

Topics & Times

The New York City government extends \$1,016,000 each day.

The twine trust may find a rival in the Malva Castilla, a new Philippine fiber plant.

Germany alone sends to London annually 20,000,000 feathers of birds for millinery purposes.

Most of Spain's imported meat comes from Portugal; France and Morocco furnish the remainder.

A graduated rod, which rises and falls with the bottom's variations is now used to chart rivers.

New York City is the second in the Union for size of per capita debt, it being \$113.25. Newton, Mass., coming first, with \$125.58.

The highest elevator service in the world is that at Burgentock, a mountain near the lake of Lucerne, where tourists are raised 500 feet to the top of a vertical rock.

The devotion of a stork to its young has been strikingly shown during a fire at Basel. The nest was set on fire by a spark from a chimney, but the mother bird refused to leave the fledglings, and all were burned to death.

It is said that bees must take the nectar from 62,000 clover blossoms to make one pound of honey. This means that they must make 2,750,000 trips from the hive to the flowers. And when the price of honey is taken into consideration it will readily be seen that the price of bee labor is too cheap.—Kansas City Journal.

Of all the interesting uses to which incubators have been put that of hatching alligator eggs is probably the most striking, says Popular Mechanics. An Englishman at Hot Springs, Ark., is engaged in raising alligators for the market. The demand for the hides to use in manufacturing purposes is constantly increasing, while parks and zoos buy the live reptiles for exhibition.

The State auditor's office yesterday paid bounty claims on 1,921 full-grown wolves and 951 cubs. The amount paid out was \$9,721.50, and in this fiscal year about \$39,000 has been paid out on such claims. Marshall County made the biggest showing, with \$1,629 paid, and claims for \$132.50 from Hennepin County were honored. The present bounty is \$7.50 for grown wolves and \$3 for cubs.—Minneapolis Journal.

One of the most remarkable freak newspapers ever printed was the *Luminara*, published in Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus, so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the *Regal*, printed with non-poisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. Le Bien Etre promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and free burial.

If report is true, there are vast sums of money to be made in the cultivation of flowers in the Riviera. In one season alone \$2,000,000 worth were shipped away to foreign countries, and, oddly enough, the majority were sent to England. It is a long journey for delicate blooms to make, but they are so perfectly packed and kept en route that they reach their destination in excellent condition to gladden the hearts of and adorn England's fairest women.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

How the Unpunctual Woman Became Punctual.

One very often sees in the journals devoted to women a list of rules by which the uninitiated members of the weaker sex may win the affections of the stronger. These usually begin, "Never be late in keeping an appointment," go on with much good advice about wearing roses and smiles when greeting their lordships and end, "Be a good listener, but talk little."

Exactly what wiseacre compounds these sage axioms, dependent refuses to state, but sometimes one is inclined to believe that it is a man, says the Baltimore News.

This page knows a number of young women who are extremely popular with men and who count their suitors by the score, but not one of these was ever in time for an engagement in her life. All pride themselves on being unpunctual, selfish and somewhat heartless.

A young woman remarked brazenly the other day that men did not like girls who were too prompt. "They prefer to be kept waiting a bit," she said. "They don't like you to seem too anxious. In fact, the old verse about a woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree originally read 'A man, a spaniel and a walnut tree—the more you beat them the better they be.'"

And then she broke an engagement with an adoring youth by telephone and went off to take a walk with a young woman of whom she is fond.

The married woman present protested cynically: "A man may like a woman who makes him wait and flouts him before he is married to her; he doesn't after. Why, when I met John I treated him exactly as Helen is now treating Robert. I broke engagements with him whenever it suited me to do so, and it did very often. If I had an appointment to lunch with him somewhere downtown at 1 o'clock, I would stroll in at 2, cool and calm, to find my fiancé probably swearing inwardly, but outwardly composed and delighted to see me."

"At least," I used to say to myself,

"he can see I am not running after him." My treatment of him had been so scurvy during our betrothal that I really believe John was not quite sure the day we were married whether I would be on hand or not. He was at the house at an unseasonably late hour, and I was well and was up and would be on time. I was only twenty minutes late at the church, but that was because father made such a row I had to go then.

"The first time that I was to meet John to take luncheon with him after the wedding he made the hour 1:30. 'That will give you plenty of time to make a grand toilet and arrive in time,' he said, and then he added, soberly, 'I should advise you to be punctual.'"

"I arrived at 2:30 and looked about for John. He was nowhere in sight, but after a while a boy came to me and asked if I were Mrs. Blank, and when I said I was he informed me that Mr. Blank had waited for me fifteen minutes and then gone back to his office."

