HAPPY DESPITE THEIR POVERTY.

Residents of Sunny Naples Seem Never to Repine.

It is estimated that a quarter of a million people in Naples live from hand to mouth, and there are hundreds of children who subsist out of the garbage boxes, and who sleep in churches and on doorsteps.

The taxes in Italy to provide warships and to keep the nation on a war footing with the other powers are really stupendous. There is a tax on everything, says the Delineator—grain in the field, fruit on the vine, old bottles. Fuel and foodstuffs are very dear—only labor is cheap. For the very poor, meat is a luxury unheard of and even macaroni is too dear to be indulged in often. There are any number of perambulating street kitchens, where various kinds of soup, cakes, and fruits are sold in portions costing one cent. And yet these people seem very happy. Bands of musicians are always playing in the streets; the guitar and the mandolin are to be heard everywhere—on the boats, in the hotels—and the stranger is lulled to sleep by a soft serenade under his balcony.

The story teller thrives in Naples, as there are so many idlers there. He collects a little crowd around him and proceeds in the most dramatic way, gesticulating wildly and working his face into the most excruciating expressions, to relate stories of adventure or other events, much to the edification of his hearers, who, to show their appreciation, are often betrayed into giving a sou which might have been better spent for bread or polenta.

The public letter writer is another street dignitary of importance, and in great demand, especially with timid and buxom maids of all work, who have themselves neglected to learn the art of writing. Of such the public letter writer holds all the secrets of their loves and is often their adviser as well as amanuensis.

RISING IN BOY'S ESTIMATION.

Drummer's Gifts Caused Rapid Advancement in Titles.

Titles have their value in the south. "Here, boy!" said the drummer as he handed a dollar bill to the bellboy at the hotel in Atlanta, "take a dime out of this for bringing up that ice water."

"Yes, cap'n," answered the boy as he saluted.

"And, by the way, boy," continued the drummer, "if you will go down and get me more letter paper you may keep a quarter out of that dollar."

"Right away, majah; right away! I'll shuah bring you that ah stash'nery," replied the boy, as he bowed low.

"And, while I think of it, boy," remarked the knight of the grip, "if you can bring out my trousers and have them pressed and back here inside of an hour you can keep a half dollar of that dollar."

"Ah suttinly can do dat ah same, colonel—'deed ah kin!" quickly replied the youth as he turned to go toward the door.

"Wait a minute now, boy," Mr. Samples said as he walked over to his trunk, "if you can take out this suit and have it pressed and back here in time for me to go to the Bijou tonight I'll let you keep every cent of that dollar."

"General," said the boy, his eyes bulging out of their sockets, "I'll do dat shuah, general, or give you all dat money back."—N. Y. Times.

Fewer Women Than Men Color Blind.

"Where one in thirty women is slightly color blind one in five men is so."

The physician continued his experiments with the testing machine.

"You," he said, "can't tell green from blue and are therefore defective, sir. But you are not absolutely color blind. Absolutely color blind persons are very, very rare. I have met but one. He couldn't tell red from yellow or yellow from blue.

"Why are men's eyes less reliable than women's as regards colors? Some say it is the tobacco smoke that dulls and weakens them. I have noticed that non-smokers have a somewhat sharper vision."

Look Under Foot.

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is "look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the center of the world.—John Burroughs in the Atlantic.

Authoress Who Hated Water.

Mme. d'Arblay, better known as Miss Fanny Burney, who took such an important place in the literature of the eighteenth century, had an extraordinary and most undesirable peculiarity—she had the greatest aversion to washing and water. Sir Henry Holland was the physician who attended the gifted authoress during the last year of her life and she confided to him that she had not washed for 15 years.

An Objection.

"Why don't you explain to your constituents that you are making a sacrifice of personal income to remain in office?"

"I haven't any faith in that argument," answered Senator Sorghum. "People never appreciate what they think they are getting cheap."

TWO USEFUL COATS

FOR SMALL GIRL, IN LIGHT CLOTH OR FINE SERGE.

Can Be Made in Reefer or Open Style —Easily Put Together and Do Not Get Out of Order Quickly.

