

MATRON AND MAID.

Miss Caroline E. Pemberton, niece of the Confederate general, is a strong supporter of the antilynching movement in the south.

Miss Grace McKinley, niece of the president, who was graduated from Holyoke college a year ago, is to teach in that institution.

The son and daughter of the late millionaire Joseph Cowen of Newcastle, England, will continue to conduct their father's newspapers in that city, and Miss Cowen will have complete business and editorial charge of The Weekly Chronicle.

Pottstown, Pa., has a child five of 13, Mrs. Alveride H. Shellenberger, who sings to her baby as she might to a doll, while herself wearing short clothes. She says that her mother objected to her marriage, but finally yielded because "Horace," who is 22, begged so hard.

Miss Marion Cowan, formerly of Scranton, Pa., has been appointed chemist of Lynn, Mass. She was graduated from the public schools of Lackawanna's county seat and subsequently studied at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Institute of Technology and Harvard Medical school.

Mme. Duse, whatever she may think of her own art, is pessimistic as to the effort of many of her contemporaries. She despairs of the theater and says "to save it it must be destroyed. The great actors and actresses must die of the plague; they poison the air and make art impossible. It is not the drama they play, but pieces for the theater."

Mme. Lotta Harkness of the Royal Academy of Music, London, will make her appearance on the American rostrum in the course of the season. Mme. Harkness is designated by the London Times as "a reciter of decided gifts," and other responsible London papers commend with earnest emphasis her versatility and her dramatic power.

Marie Ronze, a German lady who was born in London and now resides in Wurttemberg, has found an original way of utilizing her fine library. She writes her appearance on the American rostrum in the course of the season. Mme. Harkness is designated by the London Times as "a reciter of decided gifts," and other responsible London papers commend with earnest emphasis her versatility and her dramatic power.

Franklin Baffente of Vienna, who recently arrived in Ohio, intends to swim across the channel to Dover as soon as there may be favorable weather. She is not to be followed by any boat, and she must reach the English coast or drown. If successful, she will go to Constantinople and duplicate Lord Byron's famous swimming feat, and then to New York, where she intends to swim from the Battery around Staten Island and back.

BEE BUZZES.

Dampness more than cold kills bees. The queen bee is a fully developed female bee.

To control the number of drones, use foundation.

It is important to raise only the best stock of queens.

An apiary is best located on the south or east side of a slope.

Bees require pollen. Almost any kind of ground grain will do.

The genuine wicker brood in the comb has an even, regular surface.

Honey should not be heated to the boiling point, as it will destroy its flavor.

Bees do not like to be hastily handled and will usually resent all quick motions.

Better collect all unfinished sections near the end of the honey flow, using the best colonies to complete them.

A swarm of bees will seldom issue if no queen cells are present. By removing them we will retard swarming until a new set of cells is built.

On cool or rainy days when the bees are not working it is best to molest them as little as possible. They are not in a mood to be tampered with at such times.

Clear honey, or honey gathered from decaying fruit and the honey known as honey dew are the two worst kinds of food for wintering bees.

THE CYNIC.

Nearly every one has charity for himself, but very little for others.

It is only in novels that men ask women to marry them and meet with a refusal.

Every man exaggerates the story of his loneliness in regard to his wife when she is away from home.

A man's ideal woman is one who looks pretty, but who accomplishes it without spending any time looking in the glass.

When a woman's husband makes money, she no longer employs a sewing woman, but calls the woman who does that work her "modiste."

Every one hopes that Time will some day vindicate him, though Time has a bigger contract of vindications on hand now than he can ever finish.

There may be some who in this wide, wide world, with its millions and millions of people, some one who tells the truth about his salary, but we doubt it. —Acheson Globe.

POWDER AND BALL.

The tube of a 12 inch gun has 50 spiral grooves inside, which cause the shot to revolve 75 times per second as it rushes through the air.

An English volunteer may decline to go out on foreign service, but if 75 per cent of the members of his battalion volunteer for foreign service, then the entire thousand must go to the front.

A Swiss genius has invented a pith cloak weighing about one pound which will hold up a fully equipped soldier on the surface of the water. Successful experiments were made recently on the Lake of Zurich. The cloak is provided with waterproof pockets, in which food and drink may be carried as well as blue lights in case the wearer is shipwrecked in the night.

GALVESTON.

In Holland they have learned to keep out the people of Galveston should make them not in the erection of levees—Rockeiser Herald.

