She Will Follow the Law of Her Nature Because She Cannot Help It.

Women will follow the law of their natures, not because masculine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were; they can no more help it than they can stop their hearts from beating; they have no more choice in the matter than they have in regard to having hands and feet, nor as much. Quite as amenable to the underlying laws of life are the older and sterner members of womankind who chatter on platforms about women's rights. When this kind fall, they fall like Lucifer. I have even observed, though I realize that it will take several acons before man finds this out, that the prongest-minded women are usually the ones capable of the strongest affections, the most apparently unsexed often, in the deepest sense, the most romanly. The instinct for motherbood is the primal, indestructible fact of woman's life, and professional work, university life, even-even the ballots are not going to change it, any more than the present style in sleeves going to change it. As well be traid that water will run up hill. that the Hudson will turn and travel back to the Adirondacks, as that the heart of woman, be she short-haired by long haired, booted and spurred or ciad in chiffon, shall be made any way except as it is made, and has been for all time! The swallow to her best, the river to the sea and the heart of the woman to her child, exjatent or non-existent. You cannot keep the needle from pointing to the pole, and no amount of good advice will make it point there irrevocably.--Boribner's.

TALE OF YACHTING CRUISE

How a Hostess Arranged a Breakdown and Got Rid of Her Bored Guests.

A few seasons back a well-known hostess chartered a splendid racht for August and invited a large number of her friends for a three-week cruise. At first all went well, though the party was not specially well assorted; but after a few days they began to evince signs of being somewhat bored with each other's company.

The hestess marked these signs of incipient horedom, which became more plainly evident each day, and at last in despair she took counsel with one of her guests, an old and experienced yachtsman.

"What on earth shall I do to amuse these people?" she asked. The yachtsman looked at the serene

sky and calm, blue water, and shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm would enliven them up a bit," he said, "but the weather looks guite settled. There is only one thing to be done. You must arrange a breakflown, the engineer will manage that all right for you. He has probably aften done so before. Then you must make for the nearest port for repairs, and let your guests have a run ashore. Some of them, I expect, will find an excuse for bidding you good-by and those who remain with you will get along all right together."

The hostess took her guest's advice, and arrived at Toulon a day later. where nigh twinty of her guests bid her good-by. A. P.

Pride of Opinion.

Pride of opinion is perhaps the most sommon fault of us fairly educated and intelligent moderns. We form our judgments and then, as it were, defy anyone to change them. It is eath that no one has ever been converted

At the time of the great disaster in Martinique, the Stalian bark Orsolina gree taking on a carge of sugar there. Mor captain was acceptomed to volcanoes and he did not like the appearance of Mont Poles. Not half his cargo was on board, but he decided to

sail for heme.
"The volcano is all right," argues the shippers. "Finish your loading." "I don't know anything about Mont Pelee," said the captain, "but if Ve-suvius looked that way I'd get out of Naples, and I'm going to get right out of here."

The shippers threatened him with arrest. They could conteme officers to fletain him, but the captain persisted in leaving. Twenty-tour hours later, the shippers and the customs officers for dead in the ruine of St. Pierre.—
State Upson Clark, in the Christian Berald.

Cupid's Retroct.

The old man was down in the furniture store. "By the way," he said, fust before leaving, "my daughter has just started to have a young man salling, and I suppose I should buy them a pretty safa to make love on." Yes, sir," responded the dealer, Pand here is the very kind you need. It is called 'Ourid's Retreat.' "

"H'm! What are the good points?" "Why, in just one year the cover wears off, displaying a card—'It is time to get married." -- Mack's National Monthly.

The Telitale Body.

A main fact in the history of manmore is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of place or of air and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it' sould not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The pubole economy of nature is bent on' expression. The telltale body is all tongues - Emerson.

DEFECT IN "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Children of Large Families Were Underfed, Overworked, Beaten and III Treated.

