FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Genevra Gabbius.

Among the pupils of the Bennett Swimming school at Bay Ridge, L. I., is little Miss Genevra Gabbius of Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. She was only 4 when she became a skillful swimmer summer before last. She is a dear little woman.

hasn't the slightest fear in the water, swims with great rapidity, and, as her teachers say, makes "the prettiest dive." In lieu of a float she will jump from the crossed hands of her mother and aunt. She doesn't like the taste of salt water, however, and one little mouthful will serve to keep her head above it for some time.

Little Miss Genevra is a cyclist as well as a swimmer and rides the smallest wheel made, wearing a regular little bicycle suit and cap.

Young Inventors.

Children have taken out a number of profitable patents. The youngest inventor on record is Donald Murray Murphy of St. John, Canada, who at 6 years of age obtained from the United States exclusive rights in a sounding toy. Mabel Howard of Washington at 11 years invented an ingenious game for her invalid brother and got a patent for it. Arthur G. Smith of Richwoods, Ills., at 12 years invented and patented a rowing apparatus.

When only 17 years old, Benjamin F. Hamilton of Boston took out patents on a number of devices for electric and elevated railways. A dispute over a contract which he desired to escape from on the ground of his minority made an interesting case not long ago before the commissioner of patents. Samuel Ker, 18 years old, has patented a self feeding pen. Other boys have invented useful devices for electric signaling, telephoning and cigarette making. George C. Pyle of Wilmington, Del., at the age of 18 patented a machine which turns out 60 horseshoes a minute. He sold it for a sum sufficient to lift the mortgage off his father's home. In fact it was this purpose which inspired him to undertake the task of invention.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Maine Boy Catches a Big Fish.

The day is yet to come when the professional angler can beat the record of the small boy with his widely improvised rig. Fred Olmstead, a Caribou lad, 15 years old, now has the record of having caught the largest salmon ever taken out of the Aroostook river with a hook and line. While this young man was fishing Saturday with a cheap pole and using angleworms for bait he hooked a large salmon. He had about 15 yards of linen on a 25 cent reel, and without attempting to "play" the fish he caught the line in his hands and pulled the salmon to the edge of the shore and secured his prize by throwing himself bodily upon him. The salmon weighed 16½ pounds, and the young fellow was almost crazy with delight with his success, as he had a good right to be.—Lewiston Journal.

A Queer House Pet.

Bullfrogs as house pets are not common, but Miss Bertha Hetherington of Bristol has one which is most interesting and playful. It was presented to her as a tadpole and was put into a small glass jar and carefully cared for, being fed with all the delicacies of the season. Finally it developed into a tiny frog, and since this transformation it has shown the most intense affection for its young mistress and pays not the slightest attention to anybody else. The frog has been taught all sorts of remarkable tricks and goes through its performances with apparent gusto.—Philadelphia Record.

Fun In the Waves.

A little boy who is spending the summer at Westhampton, N. Y., wrote this letter to his grandmother:

DEAR GRANDMA—We are down here for the summer. I am having a jolly time. Some boys at the hotel and I go crabbing every day. Papa takes us out in the sailboat when he is here, but will not let us go alone. My sister has a rowboat, and sometimes we go rowing, but I

don't think it is half as much fun as sailing. I have been in bathing two or three times. It is great fun to run in the waves and have them swallow you up almost. I was afraid the first time I went in; the waves struck me so hard and knocked me off my feet, but I have learned to duck my head and butt it just like a goat, you know, grandma. That's the only way to treat the waves. I can swim, but I don't go out far. Guess I'd better stop now. I promised to play a game of tennis with my sister. Do you play tennis, grandma? Your grandson,

PAUL WHITE YOUNG.

—Christian at Work.

Mrs. Hannah Davies, wife of a laborer, living near Cardigan, England, is the latest candidate for the "queen's bounty." She gave birth to four children, three girls and a boy, recently, and all are doing well.

New Lakes In the Territory.

