THE CHAFING DISH.

Oh, ye bachelors, a-wooing maidens fair
And fortune's maid,
After dance and dim flirtation and the
proper promenade,
If her heart you fain would capture and
secure your dearest wish,
Just display your lordly knowledge of the
mystic chafing dish.

Gently hint that you're a gourmet of a
palate hard to suit,
And disparage old Lucullus and some
other chaps to boot,
Then prepare a dainty rarebit with an air
of unconcern,
And there may be millions in it—if you've
done it to a turn.

Love hath naught of sweet persuasion
that can beat the art of dining,
And the maiden will surrender to your
epicure designing,
And I'll imitate a motto, when you've
caught this gentle fish,
Quite an up-to-date escutcheon—"Heaven
bless our chafing dish."

—Judge.

ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"And so," I observed to Miss Wreford-Brown, "you like your new life?"

"I am delighted with it," she said.

"Ah!" I said, "I rejoice to hear that you have altered your mind. A month ago, if I recollect right, your mother informed me that the duties you had to perform were injuring your health to such a degree that you seriously thought of leaving St. Matthew's hospital. However, the lapse of another month seems to have altered the complexion of matters."

"A little," murmured Miss Winifred, gently stirring her coffee.

I noticed that she smiled as she made this reply.

"In my opinion," I said, "nursing is the noblest of all professions legitimately open to women. I cannot imagine anything grander than the death-bed scene of an aged sister—the head nurse of each ward is caller 'sister,' is she not?—who, drawing her last feeble breaths, murmurs to those around her: 'For fifty years I have been tending the sick, and keeping an eye on the more giddy of the probationers when medical students were present. I have done my work, requiescat in pace!' Ah! what a glorious demise is there!"

If you believe me, Miss Winifred actually giggled.

"I am not," I said sternly, "jesting to you. I am sorry that I have not aroused your sense of the ridiculous. You do not appreciate such pathetic moments—you are but 19."

"Twenty, Mr. Wormholt, please."

"Well," I returned, "twenty, then. But," I continued, "I was about to observe—as touching the career which, in opposition to the wishes of your family, you have seen fit to adopt—that a hospital has endless claims upon the sympathy of all, is worthy of our fullest gratitude and esteem. For think—does she not give up the world? Does she not relegate herself to an atmosphere of suffering—to the depressing surroundings of the sickroom? Does she not cut herself off from all the pleasures—such as they are—that a social life offers to those who care to seek them? Is not nursing a life of self-denial, of wearing vigils? A trying tax on the patience? A sure test of courage? Yea! it is all these and more. Miss Winifred, I honor you and your truly noble profession!"

"Thank you," said Miss Winifred.

It was the after-dinner period. We were sitting in a dim corner. Mrs. Wreford-Brown was chatting, in somewhat raised tones, to her neighbor, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel.

Pausing in my rhetoric, Mrs. Wreford-Brown's words came plainly to my ear. She was evidently discussing her daughter. The one by my side—for there were three others.

"The poor child," the good lady was saying, "is worked dreadfully hard. She hardly ever gets out for even half a day. Indeed, this is the first night she has been off duty for a month."

The Anglo-Indian glared fiercely in our direction. He found me leaning back in a cheerfully meditative mood. Miss Winifred put down her cup and took up a volume of political cartoons which was lying conveniently at hand.

Perhaps she overheard her mother's speech. Perhaps she fancied I did. At any rate she began to draw my attention to the first cartoon most assiduously.

"Do look at this, Mr. Wormholt," she said, laughing—in a palpably forced way—"isn't it funny!"

"A drawing," I said, "which represents a distinguished cabinet minister in the costume of a lady of the ballet cannot very well help being—er—funny. But I was speaking of hospitals—of the confined and restricted life which the nurses live, and of the unfeeling manner in which the authorities debar the nurses from enjoying even the simplest pleasures—judging, that is to say, from the representations which the ladies themselves make to their own families!" I concluded, shooting a keen glance at Miss Winifred's by no means unattractive profile.

"It is comforting to know," I heard Mrs. Wreford-Brown say, "that the child is absolutely trustworthy. At hospitals, you know, there are——"

"Oh, Mr. Wormholt, just look at this!" exclaimed Miss Winifred.

"The undignified attitude in which the premier is represented," I said, "does not amuse me in the least. I have no objections to comic draughtsmanship," I went on, "but when a right honorable gentleman is drawn in the guise of a monkey dancing on the top of a barrel organ, I think it is time for a censor of cartoons to be appointed."