We are told by many that the modern woman is becoming forgetful that her chief and highest duty is to rear children in the fear of the Lord, or that if she recognizes this duty she is rebellious against it. And we are pointed admiringly and regretfully to the good old days when mothers saw their duty to church and state, and meekly performed it in the shape of families of eight, twelve and fifteen.

There are only two defects in this beautiful dream of the days of old. The first is that neither the fathers nor the mothers of these huge families had any particular intention, or, indeed, any idea, of sacrificing themselves for the race, or doing their duty by the community; they were simply following their instincts and taking the consequences more or less patiently-and stupidly. The second is that with the exception of the small classes of independent means, these large families, if valued at all, were valued chiefly as a source of income to their parents from the earnings of work of the children during their time of dependence. We do well to denounce the modern sweatshop, or the factory or mine crowded with child workers, but let us remember that large percentage of the children of these huge families, among the working and farming classes a hundred years ago were more underfed, over worked, beaten and ill treated, stime ed physically and deformed mentall than of the children of any civilised community today, even in factor towns Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

### CHARGE IT TO ADVERTISING

Veteran Actor's Good Story of the Theatrical Manager and the Evangelist.

"I lunched in London with Charles" Klein, the dramatist and author of 'The Third Degree' and 'The Lion and the Monse," said a veteran actor in New York. "Klein was the hero of the London papers just then. He had gotten into a taxicab one morning and said calmly to the chauffeur. Edinburgh.' It was a trip of a thousand miles—the taxicab record. Naturally, afterward," the actor continued, "our conversation turned to advertising. Klein told me an interesting case. While he was conversing with a thestrical manager in London one day an evangelist was shown in. 'My dear gtr,' said the evangelist to the theatrical manager, I am taking notes and rathering material for a lecture on the evils of the stage. I hear that 'The Blonde Widow," your present attracflon, is decidedly—s-hem—sensational. May I ask for a ticket of admission that I may gauge its immorality personally? The theatrical manager beamed with delight. 'Why, certainly,' sir, certainly,' he cried, and turning to his secretary, he said: 'Rutherford, give this gentleman an order for a proscenium box, and charge it to advertising."

Called for Glory Divine. Among the customers in the drugstore conducted by George Eppler. Twentieth and Berks streets, one day last week, was a little girl, who is known to her playmates in that vicinity as "Peggy." As she stood waiting for her turn, it could be noticed that she was repeating something under her breath, in her effort to remember what her mother had sent her to buy.

"Mother wants five cents' worth of glory divine."

"Of what?" said the young clerk who was standing there so if symbod by a hard blow of a baseball bat. "Glory divine, glory divide," came: the reply in a loader voice than when she had made the original request.

"You had better go home and have your mother write it down on paper. little girl," said the clerk, feeling that the girl was too sure to argue with

Soon she returned, and handing the note to the clerk, he reed: "Five cents' worth of chloride of lime."-Philadelphia Times.

Ower Fame to Childish Friends.

Everybody knows that Lowis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," was an Oxford des.—Rev. C. H. Dodgson-and that he looked more like the high-and-dry old mathematician he was than an entertainer of children. Yet he had certain child friends, and to these on their country walks he told the "Alice" adventures which he afterwards made into a book. But had it not been for the importunities of the children this great masterpiece would have died. The learned don thought nothing of it. Nevertheless, it will keep his name alive as long as the English language is spoken.

Marketing in Crimson Guich. "What makes the butcher put both hands in the air! Is he airaid yes are going to shopt?"

"No," answered Brancho Beb. "He has gotten over being afraid. He knows I ain't going to shoot as long as he keeps his hands out of reach of the scales while the meat's bein weighed."-Washington Star.

Why Locked Up. "Ever been locked up?" demanded

"I have been," admitted the witness.
"Aha! And what had you been doing to get rourself locked up?"
"I had been doing jury duty."—Pitteburg Post.

FIRES THAT ARE SLEEPING

Range of Eight Great Volcanoes Near Lake Albert Edward in Central Africa.

