

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Vaningerbilt—"I say, old man, give me a good disguise for the fancy ball. Making horse 'Chalk your nose and go sober."—The Schoolmaster.
"Yo," said Mr. D. Spessia to the restaurant keeper, "I didn't say the rare roast beef was good; I said good roast beef here is rare."—Indiana News.

DISEASES IN PLANTS.

Some That Contain Germs Which Cause Human Ills.

Consumption, Diphtheria and Kindred Diseases Communicated by Certain Noxious Vegetable Growth.
Science has now decided that many of the most dreaded disease germs are really plants.
As plants they agree fairly well with various members of the fungi, with which they are commonly associated in classification, says the Journal of the New York Botanical Garden.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The number of ants in five nests has recently been counted. They varied from 93,694 down to 12,933.
The largest nest in the world is built by the mound bee, a sort of Australian bee. It makes mounds sometimes 130 feet in circumference, in which it buries its eggs five feet deep.
The fishes of America north of the Isthmus of Panama, as listed by Jordan and Evermann, embrace three classes, 30 orders, 225 families, 1,118 genera, 335 subgenera, 3,262 species and 133 subspecies.

HOT WEATHER PHILOSOPHY.

Sensible Resolution of a Southern Man Regarding the Time-consuming Heat Subject.
" In the summer I make it a rule, never, never, to talk about hot weather, and to think about it as little as possible," said the man in the linen suit, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and I find I am able to keep comparatively cool, and I certainly get more enjoyment out of the long months of summer than do my neighbors. I never greet my friend with the query: 'Is it warm enough for you?' and when they put that question to me I treat it as a joke, change the subject and think of something else. I never look at a thermometer on the street or anywhere else, and I never permit one in my office.

WOMAN SILENT TEN YEARS.

Denied the Belief Lucretia Hillman Made a Vow of Silence That Has Not Been Broken.
"Lucretia Hillman, 'the silent woman,' as she is known in the country about Jacobstown, N. J., where she lives, has not spoken to a human being for ten years. If she is faithful to her vow she will remain silent until death, says the Chicago Record.
Miss Hillman has taken care of herself for a quarter of a century with great success. She is now about 50 years old and has a mind of her own. She has always held to the idea that women who pay taxes should have the privilege of voting at the general elections. In 1886 she refused to pay her taxes and it was not until she was threatened with jail that she handed over the money.

A NEW DISEASE.

"Strassenschau" Is the German Name Applied to Extreme Timidity.
Many persons in cities are affected with what the Germans call "strassenschau"—this is, they are timid in the streets, "shy at the trolley," fearful of wagons and vehicles and scared to death generally while they are out on crowded thoroughfares, says a London paper.
It is not uncommon to see some cautious and timid old lady stand for 15 minutes on a corner, fearing to cross the street as long as a street car or a carriage is in sight.
It is in reality a species of nervousness and persons so afflicted will often start several times from a street corner, and if a wagon appears in sight half a block away they will run, panic-stricken, back to the curb and start over again. The affection has no apparent relation to any physical infirmity, and is found as often in young persons as in old, and among men as well as women.

A SLIGHT DEFICIT.

One Member Short of the Dozen and Thought He Couldn't Get the Pictures.
A weather-stained, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town. Beneath its body a lean hound came to a standstill. Strapped on behind was an armful of fodder, and from the whiffletree swung a clanking wooden bucket, says Harper's Drawer.
A man clad in jean trousers, homespun shirt, and guttieless of coat or vest, emerged from the vehicle's anterior extremity. His length of limb, of face, of articulation, stamped him as one of nature's own. Settling his soft slouch hat on the back of his head, he adjusted his lone gaiter and gave the lines to the wife and baby within. Behind these, from the dome of canvas beyond, peered, big-eyed and solemn, numerous editions of the lord and master, merging one into the other with almost imperceptible gradations of size.

DICTATES OF FASHION.

