OLD SALT WATER SAILOR CHATS ABOUT THEM.

How the Ocean Navigator Takes Care of His Chronometer—Life or Death in a Second—Effect of Temperature — "Rate."

[Chicago Herald Interview.]

"I noticed the other day," remarked an old salt water sailor, who now lives on Kossuth street, "that you had something in the paper about chronometers. Now, I happen to have had some experience in the use of chronometers. People see them in the jeweler's window, compare their watches and pass. Few stop to think of the relations they hold to life and property on the ocean. Time was when ships were guided to different parts of the world without them, but at a frightful sacrifice of time, and often of ship, cargo and crew. Then the only means they had of determining their longitude was by dead reckoning, and that was a very poor thing to depend on. The old way was to get into the latitude of the port sailed for and then steer east or west as the case demanded. But the chronometer has done away with all that. Now a captain can leave a port and shade his course to any part of the globe, and know his true position, in clear weather, every day. There are two gentlemen, in this city whose fathers sailed from the shores of Massachusetts bay, around Cape Horn and cape of Good Hope without chronometers, but there are very few that would undertake it now. Some captains own their chronometers, some hire them, others belong to the ship. Some carry two, and if the captain carries his wife with him she has good cause to be jealous of the care and attention that her husband gives to the chronometer. She is only second in his thought on shipboard. I have known a captain to take the pillow from under his wife's head to set the chronometer on during a heavy sea. I have often taken the chronometer out of its outer box and set it on pillows, when we were handling heavy cargo, to save it from any sudden jar. All captains have a certain time to wind their chronometers, generally at eight-bells in the morning. The captain's wife, as a general thing, dare not look at it, and she feels toward it accordingly. But there are exceptions to this rule. There are some captain's wives that are first-class navigators. For instance, some years ago the American ship Ne Plus Ultra left Liverpool for Bombay, Capt. Plummer. He had his wife and family with him. After a few days he was taken with a paralytic shock. His wife navigated the ship successfully to her destination, buried two children on the passage, and lost her husband three days after reaching port. She and her only boy came home in the ship that I was in. She looked fully as noble as she had proved herself to be.

"Sailors have to be very careful with their chronometers. A brass plate fits over the keyhole, and works with a string, so that as soon as the key is removed it covers the hole on the instrument so that no dust can possibly get into the works. Every chronometer carries her record with her. The cover forms almost half of the box in which she sets. In that cover is where the rates are kept from the time that she left the maker's hands. If she is a good chronometer you will find all her rates there. After each voyage she is taken to a chronometer maker and rerated, and they often run for years on the same rate. Now, if a chronometer gains one-tenth of a second to-day and loses one-tenth to-morrow, which is a very small item, she is no use for the purpose for which she was intended, but she would be just the thing for a jeweler's window. But if, on the other hand, she gained two hours every twenty-four hours, or lost the same, and kept doing so, then you have a first-class chronometer. This seems strange, but in the first case you could not keep track of her, and in the second case you could. No matter what she gains or loses as long as she keeps on doing the same thing she is all that you want. Some will say, Why are they so particular about time at sea? But when it is taken into consideration what proportion a second is to a mile it will be plainly seen why we have to be so particular. There are fifteen degrees to the hour, four minutes to the degree, fifteen miles to the minute, and four seconds to the mile, so that an error of one second is one-fourth of a mile.

"The trouble with chronometers is that they are so affected by the temperature. The slower the movement, and the colder it is the faster she runs. We tell the longitude by the chronometer. This is set to Greenwich time, and the calculations are based on the principle that for every degree of longitude east of Greenwich local time will be four minutes faster, and for every degree west, four minutes slower. The best chronometers will run with surprising accuracy in all temperatures, but they are not perfect, and as the slightest variation means much to the navigator, he has his instrument tested frequently, and the rate ascertained. The 'rate' is the variation of the instrument with temperature, and by observing temperature the captain keeps a record of the variations of his chronometer, and thus correct the time as indicated by the instrument.

In testing chronometers they are subjected in turn to different degrees of temperature and their variation, scientifically observed, is registered inside the cover there. Every good chronometer will go accurately at two temperatures, and can be adjusted to any given temperature. For instance, one instrument may be made to go accurately in a temperature of 40, and also in a temperature of 80, at other temperatures being not so accurate. By constantly endeavoring to keep his chronometer in its best temperature the captain is usually able to rely confidently upon its accuracy, though many wrecks have been caused by overconfidence in chronometers.

