

MONEY MADE AT HOME.

How Girls Who Live in the Country May Apply Themselves With Pecuniary Profit.

I once heard a girl complaining that her country life precluded any possibility of making money, so I told her about another country girl who made a comfortable living and helped to a great extent in her younger sister's and brother's education.

Of course her little business did not bring her in a fortune by any means, but she was patient and in a very short time devised a way of increasing her income.

It does not follow, of course, that every country girl lives in vine-covered houses or has tastes or talents in the flower direction, but there are other fields, if not so remunerative as violet culture.

There are, really, girls, more ways and means than you would realize until you begin to think about it; I mean to think in an intelligent way by putting your minds in a positive attitude.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

New Materials for the Coming Season and Some of the Attractive Accessories.

Plisse velvet, soft and supple, is much favored for calling costumes. One such gown in a deep, rich shade of blue, studded with sequins, was embellished with front and back panels of white panne appliqued with black chantilly motifs.

As garniture for morning costumes loosely woven silk mohair Russian braid in white, black and pastel shades is employed by Parisian modistes. The braid is put on in the form of straps and finished with balls or fringe, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Many of the new spring wraps are made of beige cloth and the majority show a double cape and turned down collar either of the plain cloth or of colored velvet embroidered. The sleeves are bouffant, with plain cuffs running to a long point at the back and adorned with pearl and gold-trimmed buttons.

Toques of mousseline in white or black from Parisian milliners are ornamented with acorns in white silk and black chenille. Tiny black chemise currants and velvet foliage, in combination with two long ostrich feathers, adorned a picture hat in one of the winter exhibitions.

Peruvian chinchilla has come to the fore and is used for trimming dresses and coats and is being made up into large capes and into marquisse hats. Violets are generally seen on these toques of furs.

Black and white this year is invariably relieved by green, not assertive, but subsidiary, dark blue mingled with rich red, and navy blue and emerald green, light violet and sky blue are also in evidence for day and evening wear.

An effective combination of black and green was seen in a simple evening gown of black linen, trimmed with frills of black broderie Anglaise and charmingly and insertions of Nile green ribbon.

Grape Fruit Salad.

Take the pulp from three grape fruit, and one large orange, add two bananas cut in small dice, and half a cupful of Maraschino cherries. Pour over it a fruit salad sirup flavored with Maraschino, and garnish with white grapes cut in halves and seeded. Good housekeeping.

WORKERS IN PEWTER.

An Interesting Trade That Is Followed Mostly by Sons of the Fatherland.

Workers in pewter ply an interesting trade on the far east side. These men make a variety of articles—useful and ornamental, from several alloys of lead and tin. Their tools are few and simple—a strong lathe for working the metal in sheets, cutting implements of smaller size for trimming and shaping articles, molds for casting in a great variety of forms, and the familiar bucket furnace for melting the pewter.

One of the tiniest and most interesting of those shops has been conducted for nearly a quarter of a century by the widow of a German worker in pewter. She employs workmen to execute her contracts, and furnishes a few articles of pewter to the large shops, besides doing a retail trade. In this little shop are made hundreds of tops for beer mugs. These mugs are imported without lids. Some are steins, others of earthenware, still others of glass.

Another part of the business of this little shop is the making of warming pans, doubtless of the very pattern as that which figured in the celebrated case of Bardell versus Pickwick. These are stout oval vessels, holding from half a gallon to a gallon. They are cast true and highly smoothed and polished. They look like dishes for the table. The mouth of the warming pan has two stoppers, the inner so nicely fitted that it is nearly or quite air tight, although it is a disk of metal slipped in and out by hand; the outer one a screw.

The warming pan of metal is a luxury of the rich, as it costs \$5, and is too heavy to serve many of the purposes of the familiar rubber bag. It has the advantage, however, of never wearing out and never springing a leak.

The pewter workers' trade is a neat and interesting one, and fairly profitable, since it requires considerable skill and taste. The metal is easily worked on the lathe and with hand cutting tools, and the manufacturing process is subject to small loss, for clippings and filings are carefully preserved and remelted for future use. Like a good many of the skilled trades of the city, its very smallness saves it from falling into the hands of factory owners, and gives the few workmen a position of unusual independence. The trade, however, is largely dependent upon orders from the crockery and department stores, but these still employ a number of persons.

HAMLET MURDERED AGAIN.

Something Vile Turned Over in His Grave.

An actor, stranded in a small mining town, was waited upon by a committee of miners. They told him that they intended giving a play for the benefit of some charity, and had come to ask him to undertake the task of coaching the miners. The play was "Hamlet" and there were four aspirants to the role of Hamlet, relates the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"The play of 'Hamlet' was given last evening by our amateur dramatic company. It has long been a question as to whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of this play. It can now be definitely ascertained. Let the graves of both men be opened. He who shall be found to have turned in his grave is the one who wrote 'Hamlet.'"

No Oath, No Wife. Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. Should it be withheld she has only to go before the cad and turn her slipper upside down, and if the complaint be not then redressed it is a ground for divorce. London Chronicle.

