

CALIFORNIA'S COOL COAST.

Produced by a Strong Current from Antarctic Ocean and Not from Japan.

A great scientific mystery of the Pacific ocean has just been solved, at least theoretically, writes Garrett P. Serviss, in Success. The experimental verification will come later, or, perhaps the new theory will be accepted or rejected without other test than that of a thorough discussion of the facts on which it rests.

The mystery in question relates to the origin of the immense current of cool water which sweeps southward along our Pacific coast from Alaska to southern California, the antithesis in relative temperature and in direction to the Gulf stream of the Atlantic coast, but mightier than the latter in volume, and modifying the land climates all along its course to a great extent, possibly, than any other known ocean current. In short, this current is one of the greatest agents employed by nature in producing the famous climate of the Pacific coast. The magnificent forests of Washington and Oregon and the rich orchards and vineyards of California owe their existence largely to the influence of this vast river in the sea, which flows swiftly by the shore, tempering with its coolness the arid heats of summer, rolling in vast mists of fog which distribute moisture like the gentlest rain and mitigating the severity of the winter months with its equalizing influence, because, while the average temperature of the water is much below that of the adjoining land in the summer, it is considerably above it in winter.

Nor is this all. Turning westward, after skirting the shores of California, the great current spreads out over the center of the Pacific, touching the Hawaiian islands, where again its genial influence is beneficently felt, with the result that those islands enjoy a more uniformly agreeable and salubrious climate than any other land lying in a similar latitude.

Now, in a general way and without much critical examination, geographers and oceanographers have hitherto assumed that this Pacific current was an offshoot of, or a complement to, the northward flowing Gulf stream of Japan, the Kuro Sivo. This, the Rev. S. E. Bishop, widely known for his researches on similar subjects, disputes; and he sets forth the very interesting and surprising proposition that the great current begins near the south pole, from which it follows that all the favored regions mentioned above owe their felicitous climes to the transmitted coolness of the illimitable ice fields which border the Antarctic continent, that coolness, having been brought 10,000 miles under the sea in order to reach their shores.

FISH BLEACH AND BLUSH.

Quick Changes of Complexion by the Redheads at New York Aquarium.

"Watch these fellows," said the captain of an ocean-going tug at the Aquarium the other afternoon, as he stood in front of the tank containing more than a dozen of the beautiful red hinds from Bermuda. "See them change color like the pretty chameleons of the tropics, only quicker."

"I think it is one of the most amusing things in nature, and I have watched them in their native waters many a time. They live among the pink and white corals where the water is so clear that it deceives you about the depth. You think that you are in danger of hitting a coral reef that is 20 or 30 feet below the keel and you can see these fish playing around in the water."

"Watch those fellows swimming around. They are dark red on the back and pink on the sides. See those at rest on the bottom or clinging to the rock work. They are blotched with white patches and bars and the red has almost entirely disappeared."

"There is a red one settling down. Just notice the red give way to white as soon as he is at rest and watch that one which he has disturbed grow darker every minute. Isn't he a study?"

"It seems to me that it is a provision of nature to protect these fish while resting. The hinds are not the only fish that change in color, but they appear to make the change quicker than any other variety that I know of."

Just then an attendant began throwing cut fish into the tank and all the hinds were aroused. In a second they were scooting in every direction through the water and in less than a minute all had assumed a ruddy glow. The white patches had disappeared, but as several fish seized as much food as they desired they settled down upon the gravel and began to bleach out in patches and streaks.

An onlooker remarked that all fish were subject to changes of complexion and cited the fact that an artist who desired to paint the fishes of America recently found that it was necessary to exclude the sunlight from them to make them retain their natural tints.

A black bass freshly caught and placed in a bright tin bucket lost its green and bronze hues in ten minutes, and a weakfish parted with its purple luster within five minutes after being removed from its native element. He said that nature provided certain reptiles and fish with a power of simulating their surroundings and cited the fact that the tree frogs would take the color of their perch within a few minutes.

Good Tax.
Cats are taxed in Dresden and other German towns. When the tax was first imposed thousands of the animals were destroyed by owners desirous to avoid payment.

FRESH FEMININE FINERY.

Pretty Details That Go to Make Up Attractive Costumes of the Season.

