Tess -"He said I looked handsome in that gown, didn't he?" Jess-"Not exactly. He said that gown looked handsome oa you."--Philadelphia

A Reflection on His Cleanliness. "He doesn't know the value of money. It slips through his fingers like wa-"His fingers don't look as if any water ever slipped through them."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Carrie-"I wonder if Horace really loves me. By the way, he is coming to hear me sing to-morrow evening, at the church." Delia--"Could you possibly ask for a greater proof of his love, dear?"-Boston Transcript.

Street Car Amenities .- Little Man (in crowded car)-"Can't you put your foot where it belongs?" Large Man-"If I put my foot where it belongs your back would be sore for a week." -Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I know of one case where excessive use of the piano actually caused lunacy." "Isn't that awful! And did they lock up the unfortunate pianist?" "Of course not; they locked up the people that went crazy."-Baltimore News.

"Does the baby talk yet?" they asked. "No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't have to talk." "Doesn't have to talk!" "No. All the baby has to do is to vell, and it gets everything there is in the house that's worth having."-Chicago Post.

THE PORTUGAL OF TO-DAY.

Something of Interest Regarding the Country, the People and Its Daily Life.

Portugal in all parts being extremely hilly, you have, as a rule, only to go a few yards up the road to get a magnificent view, wherever you may be. More often you get many magnificent views, stretching far away among hills and pines, with winding white roads and patches of white houses as far as you can see. The hills are great hills, snow-clad for months of the year, and an incredible purple for the rest. The maize fields supply the bright green that might be missed in a country where grass will not grow, and you can look at almost any view without being confronted with its possibilities as a signed engraving at a guinea each. But the whole is curiously reminiscent of the Japan that Mr. Mortimer Menpes brought home to us recently, reports the London Post.

Life begins early in the day, whether in town or country-a suggestive state of affairs in connection with a people fabled as lazy and shiftless. Long before you think of rising yourself you may hear the fishwives crying their wares, and if you go on to the veranda in the sunshine of the morning u will probably find that the street is bright with gay garments. Hours ago the fisherman from Mattozinhos and Leca hoisted brown lateen sails to their peaked boats after a night's toil on the Atlantic fringe, and having crossed the bar are shoving their thole-pinned oars through the water as they come on the tide to the market. The shore side gang is carrying bacalhao-dried, evil-smelling codfish from Newfoundland-in loads up the steep slope of the Rua Santa Catharina, and the ubiquitous Welsh schooners from Port Madoc have resumed the labor of taking in ballast. More ballast seems to go to Port Madoc than to any other place in the world-at least you are inclined to think so as you watch the stream of laughing, singing girls passing to and from the barges to the ship with their astoundingly heavy loads poised on their heads. Then, under your weranda, comes the sound of slowmoving, greaseless wheels, and an ox cart creaks up the hill as lazily as willing oxen will let it to an intermittent admonition of "E-e-Bue-e-e" and the pin pricks of an ox goad. By these things you may know that Por-

TURN THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

tugal is awake.

New Industry in Which Women Have Barned for Themselves High Standing.

There appears to be no end to the avenues in which the women of today find scope for their energies and activities. Pottery making is the latest industry in which they have made their mark. The famous Rockwood works were started by a woman. and many women are now turning their attention to the possibilities of the wheel, combined with deft fingers and delicate fancy, in the manipulation and designing of clay, says the Chicago Chronicle.

All over the country women are becoming interested in pottery-making. Classes are being formed and find enthusiastic students ready to join them. Several classes are already in operation in Brooklyn and are giving time to the acquisition of this practical art. A local artist who is a member of one of these pottery classes says:

"The work is and will be for some time to come crude and imperfect, but there is so much enthisiasm manifested and promise of good work to come that the outlook is very promising. It is proposed to have courses in pottery connected with china-painting societies. This will be a great step in the right direction, for the china painters will not be dependent on conventional shapes in pottery and the necessity of the same design being used over and worver again, but each woman can design and model her own pieces and thus give opportunity for the introduction of original types."

IT WAS A COLD DAY.

The Traveler Had Been Informed of the Fact and Merely Wanted to Repeat It.

