LEGAL INFORMATION.

The right of local self-government in Rhode Island, which has been strongly urged in view of the peculiar origin of that State, is denied, in Horton vs. Newport (R. I.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 512, as against a statute regulating the police force of the State.

The power of a court of equity to prevent majority stockholders from exercising their statutory power to reduce the capital stock in order to relieve defaulting stockholders from meeting their obligations is asserted in Theis vs. Durr (Wis.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 571.

The distinction between private and public functions of a municipality is considered in Dickinson vs. Boston (Mass.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 664, which denies municipal liability for negligence of the city superintendent of the lamp department in respect to an unsafe lamp-post.

A company manufacturing and bottling a beverage is held, in Watson vs. Augusta Brewing Company (Ga.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S) 1178, to be liable to one injured by swallowing pieces of glass while drinking from one of such bottles, which he procured from a merchant, who had purchased the same from the manufacturer.

The violation of a municipal ordinance as to the manner of stringing the electric light wire which charged a broken telephone wire, or the imperfect insulation of the wire, is held, in Stark vs. Muskegon Traction & L. Co. (Mich.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 822, not to be the proximate cause of an injury to a boy who seized the broken telephone wire to receive a shock.

An exception to the rule that equity will not specifically enforce, as between parties in pari delicto, a contract which is opposed to public policy, is applied in Seattle Electric Company vs. Snoqualmie Falls Power Company (Wash.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1032, by restraining the breach of a contract to furnish a supply of electricity to a street-car and electric-lighting company upon the ground that such breach would result in a great public inconvenience.

A limitation upon the right of one to use his own name in his own business is declared in Morton vs. Morton (Cal.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 660, holding that one who had established a business under a particular name, which he placed on the hats of his agents to inform customers that were his representatives, could enjoin another of the same name, engaged in the same business, from using such name as a hat label in substantially the same way as the former, so as to deceive the public.

Judkins Followed Directions.

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, tells in Harper's Weekly a tale of the trials of a young reporter. His editor had given him instruction in the first principles of making a newspaper story: "Tell in the first few lines what your story is about. Give the substance at once. Then follow with a recital of the facts, and conclude with interviews with the people concerned. That is the only orderly way of writing your story."

The new man gave close attention to this lesson, the result of which was that he handed in that night a news item which read as follows:

"Rufus Jenkins, a carpenter, slipped and fell in Vine street yesterday, and sprained his ankle badly.

"Mr. Jenkins was walking along Vine street, when suddenly his feet slipped from under him and he fell, spraining one of his ankles.

"When seen by a reporter he said, 'I was walking along Vine street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the sidewalk, spraining one of my ankles.'

"Mr. Frank Fuller said, 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine street, when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I assisted him to arise he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'

"Dr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said, 'Mr. Jenkins had a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine street. He will be laid up for some time.'

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the carpenters' union. The president, in convening the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine street, spraining one of his ankles."

When She Took His Seat.

Ryder—I saw Mrs. Hawtey in the car to-day.

Mrs. Ryder—How did she look?

Ryder—Oh! She looked all right, but judging from what she said she was not like herself at all to-day.

Mrs. Ryder—Why, what did she say?

Ryder—"Thank you."—Philadelphia Press.

Obliging.

"So," said Mr. Goldbons, severely, "so young man, you want to marry my daughter, eh? What is your salary?"

The young man's answer was meek and respectful.

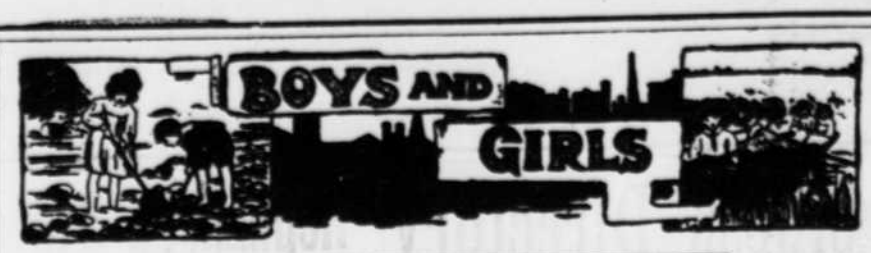
"Whatever you think I'm worth, sir," he said.—Cleveland Leader.