"I ate luncheon alone and had it out with John that night. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have spent two years, more or less, waiting for you. Now I have made up my mind I will do it no more. You must be in time for appointments with me or you will not find me.'"

"That was three years ago and I am the most punctual person imaginable now. I am telling you this merely as an illustration that, though men may be attracted by indifference and carelessness before they are married, they make all possible haste to mold the girl of their choice into a punctual and thoughtful woman afterward."

"Men like girls who treat them with indifference," persisted one of her listeners, doggedly.

"They may marry such a person, but they marry her to reform her if they do," replied the married woman.

THE RIGHT LINING.

Chetalov, a Zulu servant, of whom Mildred Stapley, in Good Housekeeping, has many amusing things to tell, would come into her service at first only with the stipulation that he should be allowed to retain native dress. But one day, observing her about to tear up an old, worn night-dress into dusters, he begged for it, and begged also for some discarded stockings, quite past darning. The next morning, being summoned to escort his mistress on an errand, he appeared in what he had decided was a fitting costume.

"The night-dress had been abbreviated into a shirt, and was belted in with a gorgeous broad belt of bead-work, from which hung his mocha (native apron), then nothing until where the stockings, heels and toes cut out like gaiters, were fastened below each knee with a four-in-hand necktie.

"I recalled then how earnestly he had watched me knot my own scarf a few days before. He pointed to his impromptu garters, and said, proudly, 'Like Ingsogah's' (madam). I had not the cruelty to impress upon him that I tied my four-in-hand at the neck, and not at the knee."

The next Sunday Chetalov brought his fiancée to call, and begged that she be shown the white lady's clothes, especially the dress she wore inside out, "uzly black one side, beautiful red the other." This was her tailor-made suit lined with gay, changeable silk.

Naturally, savage taste could not comprehend the perversity of wearing such a fascinating garment bright side in.—Youth's Companion.

Moths and Butterflies.

Some moths look very much like butterflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each has little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or antennae, as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennae of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spines, but they are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop or are nearly flat.

Some Georgia Nuggets.

Don't spend more time than what you have in sight.

Get religion before you get the rheumatism.

Don't think you're the only somebody in the world. If you were you'd be lonesome.

Love your neighbor as yourself. If you do that you'll have a high old time in this world as well as in the next.—Atlanta Constitution.

Simplicity, Ad Indulgent.

"Divorce?" repeated the man of the future, with a laugh. "Oh, bless me, no. There are no divorces any more. Everybody goes in for the simplified morals, now. Why, if you were to try to get a divorce, you would make yourself almost as ridiculous as if you were to spell tho with a vgh."—Puck.

Trouble Ahead.

Yeast—I see by this paper that nineteen women have been elected members of the parliament of Finland.

Crimsonbeak—There will, no doubt, be an interesting time now to determine which one shall be the speaker.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Worried Yet.

"I see a corporation has bridged the Styx," observed a passenger. "Does this competition hurt your trade?"

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong; In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when a coward cries.

To give to the man who bravely tries; And you'll win success with a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along, You'll find that the busy, rushing throng Will catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding rain; That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky; That the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends

From where the placid rainbow bends; And all because of a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along, You'll see that the singing will make you strong; And the heavy load and the rugged road, And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goal Will soar with the note that you set afloat; And the beam will change to a trifling mote; That the world is bad when you are sad, And bright and beautiful when glad, That all you need is a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you trudge along! —Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

"INASMUCH"

"Well, I never! What a wonderful thing! How truly kind and considerate! I take it as a direct answer to prayer."

Miss Joan Lawrence dropped a letter on the table, and covered two slightly wrinkled cheeks with her thin hands.

"What are you talking about? Is anything the matter?" inquired Miss Caroline, looking up, her small, eager face expressing irritability and curiosity. She was bending over an old-fashioned embroidery frame, and was in the act of counting, "three greens, one white, a purple, then a pearl," when her sister's voice sent all the colors out of her head.

"A most unaccountable thing has happened," answered Miss Joan. "Such a kind letter from Mr. Sloane. Just listen: '... If, therefore, you will kindly call at my place of business I shall be pleased to see your work, and we can talk matters over. If I can be of any service to you, pray come, an—'"

"It is all our minister's doing," said Margaret, softly. "It was Mr. Forbes who wrote to Mr. Sloane on our behalf."

Both sisters turned to her in surprise.

"We don't understand you, Margaret," said Miss Joan.

