

POETRY WITH A POINT.

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink;
You can send a fool to college,
But you can't make him think;

THE LINEN CLOSET.

"But surely there are more rooms?"
The young widow who had come
down to Garland to hire a little house
for the summer had followed the
agent into the two-story cottage, and
was staring about her.

her Mexican hammock, read or
crocheted, or walked with her boy when
the day grew cool. The maid was
pretty and alert. No home in the
country seemed less likely to attract
ghosts to itself, and Mrs. Smith, when
questioned, always said that she had
never caught a glimpse of Martha
Penny's specter.

tinct and full of earthly tenderness,
went on:
"No, Jack, no, you are quite sane,
quite sane. Remember how the body
of poor Martha Penny was spirited
away. Have you never thought that
perhaps she was not dead, though
that stupid old doctor, in his dotage,
declared her so? Jack, poor Jack, she
was alive. But when she came to
herself the horror she felt that you should
murder her was very great. And yet
she did not wish to give any evidence
that would send you to prison. She
resolved to fly. The old negress helped
her away, and lied to cover the act.
Jack, I am no ghost, I am alive, I am
flesh and blood. Touch my hand, I
give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellow,
how you have suffered all these years."

ABOUT THE WOMEN FOLKS.

INTERESTING GOSSIP AND INFORMATION FOR THE LADIES.

New Silks for Summer Gowns-- Fashion's Fancies--Summer Millinery--Women as Inventors--Moths.

New Silks for Summer Gowns.

Changeable twilled silks more finely
twilled than surahs, with designs of
dots, stripes, waving ribbons, and
baskets of flowers, in ecru or white,
promise to rival the smoothly woven
India silks as summer dresses. They
are made into charming dresses by
Paris modistes, who delight in color
this season, and add silk of a bright
contrasting hue for their trimming.

HIS MISTAKE.

The Old Man Got Slightly Mixed up on the Coats.

An old man with a florid face sat in
a restaurant the other day talking
business with another diner across
the table, says the New York Tribune.
His coat was hanging on the wall be-
side him, and he was so earnestly en-
gaged in conversation that when the
meal was ended and he was ready to
smoke he reached up his hand without
looking around and began to feel for
the pocket of his overcoat. His hand
reached impatiently all over the
garment, found the pocket, went
down into it and came forth empty.
Then the old man searched for the
other pocket. This was on the other
side of the coat, next to the wall, and
it took his straying hand some time
to get into it. A look of surprise
flashed over his face. He drew forth
from his pocket a box of cigarettes.
He put them down on the table and
looked at them contemptuously.
"Cigarettes," he said, with a sniff.
"Cigarettes. Somebody has stolen
my cigar-case and left these things in
my pocket."

Fashion's Fancies.

Cloth-like fabrics are very popular
this season.
The Louis Quinze coat basque is one
of the leading styles for house and
street wear.
Effective trimmings for an evening
dress are the jeweled butterflies that
are sold in sets, to be used for the
hair, shoulders, front of corsage, and
amid the drapery of the skirt.

Women as Inventors.

Statistics which has been prepared
at New York for the approaching
centennial anniversary of the Patent
Office prove that inventive genius has
no sex. It will be encouraging to
female wage-workers to learn that
women inventors have made a record
in the Patent Office of which they may
well be proud. Application for patents
of their own invention have been
made by over 3,000 women since the
Patent Office was organized. These
inventions, while covering a wide field
of articles for women's use, include
such unexpected inventions as sub-
marine telescopes, processes for hard-
ening copper, foot stoves, refrigerators,
and even locomotive driving
wheels. As early as 1890 a patent
was granted to Mary Kies, of Con-
necticut, for an improved method of
straw weaving with silk or thread.

Many patents were issued a few years
after to women for improvements on
corsets, foot stoves, spinning wheels,
moccasins and ice cream freezers.
During the war a great number of
women inventors came forward with
many designs in canteens, military
caps, ambulances and all kinds of
hospital appliances. Prior to the war
the number of women applicants for
patents was small. Only three
patents to women were issued in 1850;
in 1860 there were only four, in 1870
there were sixty, in 1880, ninety. In
1887 the number rose to 187 and has
been increasing steadily ever since.

Summer Millinery.

