WOMAN AND HER WORRIES.

Fair Sex Criticized by a Writer In English Magazine.

It may fairly be said that women have only themselves to blame for a very considerable proportion of domestir worry, with its consequences of irritability and bad temper, leading to worse things, says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. Even after fully recognizing that the ordinary housewife is specially subject, at any rate, at times, to unavoidable worry, we must surely grant that the common practice of living up to the very limit of one's means, if not beyond it, is responsible for a great deal of weman's worry that might be avoided. One says, especially, woman's worry, because it would appear that the wife, rather than the husband, is more often responsible for the neglect of that margin of income which, as Mr. Micawber knew, spells happiness. Hence it is worth while yet again to point out the commonplace factsthat the happiness attained by keeping three servants when you can afford two is most lamentably outweighed, not merely by the worry inwolved in the incessant effort to make both ends meet, but also by the connequences of that worry on sleep. health, digestion and temper-these, again, injuring every member of the family and possibly leading to its utter destruction.

> MUSIC IN THE TYROL. Peculiar Charm of Concerts as Given by the Peasants.

the College

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There is a slow rising scale from the simplest summer music to the splendor of the Ring Bayreuth, or still higher, to an occasional Mosart fest at Salzburg, writes a musician on his European holiday jaunt. Somewhere near the humblest beginnings, and yet with a real interest all their own. are the small village concerts in the Bavarian Tyrol. Taking a supper at the rough tables in the open air, in the midst of peasant gayety and the pretty colors of the costumes, we look, admiring, at the group of performers, sitting at a raised table, adorned in the full glory of the national dressfeathers in the cap, brilliant waistcoat, trousers that leave a gap below the knee. One of the men plays the sither to the other's singing in a certain narrow round of harmonies that seem to fit all the songs. For these vary really only in rhythm. Or the singers will produce hidden violins and a trumpet and have suddenly changed into a band. However simple the music, there is always the old charm of the Tyrolese intervals and folksong.

Hugo's Beautiful Faith. Victor Hugo's confession of faith is going the rounds of the magazines and papers and is as follows: "Just as the rays of the moon lose wigure of the sun and bring to us, in Istead of its image, a certain aspect of the medium through which they pass, so the idea of God, reflected by religions and proceeding from them. loses, so to speak, the form of God and takes on the more or less miserable configurations of the human brain. . . . In religion, I put God above dogma. If I were sure that this grave statement would be heard and understood seriously, I would say that am of all religions. I believe in the God of all men, I believe in the love of all hearts, I believe in the truth of all souls."

A Spider Factory.

In the forests of New Guinea there are factories whose workmen are spiders. These hideous spiders, with Joodies as big as saucers, make fish nets for the cannibal natives. The natives set up in the forest long poles, with wooden rings at the upper endnet frames. The spiders, seeing these contrivances, run to them joyfully. Here, they think, is a fine net ready started. The outermost circle is already made. And they weave their coarse, strong webs within the wooden rings, and, when the nets are quite finished, the natives come, drive away the insect workmen, and, taking up their spider-made nets, set off gravely on a fishing excursion.

Modesty of True Greatness. Abou Ben Adhem had just found out that his name led all the rest. "Still," he observed, with a modesty as rare as it was charming, "the season is young yet. I've made a few lucky bits, it's true, but just as likely as not I shall be at the bottom of the percentage column in batting before the season ends." Smilingly accepting the bouquet of cut flowers sent to him by an admirer in the grandstand, he steepped up to the plate, struck out, dodged a lemon thrown at him by a disgusted bleacherite, and went and took his seat on the bench.

What's In a Name. You can't belp the name you're born with save by a cumbrous legal process. A correspondent cycling in eastern England has happened on a name which, for oddity, is hard to beat. From a shop window it was biazoned forth, in naked ugliness-Hogsflesh! How Dickens would have delighted in it. The owner is more heavily burdened even than the bearers of Ebeneser-on whose hard lot the window had recently something to say; more to be sympathised with

No Field for Him. "Saw the preacher yesterday, and he says he's going to run the devil out of town." "He's too late," said the woman of the house. "John left vasterdav!"-Atlanta Constitution.

than those Norfolk Howards who

were once Buggs.-London Chronicle.

HIS USEFUL STRONG HEAD.

Negro Proved Himself Just the Right Man in the Right Place.