A dispatch from Elreno, O. T., says that one of the curious features of the late unprecedented rise in the South Canadian river is the formation of numerous lakes along the bottoms of that stream. The sand has blown out of the bed of the river in times past until a high embankment is formed along the shores of the river, and behind this bank are left the lakes upon the subsidence of the stream. They give every indication of permanency, and some of them are many square miles in extent. The loss of valuable farm lands is very great, in many cases the settlers being driven from their homes and improvements.

Supplied Her Husband's Pulpit.

The Rev. Dr. Eli McClish, pastor of Grace Methodist church, is away on an eastern tour, and for the past two or three weeks his pulpit has been "supplied" by fellow preachers. On a recent evening the "supply" was not an ordained clergyman, but Mrs. McClish, the pastor's wife.

All the previous congregations during the pastor's absence would hardly equal in size that which listened to the woman. Every seat in the big structure was occupied, and among the listeners were large delegations from neighboring churches. The Rev. James Renwick, who is a member of the church, conducted the meeting and presented the pastor's wife to fill the pastor's place.

"So long as Sister McClish is here with us," said he, "we need not worry about Dr. McClish," and the retired preacher added, "for he is sure to come back."

Mrs. McClish arose from the pulpit chair, which she had occupied during the early portion of the service, and with a calmness and deliberation that could not be surpassed by even so experienced a preacher as her husband she took position at the desk and began her address. She read with a clear, strong voice and in a pleasing manner, and nobody would have supposed that it was her first venture in the pulpit.

The subject of the address was "Motherhood," illustrated from the life of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, wife of Samuel Wesley and mother of John and Charles. Mrs. McClish presented a careful study of Mrs. Wesley's life and work, and all that she said held the closest attention of everybody present. She showed that Mrs. Wesley, in addition to being the "Mother of Methodism," was the mother of 19 children, and it was to the bringing up of that family that most of the address related.—San Francisco Examiner.

Feminine Slaves of Fashion.

Save one or two notable exceptions of rebels to fashion found in high life, all women are abject slaves to those who order and make their clothes. They have not a will of their own, and the utmost limit of their freedom of action is the arrangement of their chains—the manner in which their papers of slavery are blazoned and written out. When the order has gone forth that the sleeves are to be high and the lovely line of the finely molded shoulder is to be not only hidden but defaced, all the pretty serfs hasten to obliterate this charm in favor of unconditional submission to the tyrant decree of fashion, which is but another name for faith. When the skirts are tied back so that the whole figure is seen as clearly as if it were clothed in eelskin, the clumsy, the obese, the unequal display their defects as proudly as the beautiful display their perfections, and only a few of the more clear sighted cry aloud in despair against the ordinances of the tyrant.

Then the tyrant waves her wand, and lo, the eelskin becomes the Dutch cheese; the slim and the graceful add plait to plait and flounce to flounce till the ordained rotundity is reached and the redundant skirt measures its full tale of yards. In the bleak and bitter winter weather the poor serf perches on the top of her frizzy wig a child's tea plate, which the adepts call a bonnet, and suffers tortures from neuralgia in consequence. If the command has gone forth in the summer, she is muffled up with huge ruffs round her neck or a high collar half way up her head as a setoff against the exiguity of that winter "custard cup," miscalled a bonnet.—Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Needs of the American Girl.

"It's high time that the American girl had a maid," said the girl in blue to the girl in white. "Just take a survey of my bruised fingers and torn and ragged nails, and you'll surely agree with me when I say that one feminine person isn't capable of handling shirt buttons successfully. I have a beautiful little diamond affair, but unfortunately it's a trifle too large for the buttonholes, so every morning the family assemble to assist me in buttoning the collar of my shirt waist. Of course I couldn't think of those horrid little white buttons, and I don't know any more about enlarging the buttonhole than I do about running a locomotive.