For reasons of my own, however, I had to turn my face away from Miss Winifred's inquiring gaze. I remembered, then, that I had brought the volume of cartoons to the house and explained them to Miss Wreford-Brown herself (mine—I mean the one I was conversing with now).

"And if——" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown's part of the room, "the nurses allow attentions to be paid to them——"

The conclusion of this utterance was drowned by the general buzz of conversation.

"The other night," I said to Miss Winifred, "I went to 'Rosemary.'"

"Indeed," she replied, and turned over the cartoons more rapidly than ever.

"A very well written and attractive piece," I continued.

"Yes," said Miss Winifred, "I've heard——"

"Agatha," said Mrs. Wreford-Brown to her eldest daughter, "won't you sing?"

"Oh, do, Agatha," said the second girl (rather wickedly as it struck me). "Give us 'Resignation.'"

"Oh, I can accompany that!" exclaimed Miss Winifred, starting up.

"Thank you," said Miss Agatha, coldly, "but I prefer to accompany myself."

So Miss Winifred was obliged to resume her seat by my side, and Miss Agatha proceeded to oblige us with the dirge in question. When the polite applause which greeted (in very proper expression) its conclusion had ceased, I said to Miss Winifred:

"I sat in the dress circle."

Miss Winifred buried her eyes with the cartoons.

"In the dress circle," I went on, "at the back——"

"Who is this meant to be——"

"Where I had an excellent view not only of the stage, but also of the other occupants—(I dwelt on the words)—of the seats in that part of the house."

I waited for her remark, but there came only a rustle of leaves.

"Yes," I said, "the profession of nursing is an honorable profession—a profession of self-denial—a calling which debars its followers from enjoying many pleasures of life. We enjoyed 'Rosemary' very much."

"But," said Miss Winifred, looking up from the cartoons, "I thought you went by yourself."

"Who told you I did?" I asked, suspiciously.

"—Nice, gentlemanly fellows, many of them, but, of course——" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown. I did not hear the rest of the sentence.

"Oh, I—I always thought you went alone," was Miss Winifred's weak rejoinder.

"I see. Well, you are right. I was alone. But 'we' refers to myself and all the other people in the dress circle. I like to speak of my fellow beings in a broad, kindly, unselfish sense like that. And I felt—I felt grieved!"

"What about?" asked Miss Winifred.

"Grieved," I said, "to think that you, Miss Winifred, only get one night off in a month. I felt that it was selfish of me to enjoy 'Rosemary' when you were watching by the sick and dying——"

"—Perfectly straightforward, truthful girl," came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown, "in whom I have the utmost confidence. Some girls placed in her position would——"

"Is this meant to be the chancellor of the exchequer?" asked Miss Winifred, quickly.

"The man," I said, "selling the dreadful commodity known as—excuse me for mentioning it—dried haddock, is the first lord of the treasury, but the cat which is rubbing itself against his legs is, as you suppose, that great statesman, the——"

"—Think for a moment that my dear child allowed even a house surgeon to pay her——" was wafted from the maternal lips over to our corner.

"—Chancellor of the exchequer!" I concluded with disgust.

"I saw a man there that I knew," I whispered to Miss Winifred. She nodded and, I think, breathed more freely.

"I have reason to believe," I whispered, still more confidentially, "that he is a member of the medical profession. I think he is at some——"

Crash, went the bass notes. Whish! went the leaves of the cartoon book.

"——some hospital!"

"Mamma," cried Miss Winifred, jumping up (I do not like to say bounding up), "it's time for me to be——"

"Sh-h-h!" came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in a vicious hiss.

Miss Winifred sat down again—reluctantly. Once more she buried herself in the cartoons.

"I have heard," I continued, "that he is on the indoor staff——"

"Is this Morley?" demanded Miss Winifred, quite loudly.

"Winifred," came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in an angry snap.

"That," I whispered, "is Mr. Morley. The master who is flogging him is the minister of agriculture."

The music went on. I beat time for a minute with my hand, and then, bending close to Miss Winifred's ear again, observed:

"He was with two members of the honorable profession of which I have been speaking. The member sitting by him—the less repulsive-looking of the two, that is——"

The pianist was playing the last chords. Miss Winifred shut the cartoon book with a bang.

"—— had," I concluded, speaking very hurriedly, "brown eyes, darkish hair, rather dimpled chin——"

Crash!!! and the musical operation had been brought to a gratifying termination.

"And so, colonel, you see," came in Mrs. Wreford-Brown's voice, clear as a bell, through the silence which followed the finishing of the music, "I have every confidence in my dear child. Thank you, Miranda. Time for you to go, Winifred? You seem to have been having a very entertaining time, you and Mr. Wormholt, with that book of cartoons."

