

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way?
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Saturday Evening Post.

A "Licking" After School.

By Horace Seymour Keller.

Poor Tom! He had once disobeyed the one injunction about which the master was peculiarly insistent. That was to drop all play when the bell telling the opening of the school session sounded. When the ruler fell upon the desk before that august personage—the teacher—Tom, as well as the rest of the scholars, knew they must be at their desks ready for business. Several times had the new teacher reminded the boys of this rule: "Quit play at the sound of the bell and make for the schoolhouse; don't bother about finishing the game of marbles, ball or whatnot; when this ruler falls every one must be at his desk. That is all."

Tom Lawton had overlooked that rule once too often; twice the new teacher had forgiven him—he was a boy once—but when Tom came in and slipped to his seat after the ruler had fallen, the master crooked his finger at the second desk from the left front and softly said:

"Lawton, please step this way." It was a way the new teacher had, always particular about small things, and very polite when he wanted anything done as, for instance, a puzzling problem in figures, he would say: "If you will be so kind as to show us how to solve this problem on Page 60, fourth from the top, I shall be obliged to you." Or, he had a taking manner of saying to a chap whose fingers tingled because of a personal engagement: "Beg pardon, my friend, for troubling you—but it has been coming your way for some time; very sorry to have annoyed you, but it annoys me most."

Tom felt a trifle uneasy when he walked up to the desk, leaned against it and heard a soft voice say in low tones:

"Please be so kind as to remain after school for punishment. I am sorry to bother you about it—but it must come. Return to your seat."

As the boy turned a glance from his left eye sized up the new teacher who was so painfully affable. "My! but he'll break my hand," was Tom's thought as he saw the strong wrist and goodly forearm.

When recess came all the boys and girls, except Tom, filed out. Tom remained at his desk with eyes fixed upon the book before him. The young man on the platform took a book from a drawer and started to read, when his eyes fell upon the boy at the desk. A curious smile came upon his face, and a good-bye feeling seemed to make his knees tingle. He laid the book down, keeping a long finger in it to mark the place, and said:

"Lawton, why do you not get up with the rest?"

Tom looked up through misty eyes. "I'm staying after school, sir."

"But it is recess now."

"I might cut sticks and run away; others do—and I have."

"But not with me, Mr. Thomas Lawton. You have too good a face to let me believe you would do such a thing now. Did the other teacher keep the fellows in at recess when punishment hung over them?"

"Always."

"Well, run out to your game, my friend."

"Maybe I'll not come back to get that punishment after school," said Tom with a grin as he rose.

"Yes, you will; I know you would not deprive me of the pleasure of giving you a few pleasant moments after school; and then, I can trust a fellow with such a face as you have."

"I—I am sorry I stayed—"

"Run along, Lawton; we'll talk that over after school."

"I may not come back—"

"Yes you will. Now go out and have a good time. Recesses are as short to me as they are to the rest of you." And the young man plunged into his book and forgot all about Tom Lawton for the time being.

To stay after school for punishment was, in the eyes of the girls, something heroic though painful, hence Tom came in for a large share of their peppermint, candy balls and little attentions.

"Why don't you cut sticks and scold?" I wouldn't stay for a lambasting from him," suggested a playfellow to Tom.

"I could punch your nose for saying that, Jim Brown; it's a mean thing to say to me. I've got a licking coming,

and I'm going to take what's coming to me. You never did enough to deserve a whaling, so you know nothing about it, anyway."

"I only thought you'd be glad to get out of it. I would—"

"I know you would; you'd get out of anything coming your way that might hurt you."

And Tom plunged into the games and forgot all about the matter. He was up to the top notch in his lessons during the afternoon session, and he spelled down the entire first class at the close. It required but a few moments to clear the room when the day's work was ended. Tom sat with his cheek resting on his hand as he waited for the long figure at the platform desk to move. Suddenly the young man looked at Tom and said:

"Lawton, may I trouble you to go to the closet at the right of the blackboard and bring me the long parcel laid across the upper hooks; here is the key."

Tom brought the desired article to the desk and gave a start as a fine jointed fishing rod was revealed when the canvas cover was removed. "Goodness! is he going to lambaste me with the butt of that thing?" was Tom's thought, as the teacher took the heavy piece and tried the working of the reel. The next joint was taken up and examined. And as the feather-weight tip was lifted, the teacher said with a gleam of fun in his eyes:

"Your hand, please. Sorry to be obliged to do this painful thing, my young friend, but I must have my rules obeyed."