A Magnetic Telephone.

[Inter Ocean.]

Mr. T. H. Brown, of Fort Worth, Tex., has perfected a magnetic telephone and telegraph, which does away with batteries of any kind. It was tested over thirty-eight miles of wire and proved perfectly satisfactory to telegraph men present, both as a telephone and telegraph.

The instrument used was composed of two ounces of wire and a half pound of steel, and can be made for 25 cents. The transmitter is simply a horse-shoe magnet, either pole being covered with fine wire, coiled carefully. The armature is a disk of steel, against which the voice is thrown, transmitted through the magnet to the wire. The receiver is similar, with smaller magnet. It is claimed by the inventor that he can transmit the voice around the world or across the Atlantic ocean, there being no limit to distance, all that is necessary being the increase in size of magnet.

Cruelty to Coachmen.

[New York Sun.]

A magnificently-appointed victoria drew up in front of the house of a prominent physician on Fifth avenue during the intense heat of the hottest day last week, and a fashionably-dressed woman, who sat in the vehicle under the shade of a great parasol, rose languidly and passed into the house. It was about midday, and the sun beat down fiercely. There was no shade in the street.

On the box of the victoria sat a picture of mystery. He was the most proper of coachmen, laced tight, and perfectly erect. His heavy cloth coat fitted him like a kid glove, and his high hat, with his big cockade, was fixed firmly on his nose. His gloves were tanned leather, fashionable and thick. The sun seemed to concentrate its force upon him, and his high collar gave way early and became wavering and low. Beads of perspiration dripped with regularity from the tip of the chin of his arrogant mug, but the expression of sedate and solemn propriety never changed. A hackman who smoked a pipe, while he sat coatless within his yellow cab, gazed at the private coachman with serene contentment during the two hours that the coachman sat like a statue here.

WOMAN AND HOME.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE ON WOMAN'S LIFE IN JERUSALEM.

On the Hotel Piazza—A New Decorative Craze—Different Sorts of Advice from Various Sources—An Italian Proverb.

[Chicago News.]

Miss Lydia M. von Finkelstein, a native of the city of Jerusalem, occupied the morning hour at the Grant Place Methodist church in describing the social condition of the women of the Holy Land. Miss Finkelstein's father, a Russian merchant, fled the persecutions of his native land forty-five years ago, locating in Jerusalem, where the speaker was born and lived up to six years ago, when she and her family came to this country. Her father was the first European settler in the holy city and carried thither the first stock of European merchandise.

"The people of Palestine," she said, "live much the same that they did during the period of Bible history. Their customs and dress are the same, and life in Jerusalem today bears witness to the truth of many incidents of the Bible which skeptics can not understand. The women are divided into three classes—the Bedouin women, who are the Ishmaelites such as were Sarah and Rachel of holy writ; the rural housewives, the descendants of Ruth and Mary; and the city class, the daughters of the Moslem Christian and Jew. All of these classes are ignorant, few being able to read. The Bedouin women are more independent, and are sometimes consulted by their husbands in weighty matters. Some of the men encourage the independence of their wives, because they think their sons cannot be great warriors if the mothers are timid.

"The Moslem girl of 12 is old enough to marry the man selected by her mother and sisters, who do her courting. She can see only her husband and his brothers or uncles, and is continually surrounded by relatives-in-law. The wives of the lower classes are mere drudges. The Moslem mothers do not encourage tenderness or love on the part of their husbands. Sentiment is regarded as weakness, and they bid their boys be men. Every man is brought up to think that woman is nobody but some other man's sister. The Christian women—that is, the women of the Latin and Greek churches—live much the same as the Moslem women. The girls keep the feasts and fasts regularly. Christianity is only a name to them.

"Among the Jews woman is recognized as only a partly developed being, whose soul is saved through her husband. Those who marry the Talmudists or learned men believe that a place is reserved in heaven for them. The Talmudists are lazy and their wives support them. They go about the streets in a meditative mood and with upturned eyes. Some of the rich Jewish merchants select these poor theologians for husbands for their daughters so that they may be assured a seat in heaven. The identity of the Jewish wife is established in heaven only when she has given birth to a son. The widow, alone of Oriental women, does as she pleases, goes where she will, gossips, and transacts business without scandal or danger of any attack being made on her reputation."