It is not very generally known that right in the heart of Africa at the southern end of Lake Albert Edward is a great range of volcanoes. They are eight in number, and, though it is true that, unlike Rukenzor, they carry no permanent snow, the highest peak is over fourteen thousand feet in height. These volcanoes are particularly interesting on account of their comparative neweness. Running through the middle of Africa there is a trench many hundred miles long, in which lie the great lakes Albert Edward, Kivn and Tanganyika.

Not very many thousands of years ago, the volcanoes, generally called Mfumbiro, burst through the middle of this trench and made a dam across it with the result that some of the water, which formerly flowed into Lake Albert Edward and so into the Nile, was cut off and a lake was formed behind the dam. As times went on the waters of the lake which is now called Kivu rose higher and higher, until, not being able to flow over the barrier of the volcanoes, they formed the Rusisi river, which runs the other way into Tanganyika, about 100 miles distant. Of the eight volcances only two show signs of sotivity at the present time, in the form of thin wisps of steam which may occasionally be seen; but a vast plain of lava, with a wide black stream curling through its midst, showed where a formidable eruption had taken place only two or three years before our visit. There are hot springs scattered here and there, and we felt slight shocks of earthquakes once or twice, so it is not safe to say that the Miumbiro volcanoes are extinct. Wide World Magazine.

# FRENCH OFFICER'S REVENCE

How He Got Even With a Venetian Nobleman for a Cool and Mortifying Reception.

A French officer who had spirit and good birth, but little wealth, had served the Venetian republic for some years with great valor and fidelity, but had not been acknowledged with promotion as he had merited. One day he waited on a nobleman whom he had often asked for advancement in vain, but in whose friendship be had some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the nobleman turned his back upon the old soldier and left him to find his way to the street through a suite of beautifully furnished rooms. He passed them, lost in thought, until he saw a valuable collection of cut glass on a damask-covered sideboard ready for a banquet. Turning to his comipanion, a faithful English mastiff, he said, absent-mindedly:

"Here, my poor old friend, you see how these haughty tyrants indulate themselves, and yet how are we treated!"

The dog looked at his master's face, and gave tokens that he understood him. The reteran walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and, laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, with one hearty pull brought all the glass on the sideboard in shivers to the floor.

Sand and Germs.

Pretty ideas don't always appeal to the experts in hygiens. Kissing, for example, is dangerous, and even that sand provided for children in the parks is not so innocent as it looks. The sand-hopper, with which children are so familiar on the real seashore, is replaced, according to the gloomy experts, by another kind of hopper. The sand, in a word, when the children have played architects with it for a time adds crittiness to grittiness. This is not necessarily a reflection on the children or the children's parents, for sand, like loose hay and straw, seems to produce crits out of nowhere. But, after all, sand can be renewed at small cost, and if the economists shout too loud let them be invited to take the old sand. It will be as good and critices after that as when it was new.—London Chronicle.

Like insect Flying. So far nearly all seroplanes fly almost like insects. The fly makes 200 beats of its tiny wings a second. The propeller perhaps one-third as many revolutions, but the albatross and the frigate bird and the bussard make at most only three or four beats a second. But albatross and frigate can sustain themselves two or three days without lunching between dates. Let's hear of prises for longer and loager flights on the least gaseline. When the thing gets down to brass tacks it may show that the aeroplane only needs to put on strong power in going up to its acrie. After that it may soar away and use its gasoline only to meet certain unusual conditions in the upper or lower air.

Keeping Bright Said an intelligent woman not long ago, "My grandmother was one of the sprightliest, youngest, most up-to-date women I ever saw. Her household affairs and family plans seemed to move on as if offed. She was always ready with a quip and quirk to brighten life for the rest of us. There was an an-'cient family joke about 'grandmother's journeys; she would once in a while announce, Well, I'm going off on a trip. I need it,' and away she would go, work or convenience to the congrary notwithstanding. She didn't spend so thry much or go far, but she would come home bright and chose. NEW USE FOUND FOR SNAKES

Farmer in Ohio Discovers Them Clearing the Potato Bugs From His Patch.