The summer bonnets are the airiest
"creations" that have yet come
from the milliner's hands. They are
often mere saucers of sheer tulle pro-
jecting over the eyes, and made with
a transparent crown of chiffon or
gauze, or a perfectly open crown, par-
tially veiled by a vine of roses.

The hat illustrated is of fancy lace
straw in the new shade of Stanley
brown, with a crown of maize-colored
chiffon, studded with gold and brown
wasps. Large jeweled butterflies stand
up among the folds. With this hat is
worn a high ruche of black lace, trim-
med to correspond with the hat.
Shapes already begin to vary from the
toque, and there are many dainty
little English cottage bonnets, in fine
fancy straws and chips, that are trim-
med in broad low effects, in contra-
distinction to the high styles of trim-
ming generally seen, which build the
flat shapes into considerable heights.
The new sailor hats, with a crown of
ordinary height, but sunk in the rim so
that it appears below the rim and
but an inch or less above it, is a grace-
ful style for young ladies. A wide
band of finevelours conceals the crown
under the brim and forms a halo trim-
ming around the face. A navy blue
sailor in this shape and in a purplish
cast of color is trimmed, simply, with
a band of inch-wide black velvet, which
passes around the crown and hangs
down the back in a cluster, streamers
and loops. The hat is finished by a
full face trimming of violets or bluetts.
For regular street wear, the bonnet
may match the costume in a
darker shade, or a black bonnet
may be worn, according to the fancy
of the wearer.—Good Housekeeping.

Moths.

To exterminate carpet moths:
Saturate a large cloth with water
strongly impregnated with ammonia.
After wringing it as dry as possible,
spread upon the carpet, and iron until
thoroughly dry. It is not advisable
to press hard as that flattens the nap
of the carpet. Go over the entire
carpet in this manner. The hot
steam not only kills the little pests
and destroys their eggs, but with the
addition of the ammonia freshens and
brightens the carpet also.

To avoid carpet moths: If you find
no appearance of moths in your carpets,
use an "ounce of prevention." In
other words, after your carpet has
been laid, sponge thoroughly in a
strong solution of salt and water. It
is well, also, to sprinkle salt under-
neath the carpet, in dark corners,
under bookcases, couches, etc., where
the carpet is least used. Above all,
keep your rooms sufficiently light, re-
membering that moths should be
numbered among those wicked
creatures who "prefer darkness rather
than light, because their deeds are
evil."—Good Housekeeping.

Hints for the Cook.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—To one pound
of mashed potatoes add the beaten
yolk of one egg, a little salt and
pepper, two tablespoonfuls of bread
crumbs or cracker meal, and one
tablespoonful of milk. Stir over
the fire until quite dry. Then place
on a well-floured board, shape in cro-
quettes, roll lightly in the flour, glaze
with the beaten white of the egg,
strew with bread crumbs and set aside
till quite cold and firm. Immerse into
hot fat until brown, drain and serve
very hot.

COCONUT SOUP.—Three ounces of
grated coconut, three pints of veal
broth, some cold water, half a pint of
cream, a little rice flour; salt to suit
taste; add the coconut to the veal
broth, and boil it gently for one hour;
then add to it a little cold water add
sufficient rice flour to make the soup
thick enough; season to suit taste; and
the cream, and then simmer all for a
quarter of an hour; nutmeg or mace
is an addition liked by some.

GERMAN CREAM.—Boil one pint of
cream with six ounces of loaf sugar
and the peel of half a lemon cut very
thin; as soon as it boils take it away
from the fire and let it stand until
nearly cold; then add the juice of two
lemons and a wineglassful of brandy;
pour the mixture from one dish to an-
other quickly for ten minutes and it
will be ready to serve; this cream
should be made twelve hours before it
is served.

SPONGE CAKE CREAM.—Cut nine
small sponge cakes in two and place
them at the bottom and sides of a
glass dish; pour half a wineglassful of
brandy and the same quantity of
sherry over them; add some raspberry
jam or jelly, warmed a little; cover
this with another layer of cakes and
add the same quantity of brandy and
wine; have ready half a pint of cold
boiled custard, flavored, and when
ready to serve pour this over the
whole; add a few pieces of candied
fruit.

Love's Chilling Baptism.