Mr. R. Pitcher Woodward, who made a donkey trip from New York to San Prancisco, had varied experiences, one of which contains a useful hint for people who have the habit of making fnane remarks about the weather. It is a thing to be kept in mind that sentiments which are wholly unobjectionable in themselves may become a nuisance by constant repetition, says

Youth's Companion. One day, on the way to Cuyahoga Falls, says Mr. Woodward, we traveled 18 miles in stinging cold, and our fellow beings were slight comfort to us. In the morning a man hailed me. "Cold day!" he said.

"Yes, pretty chilly," I returned, po-

litely. A half-mile further on a farmer opened the door and yelled, "Pretty cold, ain't it?"

"Pretty cold." Then a German drove by in a gig. "It vash cold, ain't it?" he remarked. "Of course it's cold!" said I, acridly. A mile beyond two men reminded me

that it was a wintry day. Then a woman drove past, and tossed me the sorry comfort, "Don't you find it awfully

Twenty minutes later a boy from a eozy home yelled to me. It sounded like an invitation to go in and get warm. I retraced my steps to ask, "What did you say?"

"I said 'It's a cold day!' " cried the scamp.

Then a wagon passed me, and a man called from it: "Cold, my friend!"

I rubbed my ears and continued my journey, like an ice-covered volcano. At dusk a farmer inquired, "Hasn't it been a pretty frigid day?"

The human volcano was ready to burst. I resolved to get even. A man and woman, warmly clad, were driving by. I shouted. They stopped, and the man called, "Can't hear ye! Come nearer.'

I put a foot on the hub of the wheel and remarked, "I only want to say it's a cold day."

The travelers looked petrified with something beyond cold. "My dear sir," said I, "do you know how many people have stopped me to-day and told me it is cold? I have tramped nearly 20 miles without halting to eat or get warm, and I now simply wish to remark it's a very cold day."

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

He Appears Very Much Like a Fighting Man of Much Strength and Good Nature.

In the summer gardens the most conspicuous figures are the army officers in their white caps and long, light, blue-gray military coats. The Russian values a uniform, but really uniforms are so numerous at the places of popular resort that it is a distinction not to be seen in one, writes a St. Petersburg correspondents of the New York Mail and Express. At Pavlosk, a suburb of St. Petersburg, where you will find the same life and diversity of classes as at Manhattan Beach, it seemed to me that half the men wore

To put it to the test I counted the first ten men who sauntered past. Six of them wore officers' garb. The proportion seemed unnatural, and I counted ten more. Nine of them were officers. I was told that field evolutions near there partly accounted for their presence in such numbers. It would not be such a wild guess, however, to say that of all Russians who can read and write, the majority are in officers' uniform or in the civilian service of the government.

The Russian soldiers, as I have seen them, impress me as the most formidable looking body of men on the continent. They have no great appearance of dash, but they look as if they would go wherever they were sent, as if they would fight longer than it was sensible to fight, and as if, even in flight, they would show their teeth. They seem like men who would march for days with little or no food, and would render about as good an account of themselves when things were going against them as when things

were going their way. Their physique is striking in its anpearance of strength and endurance, and their faces are singularly good natured. The effectiveness of such an army would depend on how it was led. I should not trust all the Russian officers I have seen with important commands. There is an element among them that impresses you more with their aminbility, their fondness for ease and the creature comforts and their judgment as to a pretty face than with their probably quality at strategy or grand tactics.

Man's Inhumanity to Man. First Detective-How did you manage to get a confession from that des-

perado? Second Detective-Well, you see we traveled together by rail for 200 miles. "But what had that to do with his

confession?" "I bought a cigar of the train boy and gave it to him. After smoking it he thought he was going to die, so he told me everything."--Oakland Trib-

Generous. "If I could only get a bite to eat," he

whined.

"Why don't you work?" she asked. "Nothin' doin' in my line," he answered. "I'm' a dime museum glass eater, an' they're gettin' too com-

mon." "Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Come right in, and you can have the two goblets and the glass dish the girl broke this morning."-Chicago Post.

DANGER IN SHAKING. HANDS.

The Promiseupus Practice Carries with It a Liability to Contract Disease.