On the Hotel Piazza.

[Harper's Bazaar.]

The typical hotel piazza child is a girl, though boys are often found in the same habitat. But there seems to be something in the nature of the boy that preserves him from the tender mercies of his fond mother. At all odds he will compass his clandestine hockey, his surreptitious swim, his unconfessed shindy; his secret tree-climbing, bird-nesting, ball-playing, quoit-pitching, with the village ragmuffins if need be, so that he gets his healthy fun. He is not born with that veneration for clothes which heredity and constant maternal monitions have imposed like chains on the free instincts of his sister. He may be made presentable, according to the domestic code, once or twice a day, but he will not long remain so, and he is therefore not suffered on the piazza.

The girl, on the other hand, is prepared for exhibition before breakfast, and expected to remain on exhibition till after dinner. She may play, indeed, in dry sand on the beach, or on clean grass in the court-yard. But she is not to get dirty or sunburned, or forget that she is a little lady. Much of her time, therefore, must be spent on the hotel piazza with her overdressed companions, to the ill-concealed dismay of the matrons assembled.

Whatever simplicity she may have brought thither, after a week of this life she begins to pose, to wonder what people are thinking of her frock, or her bang, or her mother's embroidery. She plays at the spectators, and talks to them, and henceforth lives behind the foot-lights. She smirks and giggles, and eats what she prefers, and gives her own order to the waiter.

She is usually very graceful, charmingly, and is pretty, until she speaks, this mature little creature. But voice, tone, matter, are all poor and common, because simplicity, sincerity, and an intellectual impulse are alike wanting. The puppet is blind to the wonderful world about her. She has lost the unconsciousness of childhood, which makes its very blunders and inexperience charming, and its very awkwardness graceful. She is part of a mean existence, and her speech betrayeth her. She is noisy, vulgar, forever restless, forever in the way, a torment to herself and neighbors.

Where do they come from, these extraordinary children without childhood, seen only in summer hotels and on summer journeys? What homes shelter them? What stock produces them? What future awaits them? It would seem as if they must be the children of piazza children, a race apart, doomed for their ignorant sins to care only for the shams of life, to remain totally uninteresting to the wise and good.

A New Decorative Craze.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The gravel that we grind beneath our feet in our daily peregrinations, some heavy pasteboard or thin pine or poplar strips, a glue-pot and a sharp knife, together with an eye for tasty arrangement, are the material necessary for indulging in the new folly—if such it may be properly called. The first essential is a collection of pretty pebbles, ranging in size from a pinhead to a hickory-nut, and gravel-pits, sidewalks and streams are daily searched by little brothers, and even by the ladies themselves, for desirable specimens. The falls are a favorite resort for these pebble-hunters, and almost any pleasant day one can see individuals or small parties busily engaged in the work of collection. The clear, pearly pebbles, those of marked colors, variegated ones and all that are curiously formed, are eagerly sought for, and when once found tumbled into a convenient pocket or casket, until a good assortment is obtained, the searcher is ready for another step in her fancy work.

From the pasteboard or wood designs are cut—stars, crescents, crosses, harps, crowns, hearts, anchors, and a score of others, the more curious and neat the better. The glue is then softened and spread over the face of the design which is kept lying on a warm stove or in the sun to keep the glue from hardening until the pebbles have been placed thereon. The larger pebbles are then arranged in the prettiest manner possible until the face of the design has been covered as closely as possible, then over the whole the tiny stones are sprinkled at random, filling in the interstices and hiding those portions of the glued surface of the designs which the larger stones have failed to cover.

The design is then laid in a cool place until the glue has become thoroughly hardened, when it is inverted and the loose pebbles allowed to drop off, to take their chances of sticking in the bare places on some other design.