Pretty Accessories to the Up-to-Date Summer Costume—Dainty Trills, Etc.
"Broad-shaped collars are worn with many thin gowns, says the Chicago Daily News.
Good advice to the woman who wants variety at little outlay is to lay in a stock of laces, lace and embroidery collars in white, black, coffee and ecru.
Red parasols sing such a gay note along the highways and byways of the summer resorts that they are chosen by many because of their decorative possibilities.
Bell buckles are pointed downward to give the fashionable long waist effect. Some belts of stitched satin have small buckles in the back also, by way of variety.
An excellent way to bring skirts up to date is to flounce them with shaped flounces up to the knee. Cloth may be flounced with glass silk or vice versa. For evening wear black pin-spot net, chiffon or net may be used.
There is a fad for some very elegant white suede shoes, but it is a dangerous thing to play with footwear; dark brown and black are at ways safe. There is a tendency also for the high-heeled shoe with a big tongue, a compromise between the Cromwellian and the Louis XV. shapes.
There are seen any quantity of black suede gloves, though black glove kid gloves are distinctly out of favor. White kid are immensely smart for many occasions, especially in the country, as well as thick white suede. White suede are also used for evening, as well as every shade of gray and other pale tints.
Less gold is seen on millinery and dresses, but evening dresses glitter with sequin and paillette embroidery and the new colored—Roman—pearls. Pearl necklaces are used to finish off lace ends, ribbons, etc. Ribbons play a part in ball dresses, the loveliest of gauze ribbon, shot with gold and embroidered with colored silks.
Tussock silk, which is wide and costs only \$1.25 a yard, is a silk which promises to be serviceable, and it is stylish and attractive in appearance. It has something the appearance of pongee, but it is rather darker in color and of a different weave. Trimmed with plain linen laces or linen laces combined with colors it is very stylish and will make useful and economical frocks.

WOMEN OF POISE.

They Indulge in Few Exclamations and Are Never Given to Gushing.
The dictionary defines poise as "the state or quality of being balanced; equilibrium; equipoise; hence, figuratively, equanimity; rest." Poise instills grace and symmetry into the workings of the mind, just as physical exercise does into the movements of the body. It is rarely a natural endowment, but may be cultivated to the point where it becomes second nature. Poise always carries with it a suggestion of reserved force, and the woman who wishes to acquire it must learn to husband her energy as well as her time; she must not fritter away words, moments or emotions, writes Mrs. Brewster Roberts, in Woman's Home Companion.
The woman of poise indulges in a few exclamations of approval, and does not waste enthusiasm over trifles. She is gracious, but never gushing, and she has acquired the habit of listening attentively, not awaiting with ill-concealed eagerness a pause in the conversation to enable her to rush in and take the floor. The woman of poise never lingers after her good-by is spoken; never, in fact, under any circumstances, talks long while standing. She does not experience the difficulty too many people have of taking leave gracefully. She says good-by, gives you a bright smile, and is off to the pleasure or duty that awaits her. You do not find out all there is to know about the woman the first time you meet her; you become acquainted with her by degrees, and grow gradually into her friendship.

Why Some Children Are Timid.

How many children have been terrified by stories of the "Bogy Man," of "the wolf that will come and eat them," of "the policeman who will put them in the lockup," till their fear of the dark amounts to a positive agony. Bedtime should be an hour inseparably associated with the prayer at the mother's knee, followed by a quiet talk, after which the little one settles down to a restful sleep. But instead how often does it happen that the child is tucked in bed with the admonition: "Now go right to sleep, like a good boy, for if you don't there's a big dog over there in the corner that'll come and bite you!" Go to sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps the child awake. How can he be expected to grow up anything but timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M. D., in Woman's Home Companion.

Snow Padding.

Make lemon jelly with one-fourth box or one slightly rounded tablespoonful granulated gelatine soaked in one-fourth cupful cold water, dissolved in one cupful boiling water, one cupful sugar and one-fourth cupful lemon juice; strain and cool; beat whites of three eggs very stiff; and when the gelatine begins to thicken combine the two, and beat with a perforated wooden spoon in a large bowl to give wide sweep to each stroke, till very light; pour into a wet mould or into a pretty glass dish. Serve with boiled custard, poured around if moulded, or from a pitcher if not moulded.—People's Home Journal.