An undeniable dash attaches to the deep cuffs and large pockets of the Louis coats.

Marabout, soft and lovely, comes in quilted-plumed plumes that are placed under the brim.

A wonderful pointed toque (a Paris latest) is formed entirely of folds, all of beautifully shaded blue.

Ermine is more popular than ever before, especially where the hat and stole are both of this beautiful fur.

Entire gowns of dyed lace made up with silk or velvet appliques are among the novelties for reception or opera wear.

Delicate greens, apple and reseda, serve for trimmings. For entire hats the moss, hunter's and even deeper shades are liked.

On evening gowns the old-fashioned round low-neck waist is seen as often as the square, falling-off-the-shoulder effect.

The ribbon counters suggest that femininity is going to attire itself like unto a Maypole, with countless streamers and bowknots.

Japanese, Chinese or Bulgarian belts are very effectively and consistently finished by buckles of jade, amber, crystal or chrysolite.

Paris has evolved a new pink like a "lifeless watermelon" or a "faded water lily" and known as nenuphar. Eggplant and dawn are two other talked-about pinkish tints.

Very unusual, and, therefore, correspondingly popular, is a crushed belt of Turkish embroidery, bordered with leather straps and harness buckles.

Some hats covered with a dull, thick silk of the pea de sole order are to be seen and probably will be more or less worn throughout the winter when something very smart is required.

ONLY ONE SUIT FOR FIFTY

But the Garments Made It Possible for Every One of the Indians to Vote.

"Talking about voting under difficulties," remarked Representative J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, a few days ago, according to the Washington Star, "I remember out in my state in former times there was a popular law that Indians who wore clothes could vote. The woods were full of Indians, but suits of clothes were mighty scarce around there, especially with the Indians. Whenever there was no special interest in the election or it was all one way the ingenuity of man was not stirred up sufficiently to put two and two together in such a way as to get those Indians to vote, but one day votes were mighty valuable and an energetic worker set out to get Indians.

The red men were as thick as flies, but every last one of them had a blanket wrapped about him and very few of them had ever had on the clothing of civilization. The proposition to let them vote if they wore clothes was made in order to encourage them in the ways of civilization and also with the idea that a man who had on clothes would be a pretty intelligent Indian.

"Well, the demand for votes stirred up one of the ward workers, and he got an old suit of clothes and took it to a hunt near the voting precinct. One by one Indians were brought in dressed up in the clothing of civilization and voted. As soon as an Indian had been voted he was hurried back to the hut and his clothing was transferred to another Indian. The idea spread and other enterprising political workers set up the same kind of business. The number of Indians that could be voted with one suit of clothes was merely limited to the number of changes that could be made. Each suit of clothes was easily good to vote 50 Indians. The lightning change acts that were performed by the Indians would be an object lesson to lightning change artists on the stage."

NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.

Entertaining Pastime That Will Help to Make a Pleasant Evening for Young Company.

A new game for an evening party is called "the yacht race," says Good Housekeeping. Each player receives a chart with the name of his yacht written at the top. It may be decorated with a drawing of a yacht, or a picture taken from an illustrated paper. Along the edge are numbers from one to ten, and after each number the direction the yacht is to sail to find its next landmark. The landmarks are pieces of white paper about an inch square. There are ten of them for each yacht. For instance, the Ada's landmarks would be numbered Ada 1, Ada 2, Ada 3, etc., up to Ada 10. These landmarks are placed about the rooms in plain sight and the captain of each yacht has to find his own. All start from the same wharf, a table of some sort, and each sails by its own chart, which is different from all the others. As the landmarks were found they were taken down and pinned to the charts. The player who found all his landmarks first, won the race and received the prize. Let me suggest that the easiest way to arrange for this game is to write the directions on the charts as you place the slips about the rooms.

Pork Fruit Cake.
Chop and grind very fine three-fourths of a pound of fat salt pork and pour over it one pint of boiling water. When cool add two cupsful of brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one nutmeg, six cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Have prepared and floured one pound of currants, two pounds of raisins, and one-half pound citron. Stir in lightly. Bake in moderate oven.—N. Y. Herald.

BEARS TAKE LIBERTIES.

Up in Alaska They Get Too Familiar with Family Stores and Lone Travelers.