When completed these trinkets make as pretty ornaments as one could well wish to see, and no parlor is too rich to be graced by them. The ornaments, of course, must be of fairly good size to admit of a pretty arrangement of the pebbles, and will range all the way from three inches to a foot in length, diameter or circumference, as the case may be. Beside the designs for ornaments, very handsome paper-weights, match-boxes and other things can be made, and a common cigar-box can be covered with stones in the manner named, then handsomely lined, and become transformed into a neat receptacle for handkerchiefs, gloves, sewing material or other small articles as any could wish to see.

Miss Willard on Vocations for Women.

[Boston Traveler.]

Journalism is difficult and uncertain, Literature without the highest order of talent is hopeless. Lyceum lecturing has passed its prime and the most gifted and famous alone can win in that arduous field. Public readings as an avocation for women is as much overcrowded as the legal profession is for men. In music, vocal and instrumental, there is an absolute glut of the market, save for the highly endowed.

Moreover, in all these lines, the standard is rising so steadily and to such a height that mediocrity, once endurable, is now hopelessly condemned. To be a fourth or even a third-rate musician is to have failed outright. To paint daubs and call them pictures is a positive sin. To murder the modern languages by false accent and atrocious grammar, hath not forgiveness in this world.

The inventory I have outlined includes most of the higher occupations open to women, save one, and that is the broad, nay, the well-nigh, boundless field of practical philanthropy. Here, at last, the world is called before you, where to choose. No class of workers here outrank women in opportunity, dignity, or the rewards that a sincere heart prizes most. To be sure, wealth cannot be won here, but a moderate income sufficient for current needs, is certain to all faithful and efficient workers.

Sea Bathing to Reduce Flesh.

[San Francisco Alta.]

"I thought only a few men were up to the winter bathing mark," observed the reporter. The bath man laughed scornfully. "When a lady makes up her mind to bathe every day in the year," he said, "nothing can stand her off. I've seen men who would come here on cold mornings, undress and walk to the water's edge, but the minute it touched their toes, race back and get into their clothes again. Not so with women. When they are in bathing trim it means bathing, and nothing short of a tidal wave will stop them.

"Here comes the daisy father of the lot. I've seen that girl here when it was so cold that to even look at the water used to give me the shakes. Now, what do you think first induced that lady to bathe all the time? For the pure love of it! No, sir. She was getting too fat. She tried everything—dieting, exercise and medicine, but nothing would take her down. At last she dropped on sea bathing, and it fetched her. She is nice and slim now, though plump enough, but when she came here first she was as fat as a butter ball. I wish all the fat ladies in the city would have her courage, and our winter business would be worth something."

The Best Husbands in the Country.

[Chicago News Interview.]

"Now, the point is right here: If a young girl who has just graduated wants to marry a man whose education is equal to hers, she is very likely to die an old maid. Another thing which is true, that the best husbands in the country are those who know no language but the English, and never, perhaps, thought of using 'were' as subjunctive mood of 'to be.' The most amiable, kind, tender, thoughtful, shrewd and prosperous husbands to-day belong to this class.

"Many a man has been scorned by these educated women because he persisted in saying 'I seen him,' or used three 'e's' in writing 'separate,' but whose heart was in the right place; whose mind was strong and active in commercial pursuits; whose body was vigorous and whose energy was untiring. The educated husband is not so practical; is provokingly nice; is abstracted, and forgets those little tender actions towards the wife which a true, honest, every-day heart is sure to cultivate."

Women Who Drive.

[New York Letter.]

The number of women who handle the reins are greatly increased in New York. There are a dozen or more women in New York who drive every day and who handle their horses with consummate skill. They are the wives of millionaires, and nearly all of them drive small carts or gigs. The buggy is quite tabooed. It is curious how much they resemble one another. They sit erect, square-shouldered and alert, with their heads well up in the air, and their elbows at their sides. Occasionally another woman is with them, but never a man. A small English tiger in irreproachable English livery sits with his arms folded like a wax figure behind. Women usually drive small, thoroughbred horses, with manes and tails clipped.

Advice to a Young Man.

[A Physician's Letter.]

My advice is: Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived; and tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her—love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it.

An Italian Proverb.

[Cor. Paris News.]

There is in Rome a slow vanishing of the picturesque; but, although a Roman princess may wear a modern gown, and retain nothing of the past but her splendid jewels, she is the same proud lady that she was, or that her great grandmother was, and she, like her, repels any intimacy or familiarity beyond a certain point. One very important thing is that they never wish to be touched. In our country a lady talking with another will often lay her hand on her friend's arm; this is considered a very great and objectionable familiarity by an Italian. "Never touch the person; it is sacred," is an Italian proverb.

