

ADIRONDACK PORCUPINE.

A Beast That Has Some Interesting Points But Is Not at All Prepossessing in Looks.

A fretful porcupine, as found in the Adirondack region, is an interesting though unlovely beast. It is shaped like a meal sack, and while always hungry, has never been known to be thin. It has a monkey face and a split lip, which discloses yellow, scimitar-shaped teeth, of formidable size. Its tail is its weapon of offense. It used to be said that the porcupine when attacked rolled itself into a ball and remained passive, while its assailant leaped at its quills. Owners of dogs found that this could not be the case, for when encountering a porcupine the dog was about as apt to have quills in its chest or legs as in its mouth. For want of a better explanation the theory was broached that the porcupine about his quills, and this is still a popular belief, says the New York Sun.

As a matter of fact, the porcupine fights with its tail, using it as a man would a club. The tail is heavy and muscular and covered with quills, and the porcupine wields it with such effect that it can drive quills into a hickory ax handle, to say nothing of burying them out of sight in the soft flesh of a dog's nose. When a porcupine turns tail it is a signal for the beginning of hostilities, and not an indication of defeat. If possible, the animal conceals its head under a rock, or fallen tree, peering over its shoulder meanwhile with its black, beady eyes focused on its enemy. The moment the enemy comes within range, smack! goes the tail and the unfortunate assailant, which, if unsober, is apt to think it has found a soft mark, receives a regular bird shot load of quills.

Some animals have sense enough not to investigate a porcupine after this, but a grumpy dog is apt to take offense at its reception and to start in to chew holes in the porcupine. It is very seldom that the dog succeeds in its commendable object. Its every attack is met by the quick, lateral movement of the porcupine's tail, and even if the dog does get a good hold of the beast, the porcupine is so powerful and heavy that the dog cannot easily dislodge it or succeed in breaking its spinal column. Wolves, lynxes and panthers are said to eat porcupines, catching the animal unawares and turning it over on its back by a dexterous sweep of the paw, and afterward eating it out of its protective armor, as the porcupine has no quills underneath.

PHILIPPINE PERFUMES.

The Costly Attar of Ylang-Ylang Is One of the Products of the Islands.

From material in the division of animal affairs, war department, the following information has been compiled, in response to inquiries from many sources, particularly with reference to the costly attar of ylang-ylang. Among the numerous trees of economic value in the Philippines are many varieties from which essences or essential oils may be extracted. Those used in the present state of the industry are: the ylang-ylang (Ilang-ilang), a cultivated and wild tree often attaining a height of 80 feet, botanically known as Cananga odorata, or Unona odoratissima, belonging to the custard apple family, producing drooping greenish-yellow flowers three inches long and of extraordinary fragrance, from which the celebrated attar is distilled—the mountain trees produce the best results. The sampaguita (Jasminum Sambac), a plant producing white flowers from which a highly-prized perfume essence is extracted; the champaca (Michelia Champaca), a garden plant, belonging to the family Magnoliaceae, attaining a conical-shaped height of 15 feet. The flowers, about an inch in length, are very fragrant and produce a well-known essence. The ylang-ylang, while indigenous to many parts of tropical Asia, reaches its greatest perfection in the Philippines, where it is a favorite among the natives. Besides its value as an attar in preparations for the hair and toilet waters, it is also claimed to possess curative virtues in tooth and other aches and pains, says the New York Post. The Manila oil is practically without competition in the markets of the western nations, on account of superiority, and, at from \$40 to \$55 a pound, is unequal to the demand. The tree, common to many localities south of Manila, is found chiefly in the well-populated provinces and islands, it being said to thrive best near the habitations of man. The propagation in plantations by seeds or cuttings is easy, and the growth is rapid in almost any soil. There are flowering groves in many parts of southern Luzon and the Visayan islands which may be leased.

An Excusable Mistake.

Telegraph Operator—I am sorry, sir, but the rules of this company make it impossible for me to send your message "collect," that privilege we are not allowed to extend to absolute strangers.

Applicant—Do you mean for me to understand by that that you can't trust me?

Telegraph Operator—Under the circumstances, sir, it is impossible for me to do so.

