# THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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### A WOMAN'S POCKET.

Just where it is one never knows,
Beneath the folds it never shows;
Above, below, before, behind,
A puzzle to the human mind!
Man never knows his helplessness
Until he tries in woman's dress
To find the pocket.

'Twas sooner found in early days
Before they had the polonaise!
Dressmakers now are sore perplexed
To know just where to hide it next!
In these hard times of scanty purse
'Tis hard to find the dress—But worse
To find the pocket.

A fact by husbands too well known,
She finds his pocket; while her own
Is so concealed about her dress
It long since lost its usefulness.
She bears her purse now in her hand
Because she never can command
That hidden pocket.

He's new to matrimonial cares
Who volunteers to run upstairs
And fetch a trifle, more or less,
His bride left in some other dress!
Believe me, nature ne'er designed
That mortal man should ever find
A woman's pocket.

He opens wide the closet door;
Each hook so full of robes galore,
That ere he finds the proper gown
Each dress in turn has tumbled down
Into the placket hole at back
He thrusts his arm; alas! alack
'Tis not the pocket.

He drags it out in his despair
And spreads it o'er an easy-chair—
He lifts up each tuck and fold and seam,
Walks round and round as in a dream;
He's much too good a man to swear,
Yet undevoutly wonders where
She keeps that pocket.

He grabs it up, and rushing down
Upon her lap tosses the gown.
"In truth you are 'the better half'
If you can find—why do you laugh?"
"I laugh because you've brought me here
A petticoat, my hubby dear,
To find the pocket."

—Berkshire Courier.

## THE MAN WITH THE COAL.

BY MARGARET LEE

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THE Grant family had rented a furnished cottage for the season at a fashionable resort, and were included in the list of guests invited to the hops at the neighboring hotels. One morning at breakfast they discussed the last invitation with their father, who was rather opposed to what he called "mixed gatherings."

However, Mrs. Grant had provided her daughters with evening dresses, and remembered how she had loved dancing in her youth. She would chaperone them and be very cautious about introductions. So their father reluctantly consented to their going, and their dresses next absorbed them. The night was perfect, and the ballroom at the Tremont presented a charming scene when they entered it.

The girls soon discovered friends in the many groups, and their cards rapidly filled. Both became interested in a tall, slight young man, who wore a badge and seemed quite ubiquitous, managing everything and everybody.

"He dances beautifully," said Belle Grant to her partner, who was decidedly awkward.

"No wonder. He has lots of practice," said Mr. Felter. "He really starts all these festivities for the sake of having a dance. Can't I present him? He is really charming, talks as well as he dances, and sings exquisitely."

Lillian Grant laughed at her own partner's seriousness, but just then the good dancer approached them. Felter presented him, and he chatted easily about the success of the evening. He was on the floor committee, and was apparently overwhelmed with affairs; but he managed to put his name on each sister's card, and they agreed afterward that his was the best dance of the night. They described him to their mother, wondered if they would meet him soon again, and really spent a great deal of time thinking and talking of his many attractions.

Several days afterward the coal supply gave out and Mr. Grant wrote on a postal card an order for several tons and dropped it in the box at the post office.

That afternoon the girls were seated on the porch, sewing for a fair to be held at a neighboring house, when they noticed a large wagon entering the drive. It was filled with coal and drawn by spirited horses. Their driver

FELTER PRESENTED HIM.

glanced up as he passed on the high seat, raised his hat and distinctly bowed to the sisters.

"The man bowed to us," said Belle, dropping her work in amazement. "What does he mean?"

"Oh, he's a country Jake, I suppose, and thinks that the proper thing," said Lillian, laughing. "But see how cleverly the work is done here."

The man had driven close to a cellar window, adjusted a narrow slide, and was shoveling the coal into it with a display of muscular strength that was quite interesting, while the rattling noise was deafening. He wore blue overalls, and his hat shaded his features; but as he drove away the sisters stared at each other incredulously.

"Why, that's Mr. Gordon!" cried Belle.

"I really believe it is!" said Lillian.

"What on earth is he?"

"Why, a coal-man, of coarse."

"Will you tell father?"

"Indeed, I will not! He'll say it serves us right, going to public balls and meeting all sorts and conditions of men. We'll simply have to cut him."

"Such a dancer, too! I never had such a waltz!"

"What could have possessed Mr. Felter to introduce him?"