"Ever take notice how much strength a negro has in his head?" said a man who is always looking out for unusual things. "Well, I had ample opportunity to test a certain negro's head carrying capacity while I was in charge of a large printing establishment in Texas. We had received a large shipment of paper of extra heavy weight, and none of the men employed by the firm seemedable to handle the bundles. Of course we should have had a freight elevator, but we had none. Well, about the time I had given up hopes of getting the paper up to the third floor & negro came shuffling down the street playing a harmonica. He inquired if I wanted any one to do a day's work, and, said he was a hodcarrier, but was willing to do anything for a dlolar. I thought of the paper and the third floor proposition and engaged him. Well, sir, he took to it like children to candy. Maybe he didn't shame the rest of the negroes around the plant! In less than no time he had the paper stored away, and the work didn't seem to affect him in the least. The result was he got a steady place and was dubbed the Heavyweight Nigger. The fellow toted every ounce of it on his head."

NO SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS. Some Old-Fashioned Ideas of Trading Have Passed On.

"Times have changed," said an old grocer on Kansas avenue, the West side. "Buyers get their groceries, meats and merchandise where they believe they can get the most for their money. Of course, quality as well as quantity is considered. Twenty years ago it was different. Merchants often were patronized because they were, of a particular nationality or creed. Sometimes it was on account of their political belief. Then there were those who had the notion that a store they had patronized several years gave the most for the money. I remember a man who had just moved into the neighborhood. came into my place of business several years ago. He asked me about my nationality. I told him. He walked out of the store and never returned. But it's different now. Religion, nationality and politics are forgotten. Honest bargains and honest methods are sought. And it is better for the buyer and merchant.-Kansas City Star.

His Finger Imprints. Of Count Julius Andrassy, whose monument was recently unveiled at Buda-Pesth, the Neue Presse gives the following incident: Count Andrassy had a habit of smoothing with his hand his richly oiled hair. One day an important document had passed the Austrian council of ministers, in the contents of which Count Andrassy was interested. Shortly afterward the Austrian president of the ministry said to one of the ministers: "Count Andrassy has read the latest document." "How do you know?" "I find on it the imprint of Count Addrassy's fingers," responded the president with a laugh.

"Sensible to the Last." -An old Scotch lady used to be attended by a doctor to whom she invariably gave a guinea when he went to see her. He had told the friends with whom she lived that her death would probably be sudden, and one day he was hurriedly sent for, as she appeared to have become unconscious. On his arrival he saw at once that the old lady was dead, and, taking hold of her right hand, which was closed, but not rigid, he calmly extracted from it the fee, which she had provided for him, and as he did so he murmured: "Sensible to the last."

The Ideal Eve. Not one man in 500 pictures his future wife in the surroundings of the ordinary girl. Where is the Adam who dreams of meeting his Eve, short of skirt and strong of arm, in the bockey field; or striding over the turf with a golf ball; or plunging madly after a tennis ball? Au contraire, he pictures her clad in "something soft and clinging," a being more angel than woman, who, as a daily companion, would undoubtedly prove the most withering bore a man could be cursed with.—The Throne.

South American Oil-Birds. One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil-bird," or guacharo. It breeds in rocky caves, on the mainland, and one of its favorite haunts is the Island of Trinidad. it lays its eggs in a nest of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

Wealth and Generosity. Great wealth is a misfortune, because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice; and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he gives half of it away, no, more makes a sacrifice than (if I may make such a supposition) a dropsical man, whose skin holds a hogshead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel. He is in a healthler condition after the operation than before.-Horace Mann.

WORK OF MAHOGANY HUNTER. LONELINESS OF GREAT CITY.

Practiced Eye Needed to Locate the Valuable Timber.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forest and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers and require a skillful and experienced Woodsman to find them. He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany has a peculiar foliage and his practiced eye soon detects the trees within sight. The axmen follow the hunter and then come the sawyers and hewers, a large mahogany taking two men a full day to fell it. The tree has large spurs, which project from the trunk at its base, and scaffolds must be erected so that the tree can be cut off above the spurs. This leaves a stump ten to fifteen feet high, which is sheer waste, as the stump really contains the best lumber. The hunter has nothing to do with the work of cutting or removing the tree, his duty being simply to locate it. If he is clever and energetic his remuneration may amount to \$500 or \$1,000 a month, but he may travel weeks at a time without detecting a tree, and as he is generally paid by results his earnings are rather precarious.

PLEA FOR SELF-RELIANCE.

Charles G. Dawes' Good Advice to Young Men in Business.

This is a hard world in business. It always has been and always will be. There are many good and generous men in it. There are many who will lend a helping hand to you in your adversity, but in the time of need you will not find them among the men who tried to get you to embark in speculation with your little surplus, and to sell you something which would help you to "easy money." Be self-reliant. Make your own investigation into investments. When you cannot, put your money in a good savings bank. Distrust the financial demagogues as you distrust the political demagogue. Keep your hand on your perketbook as you travel life -first, to give always in proportion to your means to those who are poorer; second, to hold from those who would take through force or fraud what you need for yourself and yours. You will then, writes Mr. Dawes in the Saturday Evening Post, have your hand where most of the other fellows have only their eyes. In this alone you will have the advantage of them.