"No," she answered, plaintively. "If you did you would not shut me out of your troubles, nor deny yourselves that I might escape the pinch of poverty. You treat me as a child, I, who am in my 35th year. But I am not a child, and—and, upon my own responsibility, I called upon Mr. Forbes, told him my difficulties, and asked if he could help us in any way. Apparently it was a good thing I did so."

"Yes," admitted Miss Joan, looking tenderly into the soft, shy eyes of her youngest sister, "it was a happy thought, Margaret. Dear me! Thirty-four—our little Margaret! And Caroline is 50 and I am 55. Mother's baby Margaret 34, yet never very strong! Oh, my darling, it is only natural that we long to shelter you from the buffets of the world's storms."

Miss Joan broke down quite unexpectedly, and sobbed. "I can't help it," she said; "I am crying for thankfulness."

The sisters drew round the fire and sat there for an hour discussing their good fortune.

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised," said Caroline, "if after Mr. Sloane has seen our work he gives us more orders than we can possibly undertake."

"Only think of that, Joan," smiling, "though that won't be just at present, child. But, in any case, we shall never forget Mr. Sloane's kindness, shall we? I shouldn't wonder if he remembers what good customers we have been in the past—the hundreds of pounds we have paid over his counters."

It was Tuesday morning when Miss Joan received Mr. Sloane's letter, and during the next two days the sisters talked of nothing but how they should meet him, and what they should say. The memory of the past, when they ranked with his best customers, gave them courage, while the fact that they were about to meet him on different terms was not without its sting.

When Thursday morning came, however, Miss Joan and her sister Margaret put on their best bonnets and bravely went to town, taking with them a tall-tale, large brown-paper parcel. The pavements were wet and slippery, and a drizzling rain was falling. Now, although they kept assuring each other that their business was entirely honorable, and not unpleasant, still they went on their way a little timorously, feeling anxious and ill at ease. As they approached their destination their spirits sank still lower, and they

wished their interview with Mr. Sloane well over.

The well-known, flourishing establishment of "Sloane & Co." was a series of large shops occupying the length of one street, and part of another.

"We will go in at the door where we are least likely to be recognized, dearie," said Miss Joan, nervously. "Dear me, child, you look soaked through!"

"Never mind me; I shall soon dry," said Margaret, with a laugh that was half tears. "I wish we were at home again, don't you?"

Miss Joan did not answer, but swung open a heavy glass door and made her way to the counter, Margaret following.

A tall, bustling, well-dressed girl presented herself, and bestowed a reverential smile upon the ladies. Alas! they recognized her at once. She had been the head of the glove department for years.

"What is your pleasure, madam? Gloves?" She hesitated to eye with amazement the large parcel. The wealthy Miss Lawrence with a parcel. What did it mean? Her obsequious manner at once degenerated into feminine curiosity.

"Thank you, Mr. Sloane, no gloves to-day. I wish to see Mr. Sloane," and Miss Joan presented her card.

"Mr. Sloane? He is in the next shop. Perhaps you would like to go to him?"

"No, we prefer to wait here," Miss Joan's voice faltered.

"He is terribly busy," volunteered the girl, curling the edge of the card in her fingers as she went on her errand. Presently she returned. Mr. Sloane would see them directly, and in a few minutes he appeared—bald of head, flabby of feature, and smooth of tongue, a loosely built man with stooping shoulders. He came forward, rubbing his hands. The ladies bowed. Then he glanced at their faces, and grew confused. Evidently he had not thought of associating these well-remembered stately gentlemen with the letter of appeal received from the Rev. Mr. Forbes.

"Excuse me," he stammered, gathering himself together; "for a moment I am engaged with a gentleman. I will return to you immediately." Again the ladies bowed.

"Of course, he will take us into a private room, Joan," whispered Margaret.



"WILL YOU UNDERTAKE TO RENOVATE AND REPLACE ALL THE NEEDLEWORK?"

garet. "Wouldn't it be terrible if he did not?"

"Of course he will."

John had scarcely repeated her sister's words when a young man stood before them, and, without any explanation, proceeded to open their parcel.

"Excuse me, that is ours. We have an appointment with Mr. Sloane," said Miss Joan, stiffly.

"Oh, that's all right. We know all about that," said the man, confidently. "You have some things to sell, I believe. Mr. Sloane's busy, so I'm to look at them."

Miss Joan's dark eyes contracted with pain. She stirred uneasily in her chair, and Margaret sat as one in a dream, staring first at the customers, then at their treasured work, strewn over the counter.

The young man took up the articles and dismissed them with a single emphatic "Do!"

"What do you want for this?" he inquired bluntly, pointing to a beautifully worked cushion.