Coat for Girl from Eight to Ten Years of Age.—This is a useful coat for spring wear if made in some light cloth or fine serge; it is unlined, the seams being bound with sarsenet ribbon, and the fronts faced with material over French canvas. The right front is arranged in a wide plait, fastened and ornamented with buttons.

There is a second plait made each side that is continued over the shoulders to the hem at back; all the plaits are stitched the entire length. The coat fastens quite up to the throat, and is finished by a turn-down collar of double material stitched at the edge, the cuffs are of the same.

Materials required—2½ yards 48 inches wide, and 12 buttons.

Reefer Coat for Girl from Seven to Nine Years of Age.—A reefer coat of serge is always a favorite with mothers for children's general wear; it is easily made, and will not get out of order quickly. Our model is three-quarter length; the fronts are faced with serge, but the rest of the coat is lined with sateen. The large square collar is of double serge, edged with two rows of fine braid. Brass buttons are used for fastening and ornamenting.

Material required—1½ yards serge 46 inches wide, two yards sateen, and ten buttons.

The Narrow Hall.

To improve the appearance of a very narrow hall place large mirrors on both sides. This gives a very good effect. A large mirror, one the length of the wall, if placed opposite the landing of a half-curved staircase, will add wonderfully to the appearance of the narrow hall and make a wide one more handsome. Avoid striped paper in the narrow hall. Use a plain paper and also plain carpets without figures, or a geometrical design in very small broken lines. Terra cotta is a good hall color, also a good grade of olive green can be used. A cream paper, toned to oak, is handsome in a new house, though a color scheme is usually needed. A light paper is preferable in a narrow, unlighted hall. Green paper fades very easily and red soon loses its original color.

Striking White Cloth Costume.

A white cloth gown that has been worn recently at Nice has a tightly sheathing skirt that is trimmed from bust to feet in front with loops of stitched white cloth and white cloth olives. It has a high belt of cloth, to which behind is attached a knee-long coat tail trimmed with pattes and buttons down each side, and which is wider at the hem than at the top. The sleeve is puckered like a mousquetaire and trimmed with pattes from shoulder to wrist, a frill of lawn here, and a smart lawn cravat with frills about the ears complete the guimpe. Over this she wears a stole-shaped garment of unlined white cotton crochet lace heavily bordered with crochet flowers in high relief and tipped on the corners with long elaborate crochet tassels.—Vogue.

New Brooch Pendants.

There are many new pendants which may be used as brooches or even hairpins. They are made with a golden loop at the top that fits over the chain, but the brooch pin and hairpin both screw into a tiny hole in the back of the middle of the design.

Some cameos, being such heavy ornaments, are arranged so that for pendants they are very large, but when used as brooches the cameo may be taken out of the frame and fixed so that it may be pinned on to the dress. Of course, the cameo would not be used as a decoration for the coiffure, for such pins are usually of diamonds or some other glittering stone.

New Blouses Vary.

There is one item in her wardrobe that no woman need to worry about this year, and that is her blouses, or her shirt waists, as she is apt to call them. No matter what her age or her figure, there is such a diversity of styles and designs that she need have no difficulty in getting what she wants. If she wishes to add breadth to her shoulders, this broadness is produced by plaits extending over the shoulders, and then again by a scarf-like drapery so arranged that it widens the shoulder line. While, on the other hand, if she has a fondness for long, drooping shoulders, she can find many designs that will carry out this effect

WHAT THEY LEARNED

From the first days of their acquaintance Mrs. Hartnett had had to contend with Hartnett's jealousy. A person is born jealous just as he is born with blue eyes or a liking for chocolates. Hartnett had full measure of that evil trait.

Before they were married it had been different. At first it had been a joke, then a certain pleasure to Helena to find how she could sway his moods. Hartnett was handsome and popular and sought after, and it was rather complimentary than otherwise to have him glower and sulk if she smiled on anyone else or talked longer to another man than himself. There was a certain excitement in seeing him sink into wrath and then bringing him back to his normal state merely by turning her attention to him.

"Can't Help It."