The people of Galveston, who normally live a few feet above high water mark, will do well to study the methods by which the people all along the lower Mississippi not only on lands below the level of the river.—New York Journal.

CAUTIOUS WITH REPORTERS.

A Newspaper Man's Story of His Interview With Huntington.

"The late Collis P. Huntington was an easy man to interview," said an older reporter, "but at the same time he was exceedingly cautious and never talked at random. My first encounter with him was in San Francisco. I was sent to ask him about some railroad connections that he was supposed to have in contemplation. And when I was finally ushered into his private office I found him seated at a table dictating letters to a couple of stenographers.

"I can spare you only ten minutes," he said pleasantly, "but we'll try to make that cover the ground. What is your first question?"

"I put it in as concise form as possible. 'Um-m-m,'" said Mr. Huntington musingly. "Let's have the second."

"I took that, of course, as a refusal to answer the first interrogation and passed to the next point.

"All right," he said. "Now for the third."

"That was discouraging, but I gave it to him as briefly and clearly as I could, and, to make a long story short, he completely exhausted all my inquiries, one after another, without giving me a single reply.

"You may well believe I was thoroughly depressed and disheartened and was about to beat a retreat, when, to my great surprise, one of the stenographers handed over a memorandum which had been quietly taking of each question, and Mr. Huntington proceeded to answer them seriatim. He wasted no words, but covered every point with the utmost nicety and precision. When he concluded, I read over my notes at his request, and he pronounced them all right.

"Mr. Huntington, I said, glancing at my watch, 'I see we have still nearly half a minute left, and, with your permission, I'd like to ask you something on my own account.'

"What is it?" he said, looking surprised.

"I am curious to know," I replied, 'why you made me ask all my questions before giving me any answer.'

"The old magnate smiled—and, by the way, he had a very genial smile, peering up a thousand little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and seeming to relax all over. 'That's easily explained,' he said. 'I wanted to find out what you were leading up to before I committed myself.'

MAKING THE FLAG.

There Are Thirty Factories Doing It In This Country.

"The extent to which bunting is used in this country may be realized when it is known that some 7,000,000 yards, or enough of the material to make between 3,000,000 and 10,000,000 flags of one kind and another, were sold throughout the United States last year," said a wholesale dealer in bunting in New York to the writer recently.

"Bunting in use for flag making is of two kinds, the woolen bunting, which is the finest variety, and the cotton goods, which are the cheapest, less durable and less ornamental. The fabric comes in rolls usually of 40 yards, and it is worth from \$1.50 to \$3 per yard, according to the quality.

"The most expensive bunting, such as is used by the United States government for the manufacture of naval flags, is composed entirely of wool of the finest quality. The fabric is absolutely free from imperfections and weighs just 5/8 pounds, avoirdupois, per piece of 40 yards of 10 inches width. The yard is evenly spun, and the warp and filling contain not less than 34 threads to the inch. The colors must be as 'fast' as possible and not liable to be seriously affected by being soaked continuously for 24 hours in fresh water and then thoroughly washed in water with which is combined a good grade of laundry soap.

"Only about one half of the bunting sold in this country is used for making flags such as the stars and stripes. The other half is used in the manufacture of small railroad, steamship and naval signal flags. Other flags in general use are for yachts, for use by contractors, railroad builders, auctioneers and social societies. In flagmaking the only work that is done by hand is the cutting, which is performed by a man with a sharp knife. The sewing, stitching and hemming are done on machines by girls and women, who make the most skillful and careful operators.

"There are 30 flag factories in the United States. These concerns have an invested capital of \$1,200,000 and pay in wages nearly \$400,000 annually. The majority of the flag factories are situated in New York state. The others are located in Massachusetts, Louisiana and South Carolina.

"Flagkeepers' Was Good Law. A fat faced policeman stood on a Park row corner half asleep. A newsboy, one of the big ones, saw a dime at the edge of the curb. He stooped and picked it up.

"What are you peckin up there?" demanded the policeman, with a sudden show of interest.

"Found a dime in the gutter," replied the newsboy fearlessly.

"Give it to me," demanded the policeman.

"I'll do nothin of the kind," said the boy.

"Yes, you will, or I'll run you in."

"Say, you don't know who you're talkin to, do you?" was the answer to the threat. "I lives on the 'level,' see? An what's more I can prove it. Finders keepers if I know anything about the game. You just run me in."