Bears have been reported in great numbers in all parts of the Yukon this summer, and prospecting, surveying, telegraph and police patrol parties have met many of the big fellows, writes a Dawson (Alaska) correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The most unique bear story of the season, perhaps, is that of a mammoth grizzly which has frequented one of the road-houses between Yukon Crossing and Whitehorse. The fellow learned that a number of hams were cached in the roof of a two-story road-house, and performed the extraordinary feat of scaling the high log house to the roof by climbing up the corner simply by gripping the logs with his powerful arms. He scaled the place many times and helped himself to ham. The owners of the house and all others connected with the place were absent for the summer.

The bear tore the roof of the road-house with his mammoth paws, and then easily got through and reached the hams. He carried some of the hams into the woods, and there devoured them. The fellow was caught in the act a time or two, and learned that he could leap from the roof of the house to the ground with no injury or apparent discomfort.

A policeman went to bag the foxy old bruin. He went to sleep, and as is customary when the "cop" is asleep, the big thing came off. Bruin sneaked up that roof, stole what ham he wanted, turned over a bait that had been set for him, and scampered off, leaving the policeman sadly disappointed when he awakened.

Mining Recorder Wadleigh, of Miller and Glacier creeks, received a warm reception recently from two mammoth cinnamon bears which he met on the trail between Dawson and Glacier.

Bears are so common in the district that Wadleigh thought nothing of it when he sauntered down a little hill and sighted two shaggy fellows come walking toward him. He expected that when a few paces nearer they would rise, give the customary turn of tail and hustle off into the bushes.

"Hello, old sports!" said Wadleigh, with a friendly and fearless air. That salute was enough. The cinnamonos evidently thought Wadleigh a long lost brother. The two brutes rose and made for him at double quick pace. The mining recorder did not even stop for masterly retreat. His hat shot into the air, his hair became erect, and with pop-eyes, he hit off three yards at a stride as he steered for the nearest tree. Wadleigh had a bottle of hootch and, strange to say, he held fast to the fire-fluid during his run. But at the bottom of the tree he dropped everything.

"Did I scale that tree?" says Wadleigh. "Well, I tried, I had outstripped the bears in the race, and was so frantic I stripped every limb off the lower end of that tree in the first few wild dashes I made to get to the top. It was an awful moment. Every second I thought I would be mincemeat the next, and I expected to find a heavy weight fastened to my trousers every time I slipped in that wild scramble. The incentive to keep at it was mighty. When the bears got within about three bounds of the tree desperation spurred me to one last grand effort."

"My startled soul drove me frantically to the task. My life was the stake. Every muscle, every fiber of my being responded. Every motion and every moment was precious. A false step or a slip might have meant death."

"Bruises to hands or knees were nothing. I struck to that slippery old tree, and up I went. The effort was supreme, and I was triumphant. As I landed my feet among the firmer branches of the tree the two husky brutes arrived panting and wild-eyed, and looked viciously up the tree. They made no fight to get me out."

"I dangled on the uppermost bough, and my heart was in my mouth with fear that the tree would give way. The bears turned to the bottle of hootch, nosed it with contempt, and then turned away. They ambled into the bush. After a few hours becoming myself I descended, sneaked about and gathered my hat and grip and then made tracks."

True Heroism.

A remarkable incident of one of the Port Arthur fights is the following: During an attack a Japanese officer was shot and lay a whole night in a trench. In the morning a Russian soldier entered the earthwork and began to examine the dead. The soldier himself was bleeding freely, one of his ears having been severed. He speedily found the wounded Japanese, examined his injuries, took him in his arms and carried him to the Japanese trenches, where both received a joyful welcome, and the wounds of both were cared for. The story is vouched for by Mr. Villiers, the English artist with the Japanese army, who made the drawing here reproduced.

Benevolent Earthquake.

Earthquakes occasionally profit mankind, as in the case of Ouzoun-Ada, a town on the Caspian. The port of the town was visited by an earthquake last year, and since then it has been found open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

Paraguay Women Weaving.

Nearly all the hard work in Paraguay is done by women. They till the fields, grow their own cotton, clean and spin it themselves, and weave it themselves into home-made fabrics on looms of their own construction.—Leisure Hour.