The light tip came through the air with a swish, but when it reached the outstretched hand it fell as softly as a straw upon the boy's palm. But the touch of that tip, slight as it was, cut to Tom's heart, and set his mind busy. There was a sting in this sort of punishment, after all.

"There, I'm glad that disagreeable job is off my hands. Say, Tom, now that the cruel work is over let's go fishing."

It touched the boy to see how cleverly this new teacher had handled him, and punished him as he had never been punished before. It was a lesson never to be forgotten. Tom's eyes were moist as he said:

"I can take you where the largest trout in the stream are; I'll show you some fun; and, and—I am sorry I gave you so much trouble. I'll never do it again."

"That's all right, Tom, my dear boy." The warm clasp of the young man's hand sent a tingle of joy to the boy's heart, and as he looked into the steady eyes and saw something there that told him he had made a friend for life he felt supremely happy.

Down the back street the pair wended their way toward the stream that flowed among the willows, and the few pairs of curious eyes that followed their movements saw the teacher occasionally lay his arm along the sturdy boy's shoulders.

Down among the tag-alders, where the dark, deep pools were, the line was cast again and again—baited with a fat, juicy grasshopper, and as the handsome trout rose to the casts the young teacher was a boy again, while Tom Lawton felt as happy as a lark.

"There, Tom, old boy, think I have enough for supper; I never believe in overdoing a thing—fishing or—licking a fellow."

Tom only grinned as he looked at the fish. Suddenly the young man laid aside reel and rod and said with a merry laugh:

"I can throw you, front, back or side hold. I was the greatest wrestler in my class; look out for yourself, for I'm at you."

Again Tom grinned as he braced himself for the shock; he was clever also, and he secured a firm hold, and with a quick side-jerk and a lightning trip he laid the teacher upon his back in a jiffy. Then they tried a back hold, struggled over the smooth turf until the teacher lifted Tom up and laid him gently down upon his back and said laughingly: "You are quick on your legs, old boy; I could make a great wrestler of you. I can beat you sprinting to the maple tree and back—"

"Never; there isn't a fellow in school can do that job. Here you go; we're off!"

The teacher reached and touched the tree and started to return before Tom reached it. It was a lively race, and it looked as if Tom had finally met his match. But with a grand spurt the boy dashed over the ground, reached his companion, and passing him, arrived at the goal three feet ahead.

"There, Tom, my lad, that will be enough exercise for the time being. Now for supper; you are to dine with me this evening."

That was a red-letter event in Tom Lawton's life; supper in the hotel dining room with the teacher, who chatted and made the boy feel as if he was in the seventh heaven of boy bliss. And in the gloaming as they wandered to Tom's home the young man told the other of many interesting events in his college life, and when they parted at the gate with a good-night handshake Tom felt in his heart that this was to be a friend for life.

And as the teacher walked slowly homeward he murmured: "As fine a young fellow as I ever met. Glad I had to keep him after school for a licking. We both enjoyed the affair." —New York Times.

Free Treatment of the Eyes.

A Russian charitable association is sending out traveling parties of oculists to render free assistance to persons of small means. During the three months of one party's stay at Habarovsk and Vladivostok 504 persons received free treatment and 164 operations on eyes were performed.

A French physician removes most foreign bodies from the ear by sucking them into a soft rubber tube.



DO NOT MAKE FACES.

It is not necessary to have the side of the mouth and nose disfigured by lines to such an alarming extent as we too frequently see, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. There are twenty-eight muscles about the mouth which contract and relax under control of the will, and which pout and laugh, or frequently droop with fretfulness.

It is easy to see that the woman who misuses these muscles and allows her face to reflect every emotion, being indeed, recklessly extravagant in the expenditure of the emotions, must expect placed to be worked with the face.

It is worse than useless to put cold cream on a cold skin. It does not sink in, but lies upon the flesh, doing no good and making it oily. Indeed, to this may be traced the greasy effect which cold cream has upon many skins. With the skin warm, put on the toilet cream, and then use the brush, or even the palm of the hand, for rubbing.

A SOCIETY WOMAN'S TOILETTE.