Applicant—Well, that gets the best of me! I thought of all places on the face of the earth, a telegraph office was the likeliest to get anything on slack.—Boston Courier.

Architectural Inspiration.

Mrs. Dash—Can't you suggest some pretty name for our commodious new home, Mr. Grump?

Mr. Grump—Why, yes; call it "The White Elephant."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HAIR BETTER DRESSED.

Changes in the Coiffure Wrought by Modern Art—Some Latest Arrangements.

If there is one thing in which modern art in dressing excels more than another it is in the arrangement of the hair. The days when the hair was drawn over ugly pads and tortured into unnatural sausage looking curls, have passed fortunately, and however much may be added to a woman's coiffure to make it a fashionable success, it is done in such an artistic, clever manner that the result has at least the appearance of being natural, says the New York Sun.

The greatest art, after all, is in concealing art, and it has been brought to a greater degree of perfection in hair dressing than in anything else which serves to supply the deficiencies of nature. We still have the pompadour puff, but it is this puff with a difference which makes it softer in effect, and much more becoming than the old-time mode of arranging it. It is a very important change that the latter years have effected in hair dressing, and one, too, which has much to do with a woman's general appearance. It stamps her up to date or the reverse, very promptly and the fashionable coiffure is absolutely essential to her good looks.

The hair is quite as important as the front, since she is expected to look just as well going as coming, and her back hair is a sort of catch-all for fancy pins and combs distributed in various ways. We have no one particular mode of hair dressing. It is only in general outline that it is necessary to conform to rule, and this is modified to suit the fancy and special cast of countenance. The illustrations show some of the old-style modes of hair dressing which emphasize the great improvement that has been made in the art.

Foreign fashion budgets tell us that undulation will still continue, but it is the large, soft wave which looks as if it were natural, and that the question of whether the hair is to be done high or low is one which the Parisian women decide for themselves. You see a great many low coiffures, yet there are quite as many high ones. In front the hair is arranged in full, large waves, and you may have a bunch of curls on the top of the head if the hair is dressed high, or at the nape of the neck if it is dressed low.

SOME PRETTY BEDROOMS.

Designs for Wall and Ceiling Decorations, Furniture and Other Details.

Here are some suggestions for bedrooms: No. 1—Pink striped paper, ivory-white paint, finished with a coat of enamel, cream-washed ceiling, curtains and covers of chintz in pink, white and green, plain green Axminster carpet or green and pink rugs, Sheraton mahogany furniture and twin beds to match, pink-rose toilet ware, sofa cushions of fine white monogrammed muslin, some over pink, others over green silk-faced-saten, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

No. 2—Walls divided into panels and hung with ivory-white satin-striped paper and a floral border, dado and all woodwork painted ivory, cream-washed ceiling, plain or small-patterned pile carpet of the deep pinky-red shade of the roses in the border, chintz curtains and covers, repeating as nearly as possible the design in the floral border, mahogany furniture, pinky-red toilet ware.

No. 3—Soft green satin-striped paper, with green and white for border, white paint, white curtains with stenciled or applique bands to match wall paper border, carpet in shades of green and pink, white or mahogany furniture. Pinks and greens are the predominant tints in the foregoing described rooms, as they are screens for winter or summer bedrooms. For country bedrooms all-white, pale green, pale yellow, light blue and white are suggested, while a gay little room fitted up recently for a young girl in a Westchester house is all white and scarlet, scarlet poppy paper, white paint, white fur rugs, white enamel furniture, and a white wicker couch, with gay poppy chintz cushions.

Coffee Fruit-Cake.

A coffee fruit-cake that is better for the children's eating than genuine fruit-cake is easily made. Cream together one cupful of brown sugar with one cupful of butter before adding the beaten yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and one cupful of molasses. Beat in, alternately, the whites of the eggs and four cupfuls of sifted flour, reserving a little of the flour to dredge a cupful each of seeded raisins and currants, which are added after the egg-whites and flour. At the last, dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of boiling water, and stir into a cupful of clear, cold, and rather strong coffee, which is immediately added to the cake. Line a pan with buttered paper and bake the loaf in a slow oven for fully an hour, or until a brown-whisk inserted comes out clean.—N. Y. Post.