TELLS OF COMRADE'S DEATH

Illustrative Instance of the Heroic Spirit of the Japanese Soldier.

The English edition of the Japanese Graphic, published in Tokio, throws many interesting sidelights on the war and brings the people near to Occidental readers. The following report of the death of a soldier, Harukichi Ozawa, was sent to the bereaved family by his friend, Sankichi Kobayashi:

"Alas! Sankichi has missed a great consolation to-day. May 16 is a memorable day that Sankichi will never forget as long as he retains his senses. On the very day I, with Mr. Harukichi, was secretly sent to Laohushan on an important mission.

"The enemy gradually increased in number from 70 or 80 to 120 or 130. We were now convinced that death could not be escaped, yet still we kept firing, while, at times, trying to make them believe us to be numerous, we cried many orders and charges. This ruse, however, was not effective, for the enemy threatened to shoot us all in a body. Seeing the state of things, we endeavored to make a dash for freedom down the steep mountain pass.

"At this juncture Mr. Harukichi was shot through the shoulder and the same shot grazed my right leg. Mr. Harukichi fell down first and then I did the same. Blood gushed out copiously and we were both of us dyed crimson. But we were not killed yet, and I said: 'Mr. Ozawa, are you able to move?' His answer was: 'I am all right. How are you?' When I told him that my case was slight and called for no anxiety, he raised himself and said: 'Come now, let us go. We must not suffer ourselves to die before we make a report.'

"Thus urging me, he ran rapidly about half a mile under cover of the trees, when he accidentally fell down, stumbling against the root of a rotten tree. Upon his fall he said, gasping with pain: 'Farewell! I am done for now. Don't mind me, but run for your life!'

"I endeavored to raise him, saying: 'Don't talk so hopelessly, but he only shook his head. I could not mend matters, and so parted with him with tears in my eyes, saying: 'Then I cannot help you, but depend upon it, I will avenge you at any cost.' I quickly rejoined the main body and made a detailed report. A party of us then hastened to where Mr. Harukichi was lying. When he saw us approaching, he stood up and, shouting: 'Banzai!' passed away to another world."

"Not an officer but was moved to tears, not a soldier who witnessed his brave comrade die but thought of avenging him. Now Laohushan has fallen into our hands, which fact may to some extent ease his implacable resentment. Such being the truth, if the news of his glorious death shall dispel some of the sadness of his relatives and friends, nothing shall exceed the joy of Sankichi."

ABOUT INDIAN DAY SCHOOL

The Great Work It Is Accomplishing in Civilizing the Red Man.

The Indian day schools are centers of interesting things uplifting to a needy people, says a writer in the Southern Workman. They are home objects of cleanliness, industry and thrift. They teach industries suitable to the environment in which the children live.

They strengthen home ties by requiring parents to care for their offspring. They give teachers an opportunity to study the conditions of the Indian home and to better them. They are distributing points for medicine and good counsel. They silently but unobtrusively break down opposition to American dress and customs. Above all, they help the Indians at home.

Some teacher has said that if the day schools did go more than keep the Indians at home they would be worth all they cost. These schools should have the best and most valuable Christian men and women in the service. They should have a man for teacher with his wife for housekeeper and these must be provided with a good home.

One of my Indian neighbors came to me and asked to be taught how to make light bread. She brought her flour and was shown how to make the sponge. This she took home and the next morning the writer went to her house, showed her how to knead the bread, how to make it into loaves and how to bake it, but after some time the woman brought her dough to the teacher's home, requesting her to bake it for her.

After all was finished she said: "Well, this is all a great deal of trouble and it takes altogether too long. When we want bread we want it right away." Another neighbor remarked: "The light bread is like a sponge, nothing to it."

Euchered.

It was at a prayer and conference meeting, and Deacon Smith had dozed off into a half-asleep and half-awake condition of extreme contentment when Elder Jones, who was "leading the meeting," said:

"Deacon Smith, will you lead in prayer?"

Rubbing his eyes, Deacon Smith said: "Tain't my lead, I deat!"—Lippincott's.

Changes of the Times.

"It used to please me," said Olden, "to have the barber ask me if I wanted a shave when I was a youngster."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and now he sometimes flatters me by asking if I want a hair cut."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Offense Too Great.

"I'm a self-made man," remarked the loud-voiced individual.