"Spirit of American equality, no doubt. Whenever we see a coal-cart, we'll have to avoid it!"

"Dear me, he'll be back with another ton as soon as possible."

"Well, he'll not see me!" Lillian sprang to her feet, seized her work and disappeared. Belle remained in her low chair and calmly put in her stitches.

"Pshaw!" she reflected. "We must be mistaken. It is a strange likeness, nothing more."

She was absorbed in a rosebud when the mingled sounds of a child screaming and horses wildly prancing startled her. The scene made her heart throb wildly. Her small brother, a mischievous elf of six years, had fallen in front of the coming coal-cart, and its driver was pulling back the frightened struggling animals. The terrified child did not move. Belle recovered her senses, ran down the steps, and picked up the little man, setting him on his feet in the lawn grass.

"Bravo! Miss Grant!" cried a familiar voice, and she raised her eyes to meet Gordon's. "That was a close call! The youngster isn't hurt?"

"Oh! no, thanks to you, Mr. Gordon."

"Keep him in the house till I get through here. He started the horses with—his pranks."

"You're not a bit nice, Fred." She shook her head at the little culprit, hugged him and led him into the house. The whole family had assembled, and Lillian, in her agitation, forgot her prudence.

"It is Mr. Gordon, Belle. I heard him speaking to you."

"Mr. Gordon?" cried Mrs. Grant. "I didn't see Mr. Gordon."

"Well, you can see him now," said Belle, courteously. "He's putting the coal in."

"Oh, I thought you meant the young fellow that you met at the hop."

"So I do, mother. He's a coal-man."

"Nonsense!"

"And he kept the horses from crushing Fred's little body."

"What are you all talking about?" asked Mr. Grant. So they all explained together.

"So you've been waltzing about with

HER BROTHER HAD FALLEN IN FRONT OF THE CART.

a coal-man. Haven't I told you the result of these mixed gatherings?"

"But he waltzes so well," said Belle.

"He puts in coal very well, too."

"Mr. Felter introduced him," cried Lillian. "Have it out with him."

"I intend to."

"If he is a specimen coal-man, the order is very nice," said Belle.

That evening the girls met Mr. Gordon at a dinner party, and observed the attention and interest that he commanded when conversing. It was evident that he had traveled extensively, and had met with strange adventures.

"He is quite a mysterious person," Belle remarked to Mr. Felter at the first opportunity. "Papa is quite irate with you."

They were partners in the dance that followed the dinner and could talk confidentially.

"How so?"

"Why, your friend came to our house this morning and put in coal."

Felter laughed out.

"Oh! he is very independent. He is obliged to live in the open air—the result of over-study. He combines pleasure with profit, and as this climate suits him, he sells coal and stays here all the year round. However, he is rapidly recovering, and no doubt will resume his profession very soon. Sam Gordon is a brilliant scholar, and a gentleman."

"And a dancer."

"I see him coming this way."

"Yes, I promised him this waltz."

### A Piece of Land

Is worth on the Strand, in London, $27,500 for twelve-foot frontage, or not quite $2,300 a foot.

On the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, $5,000 a front foot—perhaps more now; that's what Huntington paid Bonner.

On lower Broadway, in corner plots, $15,000 to $20,000 per front foot.

Corner of Wall and Broad streets can't be had at any price.

On Long Island, far from railroads, $5 per acre.

On government land eighty acres for nothing.

In most of the South American republics a big farm for nothing and a bounty for settling on it.—Philadelphia Record.

—Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enters his little niece, Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair. Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Allie?" Alice (weeping)—"You've drinked up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywogs."—Harvard Lampoon.