"None on!" "None on!" said the policeman fiercely, waving his club as he saw a crowd was gathering.

A Head to Fit the Facts. J. M. Barrie's story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a dispatch that the Zulus had "taken umbrage," headed the news "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the west. Shortly after some anti-Semitic riots in Austria a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable dispatch put it tersely as "Zulus near the capital." He headed the item "Down With the Jews."—Exchange.

Slow Poison. "Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M. D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly 80 years."

HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS.

What It Means and How It Should Be Treated.

Bleeding from the lungs is one of the not uncommon symptoms of consumption, occurring at some time in the course of the disease in perhaps two-thirds of the cases. It is often the first indication of lung trouble in a person who has been losing flesh and growing weak without any apparent cause, but it more often occurs in advanced stages of the disease.

There may be one hemorrhage only, or the trouble may recur frequently, and the amount of blood expectorated may be barely enough to tinge the phlegm, or the bleeding may be most profuse, a cupful or even a pint or more.

It very rarely happens that the quantity is so great as to endanger life, yet the blood may be poured into the bronchial tubes more rapidly than it can be coughed up, and so actually drown the sufferer.

The treatment of hemorrhage of the lungs consists first of all in absolute quiet. The patient should be in a cool room, lying down, but with shoulders raised, and should be forbidden to talk.

Swallowing cracked ice may be serviceable and also cold applications to the chest, but of course a physician must be called to administer suitable remedies for the control of the bleeding if it is at all profuse.

Quiet, deep breathing is useful, but the patient should avoid any attempt to keep back the blood, for when it has once escaped from the blood vessels it is better coughed up than remaining in the air tubes.

Fear or excitement only makes the bleeding worse, and patients should be taught that the hemorrhage is a usual occurrence in consumption and that it seldom has any effect upon the course of the disease, especially that it does not at all preclude absolute recovery under proper hygienic treatment.

Some physicians tell consumptive patients that they must expect one or more attacks of hemorrhage, possibly quite severe ones, but that such hemorrhage is usually of no great moment.

In some cases indeed, when the spitting of blood is due to congestion rather than to an actual tear of some of the blood vessels, it may be beneficial as tending to relieve the stagnation and so give the circulation a chance to re-establish itself.

An important fact to remember, one which may tend to relieve the sufferer's anxiety, is that the blood which is expectorated is much more often from the throat or nose than from the lungs and may have nothing to do with the fact that the patient is a consumptive.—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH "RED TAPE."

Circumvented With the Aid of a Telegraph Boy.

"English 'red tape' is a queer thing," observed a well known New York politician who has just returned from a visit to London. "More than once I ran foul of it within the sacred precincts of the British house of commons. One day I had an engagement to meet an Irish M. P. there some 15 minutes before the house opened. I handed my card to the blue coated functionary who guarded the entrance corridor with the request that he hand it to the M. P. in question.

"Sorry, sir," said he, "I can't do it. There hasn't any messengers 'ere yet, and my horders is not to take any cards myself."

"Persuasion and entreaty were alike wasted upon him. Having had previous experience of the potent influence of a shilling or two judiciously bestowed, I attempted bribery. But he proved to be incorruptible.

"The situation was embarrassing and annoying. My engagement concerned a matter of importance, to myself at least. I knew that the M. P. was within a few hundred feet of me, and as there I was effectually prevented from getting at him by a barrier of 'red tape,' as if there stretched stone walls and iron bars between us. At last I noticed that there was a telegraph office in the rotunda just a few yards away. I rushed to it and hastily wrote this message:

"I am here, but the blank fool of a doorkeeper won't take my card to you."

"The clerk gravely took my message. I paid as much for its transmission as if it had been directed to somebody in the most remote corner of the British isles. A telegraph boy, being privileged to pass the doorkeeper, conveyed it to the representative of a somewhat distant constituency. He responded immediately, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that for once I had circumvented English 'red tape.'"

Teaching the Young Idea.

A Manchester lawyer notified the other evening that his youthful son, who was studying arithmetic, seemed very restless. Getting impatient, the father broke out:

"What on earth are you? Why can't you sit still? Wriggling about every minute."

"It's all your fault," murmured the boy.

"Why is it?"

"Cos I asked you last night how many a billion was, and you said it was a thundering lot. Teacher asked me the same question today, and I gave the same reply. That's why I can't keep still."—London Answers.

A Mystery.