The other looked at him closely.

"I cannot accept your apology," he said.—Brooklyn Life.

PULLMAN PORTER'S WILES.

Foxy Black Man Made Money by Losing the Shoe of a Mississippi Man.

"Talking about the race problem," said the retired Pullman conductor, though nobody had been talking about it, relates the Chicago Daily News, "I had a colored porter on my run down through the south one year who was a wonder."

"I think I must have met him," said the cigar salesman. "On my last trip south the porter took half a dollar from me to buy a box of cigarettes at a way station, brought back 15 cents change and eyed me until I gave it to him. He charged 30 cents a pint for bottled beer and wanted a dime every time he walked across the buffet car with a fresh bottle."

"No, that was not the same porter," said the retired Pullman conductor. "Although Tom, my porter, had his own peculiar abilities in that line, too. We were sailing along through lower Mississippi after midnight one night and Tom was sitting in the wash room shining the shoes of the passengers. He had had feet and had taken off his own shoes."

"All of a sudden the train stopped at an unaccustomed place and I told Tom to jump out and see what was the matter. It had been raining heavily and he looked out dubiously at the muddy ground and then looked down at his stockings feet."

"I done look pretty bad out yondah, boss," Tom says, "but I'll go out of you wants me to."

"With that he picked up a big pair of shoes belonging to a passenger, slipped them on and jumped into the darkness. In a few minutes the train started up and I forgot all about Tom."

"I suppose you pitched in and shined the rest of the shoes for him," suggested the cigar salesman.

"No, but in a few minutes after we started he came clumping in to where I was, looking worried."

"Say, boss, I'm in an awful box," he says, "an' I doan' know what to do 'bout it."

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, sah, he says, 'when I jumped off back there I done put on a big pair of shoes belongin' to lower 6, an' when she started up I made a quick run and one o' them shoes done stuck in the mud.'

"He held out the remaining shoe and looked at it ruefully."

"What do you s'pose I better do?" he asked.

"Why, there's only one thing to do," I said. "Shine up the other shoe in good shape, put it under the berth and bluff it out in the morning. Tell him you don't know anything about his shoe."

"That sounds good," says Tom. "I'll do it."

"The next morning there was a fearful row when lower 6 got up. He was a big, broad shouldered Mississippian and he got his finger on the push button in a hurry. Tom pretended not to hear the bell, but pretty soon the big fellow came stamping out."

"Hey!" he says in a voice that nearly turned Tom white, "did you shine the shoes in lower 6 last night?"

"Y-y-essah! Yessah!" Tom says. "I done shined all the shoes in the cab I must have shined 'em."

"Well, one of 'em's gone," the big fellow says, "and I want you to find it."

"Tom never batted an eye, but went in and turned the car upside down. He turned the bedding out of all the berths, swept the car and looked in the upper berths. No shoe."

"Seems to be gone, boss," he said, at length.

The Mississippian fixed him with a cold eye.

"Have you any idea how that shoe could get out of here?" he demanded.

"Well, sah," says Tom, "they was two ladies got off at Water Valley 'bout 3 o'clock this mornin', an' they both had these here long, trailin' skirts on. Now, I often heard how they could sweep a shoe out of a car that away."

"I guess that's what happened to mine," the big fellow says, but I've got to get off at Harrodsburg to meet my mother. Now, here's \$3. When we stop to change engines at Barr Junction you duck up to the town and get me a pair of wide No. 12's. Don't lose any time, now."

"Tom chased up and got the shoes and they fitted all right and the Mississippian gave him a quarter for going. When the big fellow was gone at Harrodsburg I cornered my porter."

"Well, you got out of that scrape pretty lucky," I said to him.

"Lucky?" he says. "Why, mah goodness, man, you don't know half of it. Them were dollah an' a half shoes I done bought him."

Scientific Nursing.

An ingenious Swiss mechanic claims to have invented an automatic baby nurse. The apparatus is attached to a cradle. If the baby cries, air waves cause specially-arranged wires to operate a phonograph which sings a lullaby, while simultaneously clockwork is released and rocks the cradle. When the crying ceases the wire falls to vibrate and the cradle stops rocking.

Helpful.

"You don't really believe there is any virtue in that medicine, do you?"