## FARMER AND PLANTER.

### HEDGES IN THE SOUTH.

**How to Grow Quickly a Well-Nigh Perfect Hedge.**

A well-nigh perfect hedge can be quickly grown, and with but little skill, pains or labor, on nearly any sort of soil in the cotton latitude, by putting out alternately plants of the pyracantha and Macartney rose. Either of these alone makes a very good hedge here; but the former does not hug the ground quite close enough, and the latter is rather too sprawling unless special attention is given to pruning and training. They, however, precisely supplement one another when planted alternately, say a foot apart, the pyracantha giving a sturdy support to the Macartney, which compactly fills all the gaps that the pyracantha growing alone would leave. The rose is a little liable to spread unduly by self-layering, but can be kept in bounds without much trouble. Pruning for any other purpose is scarcely ever required, if at all. Both of the above-named plants grow readily from cuttings, though it is better to plant either rooted layers from an old hedge, or one-year rooted plants started in nursery. Of course, good preparation of the ground for the hedgerow is advisable, and some cultivation and manuring will be required, but less than in the case of any of the other hedge plants. Perhaps a rhinoceros might attempt a second time to go through a well-established hedge of the sort mentioned, but I hardly think anything would. But while I would never think of growing a hedge of any other kind, it is with considerable reservation that I recommended even this style of hedge fence. I have a great deal of it on my place that I am making no use of, simply because, owing to change in my plans, it is where I now do not want any fence. And a useless hedge is not merely useless, but is, for obvious reasons, considerable of a nuisance, and one that is not readily gotten rid of. Still, for a fence along a public road, for the inclosing of a large body of land, and especially for protecting an orchard against marauders, a good hedge may, upon the whole, be in many instances the best fence to have.—J. W. Matthews, Arkansas, in American Gardening.

**The Cow Lost Her Cud.**

A few days ago a neighbor asked my advice as to the treatment of a favorite cow, which he said was sick and "had lost her cud." When asked to describe her symptoms he said she lay moping around with her nose on the ground and did not chew her cud. I suggested the administration of a pint of raw linseed oil, or if that was not at hand, melted lard, as it was most probably a case of indigestion. But, he said, "she had lost her cud, and she must get another before she can get well." I agreed with him. "Then," he inquired, "how can I make her a cud and get it into her?" It then dawned upon me that my friend considered the cud a part of the cow's anatomy or working machinery, and it took some time to persuade him that such is not the case. Finally he went home, acted on my advice, and in a few hours found that the cow had got another cud. For the benefit of others I may state that "a cud" is a portion of food that has been swallowed and deposited in the first stomach. When the animal is resting it conveys this partially masticated food back to the mouth in small wads. This is called "the cud" and can be seen traveling up and down the gullet to and from the mouth. When the action of the stomach is suspended from want of food or indigestion, this passage of the cud is interrupted, and the animal is said to have "lost its cud." The trouble can generally be remedied by giving food or a little simple medicine.—Drovers' Journal.

**An Experiment in Cotton.**

A farmer should know what it costs to make a crop and then he should know how much it is worth, and balance accounts, and if he finds he has gained he should still pursue his course of work; but if he has lost, he should surely change his plans. I am fifty-five years old and have been farming all my life except four years of war, and I have been successful, not as to wealth, but I have raised a large family and have made a fair living. I will give you a detail of the real experience of making one acre of cotton on the basis of a whole farm, and on the ordinary plan of farming, as I see there is a wide difference of opinion as to the cost of making cotton. Here it is:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rent of land | $ 2 00 |
| Stalk cutting | 20 |
| Bed with three furrows | 55 |
| Re-bed with three furrows | 55 |
| Pole off | 10 |
| Plant | 20 |
| Cost of seed | 10 |
| Cultivate | 3 00 |
| Gather | 4 80 |
| Hauling from the farm | 50 |
| Putting up | 1 50 |
| Marketing | 50 |
| Total expense | $15 00 |

I base the handling of cotton on a half bale per acre. If you sell 250 pounds of cotton at five cents per pound, and the seed at a basis of nine dollars per ton, you will have $14.75, and you see we can not make cotton at five cents.—J. B. Jordan, in Farm and Ranch.

**Nitrogen and Nitrogen-Gatherers.**

A few words in regard to nitrogen in fertilizers will not be out of place. This is the most costly constituent of commercial fertilizers; and, in many instances, the increased cost of the fertilizer will balance or even exceed the increase in the proceeds from the crop, due to the nitrogen. Fortunately, we are not obliged to rely entirely upon commercial fertilizers for our supply of nitrogen to enrich our soils. Recent investigations have proved that the class of plants called "leguminous plants," to which the clovers, peas, beans, etc., belong, have the power of deriving from the air a part of the nitrogen required in their growth. For this reason they are sometimes called "nitrogen-gatherers." This fact helps to explain why clover is so valuable in restoring and enriching poor soils. If we fertilize our crop of clover liberally with potash and moderately with phosphates we have there the means of enriching our soil in all these "essential ingredients" of fertilizers. This is a very important principle in the use of fertilizers, and is in accordance with the long-established practice.—Bulletin No. 46 Ky. Ex. Station.