Ingenuity in Stealing. "What's all the row about?" the hungry man queried as the manager of the city restaurant was seen to rush excitedly to the cashier's desk and detain a departing individual. The waiter explained. For a month past some of the numbered checks had been missing, and it had been discovered that certain patrons were economizing at the expense of the management. A man would order 15 cents' worth and receive a check for the amount. Then he would secrete the check when the waiter wasn't looking and order a quarter's worth more of eatables. The waiter would then give a check for 40 cents, but when it came time to pay the customer would use the 15-cent ticket to get by the door. "H'm," muttered the hungry man; "fine scheme," and in the excitement he passed a Canadian dime on the cashier.

A Dog's Opinion of Boston Dialect. "An intelligent looking dog," said the visitor from Boston. "Oh, he is." exclaimed Fido's owner. "He knows every word you say." Then said the visitor from Boston: "My canine friend, I am exceedingly interested in the hypothesis that has been presented to me to the effect that your understanding of human speech is perfect, and in order to test this matter I wish that you would be good enough to bark three times in rapid succession as an indication that your comprehension of my request is in all ways clear and lucid." "And did he bark?" said I to Teagarden, who was telling me the story. "No," said Teagarden, "but he growled like -- "

Citron Tree and the Bible. Was the citron tree the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden? Some persons think it was. In any event, it appears that "citron" would often be the right rendering in passages where the authorized version of the Bible gives "apple." For instance, in the Proverbs, "A word fitty spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. And in the Song of Sofomon, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And again, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love."

His Discovery. Cholly-You remember I told you vesterday that Miss Perkyns told me the night before that she would marry me. Jack-Yes, Cholly-Well, I happened to think this morning that she said that she would marry me on the thirty-first of September, so I looked up the calendar to see what day of the week it would be, and, do you know, September has only 30 days!

Forgetting an injury.

Church-! like to see a man who can forget an injury. Gotham-Weil, there's that neighbor of mine; he's suing the railroad company for an injured leg. and every once and a while he forgets to limp.

No Interested Friends to Enter Into

Joys and Sorrows. If you live in a large city you are lost. You are swallowed up by the ocean of people around you. You go down into the deep and that's the last of you, except perhaps an occasional bubble that may come to the sarrace near where you were last seen, says the Fremont (O.) Post. There are so many people who can't escape drowning. You can't make friendships as you do in a smaller place, where the individual isn't entirely effaced by the mass. Society is not what it is in the smaller place, where the human element enters in altogether. In the larger place your comings and goings are not noted by your friends even, and never by the newspapers, unless you are one of the high financiers or packing-house bunch. The births and weddings in your family are of no more interest outside your own flat than are the wreaths of smoke curling up into the empyrean; no merry crowd of interested neighbors with their warm congratulations. The deaths bring little sympathy from the rumbling, rattling world outside; no sorrowing scquaintances who have stood by you through the long sickness; there is. little or none of that evidence of loving kindness that comes from neighbors and real friends in a small city or town, where the dollar mark is not written so large and so indelibly on everything. It is paradoxical law that where there are so many people there

their lives in their hands for you. THE ONE THING HE WANTED.

are fewer friends, and when you di-

minish the number to a frontier com-

munity where neighbors are miles

apart your friends are ready to take

Three Different Kinds of Soup Were Brought to the -Guest.

After waiting the usual five or ten minutes the new arrival was served with the first dinner course of soup. runs a story in Judge's Library. Hesitating a moment as he glanced at his plate, the guest said to the waiter "I can't "a: this soup." bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter as he took it away. "Neither can I eat this soup!" said the guest, a trifle more emphatically, when the second plate was served. The waiter. angrily but silently, for a third time brought a plate of soup. "I simply can't eat this soup!" once more said the guest in a low, emphatic tone. By this time the waiter was furious and called the hotel proprietor, while the guests at the near-by table looked over that way with curious glaces. "Really, sir, this is unusual, May I ask why you can't cat any of our soups?" demanded the proprietor, "Because I have no spoon," replied the guest, quietly.

day, Ghosts at Sheepshead Bay. Bayer's cottage, celebrated in name and story, is said to be haunted. It fronts the Slough of Despond at Sheepshead Bay, and for several years was occupied by a coterie of Ammonites. One of the fossil mollusks suddealy disappeared, and his room was taken by an ambitious novitiate of the name of Reggie Carell, in every way worthy and well qualified. Reggie was assigned to the room of the departed member, who is a noted aquatic athlete, stripping like a Muldoon of the marines, a man of manly beauty who used to swim the Hellespont between Coney island and Rookaway Point to firt with the mermaids on inlet reefs. The ghosts got after Reggie the first night. He declares they toted him upstairs and made strange noises as the cottage reeled in the last stage of selamic torment. The Bay folk are much perturbed .-N. Y. Press.