Nothing Doing. Canvasser—I've a book here I'd like to show you. Busy Man—I've a bulldog in the next room I'd like to show you.—Boston Transcript.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Though the memory of Henry Ward Beecher is held in deep veneration by Brooklyn citizens generally, they are making strong objection against changing the name of Clinton street to Beecher avenue.

An enthusiastic sightseer in London was telling her friend that she had been fortunate enough to get a good view of Lord Kitchener. "Ah!" said the friend, "I suppose he is a very hellacious man?" "Oh, no!" was the reply; "quite slim, I assure you."

Six members of the Kansas legislature are expert cowboys. They are all in the house—C. M. Bessen, of Ford; W. H. Weidman, of Clark; W. W. Martin, of Morton; Fred Friar, of Wichita; R. J. Campbell, of Stanton, "Chalk" Beeson is dean of the outfit. He has always been a cowboy, though he owns a fine ranch in the southwestern part of the state and keeps it stocked with from 700 to 1,000 cattle. It was Beeson who in 1880 got together a real cowboy band, which later became famous all over the country.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, towers a giant among men. One of his hands was badly injured years ago while he was president of the senate in the state named. One day a fight started between two members and the sergeant-at-arms was unable to stop it. Warren moved down from his desk and threw both of the fighting legislators out of the hall. But before he had accomplished that one of the warriors in trying to hit his combatant with a heavy ruler struck Warren on the hand. Several bones were broken and the hand has been disabled ever since.

When John D. Long was secretary of the navy one of his subordinates was a dapper little man whose name closely resembles Skeeters. He was rather bibulously inclined at times, so one morning when the secretary found it necessary to dismiss someone on the occasion to deliver a temperance lecture, being a teetotaler himself. "Of course, Mr. Skeeters," he said, "you do not drink." "Oh, certainly, not, Mr. Secretary," was the reply, "only for medicinal purposes." "I generally take a little toddy at meal times," "And what does Mrs. Skeeters say?" said the secretary, reproachfully. "Generally she says: 'Skeeters, here's your toddy,' and that's all."

THE GAY MEXICAN CAPITAL.

A City of 350,000 Inhabitants, Most of Whom Are Horn Seekers After Pleasure.

The City of Mexico lies at an altitude of 7,350 feet, its climate being equable and salubrious. Socially, it is one of the gayest capitals in the world, and every year is becoming more popular as a winter resort, says the New York Post.

The city has about 350,000 inhabitants, most of whom are born pleasure seekers. Like all Spanish cities, the prominent amusement here is the bull fight, which always draws an immense audience of wealthy and fashionable, as well as numbers of curiously seekers. There are many theaters, for Mexicans appreciate the drama and good music.

Among the "sights" to which tourists are invariably directed are the castle of Chapultepec, at present used as the military academy (the West Point of Mexico), and the residence of President Diaz, the national library, the mint, the museum, the "Monte Piedad," the public markets, the scene of Alvarado's leap for life, the shrine of Guadalupe, the gardens of San Angel, and Tacubaya, the great cathedral, the theaters and the La Viga canal with its bordering Paseo lined with flowers of every description and hue, the drives always gay with stylish tourists containing the dark-eyed beauties of the capital.

The City of Mexico was founded by the Aztecs in the Thirteenth century. The Spanish invaders under Cortez, were astounded at its size and the colossal character of its edifices. The city is laid out as regularly as a checkerboard with its streets all at right angles. Its public buildings are imposing and of great architectural beauty. The residences of the better classes are spacious and handsome, and in most cases are built around an open courtyard filled with graceful palms, brilliant flowers and fashing fountains, making an ideal retreat. There are 120 churches, the largest and most imposing is the cathedral.

This massive structure, built on the site of the ancient Aztec temple, is 200 feet wide, and 426 feet long, with two towers nearly 200 feet high. Numerous hotels offer a variety of accommodations to the stranger, many of them managed by Americans, though all are conducted on the European plan. The rates range from 50 cents to five dollars per day, reckoned in Mexican silver coin.

One Phase of the Nile.

In the Shab luka pass we have one of the many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course, when on each side, a few miles away, there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert. For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well-nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks; but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.—William Gage Erving, in Century.

SEE KNEW HISTORY.

Had Read-Up on It and Wasn't Going to Have Her Work for Nothing.

At the Athletic club the other night this was George Ade's contribution to the stories that went around the table, says the Chicago Inter Ocean:

"Dear papa struck a gas well down on the Indiana farm," said he, "and Maybelle and mother came to Chicago to see life. The first night dear Maybelle went into society she made good with a young fellow who was home from college for the holidays. His father owned four or five banks and a few railroads, and he was the catch of the season. He had his name down on Maybelle's dance card so often that all the other girls began to talk about her. About the time they began to call for carriages Archibald said he wanted to call at her hotel the following night.

"I must ask mamma first," said she. Mamma said she was foolish—to grab him and hold him tight. Wise mamma had sized him up as a catch. Maybelle had a scheme, though, and told him he mustn't call for two days.