**Farming for a Living.**

Secretary Morton reminds the croakers that only about 3 per cent. of all the merchants escape failure, whereas hardly 3 per cent. of the farmers fail. The statistics really show that agriculture is safer than banking, manufacturing or railroading, taking all things into account. There is no farmer of good sense and good health anywhere in the west, Mr. Morton declares, who can not make a good living for himself and family, and that is as well as the majority of men are doing in any other pursuit. The man who owns a farm and sticks to it is certain to profit by it in the future. There is practically no more land to be added to the area of cultivation. The supply of agricultural products has reached its limit in the United States, and must now remain stationary, while the demand will go on increasing every year. This implies a gradual improvement in prices, and a steady appreciation of the value of farming lands.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Sheep as Debt Payers.**

When I first commenced farming on my own account I went heavily in debt—$4,000—for a farm. I had about thirty sheep. I took eighty more for two years, giving one pound of wool per head and returning the same number at the expiration of the lease. The sheep were fair-grade Merinos, yielding about five pounds wool per head. I bought a high-priced ram each of the two years. I raised about one hundred lambs. When they were sheared they gave me an average of over seven pounds of wool per head, the next cross gave me between eight and nine pounds per head. At the end of six years I had my farm paid for and had a flock of sheep that could carry off the lion's share of the prizes at our county fair. It was in 1862 when I first commenced.—Allegheny County, N. Y.

**Streaks in Butter.**

Streaks in butter are often seen, even after unusual care in the cream has been taken and preparation of the butter itself, which mistify and discourage the butter makers, whose efforts to produce a superior artical are earnest and sincere, says an exchange. The trouble arises from the dissolving salt, after the butter has been printed and packed, and may be revived by a second working over, six or eight hours after the salt has been introduced. To those who have not tried it the amount of water expeled from the butter, that appeared perfectly dry at the first working, will be a surprise, and the butter will present a uniform color and solid appearance not before apparent. Salting with brine in the churn, while the butter is in the granular form, obviates the difficulty in some degree, but it is not possible to avoid the streaky condition altogether by hurried packing and dispensing with the second working.—Dairy World.

**Raising Chestnuts for Food.**

At the suggestion of the national authorities, who believe that chestnuts can be profitably raised as an article of food, several farmers of Berks county have engaged extensively in the cultivation of the fruit. One farmer has thirty acres in almost bearing condition, and he believes they will become as popular in a few years as an article of diet as either wheat or corn.—Philadelphia Times.

**Roaster Pigs for Profit.**

It is often the case that pigs fit for roasting, especially when there is a good demand for them, clear more profit to the owner than they will at any later period. This is especially true of fall pigs which are hard to winter without stunting them. Crowd the pigs for roasters all that is possible. The better they are the larger price they will bring per pound.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### HERE AND THERE.

—The sooner cotton is gathered after it opens the better the staple, and the higher the price. Therefore when a boll opens, go out and get it.

—Sheep intended for mutton should not be permitted to "take their chances." Rush them from the first, and market early.

—No farmer should neglect to sow rye, oats or barley for hog pasture, unless he be one who has no hogs. Then and in that case he should quit farming and take up politics.

—The farmer who closely calculates the least amount of feed he can get his stock through the winter with, on a tight squeeze, will himself be squeezed as tightly as his stock when the final settlement is made.

—Distemper is prevailing among foals in many sections. When suffering from it care should be taken to prevent exposure to showers and rain storms. A little neglect is pretty sure to prove expensive economy.

—Heavy fertilizing operates in two ways to defeat drought: it hurries the crop to maturity before the drought can do its work, and it causes a heavy growth that shades the ground and prevents to some extent evaporation by heat.

—If rotation is good for political health, it is equally necessary in farming, for the prosperity of the farmer and the stability of the farm. When cotton has cumbered the ground for a year, "turn the rascal out" and try grain there and similarly with the other crops. Let rotation be the watchword.

—A large majority of farmers can make more on a fifty-acre farm than one containing the traditional 200. No farmer should pay taxes on land that he has no use for, nor attempt to cultivate more than he can thoroughly handle in the most unfavorable conditions.

## READERS AND NON-READERS.

**Bright People of the World Who Have Very Little Book-Knowledge.**

Certainly there are plenty of people, men and women, who are exceedingly intelligent, and this not in any limited direction, who never read, who know nothing about books, and who could not gain from them any appreciable addition to their brightness. They have thought, and they can talk. They observe, as a rule, much more closely than the readers, who are apt either to be preoccupied, or to be mentally "dissipated"—there is no other word—and think, when they think, in a more original way, or rather, as that word has now a conventional meaning, in a way which is less obscured by the influence of "the common-sense of most."