FACES FIXED IN VIENNA.

Beauty Factory Where Objectionable Features Are Transformed According to Order.

Persons whose features are not all that they desire may find some hope of future beauty in the announcement from Vienna that paraffin is being used in that city to correct facial irregularities due to lack of bone. The paraffin in a melted state is injected by a syringe, and settles upon the bone, becoming an addition to it. While still warm it is molded with deft fingers, and the person who goes into his physician's office with a short nose or a retreating chin comes out with his face built up to suit him, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Physicians of scientific attainment are inclined to regard with scorn any practice which has for its sole object the increase of beauty. So very naturally those questioned to-day about this subject refuse to let their names mark upon what they consider a very frivolous matter. "There is no doubt but that the building up of bones by the use of paraffin is practical to a considerable degree," was the declaration of one doctor. "The injection of paraffin need not be followed by any ill results, either—I mean in the way of inflammation. The possibilities of making over faces by the application of paraffin are almost limitless. It is not at all unlikely, however, that the possessor of a wax nose, for instance, might discover it to be rather an unstable piece of property."

Another physician found food for his humor in the subject. "I suppose there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the report," said he, "but think of the disorders that might befall a paraffin chin or nose. Suppose the owner of such a nose goes into a football game. His best friends would recognize him when he comes out. And suppose a man with a waxen chin falls asleep before his grate. When he awakes he'll probably find that his chin has melted and has moved down to the region of his Adam's apple."

The Vienna correspondent of the Medical Record describes the method of injecting the paraffin as follows:

"The practice consists in the subcutaneous injection of a preparation of paraffin over bony excursions which have resulted either after operation or from disease or from congenital causes.

"The injection of paraffin has been accomplished now frequently for saddle-nose with most remarkable results, and, as I have seen, with absolute correction of the deformity. The needle is inserted over the glabella and is then passed down to the lowest point of the excavation, and as the preparation is being slowly injected the needle is slowly withdrawn, care being exerted that the injection infiltrates only the subcutaneous connective tissue. With the fingers of the left hand, and while still warm, the paraffin is molded.

"Practically no irritation occurs either as an immediate or subsequent result, those cases which have been observed now for over a year show a perfect tolerance on the part of the tissues and a permanent correction of the deformity. "This same procedure has been accomplished in order to elevate a depressed scar after operation for disease of the mastoid, but with less success, but I believe it adaptable to many other deformities which hitherto have remained uncorrected. The preparation is made by mixing together the solid and the soft paraffin of commerce until a mixture is obtained which has a melting point of 41 degrees C. The paraffin is then sterilized and with gentle warming becomes sufficiently fluid to use in a syringe. Needless to say, it is well to warm the syringe also, and for this purpose hot water answers every requisite."

Dining Customs.

A student of social customs has called attention recently to the fact that man eats to-day practically the same viands he did in ancient times. However far back we push our researches, the foundations of all dishes are the same—the same birds, the same meats, the same fish—though, perhaps, the list of the ancients' fish is somewhat more extensive. Modern man has forgotten the flavor of the porpoise or dogfish, and in the north, at all events, has learned to shudder at the suggestion of a dish of octopus. The meats, the courses, the principals, and in some cases even the names remain the same. In spite of Alexandre Dumas' assertion that napkins were first used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they must have been of much more ancient origin, since the Roman cuisine necessitated their use much earlier; Giles Rose, master cook to Charles II, gave methods for folding them in a variety of ways, but the general adoption of forks among the middle classes did away with the serviette to a great extent. At dessert, when the cloth was removed, a bowl of water was presented to each guest, and this stood on a plate covered with a square cloth, our present doily.—Chicago News.

The Heat of Australia.

"Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Out in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to feed their hens on cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs."—Sydney Telegraph.

THE PEWTER WEDDING.

Takes the Place of the Wooden Anniversary—So Many Beautiful Things to Buy for the Occasion.