Farmers in various sections of the country have for a number of years declared snakes that are non-poisonous are very valuable to the farmers. They say the reptiles are very good at catching field mice, rats and even the frisky ground squirrels that are so very destructive to fields of newly planted grain.

But the latest use for the ugly reptiles has just been discovered in Harrison county, Ohio, a few miles east of the historic town of Cadiz, where Charles Albright, who is farming the lands of Samuel K. McLaughlin, found

a garter snake eating potato bugs. Afbright was out in the field destroying the bugs, which are quite plentiful, and coming upon a snake coiled up in a potato plant, he secured a club and killed it. In a few moments he discovered the top of another potato plant swaying back and forth, and looking closely, discovered another snake of the same variety coiled up in the branches of the thrifty plant.

He was interested to know why these reptiles should be occupying such a strange position, and after watching for a short time he saw the snake pick off and devour dozens of the troublesome potato bugs. He did not kill the reptile, and he says he will not allow any of these snakes to be harmed on the land he has charge of. for he thinks they have become very

# PHOTOGRAPHING ON APPLES

How Pictures or Words Are Printed by Nature on the Growing Fruit

Occasionally much interest is aroused by the appearance in a fruit store of a few apples on which appear perfect photographs, not pasted on but apparently in the skin of the fruit itself.

Though interesting, the method of making picture apples is simple and not at all difficult if the fruit is of a red variety. Just before the apple begins to turn a photographic film is fastened about it in such a manner that it will not move and blur the picture. The foliage is then removed so that the apple is exposed to the direct rays of the sun and nature does the printing. The prints are clear, sharp and perfect in every way, except that depth of tone is lacking. If it is desired to brand a name or words on the fruit black paper should be used instead of the film, the desired letters being cut out.

Probably some clever advertiser will take advantage of this method some day, and we may be handed an apple on which is attractively etched something like 'If I Give You Pains Take Pepper Pepsin Pills."

Every one likes to see a smiling face, and to smile becomingly one must cultivate a cheerful and sympathetic condition of mind. The face wreathed in smiles is like perpetual sunshine in a house. It is irresistible, and conquers all hearts.

A Smile Counts.

A smiling mouth loses half its charm if the eyes do not correspond; for the eyes are the windows of the soul and the smile that lies only about the lips soon dies away, leaving an indifferent spirit to survey and chill the world.

Cultivate the art of smiling, not with your lips, but with your eyes. Every one can have laughing eyes. They are not a matter of inheritance, nor can they be acquired with the aid of the masseuse and the professional

beauty specialist. Love is the great transformer. The sternest features may be softened, the hardest natures be humanised, by

Particular About Choose. Gritts, the grocer, pulled his apron straight and put on his No. 1 smile as the lady with the I'm-placing-a-thumping-order air entered the shop. She wanted some cheese.

"Yes, madam." smirked Gritts. "I have some delightful Derbys, madam. a quantity of choice Cheddars, madam, and a parcel of prime Parmesane." Madam would like to taste some if

she could. Certainly, madam could, if she would. Gritts flourished his gauge over this cheese and that. Madam nibbled at 11 different samples. No; none of them was quite "it." "Of course, madam," said Gritts at

length, "If you require Stilton-" and he handed her a generous taster. "Ah," nodded the lady, as she imacked her lips, "that will do nicely ( Now, if you'll give me a matchbox I'M, be getting home. I only want to bail a mousetrap!"

Equal to the Crisis. The wives of Napoleon III.'s marshals played a great part during and after the second empire. When Marshal Basaine was planning his escape from the Isle Sainte Marguerite his wife assisted him in the plan and came in the boat to meet him.