"Extremely entertaining," I said. But of course I spoke only for myself.—Westminster Gazette.

THE ELECTRIC MATCH.

PROMISED INVENTION.

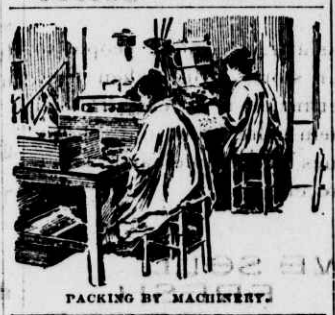
THE electric match is the next important invention promised. Before very long the phosphorus-tipped wooden splints now in use will be replaced by a handy little tool that may be carried in the pocket or hung up conveniently for striking a light when wanted.

The portable electric lighter is bound to come. Meanwhile, inventors, as shown by the records of the patent office, exercise much ingenuity in trying to improve on the common, every-day match. Not least interesting is a spherical match—a little ball of wood pulp covered with phosphorus composition. In using it a holder is required, inasmuch as there is no stick, the ignited wood pulp burning slowly until wholly consumed. Thus there is no residue of stick and tar to be disposed of, and matches of this kind have the further advantage that they are cheap and can be packed in very small compass-like pills. A perfumed match has been patented, the stick being dipped in oil of cassia. Of course, there are ever so many odd sorts of matches actually in use to-day—as, for example, the wax matches, which are employed in Europe to an extent vastly greater than in this country. Most of the wax matches are manufactured in Italy and Great Britain. They are made by drawing strands of fine cotton thread, twenty or thirty at a time, through melted stearine. This hardens quickly, and the tapers are rounded by pulling them through perforated iron plates. It then remains only to cut them into proper lenghts and dip them into an igniting composition.

PUTTING ON PHOSPHORUS HEADS.

It is an odd fact that even at the present day patents are sought for pipe-lighting contrivances in which flint and steel are utilized with mechanical modifications. It is probable that citizens of the United States use more matches than any other people in the world. Every man, woman and child in this country, taking the average, consumes eight matches every day in the year.

Pine and aspen are the woods which furnish most of the material for match sticks. The logs are cut into blocks fifteen inches long, representing the length of seven matches. Freed from bark, the block is put into a lathe with a cutting tool, by which a continuous strip of veneer is turned off, just the thickness of a match. Thus the whole block is converted into a sheet fifteen inches wide, which is cut, incidentally to the same process, into seven ribbons, the width of each being just the length of a match. The ribbons are fed, 100 at a time, into a machine which chops them into sticks. Then the sticks are dried in heated drums,



PACKING BY MACHINERY.

TRIMMING THE ENDS.

sifted to get rid of splinters, bundled by machinery and dipped in the combustible mixture. From the felled tree to the finished match, everything is done by machinery. Women fill the match box at the rate of thirty-six gross in ten hours.

Truly it would seem out of the question to get along without matches; yet they were unknown sixty-five years ago. There must have been a time when early man knew not how to make fire, and some very primitive tribes to-day have not that knowledge. Savages quite generally believe that fire actually dwells in wood and stone, because from those substances it can be obtained by friction or by striking. Some savages are able to make a fire with two sticks in a fraction of a minute, whereas the Ainos of Japan require two hours to accomplish the same feat. One of the queerest ways of making fire is practiced by the Malays, who cut a V-shaped slit in a branch of the oil tree and saw at it with a knife-edged stick of ironwood. In three minutes the sawdust thus produced becomes incandescent, and tinder is applied. The ignited tinder is wrapped in dry grass and whirled around the head of the operator until it is in a flame.

The first practical friction matches were made in 1827 by an English apothecary named Walker, who coated splinters of cardboard with sulphur and tipped them with a mixture of sulphur of antimony, chlorate of potash and gum. The modern lucifer match combines in one instrument arrangements for creating a spark, catching it on tinder and starting a blaze—steps requiring separate operations in primitive contrivances. It was in 1830 that the first United States patent for friction matches was issued.

GLADSTONE RIDES A BIKE.

England's Grand Old Man Takes to Cycling at the Age of 88.

Gladstone has taken to the bicycle! Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man," the greatest statesman of the century, the prime minister of all prime ministers, a hardy giant at 88, may now be seen on any fine day, gliding over the smooth roads about Hawarden Castle on a swift-flying wheel of the latest approved pattern.

GLADSTONE ON HIS BICYCLE.