The sisters exchanged glances. "I don't know," faltered Miss Joan; "we have never sold anything before."

"I'm! Well, ladies, 'pon my word I'm sorry, but the fact is we are overdone with sort of thing. Of course, if we should require anything at any time we have your address. Now, if you could make sheets and pillow-cases we could find you plenty of work. We could forward you a roll of cotton in the morning, and you could let us have it back, say, the next day—made up, of course. Understand?"

Miss Joan drew herself up. "I understand. I understand perfectly! Thank you, no, we shall not be able to undertake the making of household linen."

She stretched out her trembling hands for the parcel with a smothered cry, and Margaret, half frightened, took her arm and led her away.

The man, who had served the ladies many a time in their prosperous days, craned his neck after them.

"Poor old things," he muttered; "it's a bit rough of them. Our guy ought to be ashamed of himself, 'pon my word he ought."

When Joan and Margaret returned home their manner betrayed suppressed excitement. Indeed, Joan had hardly entered the house before she broke down.

"Oh, Caroline!" she cried; "we have been so humiliated. And she told her sister all that had happened."

us take off your bonnet. There, there; you are our brave Joan again."

At that moment something happened. The wheels of a carriage rattled down the narrow street. A knock came to the front door, and presently the little maid-of-all-work announced "Mrs. Spencer."

She stood on the threshold almost enveloped in costly furs, and with a startled cry Margaret rose to her feet, for she recognized her at once as an interested observer of their trying half-hour at Sloane's.

In another moment she had settled herself cosily in an armchair, and the dark, mournful room seemed full of sunshine and brightness.

"You must excuse me for calling in this unconventional way," said Mrs. Spencer; "but I saw you, as you know, at Sloane's this morning, and I was interested, for your beautiful work attracted me, though, of course, I could not approach you there. One thing especially took my fancy—a cushion of rare beauty. I would be so glad if you would sell it to me, and my carriage being here, I can take it with me."

Seeing at a glance that the sisters were not "bargainers," the kind-hearted lady named a sum far beyond all their expectations, and insisted on its acceptance in a way which touched them deeply.

"Now this brings me to the real object of my visit," she continued. "I am furnishing a boudoir in the antique. Every piece of furniture has been picked up at different times. Will you—I know I am asking a great favor—but will you undertake to renovate and replace all the needlework—covers of chairs, cushions, mantle-borders, and so forth? I do hope you will say 'Yes.'"

The sisters could hardly recognize their own voices as they attempted to speak. They felt dazed, bewildered, the relief was so great, the lady's kindness so overwhelming.

"We cannot find words in which to express to you, madam, our sincere thanks," Miss Joan's lips quivered pitifully.

"Don't—don't take it in that way; you make me feel ashamed. It is you who are conferring the favor upon me." Mrs. Spencer rose to depart.

She waved her hand out of the carriage window, and, as she went her way, it may be that a still small voice whispered in her ear the words of the Master whom she so faithfully served: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these... ye have done it unto Me."—London S. S. Times.

Mr. Harmon's New Gardener.

"Old Man Harmon," as he was generally, if not very respectfully known, was one of the leading citizens of a thriving Western State. His flowers were his hobby and the pride of his heart. Mike, his head gardener, honest and hard-headed to the last degree, was a very skillful florist, but he and the old gentleman were seldom in agreement. Mike would do what he thought best for his beloved plants, regardless of orders, and consequently had been discharged two or three times every week during the many years of his incumbency.

At last a really serious rupture occurred, and the old gentleman and Mike parted company in good earnest, each expressing in unmeasured terms his joy at being rid of the other.

The flowers immediately began to languish as if grieving for the rough but tender hand that had cared for them so long. Mr. Harmon advertised far and near for a gardener.

Selecting from the numerous replies the one that most struck his fancy, he wrote and appointed an immediate interview.

The old gentleman hastened out on the lawn when the applicant was announced, only to be confronted by Mike, dressed in his Sunday best, bowing and smiling with the best grace in the world, and holding in his hand Mr. Harmon's letter appointing the meeting.

"An' is it a gardener you're wantin', sir?" queried Mike, innocently.

"I am badly in need of one," responded Mr. Harmon, gravely. "I had a fairly good man, but he was so pig-headed that I had to let him go. He never seemed to understand that I wanted some little personal enjoyment out of my plants, even if I did lose a few occasionally by experimenting with them. But I must say that he was a good man."

"The spalpeen!" interrupted Mike. "To be after not wanting you to enjoy your own blossoms, an' yourself bearing all the expense of them."