The pernicious microbe is omnipresent and persuasive beyond belief, and acts upon the minds of certain imaginative individuals with the force of a continual nightmare, says the New York Medical Record.

Such persons are possessed with the idea that hurtful germs are lurking everywhere and are only waiting for the opportunity to pounce upon their unauspecting victim. To so absurd an extent is this view of the matter carried that in the most simple actions of everyday life deadly danger to health is seen. Kissing has long been interdicted by these advanced thinkers as an especially dangerous custom, and now it is declared that handshaking is the means of spreading a long string of maladies.

Handshaking has ever been lookedupon as a very innocent and harmless mode of demonsetrating one's friendliness, politeness or respect. It comes, therefore, as a shock to read that handchaking has been denounced in exceedingly strong terms, and that the advice has been given to discontinue the practice on the ground that disease is thereby spread far and wide.

Dr. J. M. Hirsch, of Chicago, gives his opinions on the subject in Popular Mechanics. He says, in part: "The most delicate perfume upon the hands is not a sign of freedom from germs, and the most refined are not free from disease. of lungs or throat, and the germs are rapidly spread by touching the hand that has handled the handkerchief of one afflicted with a cold, catarrh or consumption. These diseases claim more than one-seventh of all the deathe. Our street cars carry signs requesting passengers to abstain from spitting therein. These same passengers may hold their hands before their mouths when they cough and cover it with germs enough to infect a thousand people. They may use their handkerchiefs with the same result, and when we have an epidemic of the grip it is spread by the 'grip of the hand' of a friend or a casual acquaintance or a mere stranger just introduced."

The writer then refers to eczema. scarlet fever and diphtheria, and Beclares that these diseases are often opread by means of the hands. He also asserts that all germ diseases may be disseminated in this manner.

The above has been quoted merely to show to what extreme length faddists will go in order to drive home their theories. As to infectious diseases being spread by the hands, the event in some instances may be possible, but it is always very improbable. Handshaking will doubtless flourish as vigorously as, if there were no possible fear of getting into one's system an obnoxious germ during the process.

IS BREAKFAST A MISTAKE?

It May Be for Some, But its Abolishment Will Never Become General.

The old contention that breakfast is a mistake has been revived by a professor of what is called physical health culture. The world has accustomed itself to think that it is hungry on rising, and so for the majority of Englishmen the first mealis a fine, hearty breaking of the longest fast in the 24 hours. But we are asked to persuade ourselves that we are not hungry; that after the rest of the night our bodies are fitted for a long spell of work without any stimulus from nourishment; in short, that we can go from last night's dinner to to-day's luncheon without bite or sup. It is a matter of mind control, says the London Globe. "Morning hunger is morbid hunger, and those who feel the most hungry in the morning are really in most need of fasting." We doubt very much if medical science would approve this dictum, and we are very certain that it will not commend itself to the laity. One can dogmatize on food less satisfactorily than on any other subject in the world, for we have all long ago agreed literally that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Nevertheless we are disposed to allow that there is much in the French system-particularly in summer-of breaking the fast only very lightly. But this is the rule of so many people in England that it needs no advocacy. To abolish the breakfast altogether will be found as difficult as to abolish the house of lords or the custom of shaking hands.

Unintellectual Aristocracy. The French aristocrats before the revolution were not conspicuous for morality, but they were probably the most highly civilized, witty and intellectual aristocracy the world has ever seen. Assuredly they would have looked on these card-playing, betting and hunting contemporaries of ours as des rustres. Does one wonder that a reaction took place some years ago, and that the Society of Souls came into being?-London Ladies' Field.

Awaiting His Opportunity. Mrs. Newlyriche-John, we must really make some move to get into high society! Now, how are we going to do it?

Mr. Newlyriche-Hanged if I know. Jane; -- but I'm going to put that question to the butler just as soon as I can catch him with a confidential jag on .-

Ending the Dissertation. "Would you call a cat herbivorous or carnivorous?" asked a man who is learned but tedious. "Neither," answered the man who

yawns, "merely vociferous."-Stray

Paltien bebdomade |-- 88.00.

NOTIONS OF THE SICK

Similar Marie Services Strange Superstitions That Are Entertained by Patients.