Their thoughts, poor or perfect, are at least their own, and are strong thoughts. They lack width usually, though not always; for intercourse with readers has much of the effect of reading; but they have a certain directness and tenacity as to the point at issue. They are apt, too, to have humor, the incongruities of things striking them even more than they strike readers—how much had Burns read?—and humor of the peculiar kind which we define rather indefinitely by the word "raciness," that is, flavor, the trace of the onion which animates the salad. In talking, it is said, they are deficient; but that is often only because they are in presence of persons whose knowledge of books they dread, or because they belong to the classes or races—for there are both—to whom the privilege of talking easily has not been given. There are women among us who never read, and talk excellently well—there were scores of them in France just before the revolution—and men who talk as only chiefs of professions can, but who have never seen a book since they were at college. Indeed, we believe that if the literary would inquire, they would be rather startled at the number of the latter. There are not only the scores of able men who have no time for reading, but other scores in every profession to whom reading is very like an impossibility. They can not do it any more than a reading man can get through "Sismondi" or "The Wanderer."

There is a literary assumption current, now indeed crystalizing into an axiom, that all able men with the time can read books, and that if they do not, it is the fault of the newspapers, or the novels, or congenital perversity; but the assumption is totally unfounded. Numbers of men of keen intelligence simply can not read, and never open a book, and neither suffer for the deficiency nor find it suspected by the world. There was plenty of intelligence before printing and before manuscripts became accessible to any but the wealthy. In Asia, outside theology, all ability is independent of book-knowledge; and the statesmen who never read are infinitely more intelligent that the Baboos who kill their original thinking-power by studying the books of a foreign people.—London Spectator.

### LOYAL MOORS.

**Belief in the "Divine Right" of the Sultan of Morocco.**

"I am the caliph of the Lord; I am the captain and commander of the Faithful, the chosen one of the Prophet; I am the King of kings; I am a Prince in paradise: then obey me without a murmur, as my camels do."

This is the magnificent pretension of the sultan of Morocco, and it is generally allowed. It is refreshing to find a country where not only has the divine right never been contested, but where as yet it has not even been questioned. Now and again a pretender to the throne has turned up, and the annals of Morocco are red with stories of civil wars. But the pretender has never been a revolutionist; he has always based his contention upon having a more divine right, and the alleged possession of a more generous and direct flow of the blood of the prophet in his veins.

The loyalty of the people toward the monarch partakes of the nature of adoration. When the battle is fought and won, and the soldiers who have fallen sorely wounded are brought off the field and placed in a circle around the white pavilion in which the mysterious monarch lives, as unapproachable and invisible in his camp as in his court, then, it is said, the dread sultan walks up and down among them, smiling with silent pity upon their agony; and they, the poor ignorant Kabyles of the valleys, and the nomad horsemen from the desert, cry out until the cries give place to the rattle of death, "Allah ibark amer Seedna" ("God prolong the days of our Lord"). And this too is the cry of the malefactor as he goes toward death or mutilation, and these are the words of the disgraced vizir who, when for purposes of political necessity he must disappear or be effaced, takes the cup of poisoned tea from the hands of his gracious sultan.

The mantle of the Prophet of Medina that he wears must indeed be broad and ample, for it is called upon to cover a multitude of sins—that is, viewed from our standpoint—but the Moors believe that, try as he may, the sultan can do no wrong. He is like the saint I saw in Tangier who spends his entire time in drinking gin and whisky. One might think that this saint was drinking an undue quantity of strong waters, but such is not the case; at least it has never appeared to the Moors in this light, for he is such a holy man, they say, that the moment the strong waters came in contact with his person they lose all their fiery qualities, and become innocent mare's milk.—Stephen Bonsal, in Century.

**Ready for His Name.**

"Who is this coming?" asked the hotel clerk.

"That's another East Indian prince," replied the porter.

"Front!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring in the double-width register."—Washington Star.

## DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Sauce for Fish: Scrape fine the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, add pepper, salt, mustard, three tablespoonfuls each of salad oil and of vinegar and one of tomato catsup.—Housekeeper.

