

WHAT "MERCERIZED" MEANS.

A Process of Imitating Silk Disregarded for Many Years.

Mercerized cotton was first introduced as a substitute for silk some ten or twelve years ago, although the process for making it was invented about 1840 by a celebrated English dyer, John Mercer, the Craftsman says. He discovered that when cotton, either in cloth or yarn, was subjected for a short time to the action of strong caustic alkali and then thoroughly washed the resulting material was much stronger than before, had shrunk very considerably and had a much greater affinity for dyestuffs. Mercer patented his discovery and made some use of it in calico printing, but the process was nearly forgotten until, in 1880, it was discovered that by proper treatment cotton could by this means be made so lustrous as to compare not unfavorably with silk.

To make the cotton lustrous the goods, after dipping into the strong alkali, are kept firmly stretched, and their strong tendency to shrink resisted, until the alkali has been thoroughly rinsed off and the last traces neutralized with a little acid. If this is done carefully, when finally dried the cotton fibers will be found drawn out smooth and lustrous, while still retaining their new qualities of strength and increased dyeing power. To get good results in this process the materials treated, whether in yarn or cloth, must be made of the very best and longest stapled cotton, preferably Egyptian, and when well done the results are extremely satisfactory. The luster is not as good as the very best silk, but it is quite well marked, and for replacing the cheap grades of heavily weighted silks, as, for instance, for underwear, linings, etc., the mercerized goods are of very great value owing to their strength and durability, as well as their cheapness.

Style of Make-up in Africa.

The efforts of American girls to beautify themselves are copied throughout Africa, but the standards of beauty differ. Most of the women scar their bodies and many have great welts on their foreheads and cheeks marking the tribe to which they belong.

In Central Africa mutilation of the ears is common. The Swahilis enlarge the holes in the lobes until they become mere straps which will inclose a glass tumbler. These same girls have holes all around the rims of their ears, which they fill with rolls of paper. The Masai women load down their ears with jewelry, fastening great weights to the holes in the lobes so that they are gradually pulled down until they flop against the shoulders. Great rings and plugs are worn in the lips by people in German East Africa. The upper lip sometimes extends several inches out over the mouth. In another African tribe both men and women knock out the six front teeth of the lower jaw. On the south side of Victoria Nyanza there are tribes where the women file their teeth sharp like a saw, and the Buvamas knock out two of the incisors.

Invigorating Oklahoma Nights.

It doesn't make any difference how hot the day may have been in Oklahoma nor how still and sweltering the air may have seemed, for as soon as the sun goes down in the new State the breeze rises. It comes from no mysterious source. It is simply the radiation of heat which will occur in any open country which is hot enough. At 6 o'clock the breeze will make your husband whistle. At 8 he will slap your tie in your face, and if you are wearing a soft hat and glasses the brim of your hat will beat against the rim of your glasses and make deep red marks on your cheek. By 10 o'clock the breeze is no longer a breeze, but moans and whistles round the corners like a March zephyr in Missouri. And if you stay up until blood-red Aldebaran rises in the east and Vega dips low in the west the wind comes in enormous sighs like the very world must have been shaken to give them vent.

One Thing He Could Do.

Green—I'm looking for a plumber to do some work for me. Do you happen to know of one that does satisfactory work?

Brown—I know of one that I can guarantee to fill the bill; but I won't know how satisfactory his work will be.

Made Her Weary.

Little Helen—Sister, that new bean of yours makes me tired.

Elder Sister—Why, dear?

Little Helen—He has the manners of a street-car conductor. When I went into the parlor last night he said "How old are you, little girl?"

When a preacher begins to hint around that he has offers from other towns, it is a sign that he is working a scheme to have his salary raised.

When a man starts out with "I don't know that I deserve any credit for it," you can depend on it that credit is just what he is seeking.

"GIVE US LIBERTY OR GIVE US DEATH!"



—Chicago Journal.

Her Independence

"If I was a woman an' I had a man like that I'd quit him cold," remarked Jim Holliday, as the farmer who had just assisted his wife in her choice of a calico dress left the store. "I b'lieve in treatin' a woman right."

"Most fellers do afore they're married," observed Sol Baker. "I'd like to get your wife's opinion o' you 'bout ten years after you've sworn to love an' cherish her. I don't mean the opinion she gives out to the neighbors, but the privit an' strictly confidential kind that she keeps to herself."

"I never knowed a woman keep her opinion of her husband to herself—not if she got mad ernuff with him," said the storekeeper.

"A woman ought to have some spunk," resumed Jim Holliday. "I tell ye, I'd quit him."