The woman of fashion when she is preparing for a great function first enjoys her warm and perfumed bath, and then nestles comfortably in her bed. A masseuse at once proceeds to massage her limbs, until she feels rested and delightfully supple. After this, and while still reclining on the pillows, a manicure polishes her nails and tints the tips of her fingers. Then millard rises from her bed and takes her place at the dressing table. The emamer whittens and polishes her neck and arms until they resemble well modeled marble. After which the face beautifier begins to steam, to apply electricity, to paint and powder, and, lastly, to give a piquante touch to lips, eyebrows and eyelashes. Then the hair-dresser commences business, and electricities, waves and dresses the hair. Soon the wondrous toilette is completed, and the woman of society appears young and beautiful and armed for social conquest.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

MASSIVE BRACELETS WORN.

Bracelets shaped like finger rings, wide and massive on the back and narrowing down to slender dimensions under the middle wrist, as a ring narrows, have come in with the other middle century fancies. In the heavy antique gold chasings and medallion-shaped settings these close-fitting bracelets remind one of the old-fashioned, broad-banded bracelets that are heirlooms now in many households.

Some of the new bracelets in this shape have lozenge-shaped medallions enriched with finely cut cameos, rare chasings and variously tinted enameling. Others have handsomely cut pieces of coral mounted in antique silver, and some are distinguished with precious stones set in deep, like the gems riveted in the broad anklets of a Turkish princess.

They are rather quaint and massive looking than pretty, but possess the double enhancement of making a slender arm appear plumper when they are clasped on, and of causing an overfat arm to look more shapely because of their weighty suggestion.

CONCERNING AUNTS.

So all the long afternoon the aunt is on hand to amuse the little people; but also to inculcate, not too mildly, rules of unselfishness and orderliness. It is at such times that she takes the opportunity to tell Johnny to close his lips; she puts May's fingers under instead of over her spoon; she shows the two shuffling children how to walk. Thus, silently, patiently, disgustedly very often, does the Buffer fulfill her functions; looking on and watching the children while they play locomotive cars with chairs that screech over the keeping the peace when the boys scarp for the same picture book and the girls take Solomon's plan for sharing a doll; doing her part in fetching and carrying; pulling mittens over pudgy and apparently boneless little hands; buttoning gaiters; finding mislaid hats; afterwards putting all these garments away, and washing dirty faces and squirming ears; and when at last her brother's wife wakes up, refreshed and ready for the evening fray, retiring from the scene, tired out; glad that she had done her duty to Mother and children; truly fond of her little nieces and nephews, but feeling, perhaps (inarticulately), that there is something to be said for Herod.—Margaret DeLand, in Harper's Bazar.

A LESSON IN GRACE.

There are women, and most of us know them, who cannot stoop to pick up a handkerchief without getting red in the face. There are those who cannot lift a window without palpitation of the heart. Thousands of women have difficulty in walking upstairs, and the number who can run without getting out of breath within thirty yards can be counted upon one hand.

Now and then you see a woman who is capable of running up stairs and down again, who can walk gracefully, and who can lift and reach, and pick up things without suffering from a flushed face and a quickened breath. And when you do find such a woman you will find one who impresses you as

being a young woman. She is so lithe that you associate her with youth, no matter how old she may be.

Her limberness, her figure and her quick ways make you think that Father Time has dealt lightly with her—she indeed he has.

They are busy these days taking years off a woman's age. It used to be thought that a woman of forty was hopelessly old, and at fifty she was considered past all the vanities of life. Her thoughts were on the grave and all her preparations for death were made. Now that same woman, shaking off her years, goes out and walks. She loses 100 pounds or so and gets nice, slender hips again.—Chicago Tribune.



Lady Curzon heads the list of those who received decorations from King Edward on the occasion of the durbar. The Queen of Roumania, Carmen Silva, is a poet and story writer. She is also a very skillful operator of the typewriter.

Mrs. A. Lloyd Smith is the President of a company organized with a capital stock of \$100,000 to propagate Eastern oysters in Willapa Harbor, Washington.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has her proudest moment since she wrote her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She is a great-grandmother for the first time.

A petition to Parliament asking for the franchise has been presented by 66,800 women, textile workers of the English counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cheshire.

At the time of her marriage forty years ago Queen Alexandra received nineteen pianos as wedding presents. Every one of these elaborate instruments is still in perfect condition.