It is the modish thing this year for all those happily married couples who wish to celebrate their fifth anniversary to announce a pewter instead of a wooden wedding. Wooden weddings are invariably farcical, and from the point of view of the couple that celebrates, distinctly unprofitable, while, by substituting pewter, the purses of the gift-giving guests are not overstrained and the recipients acquire useful and ornamental objects of distinct artistic value. The fashion was set on its feet by a lively young wife who had seen the new Tudric pewter and earnestly coveted the possession of some good pieces. She and her husband are enthusiastic pewter collectors, and while the pewter of Tudric make is not antique nor expensive, it is distinctly beautiful in design, and is wrought into household goods that grow in daily value by reason of their utility and decorative charm, says the Washington Star.

In this particular type of pewter nothing flimsy or false, in material or design, is permitted, and every article is as carefully marked and registered as the finest sterling silver. It is not a pewter of very white luster nor capable of receiving a polish that simulates silver. The color of the antique Dutch and English composition has been studied and secured, and while in the designing many good old forms have been retained, the cups and patterns are invariably treated with special decoration that can be only described as Tudric. A piece of good Tudric is always a special piece, hand wrought, by a skilled and original artist, and distinguished everywhere by its work and graceful departure from the art nouveau movement that has been so vulgarized, as well as by the judicious use of strange decoration with colored stones. The richly colored Connemara stones are sunk en cabochon in the skin of the pewter, where unerring taste suggests the application; and these, with Scotch pebbles, bits of highly polished onyx, black and white lava, malachite and cameo shell, with occasional touches of enamel, is all the color treatment allowed.

In Tudric pewter every household article, from high art milk pans to many branched candelabra are made, and the shrewd young wife who celebrated her pewter wedding with entire success was the proud recipient of a stunning crystal and Tudric pewter decanter with polished Prussian boar tusk handles; a waist clasp adorned with green enamel and a hammer-marked vase set with glowing Connemara stones.

THEY WOULD BE MISSED.

But There Wasn't the Slightest Occasion for Vanity in the Real Reason.

He who tells this story is the owner of a blue ribbon St. Bernard dog, a masterly fellow and winner of admiration as well as prizes. Last summer the dog went with his master and the family to a fashionable resort, and was there the center of undiminished interest throughout the season, says the Washington Star. "It was the most delightful summer we ever spent," recited the teller of the story and the owner of the dog the other day, "and the people were the nicest, as a whole, we had ever met.

"Our popularity with the summer colony was most marked, and when the time came to part it was with no end of sorrow that we began to make our adieux. Naturally, it filled us with a good deal of pride to think that those with whom we had sojournd should wish we were not going to leave them. "But our vanity was short lived. There came a shock which set us all to thinking and wondering as to whom the credit for our prestige was due.

"It happened when a bright-faced, breezy little girl of 15, who was wont to express her sentiments without reserve, came to say good-by. "Don't tell me you are going away," she negatively queried in a depressed tone of voice, and we began to feel that from her we were to get the most genuine expression of regret of the colony.

"Yes," I replied, "we have to go back to the city now, but we live in the hope of seeing our very dear friends up here again in the near future."

The Vogue of Black.

Black is being worn more this winter than for many seasons past. When black is becoming it is very much so, but to the average woman there is no beautifying power in its unrelieved somberness. It accentuates the lines, the lack of color and other complexion faults. But almost any woman can wear black, if it be relieved by just the right color for her complexion. With a touch of white, pale blue or other becoming shade, and the use of soft white or cream materials, black raiment may be effectively worn by the woman who could not otherwise assume it.—Detroit Free Press.

Deviled Ham Rolls.

Make light, rather rich pastry, roll thin and cut in squares of about four inches. Spread upon each square a small quantity of deviled ham, leaving about one-half an inch round the edge uncovered. Moisten the edges with cold water, and roll each sheet of ham and pastry compactly, pressing the ends together. Brush over with white of egg and bake.—Good Literature.

CROMWELL THE LITTLE.

Victims in the Life of the son of England's Great Dictator and Warrior.