"Neckties are such bothers, too," continued the girl in blue as she twisted little wrinkles in her pretty forehead. "There is only one kind that I can manage at all, and that is the sort that hook on by a little loop. Four in hands make me frantic, and when I emerge from the struggle I and the tie both look as if we had been run through a clothes wringer. One of these white lawn stringy ties gets all crushed and limp before I begin to make the knot, and when I decide to wear a madeup one fastened on by two straps that hook in the back I have to prepare for a Delsarte exercise. It is quite impossible to tuck all that narrow strip of satin underneath one's collar without the assistance of a second person. Even then you stir up your ordinarily even temper and succeed in breaking the stiffness of your well starched collar."—Chicago Record.

A Visitor From Persia.

A Persian woman has come to this country, not to get funds for the amelioration of the condition of her country women, like our charming Hindoo visitor, Pundita Ramabai, but to ameliorate the condition of American women. She has been giving lessons in the occult arts of Persian embroidery. Thus the Orient sends to our restless women of the Occident a messenger of peace. This dame of Persia brings light into the dark places which have never been fully illuminated by any of the fashionable stitches that have tried to work their way into the hearts of women during the past 20 years. Even Kensington stitch has suggested the rivalries of London society, but the embroideries which the Persian woman brings are suggestive of quiet, of peace, of the ability to sit still and move the fingers gracefully and not think—an ability sadly lacking in American women.

It is true that much of the brain worriment called thinking in this country is not conducive to intellectual growth and is by no means related to intellectual activity. That has its proper time and place and function, but the capacity for quiet content of head and heart needs cultivation in this busy and beclubbed country of ours, where faith that the "woman's hour has struck" is too acute and lively. The Persian woman brings suggestions of restfulness and repose into this bustling Columbian year. Under her gentle instruction the fevered minds of women may be fanned by peaceful breaths from Araby, while they "dream and dote" over embroideries learned of the little lady of Iran.—Boston Transcript.

A QUAINT CEREMONY.

A Wedding Which Was Conducted In Accordance With Quaker Rites.

At noon, in the prim meeting house of the Society of Friends at Rutherford place and Fifteenth street, Miss Elizabeth Willets and Dr. Samuel W. Lambert married themselves. No minister officiated, for none was needed. No prayers were said, and no music greeted their approach to the altar. Ceremony and display were lacking.

Half an hour before the ceremony was to take place the little meeting house was crowded to the walls. Three thousand invitations had been sent out, but only about 400 could gain entrance.

Everything had a subdued character—the pews painted in soft yellowish brown colors, the ceremony, the decorations and the people. No flowers were displayed, but the rostrum and the choir seats were banked with a mass of palms. Especially noticeable among the people were the young women, clad in soft colored cloth gowns, wearing big hats, which drooped in unexpected turns and crept out over their foreheads and had soft veils twisted about the brims, which shaded the eyes and the brows. These young women as they entered kept their eyes right toward the pews where they were going to sit. Scattered among the crowd pressing into the church came a few Friends dressed in their old time attire—wearing smooth black coats, with velvet faced standing collars and broad topped lapels, and broad crowned, wide brimmed black hats.

Miss Willets reached the church, accompanied by her father, shortly before noon. A few minutes later the ushers led the procession up the aisle. Following were the two bridesmaids. The bride advanced leaning on her father's arm. She wore a white satin gown trimmed with point lace and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids were attired in delicate green and white striped gowns, made with full skirts and adorned with black velvet bows.

The procession was received at the rostrum by Dr. Lambert and his best man and Dr. J. W. Markoe. Dr. Lambert advanced and took Miss Willets by the right hand. They stood facing each other, scarcely looking at their assembled friends, as Dr. Lambert said:

"In the presence of the Lord and these, my friends, I promise to take thee to be my wedded wife, promising through divine assistance to be a faithful and affectionate husband till death."

Then Miss Willets spoke a few hurried words, inaudible to the people. What she said was:

"In the presence of the Lord and my friends I promise to take thee to be my wedded husband, promising through divine assistance to be a faithful and affectionate wife until death."