"I had a good place meself, but I had to leave on account of the boss thinking he knowed so much more than he did, an' wanting me to transplant some of our best plants on a day that wuz cold enough to freeze the nose off yer face, to say nothing of them tender shoots. But I'm not saying that he wuzn't a gentleman an' the best man I ever worked for."

The interview proceeded with great solemnity, as between two strangers, and in a half-hour Mike had his coat off, busily going over his tulips and hyacinths, and grumbling comfortably about the moles and the cutworms.—Youth's Companion.

Mathematics.

Mother—Jean, give half of your apple to your little sister. Remember that a pleasure shared is doubled.

Jean—Yes, mother, but an apple shared is halved.—Nos Loisirs.

Many a convincing political speaker can't even get a hearing at home.

Vanity makes a lot of remunerative work for the beauty doctors.



Nature Intended us to breathe through the nostrils, and if for any reason this becomes difficult or impossible, we suffer for it.

The nose not only warms, or at least tempers, the air as it is drawn through it into the air-tubes, but it also filters it in great measure, keeping back not only much of the solid matter in the form of dust, but also the bacteria carried by the dust particles or floating in the moisture of the air.

In mouth-breathers the air strikes the back of the throat and rushes into the windpipe before the chill has been taken off, and while it is still laden with dust and bacteria. In this condition it causes local irritation, which results in congestion of the mucous membrane lining the air-passages. This congestion when long continued passes into chronic inflammation, or catarrh.

The inflammation gradually spreads, if the cause continues, and often passes from the throat into the ears, where it produces a thickening of the delicate structures there, and finally deafness. The mucous membranes throughout the air-passages and all their ramifications become thickened, secrete phlegm, and lose in great part their power of resistance to the germs of pneumonia, diphtheria and other diseases.

The causes of mouth-breathing are numerous; anything that obstructs or narrows the upper air-passages—the nose and vault of the pharynx—forces the sufferer to breathe through the open mouth. A deformity of the nose, the presence of "adenoids" or enlarged tonsils may cause the trouble. Examination for such conditions should be made whenever a child is seen to breathe habitually with the mouth open, and as soon as the cause is discovered it should be removed. So many serious consequences may follow mouth-breathing that it should never be allowed to go a moment after its cause is ascertained.

One cause that is not often suspected is a deformity of the nose resulting from the use of improper nursing-bottles by babies, but the most common is the presence of adenoids.

It is useless to scold or remonstrate with a mouth-breathing child if the habit is caused by the air-passages being blocked by growths that call for removal. He must breathe to live, and if the legitimate channels for air are closed by disease, nature does her next best.

A New Gem Discovered.

The discovery of a new gem is a matter of interest not only to the finder himself and to scientists, but to people generally as well, and to San Diego County, California, belongs the distinction and honor of having produced a stone, new and beautiful," writes Mrs. W. E. Burke in the Technical World Magazine. "This county has of late years contributed a goodly share of precious and semi-precious stones to the collection of gems which the world already knew of and prized. It would seem that Nature in a capricious mood had chosen the canyons or the Coast range which traverse the central portion of the country as a hiding place for the most treasured jewels. Here in the rugged recesses of the brush-covered foothills are found in brilliant array gems of great beauty and value. The beryl, bright as the sun; hyacinth, dazzling in its sheen; topaz, in many exquisite shades, and tourmalines in a suite of colors that can be claimed by no other gem. Occasionally a sapphire, or a ruby with flame-like colors is found.

"But kunsite—the precious kunsite! It is a gem which has but one rival, the diamond. In some ways indeed kunsite out-diamonds the diamond. Kunsite is distinctively a San Diego stone. Although tourmaline, hyacinth, beryl and topaz are found in brilliant perfection, these gems are also found in other parts of the world, but kunsite has been found only in San Diego County."

His Reason.

"So you are in favor of government ownership?"

"Emphatically," answered the discontented citizen.

"I suppose you have studied the subject thoroughly?"

"No, I can't say I have. But I fancy it is something the railways wouldn't like."—Washington Star.

Too Much Reason for Love.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so unhappy!" sobbed the bride of two months. "George doesn't love me any more!"

"What makes you think that, dear?" asked the mother anxiously.

"Because he expects me to give in whenever he is in the right."—Baltimore American.

A Spender.

Hicks—Where is your wife going to spend the summer?

Wicks—Oh, I don't know. Some place where she can spend \$1,000.—Somerville Journal.

The Working Combination.

Little drops of water And whole heaps of "sand" Make a mighty ice trust Rule all this great land.

—Toledo Blade.