"There's a many that 'ud quit if they knowed where they'd go with the young ones after they quit," said Baker. "What do you reckon a woman's goin' to do if she hain't got no money?"

"That's the p'int," said Washington Hancock. "Now you're a-gittin' at it, Sol. Same time a man's got to be keeful how he trusts 'em with too much. Wimmen are jes' nachally reckless when they think they can be. Once you turn 'em loose or let 'em git loose, there ain't no doubt but they'll come aigh to ruinin' a man."

"I knowed a case happened like that wunst," went on Hancock. "It was a warnin' to me. The feller's name was Strode. Cambyes Strode. He was a kinder hard-workin', savin' an' thrifty man, Cambyes was, but wunst in a while a feller will git into financial troubles even if he ain't no spen'thrift."

"That's so, sure ernuff," said Milt Sowash, feelingly.

"You bet! An' you hain't the only one, Milt," said Hancock.

"I wusn't talkin' about myse'f," said Sowash, indignantly.

"Cambyes worked early an' late," Hancock resumed. "He jes' nachally had to. It wasn't only the mill an' the farm that kep' him busy; he had to put in a consid'able time around the house, too. If he hadn't his wife would have cut ha'f the taters away peellin' 'of 'em, an' she'd have used twicet the soap an' starch that was ness'ry for the washin'."

She was about the most wasteful, extravagant woman you ever seen. Allus wantin' Camb to buy her suthin' or ernuther—this yer white rubber cloth for tables or graniteware dishes or new brooms or things like that she could have got along jest as well without. If her dress got a little faded or tore she'd want Camb to buy

her a new one out of the butter money. One time she got the kid boughten mittens. An' then if he'd have let her she'd have had fresh butcher meat twicet or three times a week. Good sowlbelly an' taters an' corn bread an' merlasses wusn't good ernuff for her, seemed like. She cert'nly did need watchin'."

"Well, as I was sayin', Camb got into financial troubles an' fin'ly he had to put everythin' in her name. He didn't say nothin' to her about it. He wus kinder close-mouthed, anyway. He jest had the transfers made an' then went on about the same as he alius did, 'ceptin' that when he wanted to sell a critter or suthin' he'd have to have her sign the bill o' sale. She didn't know nothin' about bills o' sale. Camb would call her an' hand her a pen an' tell her to sign an' she'd sign."

"Finerly there come a time when she took a notion that she wanted a new cook stove. She had a right good one that Camb's mother had given her for a weddin' present. The oven was a trifle burned out an' one or two o'



"I RECKON YOU'LL MAKE OUT TO USE IT A FEW YEARS LONGER."

the lids had got broke an' there wus a crack or two across the top that interfered with the draft, but it wus a right good stove, all the same, an' Camb put his foot right down.

"You mix you up some salt an' ashes an' plaster up them cracks if you don't like them," he says. "As fur's the lids bein' broke is concerned, I don't see why you can't keep a kittle on one hole all the time an' make the other lid do. Nex' time I go to town I'll bring a piece o' sheet iron to put in the oven an' I reckon you'll make out to use it a few years longer."

"Well, she took on about it consid'able. The more she thought about it the more she wanted a new stove and hated the idee o' makin' out with the old one. Finerly, one day a neighbor woman came in an' Mrs. Strode told her all about it.

"Why don't you pluck up sperrit an' git it anyway?" says the neighbor woman.

"What's the use o' pluckin' up sperrit if you can't pluck up no money?" says Mrs. Strode. "Strode won't give me none."

"I heered that all the property wus in your name," says the neighbor. "O' course if it hain't you can't do nothin', but if it is I don't see nothin' to hinder you from sellin' a cow or suthin' an' buyin' all the stoves or anythin' else you need."

"Me sell the stock?" says Mrs. Strode. "Could I?"

"Don't you sell it any way when there is any sold?" asked the woman. "You signed the bill o' sale for the shotes we bought o' you."

"Mrs. Strode studied awhile an' then she says, 'I b'lieve you're right, an' here I've be'n a-knucklin' down to Camb all these years an' stentin' myse'f thinkin' I couldn't help it. I'll cert'nly show Camb a thing or two now. He'll see I've got sperrit all right, I bet you."

"All sure enough when Cambyes went out to the field the next mornin' she went out to the barns an' hitched up an' went to town 'thout saying a word to him an' took the kid with her. She stayed in all that day an' I don't know but what she'd have stayed longer if Cambyes hadn't fin'ly got track of her. But by the time he got to her she'd done a plenty."

"Sold some stock, did she?" chuckled Jim Holliday.