Persons in Critical Condition Are Bolatered Up or Down by Certain Singular Beliefs.

The nurse who can control the superstitions of her patient has fought half the battle for the physician in charge of the case. Here are some cases in point:

A woman in Washington who is a firm believer in palmistry, was operated on for appendicitis. When the incision had been made the surgeons discovered that it was a case of peritonitis instead of appendicitis. The woman was in a critical condi-

ton, and when she recovered from the influence of the anaesthetic, the physician in charge of the case deemed it best that she should be informed of the true state of affairs. This was discreetly done by nurse and doctor, and it was suggested that she send for her mother' and her clergyman, says the New York Sun. Now, it happened that the patient

had neither, but she had something else-an immense amount of grit and an unshakable belief in the lines of her hand. With an effort that showed in her tightening lips, she turned her right hand and held it where the doctor might see it distinctly. Then she remarked, in a weak, but determined voice:

"Doctor, do you see the life line in that hand? It says I will live until I am 45. Those lines never lie. You can't kill me with a trifle like peritonitis. I am only 30. Give me some water and I'll go to sleep."

She fought her fight and is about again to-day.

Just the reverse of this situation was shown in a Philadelphia hospital where one of the nurses underwent a serious operation from which she was rallying apparently without dif-

The superintendent of nurses dropped in to see her just at-dusk and congratulated her on her evident progress. The girl turned questioning eyes to her chief and said:

"Yes, it seems all right, but pray Heaven that a peacock won't call! You know what that means." The superintendent spoke reassur-

ingly, but when she had left the ward the words of the nurse worried her. A wealthy woman living next door to the hospital owned a magnificent peacock, which ordinarily was, exceedingly quiet, but a superstition existed in the hospital that when-

ever the bird cried, death stalked in one of the wards. At two in the morning the superintendent found herself sitting straight up in bel and seized with a sudden horror. The peacock was uttering a

mournful wail. Pulling on her wrapper and slippers she hurried to the ward where lay her assistant. It was as she feared. The reaction from the operation had set in, preceded by a violent nervous chill.

The house physician had been summoned, but the patient seemed like one in the clutch of a supernatural power. Her temperature went down with a plunge, her pulse followed, she seemed unable to respond to any of the emergency remedies, and in less than an hour was dead, as her chief said, the victim of her own fear.

For one whole year a New York man suffered from a hallucination which he could not throw off, and at the end of the time he was practically a victim of nervous prostration, because he could not get away from himself.

An astrologer had foretold that he would die when he was 35. At the time of the prophecy the man laughed heartily, but as the year approached he found a shadow walking ever at his side. He tried to think that it was due to overwork and worry about his business, and he determined to go abroad for a rest.

Then something stayed the purchase of tickets for the journey, and he realized that it was fear-fear that the steamship might go down. He became afraid even to go on a railroad journey and doubled his life insurance.

Finally he took several friends into his confidence, and seldom traveled the streets at night without one of them in his company. He dodged trolley cars and trucks like one who thought all methods of traffic were in league against his personal safety. His friends ceased to jest with him on the subject, and seriously aided in what to him seemed a fight for

When at last old Father Time landed him safe across his thirty-sixth birthday this perfectly sane and thoroughly healthy man collapsed from pure reaction and took the trip abroad which he had feared for 12 long months.

Queered. Constituent-"Mr. Pubman, I have

read that speech you delivered the other day on the question of public ownership, and there's one thing I can't understand about it. What did you say so much about aluminium for? You spoke about it 50 times in the course of your remarks, and I couldn't see that it had any connection with the rest of the speech.

Eminent Citizen (mortifled and indignant)-Aluminium? Good heavens! The ignoramus that copied the speech for publication must have got it wrong. The word I used so much was 'sitruism!' "-Chicago. Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS TTEMS.

The Greeks staked their fuith on. No. "3" -the oracles were consulted three times, the tripod was sacred to the gods, and so forth.

Spearing swordfish on the Atlantic coast is one of the most exciting and daring occupations of the ocean farmer. These fish bring good prices.