It gave her a sense of power which would have been sweet to any girl, no matter how sensible or well-meaning. It thrilled her to realize that he cared about her so much and therefore was unable to keep a well-balanced point of view. To be sure, after they were engaged she laughed at him frankly and told him that he was foolish. He acknowledged the fact, but seemed unable to banish his spells of jealousy.

She often remembered these little scenes and wondered rather dully how she ever had been able to smile over them — for even after they had been married several years Hartnett had not broken himself of the habit. Not that he made scenes, but the atmosphere of rebellion, of protest, of indignation with which he surrounded her on occasion was depressing to say the least. It was not that he resented the presence of any particular person, but that he resented any withdrawal of her attention from himself even for a few brief moments.

"He is merely a sulky little boy," Mrs. Hartnett frequently told herself. "I must remember that and try not to mind."

But she did mind. At last indignation grew uppermost in her feelings. That she should be conscious of giving her every thought and all her affection to him and yet not succeed in satisfying him roused her resentment. Finally she discovered that she did not care very much whether Hartnett was indulging in a fit of jealousy or not.

Then the inevitable happened—she awoke to the realization that she did not care for Hartnett. His state of mind made absolutely no difference to her. That was why when his firm wanted to send him abroad for a couple of years he went alone. They had drifted too far apart even to consider going together. There was a mutual forbearance which prevented any words, but each knew.

As the day waned which witnessed Hartnett's departure from Chicago Helena Hartnett sighed in relief. That is, she thought it was relief. The prospect of unbroken weeks and months ahead of her in which she would be free to live and breathe and think without the hampering fear of precipitating trouble was welcome.

No man who really cared for his wife could make her miserable in the way Hartnett had made her. She did not pretend to herself to be happy since it was all over and she might never see him again, but at least she was free from that awful, ever-present cloud of jealous espionage. She told herself that as time went on she should recover the bright and cheerful frame of mind which had always been hers in the old days. There must be happiness for her somewhere.

New interests filled her life, but she was restless. She could consider Hartnett in a calm, impersonal way which assured her that all affection for him had vanished long ago and that she never wanted to see him again or to go back to the old troublous days which had meant a constant fear of rousing his jealous temper. The relief from that was worth all the blankness of the present.

When the two years were up and Hartnett came back, of course, she rushed into his arms without a word and he held her speechless, his face white and tense.

"I—I've learned," he began, brokenly.

"Don't!" Helena Hartnett choked. "It doesn't make any difference whether you have or not—and I don't believe you have or ever will—but—"

"I've learned not to be a fool, Helena," said Hartnett.

Being a woman, she believed that he believed it, though she knew a leopard cannot change his spots. She, too, had learned that the fact that they cared for each other outweighed everything else.—Chicago Daily News.

MORE NEWS FROM THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

If any one has any doubts as to the virtue of Foley's Kidney Cure, they need only to refer to Mr. Alvin H. Stimpson, of Willimantic, Conn., who, after almost losing hope of recovery, on account of the failure of so many remedies finally tried Foley's Kidney Cure, which he says was "just the thing" for him, as four bottles cured him completely. He is now entirely well and free from all the suffering incident to acute kidney trouble. For sale by all Druggists.

Being an endless affair, a wedding ring frequently gets into no end of trouble.

When you hear a man say that he is tired of the world it's a safe bet that the world is tired of him.

What would happen if the Lord were to follow all the advice that is handed to Him in prayers?

Kidney complaint kills more people than any other disease. This is due to the disease being so insidious that it gets a good hold on the system before it is recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent the development of fatal disease if taken in time. For sale by all Druggists.

"Who was that woman you were bowing to?" asked the girl he was was with. "That," said he, "was my wife, but it will take me six months to explain to her who wou are."

Congress must have a guilty conscience, since it starts violently and looks for the fire escape every time there is a tap on the door. It fears that a muscular messenger is bringing in another message from the President.

According to some Chicago papers, not a few of the school children of that city have adopted a plan proposed by Mrs. Edward Roby, a club-woman, of saluting policemen they pass. Mrs. Roby suggested the salute in an address before a woman's club. "We think too little of our policemen," she said. "They protect our homes and often endanger their lives in our behalf. Their calling should stir our patriotism, and every child should be taught to salute the star which the policeman wears."