A lady in Italian society, to be very polite, will shake hands when introduced to an American the first time, but she rarely extends her hand the second time; she make a deep and graceful courtesy. If her friend is in affliction, she comes, takes her hand, and presses it to her heart; but there is nothing of the free-and-easy caressing, none of that indiscriminate kissing, nothing like the superficial intimacy which we observe between American women, and which so often ends in a quarrel. There are but few quarrels between the Italian grande dames, but when one does happen it is apt to be a serious one.

Noble Womanhood.

[Rev. G. S. Weaver.]

I believe the time has fully come when woman should be a woman, and not a mere gaudy appendage to man; when her soul should wake up from its long lethargy and put on the habiliments of wisdom and usefulness; when she should live to a grander purpose than she has done, and should make her power felt more sensibly in the morality and religion, business and bosom, of the world.

I am not a disregarder of the beauties and proprieties of dress. On the contrary, I admire appropriate dress. It speaks out the man or woman. But I would have everybody feel that the man makes the dress. Almost anything looks well on a noble woman. The plainest dress becomes agreeable when worn by a person of grand purpose and good doing life. Real life when unadorned is most adorned.

One Thing That She Forgot.

[Washington Post.]

A good story is told of a prominent member of society who had a habit of tying knot in her pocket-handkerchief when she wished to fix something in her mind that must be attended to. She was engaged in a desperate flirtation on a certain occasion, and in her abstraction dropped the handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up the flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from the chair she stooped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing as she did so the knot in the corner. "What have I forgotten today?" she asked audibly. "That you have a husband," replied her hostess. The story was repeated, and the lady, who is a prominent member of the diplomatic circle, always keeps her handkerchief free from knots now.

For an Invalid's Room.

[Nebraska Farmer.]

A very pretty device for an invalid's room, was one which a lady saw in Jacksonville, Fla. In a shadowy corner there was a shelf covered with large quantity of dried mosses and grasses, arranged as much like nature as possible. Overhead were fastened a few dry branches, to which were clinging long festoons of Florida moss, which almost touched the tops of the grasses. Within, all looked as somber and dark as a bit of forest or swamp.

To make the picture perfect, within the shadow stood a beautiful white heron, nicely prepared and gracefully poised, as if just startled in his native marsh, and ready to take flight. One can imagine how restful to the eyes of a weary invalid would be such a life-like picture and how many pleasant thoughts could cluster about it.

Men's Talk and Women's.

[Samantha Allen.]

In a small place a woman can't buy a kalker apron without the neighbors holdin' a inquest over it. Some think she ort to have it, some think it is extravagant in her, and some think she set flowers on it is too young for her; and then they will all quarrel agin whether she had ort to make it with a bib or not. The reason why men's talk, as a general thing, is better than wimmen's, is because they have bigger things to talk about.

Perfect Freedom.

[Exchange.]

Dr. Alice B. Stockton writes to The People's Health Journal that unless a woman has tried clothing she can not conceive how much she gains for health and strength by a dress that gives perfect freedom to breathe. "Sixteen thicknesses of cloth," she says, "is no unusual number to be found tightly fastened about a lady's waist." Concerning this matter she once heard a Chinese woman exclaim: "Christian woman squeeze God's life."

Newspaper Bustles.

[The Argonaut.]

A great many ladies will wear none but newspaper bustles, because when the paper is properly wrapped around a piece of baling twine, it will retain its shape, no matter how severely it is crushed, whereas a close seat in a street car is death to a wire bustle; and that is the reason why ladies, when they ride in the cars, spread their dresses over the seat and usurp as much room as they can.

THE MOUTH-BREATHING HABIT.

An Affection that Distorts the Features for Life and Causes Grave Diseases.

[New York World.]

While a reporter was in the office of a well-known physician of this city the latter asked him if he had noticed a young man who had just passed out. The reporter answered that he had because he thought he had met the young man in Brooklyn a short time before.