Where is there to be found another man of his age who would not totter in palsied dread at the mere thought of such youthful athletic revelry. Indeed there are few men at half his age who would not declare against the sport as one that they had far outgrown in years, so that apart from the fact that a man of Gladstone's world-wide fame has taken to cycling, it is really a marvelous performance for one so old. The great diplomat has fallen under the magic spell of the bicycle and is now an enthusiastic supporter of the fad. No more the long walk up hill and down dale, for which he is celebrated. No more the vigorous use of the keen-edged ax on some fallen tree trunk. The bicycle has replaced both as a means of outdoor exercise. And in the latter game he may be looked to excel, for at either of the former tasks he was par excellent.

His Face the Sole Guide.

Policeman Thomas F. Harrigan is one of the most conspicuous of the splendid force of bluecoats that protect pedestrians and straighten out the traffic tangles on Broadway, New York. Some time ago I noticed a passer-by take a snap shot at him with his camera. A few days ago there arrived at the New York postoffice a letter with only a photograph for an address. The officials were puzzled, but the letter was handed around among the carriers. One of them recognized the picture.

"That's big Tom Harrigan at Broadway and 28th street," he said.

And so the letter was delivered. The contents proved to be a mounted photograph of the policeman with the words, "Compliments of S. H. Rous, Chamberino, Donna Ana County, N. M., on the back.

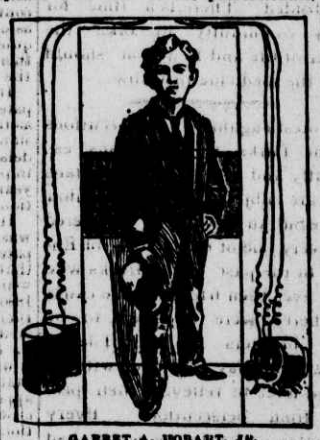
Not knowing the policeman's name Mr. Rous used this novel way in forwarding the photograph, and, thanks to the letter carrier's powers of observation, it was safely and promptly delivered.

Girl—His spine is hurt. Another Girl—Then I suppose his football days are over. Girl—Oh, no. He can still play half-back, or quarter-back, anyway.—Detroit Journal.

YOUNG ELECTRICIAN.

Garret A. Hobart, Jr., Is the Bell-hanger of the White House.

Garret A. Hobart, the 12-year-old son of the new Vice President, has been appointed official bellhanger of the White House by President McKinley. Young Hobart is an adept in electricity, and he was the first applicant for office after the inauguration. He had an eye to business and made a business proposition to the President. After looking into the matter with great care the President let the contract to young Hobart, and so the young electrician and his partner, Ned Van Ripper, were given charge of the White House bell-hanging. Hobart Jr. began his career as a practical electrician by "wiring" his father's house so thoroughly that a bell would ring whenever anyone as much as coughed. The servant girl could light the kitchen fire by touching a button on her bedhead, and the bulldog was released whenever a window was opened after dark. His business career began when the neighbors of the Hobarts hired the boy to protect and equip their houses in a similar fashion. The work of Garret A. Hobart Jr. & Co. was as scientific as that of the best electricians, and as it was fearfully and wonderfully cheap as compared with that of the professionals,



GARRET A. HOBART, JR.

the boy firm throve at Paterson. It is expected that President McKinley and his family will have all the bell-ringing they want in the White House if Hobart Jr. & Co. are allowed full sway.

GERMANY'S DUDE KAISER.

How He Trains His Mustache to Stand Up Straight.

Such a thing as an army officer without a mustache is hardly known in the German empire, the erratic ruler of which gives his subjects an example of how to train the hirsute adornment in question.

His Majesty possesses the newest and most successful mustache trainer in Germany. It is an arrangement divided in the center by a buckle. On each side of the buckle is a strip of ribbon, lined with pink netting, permitting ventilation. At the end of each ribbon is a tiny comb. His Majesty's valet places the buckle in the center of his Majesty's mustache and combs the ends of the imperial mustache toward his Majesty's ears. The end of the ribbons can then be fastened by pieces of elastic to the ears. The little combs lie down and cause no annoyance. It can be worn at night, and if the whiskers are long enough the result is sure to be most warlike and impressive. The Emperor has a very fine mustache. The ends are long and sharp, and point toward the ears as straight and stiffly as if they were made of steel.

KAISER'S NEW DANDIFIER.

ROWS OF TROPHIES.

How Alaskan Eskimos Ornament Their Poor Huts.

The Eskimos of Alaska live in rudely constructed huts, and frequently the outside of the shelter is decorated in a fashion that vividly recalls a boneyard to the mind of the civilized traveler. Rows of grinning skulls of various

HUT OF ALASKAN ESKIMOS.

kinds of animals are ranged along the most sheltered side of the hut, and the owner takes great pride in their number, looking at them much as an enthusiastic sportsman regards the antlers of the bucks he has brought down.