Mrs. L. H. Grenwald, of York, Pa., is the only woman weather forecaster in the United States, and has just completed her sixteenth year as the official observer at that meteorological station.

A nun of the Dominican Order, and a native of Moravia, is the most distinguished scholar now attending the University of Prague. The professors say that she is the most gifted woman they have ever known.

A marriage was recently solemnized in England that attracted considerable attention, not only because of the high social position of the two persons most intimately concerned, but also because the small boy who attended the bride as page happened to be her grandson.

"Shopping," as American women understand the term, is unknown in England. In King Edward's domain every one who enters a shop is expected to buy something. Failure to purchase is likely to result in the query "Why?" from the salesman, for there is no touring desired in English shops.

Calumet, Mich., boasts of the only Finnish newspaper woman and newspaper published in this country. She is just now organizing a stock company to form a woman's store. All the stockholders are to be women, and will be expected to purchase their goods at the company's store, the profits of which will revert to the shareholders.



New fabrics are drifting in all the time. One of the latest arrivals is a metal printed challie.

The universal use of small flowers is one of the most noticeable style features of the millinery world.

Trimmings rest entirely upon the upper or under brim, and the latter have a decided tendency to roll upward.

Irish poplin is one of the new arrivals. Strapped with a satiny broadcloth of the same color, it builds smart frocks.

A wreath of small pine cones and needles was the novel yet exclusive trimming on a new and very smart gray hat.

Cart-wheel rosettes are another decorative idea much used for plainer hats, but they are not a graceful trimming at all.

Figured grenadines made up over shot silks are lovely. These figured grenadines are essentially dainty and pretty for summer gowns.

Pompons of very small flowers are one of the new trimming ideas this season. They are especially effective in combination with rosettes of lace.

The old-fashioned flowered delaine of our grandmother has come again. We call it now voile de laine. It is sheer and cool, like voile, and daintily flowered.

Demise-season hats of tulle or chiffon are in high favor for present wear. They have little or no trimming, depending entirely upon their shape and draping for their effect.

For utility wear, rough straw braids and those of loosely woven soft materials are best form, and wings, quills, velvet ribbon and soft silk scarfs are much used in their decoration.

A new silk gauze goes by the expressive name of vaporin. And Swiss mohair is one of the loveliest of the newer fabrics. It is crisp and durable, and wonderfully thin and sheer.

Challie is very good this year because it is of the favored family of the soft, clinging stuffs. And the metal print adds a new beauty. It is just a misty powdering of the fabric seemingly with star dust. There is no tawdry effect of metal, only just a shimmer and gleam now and then of silver or gold.



MOVING THE MISSISSIPPI.

Deserted a Decade Ago, Vicksburg is Again a River Town.

Until about the beginning of the last decade all the geography classes in our schools were taught, and correctly, that the city of Vicksburg, Miss., made historic during the Civil War, was situated on the bank of the Mississippi River. This statement, however, ceased to be a fact some ten or more years ago, when the Father of Waters, in one of his erratic moods, forced a new channel for himself and left Vicksburg perched on a high bluff, several miles inland. The town, which had been one of the most important steamboat ports on the big stream, was thus suddenly deprived of much of the traffic that had caused it to prosper. Strangely enough the misfortune was an echo of the famous siege of Vicksburg, and General U. S. Grant was primarily responsible for it. In order that the Union gunboats might run past the shore batteries unharmed Grant sought to divert the waters of the Mississippi away from the city by digging a new channel. The great river refused at the time to take the new course so marked out for it, but it eventually did so, more than thirty years after such action could be of any use to the Union Army.

Naturally the people of Vicksburg did not accept with good grace the Mississippi's belated performance, so damaging to their material interests. They clamored for a restoration of the old days when they dwelt near navigable water and when stately floating palaces touched at their wharves and trade flourished. They appealed to Congress for aid, and the national lawmakers made an appropriation for constructing a canal northward to the Yazoo River. This canal was recently completed, and the water was let into the channel deserted by the Mississippi. The flow was abundant and filled the space from bank to bank, making Vicksburg once more a river town. The event caused general rejoicing in the city, which has already begun to feel the good effects of renewed traffic.—Leslie's Weekly.

The weather bureau station having the highest mean annual precipitation, including rain and melted snow, is Hatteras, N. C., where the figure is 60.4 inches.