PORCUPINE PARADISE.

Where the Prickly Animals Are Protected in Wisconsin.

Queer Wisconsin Provision Which Husband a Recognized Nuisance and Destroyer of Property.
"Suppose you took your gun and your dog and went into Wisconsin on a hunting and fishing trip. Suppose you saw more porcupines, of the common hedgehog variety, than you did game. Suppose one of them sneaked up behind your camp, and made off with the string of black bass that was all you had for dinner. Suppose your \$150 dog made a dash at the thief, and came back with his nose so full of quills that you had to sit down and pull them out by main force, while he howled loud enough to be heard in the next county, writes John Dickinson Sherman, in Youth's Companion.
Then you would probably pick up a club and start for that porcupine, determined to send him where there are no black bass to steal, and no hunting dogs to main. And suddenly your guide seizes you and prevents you by main force. In answer to your argument that a porcupine is of no use on earth, he tells you that it is against the state law of Wisconsin to kill one. Wouldn't you think that law was a queer law?
And suppose you saw acres of dead basswood and birch and maple trees that the porcupines had killed. Wouldn't you be inclined to think that the people of Wisconsin were crazy to keep such a law on the statute books and enforce it? And wouldn't you think Wisconsin should be called, instead of the "Badger State," the "Hedgehog State," or the "porcupine paradise"?
This queer Wisconsin law, the like of which exists nowhere else in the United States, is apparently designed to establish the right of the porcupine to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness within the state boundaries. It has been on the statute books ever since there have been any such volumes, and there has never been an effort made to repeal it. Of course it is often violated, but nine out of ten county justices of the peace will inflict the full penalty under ordinary circumstances. This is severe; the law provides a heavy fine or imprisonment for the killing or snaring of a porcupine.
At first glance, one of the queer things about this law is the fact that no effort has ever been made to have it repealed. One would suppose that the lumbermen would have had it scratched off the books long ago. Lumbering is one of the principal industries of the state, and the lumbermen naturally have considerable influence in the legislature. Now, the lumberman does not love the porcupine; on the contrary, he holds him in undying hatred. The animal ruins thousands of dollars' worth of timber every year, and the aggregate of the damage it has inflicted is almost beyond computation.
Of course, the porcupine does not go about killing trees for fun; but nature has given him an insatiable appetite for the inner bark and tender buds of the basswood, the birch, the maple and other forest trees. He picks out a good-looking tree, begins at the top and ends at the bottom. When he gets through with that particular tree, there is nothing left but the bare trunk and the stripped limbs. Then he picks out another maple or birch, and repeats the performance. Meanwhile, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, to say nothing of the male relatives, are doing the same thing all round him. So it is easy to see why the lumberman does not love the porcupine.
Why, then, does the law of Wisconsin protect the animal? This is the reason: The porcupine is a life-saver. Nature seems to have designed him as a food supply for lost and unarmed and starving men. Wisconsin forests are vast, and human habitations in certain parts of the state are few and far between. But no man need starve to death while the porcupine flourishes.
For the animal is everywhere, waiting to be killed and eaten. He cannot escape if he would, and he does not try. He curls up into a ball and fancies himself secure, but a blow from a club will kill him easily. In short, the porcupine is the only eatable animal that an unarmed man can catch and kill. Every year many a lost and hungry man in the pathless forests of Wisconsin has dined heartily on roast porcupine and come out alive and unharmed, whereas otherwise he would have chewed his belt and boots, gnawed bark and died.
The porcupine is a princely banquet to a starving man, even when roasted over an open fire without salt, and indeed, he is as delicious as a possum. His bones are small, his flesh tender and his flavor good. The bark and buds on which he lives give him a wild taste that is decidedly appetizing.
So the porcupine flourishes in the Wisconsin forests. Wild animals cannot harm him, the farmer's dog has learned by experience to let him alone, and man is forbidden by law to molest him. The animal breeds by the thousands and lives a long life of ease. He does thousands of dollars' worth of damage every year to the forests. But every year the porcupine makes return, giving up his life that some human being may live. It will be many a year before Wisconsin repeals its porcupine law.