When General de Cavignac died in exile and disgrace on the Riviera his wife was determined that he should at least be buried in the family vault as Pere La Chaise. In order to accomplish her object, with the aid of a faithful servant she had the corpse arrayed to a huge traveling clock and lifted into a railway carriage. With such a companion beside her, this years made the journey alone, in de-fance of the lay. These women making to have been equal to any tolers in which they sound themselves.

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BOSTON MAN WAS MUSICAL

Must Have Been, for He Found Noth-Ing Good in Opera Performance In Paris.

"Americans have to have a lot of nerve when they're abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first foreign trip. "I fell in with an American at the Grand hotel in Paris who was on his way to the opera, and as I was of the same mind, we started together.

"Although it was a fearfully hot night we found the opera house packed-the French, you know, are great on opera." "Who were the singers?" asked a

listener. "Oh, I don't know-it was a third-

rate performance. Well, we tried hard to get seats

and couldn't-not a thing to be had. "'Wait,' said my American friend; 'I'll be back in a few minutes-I think I can get some tickets,' and he returned very soon, waving two tickets. aloft which, as it turned out, were complimentary. To obtain complimentary tickets on a night like that was a master stroke. The French would have called it-"

"Coup d'etat!" suggested some ont "Tour de force!" said another, but no one was quite certain, so he continued:

"He had represented himself to be a director of the Metropolitan Opera company." "Did he live in New York?" inquired:

another listener. "No-Boston-but he was very musical—at least, I think he must have been, for while I sat enjoying the performance immensely he was exclaiming from time to time. 'Rotten! Hear that tenor! That soprano's awful." Boston Herald.

# SOLUTION OF LABOR PROBLEM

Plan Suggested -Requires Establishment of National Unit of Value for Work.

It should be beyond the power of either party (that is, labor and capla tal) to fixe the wages for any specified class of work. As before suggested, it is a matter to be determined impersonally and automatically, and this only can be done by the establishment of a national unit of value for labor, upon which all wages shall be come puted with the same universality of application as now inheres in the catablished tables of weights and measures. Necessarily, such a unit of value for labor must be not only fixed entity in relation to rates of wages, but must at the same time be susceptible of accommodation to economic changes, so that the money value of wages shall keep pace with fluctuations in the cost of living. If follows, therefore, that the unit upod which the federally established table with respect to some commodity that is so universally used and of so farreaching an influence that its market price indexes and measures the cost of living in all walks of life.-North American Review.

Hew to Avoid Cholers. A cheerful disposition is held by some doctors to be the best protections against cholera. When this disease first visited Paris, in 1832, a notice was issued advising the inhabitants "to avoid, as far as possible, all occasion of melancholy and all painful emotions, and to seek plenty of distractions and amusements. Those with a bright and happy temperament are not likely to be stricken down." This advice was largely followed, and even, when cholers was claiming over a thousand weekly victims, the theaters and cafes were thronged. The epic demic was in some quarters treated as a huge joke, and plays and congr were written round it. Rochefort, the father of the brilliant journalist of today, wrote a play, "Le Cholera Morbus," which proved a big success, and another production on the same lines; "Paris-malade," also had a long run.--London Chronicle.

First to Find Gold in America. North America has counted as 6 gold-producing continent only since the late '40's. But it might well have done so for nearly 200 years. Accorde ing to the London Chronicie, to the veyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer Capt. Shelvocke, found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust. Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiseuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and what the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away, some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

Earliest Spectacles. The ancient Outld of Speciacle Mar kers, which is incensed at a recent London County Council leaflet, in numerically one of the strongest of the city companies. Its charter dates from the year 1629 and, though the exact date of its origin is lost, there is ample evidence that the calling of spectacle maker was extensively tollowed at a very early date. Ah old book of 1868 mentions the spectacle makers among other trades, and the biography of Carlo Zeno, an Illustricties Venetian, who died in 1418, mentions that even at the age of eighty-four he needed no artificial side to his right. The presumably spectacles were common to the presumably spectacles.

#### NATURE'S WEATHER PROPHETS

Signs of Flowers and Animals That Were Followed Closely by Our Grandparents.