Something Else.

"Do you ever eat veal?"

"No, I guess not. I used to think I did, however, until these packing-house exposures."—Houston Post.

When a recipe calls for stale cake the woman who has boys in her family knows that she will never have a chance to use it.



How Do You Know.

HOW DO YOU KNOW—
There's a boy in the house?
By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall;
By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball;
The Indian war dance, the toy cannon's roar,
That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door;
By the engines and drums and the tool chest and nails;
The steam cars and tracks and the boats with trim sails;
By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover
Have been read and reread by an Indian lover.

"But you must take care, if you value your head,
When you go to the nursery," declares Uncle Fred.
"When I open the door there's a scramble and shout;
I'm attacked by a brigand, and I'll never doubt
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a mouse—
Well, these are good signs there's a boy in the house!"

HOW DO YOU KNOW—
There's a girl in the house?
By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes—
A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks and cries;
By the toyhouse and trunk, and the stove and the chairs;
By the needle and thread, in the nursery upstairs;
By the doll hats and furbelows made every day
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and May;
By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song,
Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

"And if you run up to the nursery floor,
And go to the room and then open the door,"
Aunt Dorothy says, "well, when I take a peep,
And see a wee mother a-rocking to sleep
Her own little dolly, as still as a mouse—
Why, then I am sure there's a girl in the house!"

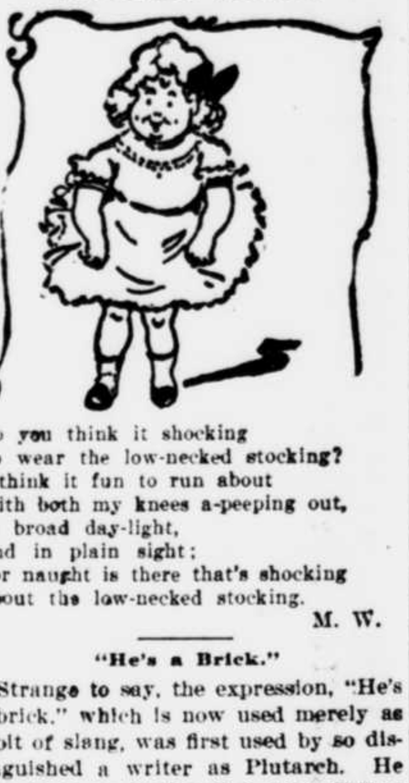
Trick with Handkerchief and Coin.

All that is necessary to have in order to perform the trick are a handkerchief, a ten-cent piece and a piece of soap. With a knife cut off a piece of soap about a quarter of an inch in diameter and stick this piece of soap on the hem of the handkerchief in one corner. Place the dime in the center of the handkerchief, which must lie flat on the table. Take the corner which has tthe soap on it and fold it over, placing it gently on the dime; now fold the other corners over, placing each corner on the dime. The corner that has the soap on it is the one to your right. When the corners are folded the handkerchief will be in the form of a diamond, with one of the points toward the performer. Place the thumb and forefinger of each hand at the point of the diamond nearest to you. Pick it up, letting the four corners fall apart, at the same time sliding the right hand to the corner where the dime is. Shake the handkerchief and show that the dime has disappeared.—American Boy.

A Disgusted Mule.

It is said that many animals like the smell of tobacco smoke, horses, particularly. A man who had heard this thought, one day, that he would try the effect on a mule of his, but he found that it is not a safe thing to experiment with a mule's taste. He was smoking a pipe, and it occurred to him that the mule might like to have a sniff of it, so he blew a cloud of the smoke into its nostrils. Evidently that mule was an exception to the tobacco-loving animals, for it changed ends as quick as lightning, and let fly with its heels, which the rash experimenter missed only by falling flat on the ground.

Low-Necked Stocking.



Do you think it shocking
To wear the low-necked stocking?
I think it fun to run about
With both my knees a-peeping out,
In broad day-light,
And in plain sight;
For naught is there that's shocking
About the low-necked stocking.