The wheel of fortune has strange turnings but it has not often turned so completely round as in the spring of 1633. In April Richard Cromwell sat on the throne of England, king in all but name, master of two palaces, with an allowance of £10,000 a year. In May he wandered homeless in a strange land, a fugitive, not from justice, but from the law. In his trunk were the congratulations he had received a month or two before from the crowned heads of Europe. A dozen years before his father's name had made the world tremble; now it was a name to which his son dared not answer, says the St. James Gazette. His wife waited 15 years for his return, and died without seeing him again; his favorite daughter, Dorothy, was married and buried in a few months. She was the only Cromwell somebody has said, "born in the purple."

Cromwell came home at last to live in lodgings at ten shillings a week. Nobody guessed that the Mr. Clarke who lived simply and quietly at Cheshunt was the man who had been the protector of the commonwealth. Mrs. Pengeley, his landlady, kept his accounts in great detail, and Sir Richard Tange has unearthed many of them, which give us strange glimpses of the life led by Cromwell's son. He smoked a great deal, paying two shillings and eightpence per gross for his "pyrex," and he was generous even in his poverty. On one occasion he borrowed £2 from his landlady, who entered it down for the day "when you had your feast." When his daughters came to see him, Richard would treat them to a comfortable dinner at Westminster, borrowing the money from good Mrs. Pengeley, who seems to have done something to soften the hard fate to which an ungrateful country had doomed the son of Cromwell.

More than once Richard had come to his last shilling. Once, when visiting at Hursley, he had to put off his return for want of a shirt. But generally he seems to have been a tolerably happy man, blessing everybody in spite of circumstances, and blaming none. When Queen Mary died he spent half a crown, we are told, on a pair of mourning gloves. His last days were made unhappy by a painful quarrel with his daughter concerning the property at Hursley. The daughter did their best to deprive their father of his rights, as though his life had not been hard enough, and in his old age Richard, who had left Whitehall palace freely years before, was driven from his own home. A lawsuit established his rights at last, and before he died the family was at peace again. "Live in love; I am going to the God of love," he said to his daughters, as he lay dying at Hursley in 1712.

There is a story told of a great ceremonial in which Queen Anne was the central figure. The queen was surrounded by a host of gayly dressed courtiers, and in the throng was an old man of 83, wearing the plain dress of a country farmer. "Have you ever seen such a sight before?" asked a looker-on, and the throng was wretched to hear the old man say: "Never since I sat in her chair." It was Cromwell's son.

TALKING TO ONE'S SELF.

It is Commonly Supposed to Be One of the Early Symptoms of Insanity.

Talking to one's self has this obvious advantage over any other form of oratory or gossip—one is assured of a sympathetic audience. But it has also this peculiar drawback—it is supposed to be one of the early symptoms of insanity. Wrongly so, perhaps. A mad doctor might rule the habit out of his diagnosis. Nevertheless the popular belief is firmly rooted. And it is for fear of this belief, doubtless, that we talk to ourselves, even as we dress our hair with straws, so rarely. It may be said that we never do address ourselves at any length except in the delirium of a fever. In moments of ordinary excitement, of course, we utter to the wind some sort of appropriate ejaculation. Delight wrings from us a cry of "Hurrah!" or "Thank Heaven!" even though there be none by to echo us, says the London Saturday Review.

Similarly in any disgust we emit one of those sounds whose rather poor equivalents in print are "Ugh!" and "Fugh!" "D—n!" and "Tut!" Much further than this we do not go. "Why, what an ass am I!" cries Hamlet in one of his soliloquies. Omitting the first word and transposing the last two, the ordinary modern man does often soliloquize, to that extent. But he could no more soliloquize to Hamlet's extent than he could speak in decasyllables. Nor is there any reason to suppose that that class of the community with which contemptuous of his own fluency, Hamlet compared himself, is or ever was more prone to soliloquize than any other. In the matter of soliloquies we cannot accept Hamlet as an unbiased authority. We merely find in him the possible origin of the belief that talking to one's self is a bad sign.

Fast Riding for Consumption.

A London physician tells the Times, in a letter, that he has noticed among patients taking the open-air treatment for consumption beneficial effects produced by riding in motor cars at a speed of from 30 to 50 miles per hour. The swift motion through the air is credited by him with causing, along with a marked feeling of exhilaration, increased appetite, improved sleep, a healthy glow tending, after a few days' treatment, to become permanent, and a diminution of the tendency to cough.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Monotonous.—"Is your wife musical, Flipper?" "No. She harps too much on one string."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Grimes—"Harris is his own worst enemy." Fogg—"Yes, the goliath! His favorite text is: 'Love your enemies!'"—Boston Transcript.