Capt. Stephen Henton, of the Boston police force, retired from the department on New Year's day, after a continuous service of 28 years, during

which time he never made an arrest. Denver is the largest city in the United States in which men and women vote on terms of political equality. Louisville stands at the head of the large cities for the preponderance of

native born population. Uncertainty as to the number of employes in the New York municipal service has been lessened by the detailed returns of the commissioners of accounts, fixing the total number at 45,299, of whom 12,000 are teachers and 10,000 members of the police and

fire departments. In an impassioned burst of oratory a congressman said on the floor of the house: "Congress is the warehouse of truth," and his colleagues applauded feelingly. When the noise subsided, the orator meanwhile sipping a glass of water, a cynic in the gallery growled: "Yes, but you never carry any stock," which, somehow, also was applauded.

In New York city there are 7,600 policemen and 10,000 saloons; in Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Providence and St. Paul the proportion between the two (three policemen to four saloons) is the same. There are in St. Louis 1,300 policemen and 2,100 saloons, 500 policemen in Cincinnati to 1,700 saloons and 300 policemen in Milwaukee to 1,700 saloons. Boston has 1,200 policemen for less than 1,000 salooms

They tell a story of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie being invited to dinner by a box holder at the Metropolitan opera house, the party going on to the performance afterward. As the dessert was reached the guest of honor asked his fashionable hostess what opera they were to see. "La Tosca," was the reply. "Ah!" said Mr. Carnegie, moving away his chair, "that's immoral. We cannot go to it," and immediately the ironmaster and his wife ordered their carriage and departed.

WIRE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Miles of It Are fixed in the Extensive Electric Light System of the Presidential Mansion.

There are 31 miles of electric light wire in the new white house. The system was tested for the first time at the recent New Year's reception, and the brilliant interior lighting of the building will be one of the principal features of the occasion in the future, says a Washington report. The interior of the east room is conspicuous for its whiteness, and the myriad of electric lights which gleam forth from every conceivable place add to this effect in a most pleasing manner. The electric light plant, which was put in place by a New York firm, is, one of the most modern and complete ever installed. Three distinct systems are run by this plant; the lighting with 3,000 electric lights, the power supplying the ventilating fans and elevators and automatic electric pumps. and the electric bell'system, including telephones at all of the rooms. The plant cost \$95,000, and the work of installing it has been in progress for the last six months.

One of the features of the plant which is most interesting to visitors is the automatic electric elevator. Although its mechanism is intricate. even Quentin, the baby of the Roosevelt family, does not hesitate to operate it. By simply pressing a button the elevator comes to you, the door opens, and when you enter and press another button corresponding to the floor you desire to go to, the door closes and the machine carries you to your destination. The dumb waiter in the pantry is operated in the same manner. In connection with the pantry there is an electric warming plant. There is also a watchman's clock and burglar alarm outfit, which is perfect in mechanism and operation. An automatic electric fire alarm has been arranged with connections throughout the building. The ventilating mechanism is so arranged that the air in the whole building is completely changed every 12 minutes. The water supply is furnished from a huge tank under the roof. This tank is kept filled by an automatic electric device. The electrical crystal chandeliers in the east, green, blue and red rooms are simple in design, but magnificent in effect.

Enaily Rendered.

"Th' Frinch language," declared Mr. O'Tunder, "is so like th' Irish thot I hev no trouble at all, at all, t'undyshtand it." "Nonsense," commented Mr. Phleg-

gum. "No nonsinse about it," asserted Mr.

O'Tunder. "I vinture t' sa-ay there 's no exprission in Frinch that may not aisily be ixprissed in Irish, by any wan who is famil'yer wid th' two tongues." "More nonsense!" was the reply of Mr. Phleggum. "For instance, how

Irish?" "Wud ye shpell it fer me?" Mr. Phleggum did so. "Tis aisy," declared Mr. O'Tunder. "In Irish th' sintince wud be shooken

would you put 'pardonnez moi' in

thus: 'Pardonnez Moike.' "-Judge. something He Was Sure Of. "I'm sure I don't know," cried old Severepop. "I really don't know what to do with you, Henry. Is there any-

thing good in you?" "I think so, dad," replied Henry. "I've just eaten a mince pie."-Stray Stories.

TWO KINDS OF SCRAPPLE.