No prayer was offered, but after a moment's pause Mr. Howard J. Wright, the white haired clerk of the meeting, unrolled a large certificate. Dr. and Mrs. Lambert walked a step or two to the left, where he was standing, and then seating himself in a chair Dr. Lambert signed his name to the certificate. Then Mrs. Lambert signed the document, writing not her maiden name, but her new name.

Then Mr. Wright stood up and read the certificate, which recounted that on the 21st day of October the two parties in the presence of witnesses had pledged themselves to be husband and wife. To this certificate is appended a list of witnesses giving testimony that the ceremony was performed. The marriage is recorded in the birth, marriage and death book of the society.—New York Letter.

HE PRIZES THE BANDAGE.

The Life of a Young Man Saved by the Petticoat of a Fair Texan.

Arthur Kauffman, a young Memphian who was in the wreck on the Wabash road, arrived home with his head bound up in a bloody white bandage, which he regards as his most precious possession. He says gold and jewels couldn't buy that strip of cloth. Kauffman says that when the collision came something hit him, and he lost consciousness. When he regained his senses, he was lying beside the wreck of the car, bleeding copiously from a deep cut on the head and unable to help himself. Just as he was about to faint again from weakness, an awfully pretty girl came up and spied him. She was Miss Taylor of Jefferson, Tex., who had escaped injury in the wreck.

She realized at once that the young man would bleed to death if not attended to. Without a moment's hesitation she whipped off her petticoat and tearing out a strip bound it tightly on Kauffman's head. The bleeding was checked and his life saved. To say that he feels deeply grateful to the fair Texan would be drawing it very mildly, and he vows he will keep the bandage as long as he lives.—Memphis Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Did the Queen Know?

Newspapers here recently announced with a great display of type that the queen had been graciously pleased to present many bottles of wine to various London hospitals for the use of poor patients. The same papers have carefully refrained from giving currency to the report published in reputable provincial journals to the effect that most of the wine in question was the refuse of the royal cellars and unfit for use in hospitals. It was in very bad condition. Many of the bottles were half empty, and others were so badly corked that the contents had turned sour. It is charitably suggested that her frugal majesty was ignorant of these defects.—New York Sun's London Letter.

Bicycle Dresses.

If things keep on as they have been of late, the dress reformers will have to look to the women bicyclists as their leaders. From all sides come rumors of strange garments seen in a flash as a wheel woman spins past. One startled woman writes the following description of a vision she saw on a country road:

"Gray was the color of her. Coat over blouse to begin with and continuations that looked like Turkish trousers. Let me add that the sole impropriety about the costume is in my description of it."

Miss Ackerman's Feat.

The first woman, so far as known, to make a descent in a diving dress among the pearl fisheries of the Indian ocean was Miss Jessie Ackerman, the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union missionary. On her recent trip from Australia to Singapore the vessel she was on stopped for two days among the pearling fleet, and here Miss Ackerman went down 60 feet in the ocean's depths and returned in safety.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Thackeray and the Men of Today.

"A gentleman by the name of Thackeray, who once wrote some books," defines a gentleman as "one having high aims." Judged by this standard, my chappy friend, "where are we?" Most of us are absorbed in a desire to wear good clothes, to own horses or boats, to go to races and bet, to drink all the new combinations of abominable stuffs, to go to comic opera and get up an affair with a chorus girl. These are our "high aims." Heaven save the mark! I know of a man who the other night robed himself in a flowing silk and did a serpentine dance. Fancy it—a man! Truly this is the day of vaudeville. We find the boneless man more interesting than Hamlet, and we prefer "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" ladies to the tragedienne. Our pianos are loaded with concert hall classics of the "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow" order. To have the honor of the acquaintance of one of the painted ladies of the ballet is to occupy a position of enviable distinction, and to be a real "stage door Johnny" is better than to be the writer of many books.