"We're awfully ashamed of father." "What has he done?" "Why, he went to New York and got run over." "By an automobile?" "No, by a horse car."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bill Worsie, Bingo—"I want to change the combination of that house safe of mine." Safe Man—"What's the matter? Servants found out the old number?" Bingo—"No. My wife has."

Biggs—"I wonder why Symkinus has such a mania for riding on the street cars during the crush hours?" Diggs—"Oh, probably because it affords him an opportunity to associate with people of standing."—Chicago Daily News.

Jim's Position.—"They tell me that Jim Muggins is one of the directors in a big city corporation now," said the grocer. "Yes, I see him las' time I was down to town," said Mr. Meddergrass. "He directs the envelopes for the firm."—Baltimore American.

Burroughs—"Say, old man, can you—?" Phoxy—"How clever and witty you are!" Burroughs—"Hey? What?" Phoxy—"Oh, don't deny it. You saw I was going to strike you for a 'diner' and you just anticipated me. Very well, I'll ask some one else."—Philadelphia Press.

Elderly Gent (clinging to strap)—"There are a good many conditions affecting our governmental system today that are very oppressive, and their continuance may some day lead to a popular uprising." Lady (also on the standing committee)—"Perhaps, but—with withering glances at male occupants of the seats—you would never look for it to begin in a street car."—Richmond Dispatch.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

How an Inquisitive Chinese Nobleman Made a Matrimonial Match Between Americans.

"One of the interesting novelties of the social life of the new century is the occasional appearance of our Mongolian neighbors in society," said a nation, according to the New York Tribune. "It goes to show how small the world really is and how intimate the nations are becoming. As yet, these visiting noblemen from the orient are few and far between, but they will undoubtedly soon be as familiar a sight in our drawing rooms as are the titled Hindus in England. Although he often speaks English remarkably well, a Chinaman has no idea of what conventionally ought or ought not to be said, and his artless frankness in this respect is most amusing. He also asks questions with a direct simplicity that is sometimes embarrassing.

"A Chinese nobleman who was presented to a young woman at an evening function not long ago, began the conversation after the manner of his nation by propounding a series of questions. At first the answers were easy. 'Do you live in New York?' 'Have you both parents living?' 'Have you brothers and sisters?' 'How old are you?'

"These being answered to his satisfaction, he became more particular in his inquiries. "Why are you not married?" "Perhaps the right person has not asked me," answered the young woman, laughing.

"Have you any objection to matrimony?" asked the Chinaman, gravely. "Not in the least," she replied, immensely amused by his persistence. "For the time being he seemed satisfied, but later in the evening he came up to her with a young American who evidently had no idea of what was in store for him. 'This is Mr. Robinson,' began the old man; 'he is a graduate of Harvard; he, too, is unmarried, and also has no objection to matrimony. Why do you not marry him?'

"And the odd part of it all was that he actually made the match, for the pair, who until then were not acquainted, were engaged not long afterward."

Women in Public Service.

Germany seems to place a value on the services of women different from that which holds in France. In the latter country orders have been issued to cut down the number of women employes in public service, especially in the postal service, as rapidly as possible, the reasons given being general incompetency, continual absence on account of illness and similar things. In Germany, on the contrary, the authorities of the state railways have announced that henceforth as many women as possible will be employed in service, and that women in the future will be eligible to posts at the telegraph and ticket offices, in the telephone offices and as clerks in the counting offices and freight department. Prussia has for some years favored the employment of women, and this order will bring about like conditions throughout the whole empire.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Breakfast in the Water.

In the recent heat wave in Rome four swimmers made up a party at 11 o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to take their breakfast in the Tiber. They appeared on the river bank carrying a table loaded with dainties, pushed off, and had their meal without returning to the bank, and, what is more surprising, without touching the bottom.—Velo.

Well Worth the Cost. If the phoenix of common sense rises from the ashes of a fool's money the conflagration has not been in vain.—Chicago Daily News.