—Chicken Mince Pie: Chop meat fine from boiled fowl. Put layer in dish, cover with sliced chicken liver. Add rest of fowl, with butter and seasoning, then rich broth and crust, and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—Potatoes and Egg: Put alump of butter into a frying-pan; when it boils, brown in it a finely chopped small onion. Cut some cold boiled potatoes into slices, put them into the pan, pour over them the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add pepper and salt; fry a golden brown on both sides.—N. Y. Times.

—Chopped Tomato Pickle: Add to eight pounds of chopped green tomatoes, well drained, a scant half teacupful of salt and four pounds of brown sugar. Let this boil two hours, then add a quart of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of ground cloves, and one of ground cinnamon. Boil fifteen minutes, and can.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Preserved Greengages: Allow one pound of sugar and a teacup of water to each pound of fruit, halved and stoned. Boil the syrup ten minutes before putting the plums in, skim, and then boil all together till tender. Take from fire, and let stand overnight. The next day boil up again, adding a few of the blanched kernels taken from the stones. Pack the fruit in cans, pour over the syrup, and seal.—Harper's Bazar.

—Fried Cucumbers: Cucumbers are good in any form, but they are particularly delicious prepared in the following manner. Pare and cut the cucumbers lengthwise in slices about one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut off the tough white part on the outside pieces, and soak in cold water, slightly salted, for one hour. Wipe dry, sprinkle each slice with a little salt and pepper, dust with flour and roll in sifted bread crumbs, or dip in beaten egg and then in crumbs. Fry in hot butter.—Boston Budget.

—Household News gives this recipe for French Crullers: Put a half pint of water and two ounces of flour on to boil. When boiling add hastily one cup, or four ounces, of flour. Beat a moment until like smooth dough. Stand aside to cool. When cool add three eggs, one at a time, unbeaten, beating each time until the egg is thoroughly blended. Roll out, cut same as doughnuts, and fry in smoking-hot fat; roll thin, using as little flour as possible. As soon as fried, roll each in powdered sugar. These are delicious when fresh.

—Allemande: Melt a good tablespoonful of butter with one of flour and add half a pint of white stock, salt, pepper, and a dash of grated lemon peel; simmer for ten minutes and stir meanwhile; add a half pint of milk or cream and the yolk of one egg. Do not boil after the egg has been added. Finish the seasoning with a little lemon juice. Many cooks use the yolks of three eggs for this quantity, but it is rich enough with one. The broth can be made from the merest trifle of chicken or veal bones or trimmings.—Country Gentleman.

—Cucumbers Stuffed: The large, ripe cucumbers need not go to waste. They make most delicious dishes if rightly cooked. Peel two or more, cut a slit in one side and scoop out the seeds with a small spoon, fill with any kind of bread or meat stuffing and tie shut. Line a saucepan with slices of thin bacon and beef, lay on the cucumbers, cover with more meat and bacon and then with stock or water and simmer an hour or until all are tender. If water is used add two young carrots, one turnip, an onion and soup herbs.—American Agriculturalist.

### FROCKS FOR SMALL GIRLS.

**Everything Rather Monotonous Now, But Simplicity Prevails.**

Fashions for larger children follow the wake of their elders, and there is noticeable the same dearth of originality at the present time, both in wardrobes large and wardrobes small. Among the prettiest things is a revival of the English fashion of low-cut necks and short sleeves. It is said to be more healthful and is certainly very sweet to look upon. Besides, so little variation is required, as a short waist and a full skirt comprise the entire frock. The little English dress in the illustrations of to-day has a draped effect in front and a bertha of lace drawn in with baby ribbon at the neck. The empire dress, which is going out of style just as everybody knows how to make it, is certainly very pretty for little girls from three to six years of age. Creponette is nice material to use, with a bow of wide ribbon at the back of the yoke and ends falling to the hem. More becoming yet are the round-waisted frocks trimmed with a bertha or draped revers and a long sash. A pretty dress for a girl of twelve or thereabouts is of mauve spotted cambric trimmed with narrow white braid and a full vest of white nainsook tucked very finely at the neck and finished with straps and bows of ribbon.—Chicago Post.

**Giving Pleasure.**

A little thought will show how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employes, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of the day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—N. Y. Weekly.

## PITH AND POINT.

—When the goat tackled the can of dynamite, you ought to have seen the butter fly.

—Every time a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.—Ram's Horn.

—Do not put off upon others advice that you are unable to keep for your own use.—Galveston News.