A very striking case of disappearance is told of in connection with a brother of Grimaldi, the famous clown. This brother had left his home and gone to one known whither for years. On one occasion, however, when playing to a crowded house, Grimaldi was told while at the wines that some one wanted to see him, and it turned out to be his long lost relative. In the very few minutes they had for conversation the brother told him he had returned to England rich and prosperous and resolved to roam no more. With much evidence of elaborate emotion he made an appointment for that night, and he never kept it and was never seen again.

A Deeper Scheme.

Mrs. Green—When Charles comes home late at night, I always give him a good talking to.

Mrs. Gray—When Jack comes home late, I say nothing, but let him do the talking. In that way, you see, I find out just what condition he is in.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is not to be ashamed of what we do late at night, but to be ought to be ashamed of—Cicero.

Statistics show that lightning kills people five times as often in country places as it does in the cities.—Boston Herald.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Retribution. Autumn's coming on, Tom, and I'll need a set of clothes.

That'll shield me from the shivers when the frosty north wind blows; I thought it well to tell you, since the snow is not remote.

That since you've worn my shirt waist I mean to wear your coat.

Your cutaway will do, Tom, when that autumn style prevails.

Except to simply amputate a portion of the tail. I've a letter from my mother, and this is what she wrote.

"If Thomas wears your shirt waist, you've it right to wear his coat."

Now don't fave up and fret, Tom, and tell me that I shan't!

It will not hurt the garment, you can wear it when I can't!

You've monopolized my taffeta, the swellest thing about.

And since you've worn that shirt waist I mean to wear your coat.

His Literary Schedule.

"I have just finished a sonnet," said the poet.

"Thank heaven," exclaimed the wife, "that'll buy a beefsteak and a sack of flour!"

"And here is an ode for the state fair."

"How fortunate! Ham is 15 cents a pound, and we haven't had any in six weeks!"

"I have also written a love song which is as tender as an April rose."

"Yes," she said, "but I'm sure that's good for a can of lard and a gallon of molasses!"

"Woman," said the poet sternly, "do you know what genius is?"

"Yes," she said, "it's the power of shutting the door on the baker, hiding from the house rent man and singing, when Sunday comes, 'I would not live away, I ask not to stay.'"

Human Nature.

History, so says the proverb, Has a strange, peculiar way Of recording things tomorrow Same as it did yesterday.

Yesterday I saw an archer Who loathed and longed to die Just because his little sister Had the biggest piece of pie.

And, although his piece was ample, It sometimes made him sore Just because his loving mother Gave his little sister more.

Perhaps the boy behaved unwisely, But each day you see men Who are acting just as foolish As the archer acted then.

Men forget their many blessings As for greater ones they sigh, And they envy 'hunks of pie' Who get bigger 'hunks of pie!'

Boxers.

The Chinese Boxer deprecated our praise.

"It is quite true we are brave," said he, "but it is the mere bravery of desperation. You see, it is literally victory or death with us, for we are not boxers in the sense that we may go into the saloon business if we are licked. No."

In the light of this explanation, of course, the fellow's intrepidity seemed quite a different matter.

Omar in Exile.

To look on life with level, laughing brow, To love and love you see no matter how; Who are acting just as foolish As the archer acted then.

Or winter sun, were paradise now!

IN GERMANY.

Two blades of bread, loaves six pennies, Mein largest pipe, six quarts of lager, thou, Beside me, liechen, in the Braueri; Oh, Brauerer were Paradise now!

IN FRANCE.

A cafe table underneath the bough, A cigarette, a little glass and thou, My latest angel, in thy newest robe; Oh, Paris, thou art Paradise now!

IN SWEDEN.

A field of stubble, furrowed by the plow, A trusty dog, a good breechloader, how? Not a woman within twenty miles! A day of slaughter's paradise now!

Sense of Duty?

"We had quite a thrilling rescue here yesterday," said the first seashore sojourner, "but I don't see anything in the papers about it."

"Oh, there was nothing interesting about that," replied the other; "the woman was rescued by her own husband."

TAKING THE REINS.

Pet Raven, 2:17 1/2, at Poughkeepsie, is the fourth trotter for Chime Bell.

Stacker Taylor, 2:10, is a new one for Captain Cook and his only 2:10 performer.

Courier Journal, 2:06 1/2, at Readville, is now the fastest performer for Wilkes Boy.