M. W.

"He's a Brick."

Strange to say, the expression, "He's a brick," which is now used merely as a bit of slang, was first used by so distinguished a writer as Plutarch. He says that an ambassador from Epirus came to Sparta, and when Lycurgus had shown him the city he saw much to praise and admire, but expressed his wonder that Sparta had no walls. Early the next morning he was conducted out to the field of exercise, near the city, where the Spartan army was drawn up. "There," said Lycurgus to the ambassador, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

About Steel Needles.

It is said that steel needles were invented by the Spanish Moors. Before their introduction thorns and fish bones, the latter with a hole pierced for an eye, were in use. The first needles used in London were made by a Moor in the reign of Henry VIII., and in Queen Mary's day steel needles were sold in Cheapside, says Home Chat. After this time the manufacture increased rapidly, many Germans going to England and establishing needle works in various places.

FRUIT SHOULD BE COOKED.

Germs of Disease Introduced Into System by Raw Product.

In the course of his recent lectures in England on the "Hygiene of the Alimentary Canal," Prof. Elie Metschnikoff expressed the opinion that the germs of many diseases are introduced into the circulation through wounds made in the intestines by intestinal worms and other entazoa introduced by eating uncooked fruit, says the Baltimore Sun.

"In appendicitis," he said, "there is no doubt of the etiological role of intestinal worms, which injure the wall of the bowels and there inoculate microbes, causing an inflammatory reaction; and the success that frequently results from vermifugal treatment in persons suffering from that disease has proved the importance of entozoa in connection with it."

The germs of other diseases, as typhoid, tuberculosis, etc., are believed to be often introduced thus through rents of the lining membrane of the stomach and intestines. The preventive urged by Prof. Metschnikoff is boiling of all water and fruits consumed.

"The boiling," it is declared, "should be extended to vegetables—washing even with boiled water is insufficient and it is necessary at least to scald them with boiling water, or better still, to boil them. Among fruits, it is principally strawberries that introduce ova and infectious germs and it is therefore necessary to boil them. Even cherries, though growing on trees and far away from the soil, should be carefully scalded or boiled. It is wiser as a rule to eat fruits, so far as possible, in the form of compotes or jams. Nobody could deny that a system based on such principles would insure the body against all sorts of diseases of the digestive apparatus; it might even assist us at the same time to avoid certain maladies against which science to-day is almost entirely helpless."

Another precaution suggested by the learned expert in hygiene is to "modify the flora of the alimentary canal by acclimatizing useful microbes," such as the lactic bacilli, which produce lactic acid and prevent the development of butyric and putrefactive ferments. Carefully selected lactic ferments, or lactic microbes, are coming into use in treating many intestinal troubles.

SOME ANTIQUATED CUSTOMS.

There Are Many of Them, Foolish as Well as Out of Date.

Time has not brought about a readjustment of many of the antiquated customs that surround royalty. When the King of Spain was 12 years of age he one day had the misfortune to slip and fall down a flight of the palace steps. The fall would very probably have been attended with fatal results had it not been for a servant who extended a kindly hand and saved his young master by breaking the fall, says the Philadelphia North American.

But, by a stringent rule of Spanish etiquette, no servant may dare touch the sacred person of the king, and for this "grave" offense the servant was at once dismissed from his position.

By a remarkable law of royal etiquette, which has existed for a number of years past at the court of Siam, no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occupied by the king. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.

Recently, when the King of Siam paid a visit to Paris, a number of bedrooms were reserved, directly above that in which the king was to have slept, for the dusky followers of the royal visitor. The blunder caused great consternation among the fearful courtiers, until the matter was explained to the management and duly rectified. All the courtiers and servants were placed in bedrooms on floors below that occupied by the sovereign.

When the Emperor or Empress of China appears in public no other person is allowed to occupy a higher place. Therefore, on such occasions the shutters of all buildings are drawn, and the upper parts of the houses past which the royal procession is expected to move are deserted, the inhabitants swarming to the ground floors in order to show due deference to their rulers.

It Certainly Is.

"It's certainly a great pity," said the man who occasionally lets out an audible thought.