"That was probably another person suffering from the same trouble," said the doctor. "This is a curious affliction. It is more common than is supposed, occurs in infancy, at manhood and at middle age, and causes a great deal of suffering; yet it is a strange thing that people in general do not seem to pay any attention to this affection when occurring in their own families, in spite of the manner in which it distorts the face, until some actual disease sets in and medical aid is necessary. Even physicians do not seem to reflect that this trouble may cause any one of a large number of diseases affecting the system in general.

"Why," continued the doctor, "you can tell one of these mouth-breathers anywhere the moment you see him. From disease of the nose his lips are retracted, his mouth is continually open, his gums recede and his teeth protrude, particularly those in the upper jaw; the flesh that forms the lower part of the nostrils is shrunken, the openings of the nostrils are diminished in size, there are wrinkles at the outer edges of the eyes and deep lines run from the nostrils to the angles of the mouth. These all give the person either an expression of idocy, silliness or suffering.

"But the principal thing I want to call your attention to," said the doctor, "is the necessity of parents and nurses watching children when they fall asleep and preventing them from breathing with their mouths open. In grown persons, disease of the nose or throat may lead to mouth-breathing add the resulting distortion of the features, but it is the other way with children. They should be taught to use the mouth for eating and speaking only, and if they fall asleep with their mouths open the lips should be gently pressed together. Thus many constitutional diseases, such as spinal trouble, pigeon-breast and perhaps even rickets may be avoided, not to speak of affections of the nose and throat."

It seems that medical men are not the only ones who have studied more or less carefully the habit of mouth-breathing. George Catlin, the portrayer of American Indian life and customs, claimed in one of his works that it was a known fact that man can inhale mephitic air through his nose for a certain time in the bottom of a well without harm, but if he opened his mouth to answer a question or call for help his lungs are closed and he expires. Catlin says:

"I have seen a poor Indian woman in the wilderness lowering her baby from her breast and pressing its lips together as it falls asleep." Among 2,000,000 people he found that deafness, dumbness, spinal curvature, and deaths from teething and diseases of the respirator passages were almost unknown. He attributes this exemption from these ailments so very common in civilized life solely to the habit of breathing through the nose.

Didn't Wait for the Bell.

[New York Star.]

Children, unlike men, are not given to plagiarism. Their little bon-mots, the better because unconsciously uttered, are often far more taking than the majority of "gags" in comic opera. Here is an example: A friend of mine has several exceedingly bright and pretty children. I was at his house a few nights ago, and overheard a conversation between two of them. The little girl picked up a worm in the garden.

"Now put it down" said her brother, "on that little pile of dirt."

The little one put it down, and the worm naturally burrowed its way under the surface.

"Where has it gone to?" inquired the child.

"It's gone in to lunch."

"But I didn't hear its mamma ring the bell," retorted the juvenile observer, who was evidently astonished at such an infraction of domestic discipline.

Another Demand for Timber.

[Chicago Herald.]

In the United States some 150,000 miles of railroad track are now laid, and this rests on 396,000,000 ties, the product of 3,960,000 acres, an area larger that the state of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Thirty years are required to grow trees of suitable size, and the average life of a tie is seven years; therefore 16 971 429 acres of growing forest are needed to supply the annual demands of the roads that now exist. This forest area is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts. And, inasmuch as the miles of railroad are growing every year, this calculation shows in an impressive way the demands which our forests will be called upon to meet for this one item alone.

Missouri's Gubernatorial Cow.

A cow belonging to the gubernatorial mansion at Jefferson City, Mo., having been milked regularly for five years by convicts, now refuses to allow anybody in citizen's dress to approach her.

AMELIA FOLSOM.

THE RULE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE, "NUMBER SEVENTEEN."

Not Pretty Nor Attractive, but Possessed of Naive Shrewdness and Tact—The Prophet Was Grievously Afraid of Her.

[Lisle Lester in New York World.]

Old Brigham Young had been gathered to his "sealed wives in glory" only about one year when his favorite—polygamous favorite, Amelia Folsom—stepped into another harem as number two in the household of a Mormon railroad official. Amelia Folsom was then about 33 years of age, and among the younger women of the Young harem. She was the first to re-enter polygamy after Brigham's death, and her "days of mourning" were probably long enough to add zest to the new courtship. As soon as Brigham "shuffled off" his mortality and pass