"I know this much. One bottle of it, judiciously used, relieved me of insomnia."

"Insomnia? Why, it's a cough medicine."

"Yes, but I used the bottle to throw at some cats that were disturbing my sleep."—Philadelphia Press.

Choice of Pleasures.

Ethel—How happy Gladys looks tonight!

Ethel—Yes, she expects to have a chance to accept Fred or turn down Charley, and she doesn't care which.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

FIGURES OF SPEECH MIXED

Ludicrous Results of Careless Use of Phrases Among English Parliamentary Orators.

London Tit-Bits relates: British oratory seems to have no distaste for mixed figures of speech. Various "bulls" of this sort have often been laid at the door of members of parliament. Here are some modern instances of parliamentary lapses of this sort:

"Sir, we are told that by this legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations."

"Among the many jarring notes heard in this house on military affairs this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis."

"The interests of the employers and employed are the same nine times out of ten—I will even say ninety-nine times out of ten."

"Our tongues are tied, our hands are fettered and we are really beating the air to no purpose."

"I will now repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted me."

"The West Indies will now have a future which they never had in the past."

"A thorny subject which has long been a bone of contention among us."

"A slumbering volcano which at any moment a spark might set aflame."

"The honorable member would denude us of every rag of the principles which we have been proclaiming from the housetops."

"Ah! The honorable member opposite shakes his head at that. But he can't shake mine."

Barristers are usually credited with possessing accuracy of speech, but some expressions recently reported indicate that they are capable of a blundering use of words. A member of the bar, in his opening speech for the defense, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the case for the crown is a mere skeleton, for, as I shall presently show you, it has neither flesh, blood, nor bones in it."

A well-known member of parliament informed the house that an "oral agreement is not worth the paper it is written on."

But a Leeds solicitor outdid his competitors when he said fervidly: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and take three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

FOR PEACE IN THE HOME.

In Its Interests There Should Be a System of Equal Consideration.

A mother should be perfectly impartial in the treatment of her children if there is to be peace in the home. Probably one of her children will be dearer to her than the rest—the youngest or the eldest, the cleverest or the most loving—but if she is a good mother, says the American Queen, she will never betray by a word or look this natural preference.

Children are passionately jealous, and have normally a strong sense of right and wrong. Nothing causes more pain to the little ones than the sense of being misjudged, misunderstood, unfairly treated. Half the quarrels and bickerings between brothers and sisters in after life are due to the seeds of discontent sown in childhood by the unwise favoritism shown to some member of the family by one or both of the parents.

"Treat them all alike" is a golden rule; boys and girls all on one footing. Not one rule of conduct for the girls and another for the boys. Show no partiality in their clothes, their food, their pocket-money, their holidays, and as far as individual differences permit, in their education.

In many families the girls are taught to look up to their brothers, to wait on them, to give in to them, to take an altogether secondary place. The boys are mother's darlings, and can do no wrong. Such a system inevitably makes the boys rude, ill-mannered, selfish and objectionable, as well as robbing the girls of their natural, healthy independence of character. If a perfect equality cannot be maintained between the boys and girls, then the boys should be the ones to give in to their sisters, and should be trained to do so in a gentle, chivalrous manner.

The influence of a mother is incalculable, and it is a significant fact that almost all our great men confess the secret of their greatness to be the lessons they learned at their mother's knee, and it is even more significant that men and women who have left the world wiser, happier or better than they found it have not been the spoiled favorites of indulgent mothers, but on the contrary have been brought up with old-fashioned severity.

Philadelphia Mince-meat.

The liquid ingredients for this mince-meat may be varied according to taste and principles. The original recipe calls for one and one-half quarts of wine, four pounds of meat, boiled tender, three pounds of suet, three pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, two pounds of citron, one-half pound of candied orange peel, one-quarter pound of candied lemon peel, six pounds of brown sugar, one-half peck of apples, one ounce of allspice, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, one-quarter ounce of mace, one ounce of nutmeg.—Good Housekeeping.

Little Woman's Query.

Ethel—Pa, why does Uncle Frank always say 'beware of widows'?"

Pa—Because, my child, widows are supposed to be expert in catching husbands.

Gracious! I wonder if I'll have to be a widow before I can get married!—Philadelphia Press.