The Original Comes from Easters Pennsylvania and the Other

from Oblo. The succulent, nutritions and characteristic Philadelphia dish, scrapple, which vies with catfish and waffies and pepperpot soup in the enteem of Philadelphians, is not of Philadelphis origin exclusively. There are two kinds of scrapple. One, generally accepted as the original, comes from that part of eastern Pennsylvania in which the Pennsylvania Germans predominate. The other comes from Cincinnati, which has a large German population not of Moravian

origin, says the New York Sun. The difference between the two scrapples is the difference between what usage prescribes and what progress improves in the line of cooking.

The buckwheat crop of the United States, which is less now than it was 20 years ago, is considerable in Pennsylvania, and is largest in those counties of the eastern part of the state in which Pennsylvania German residents are most numerous. In these counties the popular form of scrapple is a combination in equal proportions of pork and buckwheat chopped together and boiled after being seasoned with pepper, salt and such other condiments as may be accessible.

It is this scrapple which has been to Philadelphians what dates have been to the Arab or rice to the Mon-

The Ohio scrapple is made without buckwheat, which is not produced in large amount in Ohio-150,000 bushels last year, compared with 3,200,000 in Pennsylvania. This is the recipe: Take one pound of pork and 11/2 pounds of beef and boil until tender. Add one cupful of oatmeal boiled in a quart of the broth one hour, with sait and pepper.

Oatmeal is not recognized by Pennsylvanians as a proper substitute for buckwheat, but the Ohio scrapple is recognized as the real thing in that state and in some western states as well.

The sale of scrapple in New York is limited, but increasing.

JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

Some Pavorable Comparisons-Large Proportion of Skilled Laborers.

In view of the agitation going on concerning the enactment of more stringent immigration laws, the American Hebrew will publish in its current number an analysis of the Jewish immigration to the United, States during the last four years as compared with the immigration of all peoples. The entire Jewish immigration for the four years ending June 20, 1902, was 213,965, out of a total immigration of 1,896,948. Three remarkable things are shown in the analysis given: That the percentage of women among the Jewish immigrants averages 43 per cent., as against 31 per cent, for all other classes. As to the children, the percentage averages 24 per cent, among the Jews, as against 11 per cent, in all other classes. Most important, however, is the third, the fact that nearly 33 per cent, of the Jews are rated as skilled laborers, while, taking the entire immigration, including the Jews, the average skilled labor is less than 14 per cent.

A table is given showing the number of immigrants debarred in the last 11 years. The number per thousand in 1902 was 7.67; for the last six months, 11.55; for 1898, 17.58; and for 1899, 12.18.

It is shown that the illiteracy in the total Jewish immigration is 18" per cent., while the illiteracy for the entire immigration figures out about 24 per cent. If the larger proportion of children among the Jews is considered, and the women as well, and the further fact that many of these women and children can read their prayers in Hebrew, while they cannot read the constitution that is submitted to them as a test, in Yiddish, the illiteracy would be considerably re-

Altogether, the showing made for the Jewish immigration is regarded as an exceedingly satisfactory one.

Portraits on Tombstones. Marble dealers are taking a keen

interest in an enterprise, which had its origin in Denmark, for reproducing the pictures of dead persons on their tombstones. They say that it is very probable that the movement will spread to America in a short time. The picture-on-the-tombstone craze started among the Danes as a result of the use of artificial marble. A Danish master builder succeeded in producing a stone of such delicate tints that it was impossible to distinguish it from the natural product. The imitation, of the more expensive species was found to cost far less than the natural, (and is made in any form desired-columns, plain or fluted, and capitals-as readily as flat slabs. The durability is said to be as great as that of the genuine marble. It was found that it was possible to reproduce, by carving, a picture of the deceased person, in " the imitation marble, much easier and far cheaper than the work could be done with the genuine article .-- Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unele Reuben Sayat

"Dar' have been numerous occashuna in my life when I felt dat I was about. as wise a man as could be found on airth, an' dar have bin jest as many odder occashuns when I realized that I was about as big a fool as de world could skeer up. Come to think of it, I reckon I was a fool when I thought myself wise, and wise when I knew I was a fool. - Detroit Free Press.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS