

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S LIFE.

Permeable by the increase of Expenditures with no increase of income.

For no class should there be more sympathy than for the young housekeepers who are trying their best to make a limited income cover the thousand and one expenses of daily life.

The young wife is apt to blame herself because a dollar does not contain more than 100 cents, and to wonder how she can put aside that "something for a rainy day" which gives such peace of mind.

When first married the husband probably set aside whatever he could afford for little expenses. At first this seemed sufficient, and the housewife could put away a little occasionally to prevent the horrible feeling of helplessness which lack of ready money always brings.

But in two or three years everything changes. The demands of one week encroach upon the next and the saving of a dollar or two is impossible.

Herein lies the difficulty, that while the allowance made to the wife remains stationary the demands upon it have been constantly increasing. The first year or two is always the cheapest. For one thing, little if any new clothing is required. The bride's trousseau acts as a basis from which, at small expense, gowns, hats and coats may be evolved.

During the first two years, also, the furniture and cooking utensils being nearly new, repairs and additions amount to a very small item.

Often too, the little ones come, but the allowance remains the same, and the wants of three must be met by what sufficed for two. The husband seldom realizes that while he works no harder, comparatively, one year than the other, each year of married life brings to the wife new experiences and increasing duties. He should increase the household allowance accordingly.

Bright, healthy children are good investments; their sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks promise a better provision for the future than the savings bank, much as we admire the latter institution. Money spent on the children's

education, and in this way it is better to save off the rainy day than to save up for it. If you can ill afford to do so, and thus hasten the coming of that rainy day.

The young wife should, if possible, choose the food for her household herself. She then sees what is good and cheap at the same time. Then good judgment is required in discriminating between the different kinds of food. Many of the things which on the surface appear economical are not so because they are more expensive or else require so many accessories that in the end the dish costs as much as a good one.

Always purchase at a time when the prices are low, which vary in accordance with the season, are cheapest. Money may be saved by purchasing in large quantities at summer prices. Also, by buying plenty of a staple when it is well dry and unseasoned, it is well dry and unseasoned, it is well dry and unseasoned, it is well dry and unseasoned.

NO USE FOR LAWYERS.

Always Remember to Read the "Laws of the State."

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THE CHINESE HIGHBINDERS.

Artistic Methods of Organizing Society Described by a Christianized Chinese.

Few people, even in San Francisco, have a correct idea of the Chinese highbinder and the cause of the frequent wars in the Chinese quarter. The word highbinder is, perhaps, a localism, and it has no especial meaning. It was applied by the police to the societies of Chinese assassins because they did not know the names of the societies. According to the statements of a Christianized Chinese to one of the mission teachers, there are in this city several such societies, with a membership of from 50 to perhaps 200 each. They have names indicating that they are "bands of brotherhood," but the members are professional assassins and will kill anyone for pay, says the San Francisco News-Letter.

They are bound by oaths, like the carbonari of Italy, and a traitor meets death at the hands of one of the members. This is subjected by lot. The organizations differ in detail, but the main object of all is the same—to rob and murder. The organization of one of the largest highbinder societies in the Chinese quarter is partly described by this Christianized Chinese, who was certainly a member, but who said that his cousin told him. They are a chief, a second chief, a secretary, an "introducer" and eight swordsmen. The candidate for admission upholds his pledge, indicating his abject submission to his superior officers.

He is then led into the room by the official introducer, a red robe is thrown over him and he is required to kneel under an arch of eight swords. One of the swordsmen places the blade of a sword upon the back of a candidate's neck as an indication of his fate if he betrays his associates. The chief, dressed in red, sits on a small platform, which is draped in the same color, and to his right is the book containing the oaths, passwords and signs of the order. It is said a few years ago the police captured one of these books and had it translated. The society then adopted a new manual. There are a number of oaths, the principal one binding the members to obey the orders of the society.

When the candidate is taking the oath his finger is pierced with a needle and the blood drops into a glass of wine held by the member who stands sponsor for him. They both drink from this glass, signifying that they are of the same society and of the same "blood relationship." The grips and passwords are then communicated to him, and he is then a fulfilled highbinder—an assassin for pay.

When the society receives a commission to kill a man a good hatchet man is selected to do the bloody work. Or, if it is a war, the society details a number of its best shots. The blood money goes into the common fund and is used for the defense of criminals, care of the wounded and pensions if sent to the same prison. The surplus is divided according to the rank and services rendered. If a highbinder is killed while in the discharge of his duty, the society gives him a large funeral, sends his bones to China and pays his family a small pension. A society will not admit any of its members in trouble, and will for a lawyer as long as it has a dollar to get funds for forced loans or for acts of assassination.

These societies are a tribute upon members, and if not paid robbery or perhaps assassination follows. They terrify the depraved women and collect from them sums weekly, also from the owners of these women. If the owner refuses to pay the highbinder will steal or force her to take one of his women and pay for a reward or sell her to some other highbinder. Sometimes the highbinder keeps a rival society to prevent his own. Then there is war between two highbinder societies.

When one society invades the district of another a war is the result. The rival bands of outlaws have the Chinese quarter divided, and it is a violation of every law to plunder or murder in each other's territory. The gaming houses are also a steady source of revenue paying an agreed sum weekly to the lot alone. The highbinder societies are a terror to the poor hants, who would gladly see them driven out of the city. Then peace would reign in the Chinese quarter.

So Much Greek.

During these days of post office investigation a story is told of a postmaster down in Virginia. A young man from New York went to one of the little post offices in the old state to visit a relative, and having occasion to write, secured a postcard.

"I had better not write anything on this card," remarked his stationer. "The old cobbler who is postmaster reads every card."

"But the young man was writing to a lady, and they had been studying shorthand together, so he put his message in Greek letters, crosses and dashes, and gave it to the postmaster. He had not got far from the office when the old cobbler rushed after him shouting:

"Here you! Here you! I can't read what you've written on this card!"—Washington Star.

Avoiding Fatigue.

Take half a pint of water to have an active temperament, but I do like to see another fellow work. S. and D. So do I, but you want to be careful and not overdo it. There's an old saying as nervous prostration, you know. Boston Transcript.

Depends on Location.

The question of the comparative economies of petroleum and coal as fuel is one which is being argued in San Francisco and Texas the same in cost with 12 per cent. In New York coal is 69 per cent cheaper than oil.

FALL AND WINTER HATS.

Artistic Color Schemes and Pretty Materials Are in Evidence.

Women are proverbially extravagant in the matter of millinery, and the hats of the coming season will give them no opportunity to retrieve their reputation. They will not only encourage but demand extravagance, because of the costliness of the materials of which they are made, says the New York Tribune.

Of these a reigning favorite, both as a covering and a trimming, is a long napped silk plush, very beautiful in quality and coloring. Sumptuous plaid effects are among the new plishes, and on one hat a plush of peacock blue and green was twisted in folds around the brim of a turban, the crown of which was covered with the breast of a real peacock. A color which promises to outrank all the brown tints in this material is purple, including all the lovely and delicate shades of wistaria blossoms, the rich purple of the heliotrope and the warm, lovely shades of purple tinted red, such as are seen in the furusha.

Brown and white are said to be the leading colors in smart millinery for wear when society comes back to town, and elegant creations in combinations of push and silk appear in several shades of brown, from pale mode color to castor, sometimes with quills or feathers effectively disposed in the trimming.

Birds will flutter into fashion with a force that will carry all before it. Blackbirds enough to furnish a good-sized pie gather on stunning white velvet hats, while birds of diverse feathers flock together upon enchanting confessions of silk and satin.

Brown birds, wings and quills seem to predominate upon street hats, but the woman with a soft heart and tender conscience can turn toward bird-trimmed hats without a qualm, for the most superb of the new hats are shadowed by great ostrich plumes of unusual length and beauty. An exquisite plume-trimmed hat of panna velvet, in a fashionable tint of pale green permeated with a hint of lavender blue, had a big bunch of hoops with a steel buckle in the back, and two

crowns figure extensively in the new hats and vary from round low ones to small rather high crowns, with brims wide toward the front. A large white hat of this shape was of velvet with tufts of white plush covering the border and edge of the brim, and twining around the crown. While pointing toward the front, a predominant feature of pink was drawn from the crown and laid in folds across and under the brim where the tufts were fastened to a band. From a knot of this ribbon at the top of the crown, the left side toward the front, a long white plume swept along the brim and curled under it, this too being fastened to the ribbon which was fastened to the brim under the left side of the crown.

The combination of pompadour ribbon, panna velvet and white with white will be a marked feature of the new fashions in millinery for smart society, and white hats for every fall season, and white hats for every fall season, and white hats for every fall season, and white hats for every fall season.

The Shirt Waist Jacket.

Have you heard about the shirt-waist jacket? It is to be worn cool days over the more flimsy shirtwaists, and is made to show as much of the shirtwaist as possible. The sleeves end just below the elbow, and in front the jacket is cut very low and finished with long revers. A smart-looking shirtwaist is made of scarlet silk flannel, with black moire revers and cuffs for the elbow sleeves. The back of the little coat is tight-fitting, in front there is a slight blouse, which is drawn into the waist by a narrow black moire belt. Below the belt the silk flannel extends in the shape of a narrow yoke over the hips, with two tab-shaped pieces in front. This little yoke portion is finished with rows of black silk stitching. The shirtwaist jacket is also charming made up in more delicate shades of silk flannel or light-weight cloth, and worn over all-white waists. It is very lovely in cloud-blue, cameo pink, or turquoise green. When black moire is used for the revers, belt and cuffs a most striking effect is produced. Woman's Home Companion.

Green Corn Cakes.

Add to one pint of corn pulp two well-beaten eggs, stir in one tablespoonful of flour and one of corn-starch, season with salt and pepper and beat thoroughly. Bake a light brown on a hot griddle. These cakes can be made of canned corn finely chopped by adding two tablespoonfuls of milk, canned corn being less moist than the green. Washington Star.

Correct.

Gobang, I wonder who this is that advertises for the return of a watch, and no questions asked? Ukerak. Some man. No woman would do it. Judge.

THE PLANT HOSPITAL.

Special Corner in Nurseries for Sick Vegetation.

All Sorts of Maladies Attack the Various Varieties of Plants and They Require Special Treatment.

Leading nurserymen of New York have a curious department in their business. It may be called the plant hospital. In every large nursery there is a special corner set aside for ailing plants that patrons have sent to be treated, for plants get out of sorts through being under artificial conditions, just as humans do, and must either be doctored and get a change of air or die, says the New York Press.

Plants are subject to all sorts of maladies. The commonest are worms, improper potting, want of washing and too much watering. The lack of excess of water is the commonest of all causes. Many plants, such as the palm and the fern, when kept indoors, become as sensitive to changes of temperature as a delicate woman. A cold draught will set them sneezing, as it were, inside of an hour. At best it is difficult for most plants to thrive in living rooms. The air is too dry and the light insufficient. This is true in general, yet plants vary—and more than people do—in the conditions that agree with them. For instance, cacti do best in an environment like that of the arid desert, whilst other tropical things require a warm, moist climate.

The effect of sudden changes of temperature on the plant is the loss of some of the root hairs which are on the small rootlets and are an important part of the feeding apparatus. They rot, and the plant is then unable to take enough nourishment. When a plant gets off its feed general debility and nervous exhaustion set in. With vigor gone, the plant falls an easy prey to all diseases prowling round. Fungi and animal parasites complete its ruin.

Prof. Earle, of the New York botanical garden, says: "The thrifty plant there is a constant balance between the actively going on in the leaves that draw sustenance from the air and the

causes of diseases in plants, besides being numerous are often obscure. They are grouped for convenience as environmental, functional and parasitic. Environmental surroundings such as improper soil conditions, too much or too little water, the absence or overabundance of some of the food elements, the pollution of the air with smoke or gases or unfavorable position as to sunlight, after cause a slow and feeble growth that is not a disease, but a condition of starvation or semi-starvation. The wilting of plants after heavy and long-continued rains, and the tip-burn of lettuce and potatoes, due to a burning sun after wet, cloudy weather, illustrate this condition.

Functional diseases spring from derangements within the plant itself. It may be due to too much or too little acid, and the organs of nutrition get deranged. The mosaic disease of tobacco and the yellow disease of the China aster are examples of too little acid or ferment, which the plant gets by this way it may be said to have a bad attack of indigestion. The acid is insufficient to convert the starch of the green leaves into soluble sugars that can be taken up by the sap and used in forming new tissues.

Various numbers of parasites infest plants. Scarcely any plant is wholly free from them. They invade every part of the plant, roots, stems, leaves, flowers and fruits. They attack the surface and burrow into the tissues. They produce smut on the wheat or oats, galls and knots upon cherry trees and gum tumors on the cherry tree. They cause the death of pear and apple tree branches and timber rot in forest trees. The annual loss from plant diseases reaches millions of dollars in New York state every year. Hence the question of how to prevent plant diseases is one of great practical importance. The science of vegetable pathology is one of the newest. It had its beginning only 30 years ago.

With diseases of environment the obvious remedy is to correct the unfavorable conditions. Individual plants, like individual men, vary in their ability to resist disease. Even plants of the same cultural variety this difference in resisting power is often quite marked.

Inspected.

A benevolent Quaker, in drab clothes and broad-brimmed hat, walked into the lobby of a Philadelphia hotel a short time ago, and was walking up to the desk, when he stubbed his toe on an uneven place in the flooring and measured his length on the floor. A bell boy rushed to assist him to his feet.

"Boy," said the old gentleman solemnly, "doe thee swear?" "Oh, no, sir, indeed," said the boy, taking his cue from the Quaker's pious appearance.

"I'm 'Tobacco had," said he of the broad-brimmed hat. "I would have paid thee handsomely to have sworn for me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Faces in the Case.

Mrs. DeStie (to applicant). Yes, I advertised for a butler. How long were you at your last place? Applicant. I would have been there for three years, ma'am, but they gave me six months off for good behavior. Chicago Daily News.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Illustrated by the Experience of a Couple of Empire State Anglers.

The unaccountable things that fish do, whether it is whim or suspicion that prompts them, are an unending source of wonder to the observant angler," said one of that guild, according to the New York Sun.

"With a companion, a young man who had never fished for either perch or pickerel in his life before, I once went to a well-known pickerel water in Sullivan county. It was in midsummer, and we still-fished with live minnows, I from one side of the boat and my companion from the other side.

"There are perch in that water, and big ones. The fish hit fairly well, but while my fellow-fisherman caught pickerel, not a thing but perch would come to my hook.

"This peculiar division of catch showing no sign of changing, we changed places in the boat, as I wanted to land a pickerel or two before we quit, and didn't see any way to do it except by fishing at the spot where they seemed alone to be. You may imagine my amazement, then, when the first fish I caught was a perch and my companion still caught pickerel.

"After he had caught three big ones and I had landed half a dozen perch I suggested that we exchange rods, and see if that would make any difference. To my joy I soon hooked and got into the boat the biggest pickerel that had been taken all day, and my companion surprised himself by catching his first perch.

"I can't understand it," I said, "but your tackle seems to suit the pickerel better than mine, and mine seems to be the choice of the perch, although there is not the slightest difference between rods, lines, hooks or bait."

"But that wasn't what ailed the fish at all, as I soon found out, for instead of now having my expected sport with pickerel, not another one came even so much as a nibble, and the perch ignored my companion's hook, although we fished faithfully for an hour."

"Fish often quit biting this abruptly, and I perhaps would have put this down as an ordinary case of this kind, but when I saw the result of the changed rods, when I handed my friend his rod, and told him we might as well reel in and go home, he hadn't mechanically dropped the minnow in on the side where the perch had been biting, and soon had a pickerel in tow! And when I put my bait in where only pickerel had been biting I promptly hooked and landed a perch!"

"That'll be enough," said I. "Well, go home." "And we pulled up and went home."

EXPEND MUCH ENERGY.

In Their Efforts to Avoid Work, Tramps Work Harder Than They Would Have to if They Worked.

"Did you ever notice how hard some men will work to keep from working?" said a man who keeps taking the lines of a curious kind, called the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "If you have not, you have missed something that will entertain you for a while. You have both longed to do. Take the man who shirks his work, and as a rule you will find that the act of doing what he should do will easily figure out the amount of work which he is forced to do. The man who shirks never has as much work as he thinks he has. He has been reduced to his good fortune to be able to his disordered mind. Instead of doing the amount of work which the shirker must perform, it increases the work. Besides, the man who shirks of that mental satisfaction which comes of duty well and faithfully done. You take the common beggar and the tramp as example. Mind you, I am speaking of the great beggar and the real tramp, the 'professionals' as they are called, who develop into mendicants. I have often wondered if these fellows ever took the time to figure out how much less energy they could expend on the little things and little comforts they get if they would but go about it in a different way. Of course, many of the beggars and tramps roaming over the country belong to the hardened criminal class, and they are simply out to live in what ever way they can do it. But I was thinking more particularly of the man who is longing to the honest class, and not of crooks. Shirkling doesn't pay. It is a bad business, and to use an old saying, 'gets more than it comes to.' Yes, indeed. This thing of working just to keep from working is about the hardest work a man can do. I have known not a few instances of men who would burn up two dollars' worth of muscle energy and time in an effort to get five cents for nothing, as they were pleased to think, and it never once occurred to them that instead of gaining five cents they had actually lost \$1.95."

Profoundly the Pouch.

Dr. Andrew Murray at one time a wealthy veterinary surgeon of Stamford, Conn., died in the parlor of a house recently. About two years ago a cancer developed on his tongue and Dr. Murray spent a good deal of money in trying to get it cured. Failing to get relief one morning he cut out the growth himself with a pen-knife. Much to the surprise of physicians and surgeons, the wound healed and Murray's condition appeared to improve. He became disappointed over the loss of fortune and practice and went to the parlorhouse, paying \$2 a week board, though at the time of his death he still had some thousands of dollars left.

No Ship Building.

During the past two years not a single order has been given to any shipbuilding company or firm of the United States for the construction of a vessel intended for the foreign trade, says the Marine Review.

WOOL IN FAR WEST.

The Sheep-Shearing Season Presents Picturesque Phases.

Red Letter Year for Growers in Arizona—Where the Crop Goes—How the Work is Put Through.

Just now it is the Salt river valley's busy time, for Salt river valley is steadily gaining a reputation as a wool center, and now is the time "when the sheep come down." They come down in the Salt river region rather earlier than they do elsewhere, so its season opens earlier and the buyers flock there from all over the country to get the first of the wool crop. The greater part of Salt river's supply, however, is snapped up by Kansas City and Chicago, though more and more of it is finding its way to the Atlantic coast each year, says the Brooklyn Eagle of recent date.

This has been in every way a red letter year for the wool growers. Their crop is beating all records both in quality and quantity. The climatic conditions have been peculiarly favorable during the past winter. To be sure, the storms have been numerous and some of them severe, but what little damage they have done is more than balanced by the splendid condition in which they have left the ranges. The sheep themselves are in better condition than they have been for years. Their yield of wool has increased about 25 per cent and it is of a superior quality, so that it is selling at an advance of about 33-1/3 per cent over last year's price, wool now bringing from 15 to 15-3/4 cents a pound, against 10 to 11-1/2 cents last season. And the sheep as mutton brings better prices than ever before, so that in all the wool industry is looking up.

The period when the sheep come down is a busy time in a sheep country. They and picturesque Spring has spread a carpet of green and gold all down the mountain sides for it is the time when the poppies and other yellow desert flowers are abloom. And over this, marshaled by the Range, Ranch or Mexican herdman, the sheep are driven down to the white flocks from their ranges on the sides of the rugged Arizona mountains into the valley of discontent. The discontent, by the way, gives voice to their grievances all the way down, a perpetual plaintive lamentation punctuated by the sharp barking of the shepherd's dogs and the "hee-haws" of the knowing little pack burros.

Each shepherd can clip about 100 sheep a day. The corral is divided into compartments, some for sheep whose troubles are yet before them, and others for those that have passed through the ordeal and entered the final very thin and sorry in their degraded state. And as it is done in Arizona, shearing surely is an ordeal. The men work rapidly, but with a certain care that would astonish a creature of western fancy. Each man grabs his own sheep by the fore and hind legs, and a pair of the long, pink and feelings of the wool sheep, and so on. The shearing is done in a very short time, and the shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter. The shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter. The shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter.

Some of the shepherds have been known to shear as many as 100 sheep in a day. The shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter. The shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter. The shearer's hands are as fast as a typewriter.

Uncertainty of Tidal Power.

Tidal power has not yet been fully developed on account of its inconvenience and cost. It is directly available only two short periods daily, and the ordinary working hours are so small that it is necessary to provide storage ponds of considerable capacity. An engineering estimate, however, that a few plants of this power, produced in the most conspicuous places, is the Bay of Fundy, where the tide runs normally 10 feet high, and 11 a natural reservoir of 20 square miles through a channel less than three miles wide. The damming of this channel should yield more than 200,000,000 horse power daily. The utilization of this power may be accomplished at some future date, but the engineering feat will be vastly greater than anything yet attempted.

Bucks Will Wells.

The 214 wells completed in the Bakin (District of) 1902 show an average depth of 1,302 feet and an average initial production of 292 barrels per well per day against an average depth of 1,000 feet and an average production of 100 barrels per day of the Bakin wells completed in 1901, indicating a 20 per cent increase in the depth of drilling and a not inconsiderable falling off in the average productive life of the wells. This is worth at the well two-thirds of a cent a gallon.