Of Course.

Moses Junior—Fader, a shentleman in de shop wants to know if dat all-wool nonshrinkable shirt will shrink?

Moses Senior—Does id fid him?

Moses Junior—No; id is too big.

Moses Senior—Yah; id vill shrink!—Tid-Bits.

One Deliberation.

Emma—And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?

Charlie—Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers.—Fliegende Blatter.

A girl may look pretty when she cries, but a boy never did, and never will.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning to the Unredeemed.

THE soul fed upon husks, never gets fat.

Reason always walks, but love runs.

The best men are mother-made men.

A poor free lunch costs more than a good dinner.

The true life is the life we live within ourselves.

The cause of our not being esteemed is in ourselves.

God, pity the man who murders his own innocence.

If there is nothing in a man, his "opportunity" never comes.

It is a blessing to have opinions; it is a curse to be opinionated.

The one man who fails in character, has made the greatest failure.

All sinful life is moral insanity; and a guilty act is criminal lunacy.

The largest screen for a saloon, is to build a summer resort all around it.

Joy is the companion of Love, and they may always be found together.

The man whose opinion is hardest to get is the man whose opinion is most worth getting.

The saddest ignorance in this world is not to know the pleasure that comes from self-sacrifice.

The preacher who has to go to Europe to get ideas, has not entered the infinite field of truth.

Opinions are a good thing to have in life, but an extra pair of suspenders is often of more practical value.

Calling a man hard names, is often only another way of saying that he dares to differ from you in opinion.

It is a merciful provision of providence that in hours of darkest sorrow we are not conscious of what we suffer.

Some people's virtues are like the boy's fish—when the head of vanity and the tail of selfishness are cut off, there is nothing left to eat.

The mathematics of marriage—man becomes an integer instead of a fraction; he "halves his sorrows, doubles his joys," and multiplies his usefulness.

OLD TIME COURTESY.

Of the Sort Found in Oregon When She Was Young and Unfettered.

There wasn't any particular excitement over the hanging of the man pointed out and arrested at Big Bend as the chap who stole a pack mule from Colonel White's camp, over on Fish River. One of White's men, who was over after bacon, happened to meet the stranger and he went to Jim Redfern, president of the vigilance committee, and said:

"Jim, is it a good day for a hanging?"

"Wall, tolerably fa'r," replied Jim.

"The kuss who stole our pack mewl is down in the tin front saloon."

"I see. And you want him hung?"

"I don't keer no great shakes about it myself, but I reckon the kurnel would be pleased."

"I'm willing to obleege Colonel White, as he's a good friend of mine; but do you think the critter down that has any objechshuns to bein' hung?"

"He don't look like a man who'd kick about it. 'Pears more like a critter who'd be glad to be off the airth."

"Wall, we'll take chances on him," said Jim, and he went to his shanty and got a rope and asked eight or ten of the boys to go along. When the crowd reached the tin front saloon, the stranger was just coming out.

"Say, we want you," remarked Redfern.

"What fur?"

"Goin' to hang you."

"'Cause why?"

"Fur stealin' Kurnel White's pack mewl."

"Wall, fire away."

He was escorted to a tree whereon a dozen more men had been duly hanged and, lifted upon an empty whisky barrel, the noose was soon placed over his neck.

"Want to say anything?" asked Jim, as all was ready.

"Nothin' 'tall."

"Then let 'er go."

An hour later, White's man, who had started for home, returned to hunt up Mr. Redfern, and say:

"Look-a-yere, Jim, that feller didn't steal our mewl."

"No?"

"No. They got the feller and the mewl over at Clay City, and hung him this mornin'. I thought this was the feller, but I must hev bin mistook."

"I see. Wall, he's bin hung and buried, and we can't help him any now. We'll jest let the next one off, to even up things. My compliments to the kurnel, and tell him I shall always ready to obleege him."—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Easily Suited After All.

A stage manager well known in the small towns for his ambitious demands in regard to scenery and stage effects, yet who was equally satisfied with the most meager provision, said one morning to the lessee of a wooden booth: "In the first act I shall require a regiment of soldiers on the right, a posse of policemen on the left and a crowd of peasants on the bridges in the center. Now, how many supers have you?" "Two, sir." To which he composedly replied: "That will do beautifully."

Apologies.

"Who's making all that racket out there? I want some chance to read and think."

"It's me as is singin'," snapped the autocrat of the kitchen; "and what of it?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought it was my wife."—Detroit Free Press.