—The individual who does things according to his own sweet will generally has a very sour won't.—Puck.

—The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.—Texas Siftings.

—"If I should ask you to lend me five pounds, what would happen?" Prospective Victim (tersely)—"O, nothing."—Tit-Bits.

—Man generally falls because he is an egotistical fool; and the woman who falls is the one that has believed in him.—Rest Islander.

—Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance, and make a seeming impossibility give way.—Jeremy Collier.

—He (from New York)—"Was it you I heard singing 'After the Ball' this evening?" She (from Philadelphia)—"After what ball?"—Life.

—"There's a curious state of things in our church choir." "What is it?" "The members are all at peace with each other."—N. Y. Press.

—"Brown has the job he was after—plenty of light work." "What's he doing?" "Attending motors at the electric plant."—Atlanta Constitution.

—"Now, Walter, what did you say to Mr. Benton for the nice peaches he sent you?" Walter—"I said I wish he'd send free stones next time."—Inter-Ocean.

—You can't always tell by listening to a man while he prays at Friday evening meeting just what he will do in a horse trade Saturday afternoon.—Somerville Journal.

—The Debutante (aside)—"How many verses shall I sing?" The Professor—"Do you want an encore?" The Debutante—"Of course." The Professor—"One."—Boston Budget.

—Very Appropriate.—Willie—"You say you presented Squib, the humorist, with a cane?" Bill—"Yes." Will—What kind of wood was it made of?" Bill—"Chestnut."—Yankee Blade.

—Double-Leaded—"You're a nice type of a man," said Jones, as he plugged the burglar with a couple of balls. "Double-leaded type," said the expiring thug.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Mistaken Kindness.—Jack—"Hello, old man! Awfully glad to see you. Here, take off that coat and put on this smoking-jacket and make yourself comfortable." Dick—"Deuce take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?"—Truth.

—Mandy—"Here, Josiah, is a drug store; now let us go in an' get them souvenir spoons we've read so much about." Josiah—"Gracious, Mandy, you won't find 'em here, will you?" Mandy—"Josiah, I know what I'm a doin'; didn't I see in a paper that they was a drug in the market?"

—Artless Tommy.—Tommy—"Say, Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw." Yabsley—"You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy." Tommy—"But she is going to give me a dime for telling you."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Fizzletop children were playing with their toys. "Johnny, you are spoiling the whole game. You are the biggest donkey I ever saw," said little Mamie. Colonel Fizzletop (reprovingly)—"Why, Mamie, I am surprised." Mamie (indignantly)—"Why, pa, I didn't mean you. You ain't the biggest donkey I ever saw!"

—Lawyer—"And now please state the remainder of the conversation between you and the defendant." Witness—"I do not remember it, sir." The substance of it escapes me." Lawyer (witheringly)—"Never mind the substance of it. Tell us the words, and I fancy the jury will have the intelligence to get at the substance."—Harper's Bazar.

### HAD A SHINE ALL AROUND.

**A Bootblack Knows a Kind Man When He Sees One.**

The Italian boys whose familiar cry of "Shine, boss?" is heard on all the ferryboats, are sometimes very clever in their methods of extending the trade. A well-dressed, middle-aged, prosperous-looking man boarded a South Brooklyn boat for New York one afternoon lately, his shoes displaying a variegated assortment of Brooklyn dirt and dust. He nodded to a bootblack who regarded his customer's shoes critically, observed that the customer was a good-natured-looking man, and said persuasively:

"Catcha da plenta mud, boss. Dis-a shine ten-a cent. Eh?"

The customer said all right. A little boy, five or six years old, edged away from a sister twice his age, who had him in charge, and watched the shining operation with great interest. The man was evidently interested in the boy, and the bootblack noted that instantly. When the bootblack's first job was finished the man and boy had formed a very friendly acquaintance.

"Let me give-a da boy da shine," said the bootblack.

This pleased the man and amused the boy.

"Now, who is your mother?" was one of the questions of the boy.

"His mother is dead, sir," said the sister.

"Ah, poor little chap!" exclaimed the man.

The bootblack regarded the girl out of the corners of his eyes, gave a glance at the man, finished the boy's shine and said:

"Let-a me give-a da lady da shine, boss?"

"Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the man, and the girl laughed so much over the operation that the man was too well pleased to remember that any change was due from the quarter he gave the bootblack.—N. Y. Sun.