"What's a great pity?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"That amateur actors can't see themselves as others see them."

Those who are on the road to wealth do not object to the "dust."

NOBODY BUT FATHER.

Nobody knows the money it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes
And girls hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together;
Nobody else must make them good.
Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering whether
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and glum;
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather,
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm,
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father,

Nobody knows of the home life pure,
Watched over by a motner,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father.

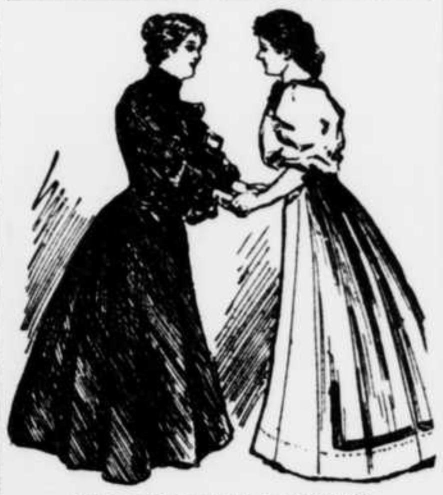
HAD MET BEFORE

IT'S good to see you again, Phyllis," exclaimed Lady Elmsworth, as she held her sister at arm's length and examined her critically, "but how you have changed!"

"My dear Clare," laughed Miss Graham, "after five years' absence you surely did not expect to find me still all arms and legs, and indecently big feet!"

"Of course, it's ridiculous; but, somehow, I did not realize that you would be quite grown up."

"Oh, my dear, I grew up almost directly you left. Mother soon became alive to the fact of my possibilities, and I managed to get in the thin end of the wedge first by dining down when there were thirteen, and that sort of thing. In fact, looking back, I'm inclined to think that the 'half-out' stage—neither 'fish, flesh, nor good red herring,' you know—is quite the jolliest time girls ever have, if they could only appreciate it. The only other state to be compared to it for freedom and general irresponsibility is—. Oh, Clare, I'm so sorry; I beg your pardon." The girl's face flushed crimson as her eyes rested on her sister's black gown.



"HOW YOU HAVE CHANGED!"

"You were going to say widowhood, I suppose?" replied Lady Elmsworth, quietly.

"Forgive me, Clare, I—I—"

Lady Elmsworth shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"There's nothing to forgive, Phyl. I never was a humbug, was I?"

Phyllis Graham's gray eyes widened. But before she could speak her sister went on:

"You seem to have had a very jolly time, as you put it, all along the line, I think. You seem to do everything and go everywhere."

"Don't!" exclaimed the girl. "You talk like mother. Three seasons is evidently the end of one's tether. After that time one is expected to 'range one's self,' and relieve one's own people of their responsibility concerning one, and especially one's bills."

"But I thought you were delighted about your engagement, Phyl," said Lady Elmsworth. "I thought it was a case of mutual adoration."

"Oh! 'Il y en toujours un qui aime et un qui se laisse aimer,' isn't there?"

"Phyllis!"

"Please don't be sentimental, Clare. Did not much the same thing happen to you? You were just 20, weren't you, when you got engaged to poor old Elmsworth? I was too young to be taken into your confidence then, but—well, you pretty well confessed the same just now. Peter was not precisely the sort of individual to turn a girl's head. I expect mother had you into her boudoir, and talked to you about the whole duty of woman, and, in your case, of the pleasures and position of the ambassador's wife, even at the dullest court in Europe. We were both brought up in the way we should go, and so six months later you were Lady Elmsworth, tasting of the aforesaid pleasures in Madrid. In less time than that I shall be Mrs. Mark Franklin, with more money than I know what to do with, and a charming husband into the bargain."

"Come, that's better. I am very eager to see my brother-in-law-elect. You have not—"

Phyllis laughed outright.

"No, my dear, I have not; one does not wear one's fiance's 'counterfeit presentment' near one's heart nowadays. But possess your soul in patience. I told Mark you might come in presently, and you would give him some tea. I wonder if you'll like him?"

Phyllis sat back a little and glanced round her sister's room.