The fastest fifth heat trotted this year is that of Early Reaper, in 2:06 1/2, at Dubuque.

Jim Lee, 2:26 1/2, at Springfield, O., is a new one for Leewood 11,380 and his third performer.

Falfaran, 3:22 1/2, trotting, at Galesburg, Ills., is the initial performer for Tommy Britton, 2:06 1/2.

Richhall, 2:12 1/2, at his time the most sensational pacer, is now a lively stable horse in Minnesota. He is 24 years old.

A pony was sold by a Kansas City auctioneer for \$2.50 in 1896. The other day the same man sold the same pony for \$75.

Britanna, a 3-year-old filly by Tommy Britton, 2:06 1/2, owned by E. A. Lord, Chicago, worked a mile in 2:10 the other day.

Connor, 2:05 1/2, pacing, is the second fastest of the get of C. F. Clay, 2:18. He is strictly trotting bred and is out of an undeveloped dam.

P. C. Knox, Pittsburg, is reported as having driven Wert, 2:15 1/2, and Dr. Leek, 2:05 1/2, over the Brunot Island track a mile, 2:10 1/2.

Bormal's second heat in 2:09 1/2 is the fastest ever trotted in the Massachusetts stake. The best time last year was 2:10 1/2, by Charley Her, also in the second heat.

Scott McCoy worked The Merchant, 2:20, an easy mile in 2:15, last half in 1:04 1/2, just before he left Omaha, but the best the colt could do at Dubuque was to win second money.

The bay stallion Harold, who won the 2:25 mixed class at Pittsfield, Mo., Aug. 21, reducing his record to 2:24 1/2, is 17 years old, has not been raced since 1896 and until his race had been on the track but twice in that time.—Horseman.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Close inbreeding softens and weakens the whole organic structure.

The early molting hens are the best winter layers. Give them special attention.

There is better health among the roving fowls because they get the food which is best for digestion and the grit to help the gizzard to do its work.

For keeping fowls in good health in small runs their quarters should be kept clean and be occasionally disinfected; especially should they be kept free from vermin.

Red pepper is a stimulant temporarily and increases the appetite for a short time only. If fed too plentifully or too persistently, it produces no effect, as the hens become accustomed to it.

One of the best mixtures for ground soft food is one part (by weight) of cornmeal, two parts ground oats, one part ground meat and two parts bran. Scald, add a little bean and feed warm.

When confined, the fowls have no opportunity of gratifying their desire in the choice of foods. There are three points to be observed, which are that nitrogenous food is necessary, too much green matter not given, and the fowls must not be made too fat.

THE CYNIC.

What good times other people seem to have!

Become good friends with a man, and he will soon lose no time asking you to take sides in a kin row.

A barfeful of sermons on the next world will not touch a man as quickly as the death of a man of his own age.

When a kin guest goes home, the man of the house is always suspicious over what has been given here to carry home in her trunk.

When a man loses his position and is without money, his relatives keep as far away from his house as if he had the bubonic plague.

It is a pity that every girl doesn't follow business pursuits long enough before marriage to know that she must have dinner on time or lose her job.

PERT PERSONALS.

Mr. Whitney appears to have caught Mr. Keene short of horseflesh, as it were.—Boston Herald.

Thanks to the Gould family pride the "nobler" house of Castellane will not be homeless.

The sultan of Lurkey may be a rude barbarian in some respects, but he knows the value of money.—Washington Star.

William Waldorf Astor should not despair. Madagascar is still open to him as a place of residence, and his "social circle" might not object.—San Francisco Examiner.

It hardly seems possible that the managers of the New York Hall of Fame will be able any longer to keep the Hon. Fitzsimmons' name off the list.

THE MOVING WORLD.

A pneumatic rocking chair has just been patented. The air cushions attached to the rockers are very similar to ordinary cycle tires.

Up to a short time ago the patterns on linoleum were printed. By means of a new machine the various colors are inlaid, so that the patterns cannot wear off.

The largest electric power scheme yet promoted in the world, at Port Arthur and Port Williams, in Canada, where the falls of the Kamistiquia river are to be utilized and no less than 600,000 horsepower developed. A canal 15 miles long will be required.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

Indian widows in Sitka go into mourning by painting the upper part of their faces black down to their mouths.

A curious ceremony took place recently in the Hooghly district of India, when a baby 8 months old was married to a man 28 years of age. The father of the bride gave the bridegroom a sum of money for marrying his daughter.