The discovery has been made by a German physician that erysipelas can be more promptly cured if the patient remains in a room painted red and with red windows.

An automatic signal lantern has been placed at street railway crossings in Leipzig which will avoid accidents at such points. It answers its purposes as well in the daytime as at night.

In proportion to population, more patents are issued to citizens of the District of Columbia than to those of any State. A recent compilation showed that Tennessee was at the foot of the list.

Captain Scott with the Discovery has penetrated 100 miles nearer the South Pole than any previous explorer and discovered an extensive mountainous region hitherto absolutely unknown. He thinks this indicates that land stretches to the Pole in a series of very lofty mountains.

The facility with which an automobile turns a corner depends upon the fact that its motor-driven axle is in two pieces connected with bevel wheels and a pinion. In turning the pinion is loosened on its stud, which permits the two wheels, each of which is solid on its axle, to revolve at different speeds.

Princeton University recently received from John M. Clarke, New York State paleontologist, the body of an octopus-like creature, from Onondaga Lake. Dr. Orman examined the specimen and found it to be a cold-water, short-armed squid, a species of devil-fish prevalent along the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Newfoundland. The specimen examined by Dr. Orman differs from the ocean-bred squid in that it has not the delicate membranous folds on the arms that stretch out from its body.

What One Clever Woman is Doing. There seems to be no limit in these modern days to what woman may do. In South Boston there is a woman who owns and controls a chain of nine weekly papers supplying smaller New England cities with leisure reading. Five years ago this woman had never seen the inside of a newspaper office. At that time she invested in five papers at the advice of a young man who had supreme confidence in himself as an all-round newspaper man and controller of a syndicate. The result not justifying his confidence, collapse seemed imminent, when this resourceful woman herself stepped to the fore. The peculiar feature of her management is that she employs only girls on these papers. Man never appears in connection with them, save as subscriber or advertiser. Her workers are often as young as seventeen, and she never engages any one over twenty-one, her idea being to secure optimistic, fresh and cheery views of life in her sheets and to avoid the work of women with "set ways" which might be difficult to unlearn. These "girl graduates," as most of them are, are sent forth in search of news, and rapidly learn to become newspaper women. The proprietor herself writes and signs all editorials. Her papers are not distinctively papers for women—that is, they do not confine themselves exclusively to women's news—but they have the interests of women more particularly in view.

Woman by a Woman. If women's brains were as strong as their hearts, the combination would conquer heaven. Extreme amiability in women is either stupidity or a social or matrimonial axe to grind. Women are a study—men are an understudy.

The divination of the heavens is A. B. C compared to the divination of women.

The head women attract us. The heart women fasten us.

As an individual, woman is divine. As a sex, she is a bore.

When a man is divorced, the women "poor thing" him and put on an extra smile. When a woman is divorced, the men all wink and wonder what there is in it!

Wasn't it a foxy design of some one's that made widow's weeds so becoming?

If women were judges of men, there would be no marriages. If men were judges of women—but that is an inconceivable proposition!

A man is born generous, just, forgiving. A woman has to have every one of these virtues pounded into her with a sledge hammer.

Men take themselves so seriously! It is very amusing to the woman who hears him rattle at the coffee, blame the laundry man, and turn the house topsy-turvy when he has the toothache.—Nettle Seely-Murphy, in Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"No Hogs Now." President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, is "telling one on himself." In fact, he avows that the entire story is a little too personal to be enjoyed.

Last summer he went to a Maine town for a short rest, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help "lift the mortgage." Some time ago the President received a letter from his former landlady asking for his patronage during the coming summer.

"There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the coming summer at your house," wrote President Tucker in reply. "We don't like the maid, Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." And this is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We hadn't had no hogs sense you went away last September."

Brake For Electric Motors.

Mr. Arthur Hultqvist, assistant engineer in the workshops of Gothenburg, has recently constructed a brake for electric motors which consists of a small automatic reversing switch (omkopplare), which is fastened near the motor. On every machine is a pendant handle bearing the words "emergency brake" in red letters. If a workman should happen to be caught in the machinery or any other accident should occur, the machinery can be quickly stopped by pulling the handle, which sets the brake in action. It is claimed that this machine can be stopped in this way within one-half or one-fourth rotation. It is expected that this brake will be found very useful in every establishment where electric motors are in use.