Chamois for New Zealand. An Austrian warship visited New Zealand last year. Its officers were handsomely entertained and presented with a variety of local products and curios. in recognition of this hospitality the Emperor Francis Joseph has made a gift of eight chamois to the colony. The transportation of the animals to the other side of the globe was a risky undertaking, but it has been successfully accomplished. The passage between the tropics was the crucial stage of the voyage, but the chamois were carefully shielded from the heat and emerged without any loss save a temporary one of appotite. New Zealand has snow-clad Alpine heights, where they will soon feel perfectly at home.

Mutual Recognition. An orator and lawyer who lives at Galesburg, Ill., wrote a book which his publishers, in order to give the author an exact idea of how it would look, made up into a dummy with the regular cover, but with blank pages. The proud author went to Chicago and called on one of his friends. "George," said the author, putting the book open on the table, "so far as my acquaintance with literature goes, this book is best suited of any for your mentality." The other turned over the blank pages gravely. Finally he said: "Carr, after a somewhat careful examination of this work, I am forced to the conclusion, without looking at the title page, that you are the author."

For Her Sake.

"So you quit smoking because she asked you to?" said the youth with the clam-shell cap. "Yes," answered the lad with the turned-up trousers. "And then?" "Then she went walking with a man who smeked a pipe because she said it kept away mosgaltoes."

Telties esbes undale y \$5.50.

A BARREL OF APPLES. But the Groceryman Would Not 4:3"

the Tale. "I wish to speak to you about that

barrel of apples I bought day before yesterday," said the kind-looking old gentleman. "You'll have to see the clerk who sold them to you," the grocer au-

swered, very anappishly. "I don't know anything about them." "But I desire to say to you person-

ally that-" 'Now, look here; I can't be bothered over every pound of sugar or pint of cider or barrel of apples that my clerks sell. Just see the young man who waited on you. He's around somewhere."

"Yes, I see him there at the back end of the store; but I really felt that it was my duty to tell you about it.

You see-"If I stood around listening to everybody who comes into this store to complain that they've bought something they didn't want, or that they've been slighted, as they think, by my clerks, I wouldn't have time for anything else. You'll please excuse me. The clerk will hear your complaint, and if there is anything we can do you may be sure it will be done. But we can't take back a barrel of apples after they have been out of the store two or three days. You can surely see that if we did business in such a

"My dear sir, I don't want you to take back the apples, and I haven't any complaint to make. I merely wished to tell you that I found the apples at the bottom of the barrel to be just as big as the ones at the top. I believe in the principle of giving praise wherever it may be fairly given, and I steppedotn to order another barrel, but f see you're too busy to bother with such a trifle this morning, so I will be going."-Chicago Record-Herald.

BIG STICKS IN LONDON. Johnnies Carrying Canes of 46 Inches

and Size is Growing. The London "Johnny" has a new fad. This time it concerns his walking stick, which has now reached the extraordinary length of 46 inches, and

is still growing. Of course it is impossible to make much use of such a stick as an aid to walking. The London dude carries his horizontalwise, much to the annovance of other pedestrians before and behind, and especially at crowded

crossings. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the New York "Willie Boy" is going to follow in the footsteps of London's "Johnny" in this matter of walking-sticks. Neither New York nor any other busy American' city

would stand for them. Imagine one of these walking canes, carried horizontally, attempting to board a subway or Brooklyn bridge train or to turn a busy Broadway corper during rush hours. Everybody who has attempted to board a train carrying even a small package can Imagine the fate of the walking stick. -N. Y. World.

Experiences.

"You say you're an experienced man?" asked the president of the police board, examining an applicant for an appointment as patrolman. "I am," answered the applicant.

"How do you mean?" "I've h a great deal of experience

with riots."

"As a rioter?" "No. sir." "Have you ever been an officer"

"No. sir" "Have you ever been a strike breaker?" "No, sir."

"What do you know about riots, then?"

"I was an owl car conductor in St. Louis for six nights, sir."-St. Louis Post Dispatch.