Dear Mr. Thackeray, you really must have been mistaken about those "high aims." We are quite sure we are all gentlemen, and you know you really couldn't call our aspirations and longings "high aims." Let me place you right. The true gentleman is he who wears the most swagger clothes, who talks in the most exaggerated way, who can drink and bet and swear, who can most recklessly squander his (or somebody else's) money, and whose intimate associates are the ladies of the chorus and the gentlemen of the turf. Oh, yes, Mr. Thackeray, you were quite wrong, or else—we are. Which?—Harper's Bazar.

The Peanut Industry.

The "goober" industry of Norfolk is unique. Here is a little city in Virginia that has become the greatest distributing center of peanuts in the world. A peanut is a pretty small item, but an annual crop of something like 5,000,000 bushels, worth millions of dollars, makes a pretty big item.

The demand for goobers has doubled within the last five years, and the supply does not yet fill the growing demand. Few people know the curious uses to which the goober has been put in trade quite of late years. No other single plant raised in this country is used in so many different ways. The Chinese say the cocoanut palm has as many useful properties as there are days in the year. The goober is not so universal as that, but it has as many valuable qualities as there are days in the week. The solid part of the nut is peculiarly nutritive and supplies fruit and food for many a family. The vines make fine fodder, some say as good as clover hay, while hogs fatten on what is left in the fields after the crop has been gathered.—New York Independent.

Bullet Waves.

One of the interesting results of the recent experiments in England in photographing flying bullets has been to show that the disturbance in the air travels faster than the bullet itself.

The photographs exhibit air waves in advance of the bullets, even when the latter are moving faster than the velocity of sound.

In one case where the bullet was moving considerably faster than sound travels in the air it was preceded by an atmospheric disturbance which, at the moment the photograph was taken, was half an inch in advance of the point of the bullet. Even when the bullets were traveling four times as fast as sound the atmospheric disturbance kept ahead of them.—Youth's Companion.

I once took some Kaffirs from their desolate island home in the Himalayan gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a wayside shop. The Kaffir saw the money change hands.

"How is this?" he inquired in surprise. "Do you have to pay for food in this country?"

"Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man in amazement. Then after pondering awhile he continued doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country. He might starve?"

"It is quite possible."

The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard. He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus.—"Where Three Empires Meet."

A landlord in Orchard street was ejecting a female tenant for nonpayment of rent when a passerby inquired the cause of the trouble, and being told said that he would not see a woman turned out of her home and that he would pay the rent. He handed $100 to the landlord, who took four months' rent out of it and gave the balance ($52) back to the good Samaritan and a receipt to the woman. The man then went away, and the landlord a few minutes later discovered that he had been swindled, as the $100 bill was a counterfeit.—New York Letter.

Fi-nance, Fee-nance and Fin-ance.

How ought it to be pronounced? All the experts on the subject, like Voorhees, Allison, Sherman and Bland, call it "fi-nance," with the accent on the first syllable. Most of the southerners make it "fee-nance," with a lingering drawl. Nobody yet has caught the classical touch, "fin-ance," except Pasco and Peffer. But they are right.—Cor. New York Recorder.

The Whistling Tree.

A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan, is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvæ of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from 1 to 2 inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument nearly equal in sound to a sweet toned flute.—New York Telegram.

Cora A. Stewart, a Vassar girl, has taken one of the three special fellowships offered by the Chicago university.

Mother Bickerdyke, whose services as nurse during the war are well known, lives now at Russell, Kan.

GOOD WORK OF THE RICHEST YOUNG WOMAN IN AMERICA.

Work of the Chicago Woman's Club—Supplied Her Husband's Pulpit—Feminine Slaves of Fashion—A Visitor From Persia—Needs of the American Girl.

The negotiations of Messrs. Caleb T. Ames & Co., real estate brokers at 109 West Thirty-fourth street, for the purchase of lots on Third avenue, near Thirty-fourth street, have not been completed. The report that the intent of the purchaser is to erect thereon a hospital for a class of women unprovided for in other institutions is not defined, although they will not affirm it; neither will they deny that the would be purchaser for whom they are acting is Miss Helen Gould, elder daughter of the late Jay Gould. There are many grounds for the belief, however, that it is Miss Gould who desires to make this notable addition to New York's charities. The real estate men naively say that the publication of the statement that they desired to purchase the property for such a customer and for such a purpose would embarrass their negotiations.