An Expensive Penny.

The sensation of a London auction the other day was the sale of a gold penny of the reign of Henry VIII, the earliest and most beautiful coin of the English series, of which only five other specimens are known. It was knocked down to Mr. Norton, a private collector, for £25.

Nothing dries sooner than tears.—German proverb.

What's true is not always probable.—French proverb.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—Bancroft.

Literature is the immortality of speech.—Schlegel.

A little gall spoils much honey.—Portuguese proverb.

Those are generally good at flattering who are good at nothing else.—South.

The man who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the apellike one of imitation.—J. S. Mill.

It is a real delight, a restful pleasure to be in the society of people who have been disciplined in the amenities of life—of those who radiate an atmosphere of kindness, of good will, and of helpfulness, wherever they go.—Success.

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind; it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.—Landon.

Cheerfulness, enforced at first, by and by inspires a gracious contentment, and self-sacrifice, at first a conscious struggle, loses itself in the self-forgetfulness of love. In such ways as these the daily crosses of duty change into the many-rayed crown of life.—Brooke Herford.

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WISE WORDS.

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When a man is divorced, the women "poor thing" him and put on an extra smile. When a woman is divorced, the men all wink and wonder what there is in it!

Wasn't it a foxy design of some one's that made widow's weeds so becoming?

If women were judges of men, there would be no marriages. If men were judges of women—but that is an inconceivable proposition!

A man is born generous, just, forgiving. A woman has to have every one of these virtues pounded into her with a sledge hammer.

Men take themselves so seriously! It is very amusing to the woman who hears him rattle at the coffee, blame the laundry man, and turn the house topsy-turvy when he has the toothache.—Nettle Seely-Murphy, in Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The universal use of small flowers is one of the most noticeable style features of the millinery world.

Trimmings rest entirely upon the upper or under brim, and the latter have a decided tendency to roll upward.

Irish poplin is one of the new arrivals. Strapped with a satiny broadcloth of the same color, it builds smart frocks.

A wreath of small pine cones and needles was the novel yet exclusive trimming on a new and very smart gray hat.

Cart-wheel rosettes are another decorative idea much used for plainer hats, but they are not a graceful trimming at all.

Figured grenadines made up over shot silks are lovely. These figured grenadines are essentially dainty and pretty for summer gowns.

Pompons of very small flowers are one of the new trimming ideas this season. They are especially effective in combination with rosettes of lace.

The old-fashioned flowered delaine of our grandmother has come again. We call it now voile de laine. It is sheer and cool, like voile, and daintily flowered.

Demise-season hats of tulle or chiffon are in high favor for present wear. They have little or no trimming, depending entirely upon their shape and draping for their effect.

For utility wear, rough straw braids and those of loosely woven soft materials are best form, and wings, quills, velvet ribbon and soft silk scarfs are much used in their decoration.

A new silk gauze goes by the expressive name of vaporin. And Swiss mohair is one of the loveliest of the newer fabrics. It is crisp and durable, and wonderfully thin and sheer.

Challie is very good this year because it is of the favored family of the soft, clinging stuffs. And the metal print adds a new beauty. It is just a misty powdering of the fabric seemingly with star dust. There is no tawdry effect of metal, only just a shimmer and gleam now and then of silver or gold.

"No Hogs Now." President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, is "telling one on himself." In fact, he avows that the entire story is a little too personal to be enjoyed.

Last summer he went to a Maine town for a short rest, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help "lift the mortgage." Some time ago the President received a letter from his former landlady asking for his patronage during the coming summer.

"There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the coming summer at your house," wrote President Tucker in reply. "We don't like the maid, Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." And this is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We hadn't had no hogs sense you went away last September."

Brake For Electric Motors.

Mr. Arthur Hultqvist, assistant engineer in the workshops of Gothenburg, has recently constructed a brake for electric motors which consists of a small automatic reversing switch (omkopplare), which is fastened near the motor. On every machine is a pendant handle bearing the words "emergency brake" in red letters. If a workman should happen to be caught in the machinery or any other accident should occur, the machinery can be quickly stopped by pulling the handle, which sets the brake in action. It is claimed that this machine can be stopped in this way within one-half or one-fourth rotation. It is expected that this brake will be found very useful in every establishment where electric motors are in use.

An Expensive Penny.