"He'll like your room, at any rate. It's wonderfully pretty and restful, this room of yours, Clare; and it suits you exactly. Yes, I think Mark will like you, too; he'll appreciate your sense of the fitness of things. Mark is exceedingly artistic."

"Yes?"

"It's rather a weariness of the spirit occasionally," continued Phyllis, with a sigh. "You know—or, rather, you don't, because, although we are sisters, we have not met for five years, and so we really don't know each other much—well, I have not much soul for picture galleries and autumn tints, and that sort of thing. Art is all very well when it's got out of the West Hempstead stage, and come west really; but it is a little trying when one is expected to enthuse over impossible Madonnas with wooden-looking babies in their arms, and that sort of thing."

Miss Graham looked at her sister wistfully, but Lady Elmsworth only laughed.

"Poor Phyl! Is he trying to educate you? It sounds rather awful."

"No, that's the worst of it! He imagines the education, artistic feeling, and all the rest of it, is there. That's the fault of what mother calls the 'Graham manner.' We've got a knack of appearing intelligently sympathetic; and because we are pretty people take us for granted. Haven't you found that?"

Lady Elmsworth nodded, and a slight color rose in her cheeks.

"We can't help it," went on Phyllis; "but they have a nasty knack of turning round on us when they find us out, and being generally horrid."

"And you think Mark—"

"Oh, he won't find out for ever so long. He's very much in love; and I—well, I like him well enough to try and live up to him, for a time, at any rate. But it's a good stretch on one's nerves to be always on the tiptoe of admiration about things one really does not care a button for. I'm afraid it's the beauties of nature that will bowl me over. A sunset at his majesty's, where it's well done, is a pretty enough one in a way. But you know, honestly, I'd rather look at a bonnet shop in Bond street any day than on the finest scenery anywhere. I'm afraid it will be a shock to Mark when he grasps the fact."

"What is he exactly?"

"He's rather ugly, and ridiculously rich; a colonial, you know, proprietor of mines, and all the rest of it. His manners are not quite like everyone else's. Oh, you need not raise your eyebrows; it is not in that way I mean at all. Only I don't think he'd have cared the least bit if I'd been a butcher's or a baker's daughter. If he'd cared for me, he'd have married me just the same. I'm afraid I'm rather proud of the fact."

"You do care for him, then?" Lady Elmsworth stooped a little toward her sister and looked into her face.

"I"—Phyllis blushed. "Well, yes, I think I do, because, if I did not, I don't suppose I should care whether he discovered what a shallow little soul I am or not after we are safely married."

Clare bent and kissed her sister.

"He won't find it out if you love him, Phyl! Oh, you don't know how glad I am!"

Phyllis was startled at her sister's sudden earnestness. What she had said was quite true. The four years' difference in their ages had always kept them apart. Phyllis remembered distinctly the time when Clare had been "out" when she herself was in the schoolroom. She remembered, too, all the talk she had overheard as to her sister's successes. Looking back, she realized that Clare must have refused many opportunities of brilliant matches, although she had finally done exceedingly well for herself in marrying Lord Elmsworth. True, he was nearly twenty years older than Clare; and surely among those she had refused before—

Suddenly Phyllis started. What had there been at the bottom of Clare's being ordered off to winter at Davos the year before she married? It had never occurred to the girl. But had there really been anything the matter with her sister's lungs?

"Clare," she said, impulsively, "tell me something. Were you really ill when you went to Davos that time, or—"

Lady Elmsworth laughed outright.

"Or was I sent off to be out of somebody's way, you mean? No, my dear, I believe I was really ill, and before I went to Davos I had never cared two straws for anyone in my life."

"And—after?"

"I don't know why I should tell you," said Lady Elmsworth. "I've never told anyone. I don't believe anyone ever guessed except—"

"Except him. Go on, Clare."

"Oh, there's not much to tell. It's like everyone else's story, I expect; and you'll only think me a fool for remembering all these years. You know how I went out. Mother could not, or would not, come with me. She would have hated to give up her visits, and the Riviera, and all that. So she just packed me off with dear old Downey, the governess, you remember. Downey had always been my abject slave, and never dreamed of interfering with me at all.