. Coins Found in Old Wall. A remarkable discovery of a heard of gold and silver coins, amounting in value to about £300, has been made in the townland of Annaloughey, near Augheloy, county Tyrone. The money was discovered hidden in an old wall beside the house which has been the property of the same family for generations.

The back of the wall at one time formed a portion of the original house. How or when the horde was placed in position where it was discovered is a mystery, but from the dates on the coins it must have been at least half a century ago.—Westminster Gazette.

Hibernating Bats.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still, theirs is a true hibernation trance, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to

Chance for Inventors. Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminium that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

RISES WITH A COMPLAINT.

Alkali Eye Displeased with Vaudaville Performance.

We went up to Houston ter meet with th' lumbermen, not thet we air a lumberman at all, but we air more er less interested in th' plan o' makin' boose i'm sawdust, an' it was up to us to be astin' these ducks what they air a-doin' at present with their output; of they ain't drinkin' it up we'd like ter make them a proposition lookin' ter th' startin' of a distillery. Ef sech a distillery is started we kin guarantee ter dispose of th' output. Whilst we was in Houston we wus th' guessed, th' honored guessed; of th' Majestic th'ater, an' we have ben sufferin' f'm nervous prostration ever since; a duck who done a chair balancin' act used bottles o' beer ter balance on and his feet was th' b thrillin' one we ever seen; he was li'ble ter fall at any minute an' we'd like to ast what'd become o' that beer i of he had fell? He'd a-busted them bottles as sure as shootin'; we was so nervous at th' bare thought o' sech a accident that we aim't got over shudderin' yet. Later.+ Since writing' th' above we her learned that them beer bottles wuz empty, an' that fact makes it even more agervatin'.—Alkali Eye, in the Houston Post.

PATHER HAD HOPES FOR HIM. Bumptuous Youth Got Benefit of a

Little Plain Talk

The following is related of a certain well-known New York business man and his son: The son had just left Harvard and was fired with ambitious which did not include going into his father's office. When he arrived home his parents began seriously to discuss his future. He stated what his ideas were and spoke of the professions an most likely to afford scope for his genius. The law, he thought, would be the likeliest career. His father, however, had not a very high opinion of his abilities, and said so without mincing words. "I think," he declared, "you had better make a beginning by adorning one of my office stools. We can think about your taking up the law afterward." The young man did not see it that way. Omre life be loathed, and said it was an existence fit only for a dog. "Well, my son," returned the father, dryly, "you're not a dog yet, but you'll grow."

With a Provise. When universal peace is finally astablished," said Alfred H. Love, the president of the Universal Peace union, in an interview in Philadelphia, "then many a man who now ridicules the peace movement will claim to have been its lifelong champion. It is always so. We thump and kick a poor, weak, struggling movement at its inception, and when it has succeeded and no longer needs our belp. we give it the most solicitous support. There was once a young lady whose betrothed, a very poor young man, was about to set out for South Amerira to seek his fortune in the rubber trule. As he took his leave of her the night before his departure, he said, tremulously. 'And you swear to be true to me, Irene?" Yes, Heber, cried the girl, 'yes-if you're successful."

Dog Jealousy. There is a strong trait of jestousy In a dog a nature. A story is told of a Dirmingham dog that had been a great per in the family until the haby came. There was suspicion that he was jezious, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the new omer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No. signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peop through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet none ap and down the baby's back.-Outing Magazine.

Pen Economy.

The merchant before filling his inkwell dropped in two or three old pens and-poured the writing fluid upon them. "Thus," he said, "I practice pen economy, prolonging three or four times the life of all my pens. You see, the corrosive power of the ink, which is immensely strong, vents itself on the old pens kept in the well and has little or no strength left wherewith to attack the pen I have in use. Try this scheme, young man, and you will find that your pens will practically never wear out."

He Left the House.

While a lady was feeding a hungry tramp the other day she discovered he was pocketing her silver spoons. Opening the door, ahe exclaimed, "Drop those apoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house!" "But, madam-" "Leave the house, I say!" screamed the infuriated woman. "Leave the house!" "I go, madam," said the tramp, as he reached the front gate, "never to return; but before I go I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house."-Illustrated Bi'-

Yes, But Will She

Wedderly-"Can the girl you are engaged to swim?" Singleton-"I don't know. But why do you ask?" Wedderly-Because, if she can, you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut."-Stray Stories.

The Old Question.

"Say, if you put all your money into building a house?" "Yes?" "And an earthquake came along and shook the house down?" "Yes?" "Wouldn't that jar you?"

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS To revagine en Louisiane se dans tons les Brats du B. Be publicité oftre dons les avantages exceptionnelle. Prix de l'abounement les fami ! Etti vi Oustidienne Elas.