Miss Helen Gould is known to be one of the most indefatigable workers in the charities which have their fountain in and are fostered by Rev. Dr. Paxton's West Presbyterian church, of which she is a communicant. She does not confine her efforts to the mere signing of checks, but personally visits the homes of the destitute and cheers by hearty words of encouragement while giving substantial relief from her purse. It is said that she takes a deep interest in the class of unfortunates for whom the proposed hospital is reported to be designed, and the establishment of such a charity cannot be too highly commended.

Rev. Dr. Paxton regards Miss Gould as an invaluable ally in the benevolent work of his church. She is personally interested in the Home for the Friendless, and she was one of the waiters at table last Christmas, when 200 little tots were made happy. She is also a liberal giver to the Potted Plants association, which gives flowers and shrubs in pots to children of the tenements, and it is said that her private benefactions are very numerous. She is said to be especially tender to poor and helpless women and little children and is known to spend many hours in visiting and reading to invalids, besides providing for their physical needs.

Miss Helen Gould is the richest heiress in America. Her fortune is estimated all the way from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. She owns the home on Fifth avenue which her father occupied and the great mansion at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and has absolute command of the income from millions of gilt edged, dividend paying securities. Miss Gould is well along in her twenties, and while not strikingly handsome has a womanly expression and gentle manner that win the esteem of all who meet her. She was devotedly attached to her parents. She has never been a society woman in the generally accepted sense of the term. Her work among the city's poor was taken up before her father died, and her ample means since that event have been largely devoted to the same end.—New York World.

Work of the Chicago Woman's Club.

The reform committee of the Woman's club of Chicago began its earnest work with the county insane asylum, where it was found that hundreds of women were herded without proper attention—three in a bed sometimes—with insufficient food, with only a counterpane between them and the freezing winter air at night and no flannels by day. The root of the trouble was the old one—the root of all public evil in this country—the appointment of public servants for political reasons and purposes. The first step of the reform committee was to ask the county commissioners to appoint a woman physician to the asylum. Today, as a consequence, the asylums at Kankakee, Jackson and Elgin, all Illinois institutions, have women physicians also. I am assured that no one except a physician can appreciate how great a reform it was to establish the principle that women suffering from mental diseases should be put in charge of women. Mrs. Helen S. Shedd was at the front of the asylum reform work, which is still going on.

She next led the reform committee into the poorhouse, where they went, as they always do, with the plea: "There are women there. We want a share in the charge of that place for the sake of our sex."

While I was in Chicago some of the women were looking over the plans for four new police stations. It transpired as they talked that they have succeeded in establishing a woman's advisory board of the police, consisting of 10 women appointed by the chief of police and in charge of the quarters of all women and children prisoners, and of the station house matrons, two of whom are allotted to each station where women are taken.

The philanthropy committee of the Woman's club began its active work in the county jail, where it found a shocking state of affairs.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Patents and What They Protect.

A business man in this city who is up to his ears in the work necessary to gather capital to float an enterprise, and at the same time to keep information of the nature of it away from busy rivals, found time last week to say: "Did you ever think that a patent does not patent in this country? Well, it's a fact. All that the patent office does is to give you a paper with some writing on it, but if another man steals your idea and goes to manufacturing your invention the patent office will not lift a finger to protect you or to stand by its own decision. The fact that you've got a patent is a point in your favor, but you've got to hire lawyers and fight the thief in the courts, and if he can stand it to hire lawyers longer than you can that settles you, and you might as well make him a present of your invention. There are lots of men in the country who are getting rich on the discoveries of other people. All they had to do was to take 'em and fight the real discoverers into poverty. The patent office, to be respected and to be of any use, ought to have the power to cause the stealer of a patent to be sent to prison."—New York Sun.