"I had a good time at Davos when I first went, but I did not do anything the doctors expected. I don't believe there was much the matter with me when I went, but I know I felt rather bad after I'd been there a month; but the air had got into my head and I did not care. I flirted and behaved generally badly all round, until one day I met a man I had never seen before. He was not a patient, but had just come up for the scenery.

"I don't know how it was, but we began to talk, and I liked him. Somehow wherever I went I met him, and if I missed him the day seemed blank and miserable. He lectured me as to my carelessness about my health, and all that; and to please him I obeyed orders and took care. Oh, there was nothing particular; it all went on smoothly, and, I suppose, stupidly enough. We never even knew each other's names. I used to call him 'Le Passant,' and he called me his Incognita. But I was idiotically, unreasonably happy, until one day the doctor said I was well enough to go home, and that he would write the good news to my mother.

"I had been crying when I met him. I had realized at once what it all meant, and what it would be like to go back home and never see him again. I told him the news—we were quite alone out on a terrace, and everything glittered white in the moonlight around us. When I had finished I turned and saw his face. I tried to stop him, but it was too late; his arms were round me, and I loved to hear what he was saying. But I would not answer then; I would tell him to-morrow.

"I shall never forget that night. I loved him, but I was afraid. He was not a rich man, I felt sure of that. Would my love last? Could I face the life before me if I married him? I was a coward, and I did not dare. I woke Downey, and told her we must start by the first train. I knew if I saw him again I should yield. It was only when Davos was behind us that I would have given anything in the world to be back there again; to keep my word, meet him, and give him all my life."

"And then?"

"Nothing. We never met again; how should we? But I did not forget; how could I? I was miserable; nothing mattered any more; and I married Lord Elmsworth."

"And—"

"Oh, I was as happy as I deserved to be. Peter was good to me, and always in his way; but I cannot say that his death was a great blow to me. It's awful to say, Phyllis; but I could not help thinking, 'If fate would be kind!' If I should meet him now."

"But if you marry—"

"I lose nearly all Peter left me. Yes, I know; but I am wiser now. One grows wiser in five years, Phyl, when one has only to remember and regret. If—oh, but it is so unlikely! If we met now nothing could keep us apart."

"But suppose he—"

"He had forgotten, you mean? No, dear; he was not a man who forgets. Oh, if we could meet!"

"Mr. Franklin," announced the servant, and a tall figure advanced into the room.

Lady Elmsworth went to meet him.

"I am glad," she began; and Phyllis wondered why her sister stopped short and turned so white.

"Not more glad than I," put in Mark, as he held out his hand. Then he, too, stopped, and the two stood in the middle of the dainty drawing room, looking into each other's eyes for what seemed to each an age, and the air around them seemed suddenly to grow cold and sharp, and a glitter of moonlit snow was upon everything. Clare recovered herself first, and turned to her sister, who was glancing from one to the other in astonishment.

"Mr. Franklin and I have met before! Long ago; before I went to Madrid. You will excuse me a moment," she continued, turning to Mark. "I have some orders to give." And she glided out of the room before he could even bow his acquiescence.—London Modern Society.

Sapphira, Jr.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina tells of a little girl whose statements were always exaggerated until she became known in school and Sunday school as "a little liar." Her parents were dreadfully worried about her, and made strenuous efforts to correct the bad habit. One afternoon her mother overheard an argument with her playmate, Willie Bangs, who seemed to finish the discussion by saying emphatically: "I'm older than you, 'cause my birthday comes first, in May, and yours don't come until September."

"Oh, of course your birthday comes first," sneeringly answered little Nellie; "but that is 'cause you came down first. I remember looking at the angels when they were making you."

"Come here, Nellie; come here instantly," cried her mother.

"It is breaking mother's heart to hear you tell such awful stories. Remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know. They were struck dead for lying. I saw them carried into the corner drug store."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bitter.

Mrs. Subbubs—Our old cook is to be married this week, John. I think we ought to remember her with a present.

Mr. Subbubs—Huh! The most kindly way for us to remember her with a present is to forget the past.—Philadelphia Press.

In reading a list of poets "Everyone should know," did you ever notice that most of the poems were those you had never heard of before?