"Well, she had figgered on sellin' some," said Hancock. "She allowed she'd sell ernuff to buy a \$30 stove an' a new bunnit an' a washin' machine an' a sewin' machine an' a silk dress an' a sunshade an' a dozen cans o' California peaches an' a rubber plant for the settin' room winder an' lace curtains for the same an' a pair o' kid shoes. But when she got to thinkin' it over she sort o' compromised an' bought four yards o' crash towelin', a 10-cent egg beater, a Mother Hubbard wrapper for 75 cents an' a pair o' stockin's and 5 cents' worth o' stick candy for the kid."

"An' the stove?" asked Holliday.

"No, she didn't dast to go as far as the stove," replied Hancock. "The crock o' butter an' the aigs she took wouldn't have been ernuff anyway."—Chicago Daily News.

Drew On His Stereotyped Phrases.

A young Chicago drummer was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country, and was called upon to ask the blessing, and not being accustomed to it, he promptly tackled the difficulty in the following words: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date. Allow us to extend our gratitude for this expression of good will. Trusting that our house may merit your confidence and have many orders from you this fall, we are yours truly, amen." The old man will say grace hereafter.

After putting his best foot forward many a man has had his leg pulled.

A woman is somewhat of a fast express—unless she is tongue-tied.

A BRAVE DEED HONORED.

Fire Recalls the Deed of a Heroine Whose Memory Was Revered.

The exciting scene enacted at the burning of an hotel at Aberavon, England, the other day, when a domestic servant risked her own life and met with severe injuries in saving a babe from a terrible death, recalls a similar but far more tragic case which stirred all England to pity and admiration some twenty-three years ago, says a London newspaper.

The heroine of this latter episode was one Alice Ayres. She was employed as servant to a Mr. Chandler, who kept an oil and color shop in the borough.

Fire broke out at dead of night, and in a few minutes the lower part of the house was a mass of flames. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler and one of their children were suffocated and burned to death in their bedroom, although Alice ran down to try and rouse them. Her room was above theirs, on the third floor. In it, beside herself, were the three other Chandler children, the oldest little more than a baby. The brave girl first threw out a bed, then dropped the little ones on it one at a time, although she herself was burning all the while. Then she jumped herself.

Next day she lay dying in Guy's hospital and a nation mourned. Queen Victoria sent one of her ladies in waiting especially to inquire after her. Bulletins were issued hourly, as from the death chamber of a monarch.

After death the hospital authorities refused to allow her body to be placed in the ordinary mortuary, but set aside a special room for it, which was soon nearly filled with floral emblems from all parts of the kingdom, estimated to be worth fully \$5,000. Twelve firemen bore her to her grave and more than 10,000 people attended the funeral in Isleworth cemetery, where is a magnificent obelisk erected by public subscription in memory of "the bravest deed that was ever done."

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

Only about one woman out of fifty cares for a genuinely clever man, and that one out of fifty usually looks like a wind-tossed bird's nest.

When she can't possibly pick any other physical flaw in the pretty woman whose looks you praise she says: "But have ever noticed her per-fect-ly ee-nor-mous feet!"

If you want to see piety exemplified study the saintly expression of countenance your wife assumes when she goes to church on a Sunday morning and you stay at home reading the papers.

The man whom your wife is always holding up to you as a superior example generally is an invertebrate male who is perpetually apologizing to a hatched faced spouse for things he hasn't done.

When you see her kiss and hug her departing female caller, and then, when the caller has gone, turn to you with a wry face and say, "Thank heaven, she's gone!" doesn't it sort of get you to guessing?

If some wives only understood that they merely held their husbands by the brittle thrall of the everyday habit, instead of by the enduring leash of love, they'd be a heap more solicitous for their future welfare.

No husband who likes peace is going to observe to his wife while she's engaged in sizzling her hair with the curling irons, that it's funny all women's hair isn't naturally wavy like that of a girl he once knew.

A borax-hauling burro of the desert has it forty ways on the gelatine spined male biped, who, after committing indiscretions with his eyes wide open, blabs about them to his wife through what he calls a stricken conscience.

The young woman whose ideal of manly beauty is the impossibly lovely lumox who illustrates the clothing ads of the House of Splookenhemer in the magazines generally marries something about as handsome as a string of dead catfish.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

Humorous Footpad.

Circassian Girl—So you were held up, eh? Why didn't you ask the highwayman to spare you?

Living Skeleton—I did and he said, "You are spare enough."

It is more blessed to give than it is to receive, but most of us are willing to let the other fellow have the blessing.

Lots of men know how they could get rich if other men wouldn't butt in.