Sam Haskell, a young man from
Western avenue and Nineteenth street,
whose ambition is to open a saloon,
met his loved one Birdie Brown, of
443 South Clark street, and accused
her of coquetry.
"Sam, do you doubt me," she cried.
"Avant, false one! You threw me
over for Amos. We part forever."
"I swear that I have never ceased to
love you deeply, devotedly."
"Then prove it."
"Come then; if you love me as I do
you will walk arm in arm into
Lake Michigan, and there end our
troubled lives."
"I'll go you," and the lovers linked
their arms and started for the lake.
When the couple arrived at the foot
of Peck court they threw their arms
about each other, plunged for five
minutes, and then lingered into the
lake.
Officer Gilman, of the Harrison
Street station, saw the pair disappear,
and, securing a long pole with an iron
hook, stabbed Sam in the pantaloons
and dragged him ashore. Then he
fished Birdie out. Both were chilled.
Sam was taken to the Armory station,
where he was hung over the
steam pipes. Birdie excited the sym-
pathy of a woman who was passing
and who placed her in a cab and sent
her home.—Chicago Tribune.

Fish Hatched in the Sky.

I observe a reference made in the
American Angler touching upon show-
ers of fish, in which it states that
science has not yet fully explained
the phenomenon. This is perhaps
slightly incorrect. Several causes have
been suggested. Might it not very
probably be that fish and frogs which
fall apparently from the skies are
really bred there? Water fowl, it is
known, very frequently carry eggs of
fish to a great distance, having swal-
lowed them, and in their flight, disgorging
the same unharmed, where
they can do so fruitfully and mature
in water over which these birds pass.
The eggs of many old fish are very
glutinous, and readily adhere to sub-
stances brought in contact with them
during particular times of their incu-
bation. Is it not very probable that
not only do these birds convey ova
upon their wings as well as in their
crops, and when flying at great heights
the ova, becoming detached from the
wings, may remain suspended in the
moist atmosphere, which is quite pos-
sible under certain conditions of at-
mospherical pressure, and that which
underdevelopment they may become
too heavy and naturally fall to the
earth?

A "Night of Terror."

The priest of the district of Briston,
in the Canton of Uri, writes to the
Lucerne Vaterland an account of
"a night of terror," which his people
passed through a few nights ago. The
whole valley was covered deeply with
snow. Shortly after midnight those
who were still awake felt a sort of
shudder pass through the valley, fol-
lowed by a succession of explosions
with a noise like the loudest thunder.
It was an avalanche of the finest
snow, like powder, which swept down
the valley from the Bristonstock with
such force that its destructive force
extended nearly half a mile below the
termination of the glacier. Some
houses were entirely wrecked, and the
roofs were entirely blown away from
others. In one of those unroofed
houses two girls were sleeping in an
upper room when the avalanche fell
upon them, completely burying them.
In the morning they were dug out.
Beyond their terrible fright they suf-
fered no harm. Numbers of trees have
been uprooted and even broke into
pieces, and the whole neighborhood
presents a picture of desolation.
—London Times.

The Milkman's Confession.

A St. Louis lady tells the strange
confession of a milkman. For some
time past she had suspected that the
cream left at her house was diluted.
Although it had plenty of foam on top,
it did not seem equal in quality to
good milk. She determined to inter-
rogate the milkman, and so she watch-
ed for him. When he came she in-
formed him of her suspicions. At first he
insisted that the cream was as good
as any sold, but when she persisted in
her statement that she had drunk
country milk that was far better, he
winked and said:
"Can you keep a secret, mum? Well,
to tell you the truth, mum, the cream
you got is not cream at all. The foam
that is on top is made from the white
of eggs, and is put there to make you
believe you are getting the genuine
article. But you are right in suspect-
ing you ain't, mum. It's nothing but
a delusion—and maybe you might say
a sham, too. But I don't know.
Most people never find out the differ-
ence, and so long as they don't know
as how they are being fooled, why,
what's the odds?"

He Earned It.

The other hot day when a tramp
asked a woman on Clifford street for
something to eat, she replied:
"Earn it and I will."
"But what have you to do?"
"Nothing, really, but you got that
snow shovel from the shed and go out
and pretend that there's a foot of
snow on the walk. Go through the
motions anyhow."
The fellow saw the humor of the
situation, and he plied the shovel so
vigorously that at the end of twenty
minutes he had a crowd of thirty peo-
ple looking at him.
"Snow all cleaned off, ma'am!" he
reported at the door.
"Very well, clean your feet and come
into the kitchen.—Free Press.