Men have made some very wonders ful instruments which foretell what the weather will be, but old Mother Nature has given us messengers which tell about the weather if we watch the signs which they show. The little daisies were watched by our grandparents, who believed that spring had not come until 12 daisies were blooming on a foot of ground, The chickweeds' starry flowers tell when heavy winds or rains are coming by closing their tiny blossoms. The dandelious have the same habit. Likely the golden flowers do not want to uncover their curly heads unless they can look up to the sun. If you watch dandelions you will see that they do not open on the mornings of the days when rain falls.

Marigolds are such particular little blossoms that they will not even show a ray of their splendor if a storm is approaching or thunder is heard in the distance. The morning glories may wake early to beauty the garden, but when they suddenly wrap their ellky scarfs about their faces you may be sure that rain is in the air. Some trees, such as the locust, close their leaves when a storm is coming. If you have a garden you might look to see what prophets are near to warn you of changes in the weather. Our grand mothers said that even peaceful old tabby knew when to expect either rain or snow. When the cat sat with her back to the fire our grandparents looked to have use for their overshoes and umbrellas.

# BILL NYE ON FOX HUNTING

He Considered It a Most Thrilling Pastime for Sons of the American Nobility.

"Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know," said Bill Nye, "and for young mets whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tailow, the mast, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the 'cover, the siellated fracture, the ye.p' of the pack, the yip, the yell of triamph, the confusion, the whoop, the holls, the haloos, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the or ncussion, the eward, the open, the earthstopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic, all, all are exhibating to the sons of the American nobility Fox-fronting combines the danger and the wild tumultuous joy of the skating rink, the toboggan slide, the mush-andmilk sociable and the straw ride. For the roung American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained at wealth through relieving manity by means of a lung-pad, a liver pad, a kidney pad or a foot-pad, for hunting is first rate."

Miracle of a Beth Sponge. Henry Savage Landor, at one time a captive of the Lamas in Tibet, tells

the following adventure: "The Lamas had got bold of my bath sponge, which was dry and pressed to great thinness by a heavy weight which had rested spon 12 Throwing it from them, it fell in a little pool of water. I addressed the sponge in English and with any words that came into my head, pretending

to utter incantations. "The attention of the Lamas and soldiers was quickly drawn to this unusual behavior on my part. They could not conceal their terror when, as I spoke louder and louder to the spenge, it gradually swelled to its norbasi size. The Tibetans, who at first could hardly believe their eyes, become panic-ejricken. There was a general stampede."

Had Sooms Matter of Habit. When Mishs decided to take until himself a sixth balpmeet, he repaired to the house of a Baptist minister a venerable man who had officiated at several of Biggs' previous wed dings, to make arrangements to be married there the next day. The minister reflected a moment. said be, "I shall, of course, be glad to marry you again. This will be the third or fourth time, will it not If you don't mind telling me, why is it that you never have a minister q your own race tie the knot for you Elishs seemed hurt for a mordest, but finally a broad smile illustred his features. "Well, sah," he explained I hab kinder got de habit ob setting white man to do my marryin', and I reckes I'll allus do it."

Don't imagine next time you see to weather promising storm that "beavy" stratum of air is foroing th gracke of your chimney to the group? instead the condition is the opposition and the atmosphere is too light to low the smoke te rise. To prove this fact in this vacation season fill Tou mouth full of tebacco smoke and dir in 80 feet of water, releasing the smoke. The smeke appears from the water almost instantly. You may say it comes up in air bubbles, but this loss no more than to liver the than you came there isn't budyand enough in the air stratum to raise it.

A Dreamen.
Highs—Bjohnson is a sanguine thin,

Wicks—Yes. He was saying the other day that the ewestern interest in her something new to her

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS The property of Louisians or dancillous look Blate Lids & ord (Br. sublights) often lieus in Homemore Charles Invantage Constitute Coloring Control of the Constitute Constitute