"Then Maybelle hunted up her dearest Indiana friend, and asked what he ought to do to make herself solid with Archibald. Maybelle was a little shy on polite conversation and she wanted pointers.

"He's a college man, and I must be careful what I talk about," she declared.

"History is always a good topic," said her friend. "Put in all your time from now until tomorrow night reading some history. English history is a cinch."

"Maybelle got an English history and never let loose of it for two days and most of both nights, and by the time Archibald was due she could tell the date of everything from the reign of Alfred the Great to the Boer war and back again.

"Well, Mr. Archibald called. Maybelle was a trifle disappointed when, instead of putting on a lot of dog, he seized her hand and shook it like any ordinary person, without assuming the expected abstracted air and running his fingers through his hair. In fact, he started right in giving Maybelle her own bunch of talk about what a pretty dress she had on, and how he liked her dancing, and regretted that she did not have him call the previous night as well, and a lot of the regular line that she would have enjoyed down home.

"But Maybelle had not read English history without an object, and she never budged even when the strangle hold got Archibald's conversation for a minute. But Archibald got his second wind pretty quick and continued shooting the hot air until suddenly he was all in.

"Then came Maybelle's chance. She had listened for twelve and a half minutes to Archibald's commonplaces, and now she was going to show him that she knew a thing or two. So in the middle of a painful silence she gazed conqueringly at Archibald and exclaimed:

"Wasn't that awful about Mary, queen of Scots?"

"Archibald started, stared, and stammered:

"Why? What about her?"

"My goodness! Didn't you know that the poor thing had her head cut off?" asked Maybelle, proudly.

"And then Archibald asked for ice water."

HE CRAVED ADMIRATION.

Father Went Skating, But There Wasn't Anybody Around to Show Off To.

The man who is honest with himself need never waste time laughing at other people; he can find enough to amuse him in his own motives of conduct, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Whenever I see a pond full of skaters, I remarked a pleasant gentleman, somewhat on in years, "I remember a lonely skate I once had. There was a fine creek near the little town where I then lived; and when the ice was good everybody went skating—men and women, boys and girls. Skating was the society diversion in our place at that time. I was a middle-aged man, but my daughters skated, so I always had company, and, incidentally, much enjoyed the many compliments which were lavished on my good skating. I had learned many cues on the ice that younger skaters had never heard of."

"One beautiful bright winter day I thought I would take half a day off from business and go skating. My daughters decided that they would not go as it was too cold; I took my skates and faced the northeast wind a mile out to the creek. The ice was elegant—a sheet of frozen silver—but there was not a soul in sight. I thought it would be fine to have that creek all to myself. I put my skates on and skated the length of our usual skating ground a number of times. But there was something lacking. I stayed about half an hour, and then went home."

"Was it too cold, father?" one of my daughters asked.

"No," I said, "I believe I was lonely."

"No, father," piped up my youngest daughter. "That wasn't it. I know you. There wasn't anybody there to look at you and tell you what a fine skater you are."

"I gave the impertinent young lady a quarter. She was right. I was lonely for admiration."

Where He Lost.

Young Architect—Miss Sweet, I must thank you for those specimens of a fine durable tile that you sent me. They—

Miss Sweet—Tiles? Why, those were judges that I made myself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BATING OF TURKEYS.

Illustrative Instances of the High Esteem in Which They Have Been Held by Epicures.

The first turkey eaten in France is said to have been served at the wedding banquet of Charles IX. The Mexican birds were taken to Europe and then brought again to America as a domestic bird. The journals of many of the explorers like Capt. John Smith record the excellent qualities of the wild turkey. They were plentiful from Canada south even to the sea coast. One traveler writes on the "great store of the wild kind of turkeys, which remain about the house as tame as ours in England."

The famous French author, Brillat-Savarin, who visited this country more than 100 years ago, left an account of his experience in hunting wild turkeys. On his return from this expedition some famous man was telling him stories of Washington. The Frenchman's attention wandered, but he by a marked effort recovered himself and said: "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how to dress my wild turkey."

Another story of Savarin was told by Talleyrand. Passing through Sens on the way to Lyons he sent for the cook, according to his custom, and asked what he could have for dinner. The report was discouraging, for although four turkeys were roasting in the kitchen they were all for one guest. "I should like to meet the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating," said Savarin, and he went to pay his respects to the stranger, who turned out to be his own son.

"What, you rogue, four turkeys, all for yourself?"

"Yes, sir; you know whenever I dine with you, you eat up the whole of les-sous-les-laissent," the tidbit known as the oyster. "I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not expect the honor of your company."

There is an old story of an epicure who said: "We have just been dining on a superb turkey, tender and delicate, we left nothing but the bones." Being asked how many were included in the "we," he replied: "Two: the turkey and myself."

An Englishman in Paris asked Franklin why his countrymen selected a stupid, unattractive eagle as their emblem when they had supplied them with such a noble bird as the turkey.

It is estimated that 6,000,000 turkeys are required to furnish the Thanksgiving dinner table each year, says the American Kitchen Magazine. That means over 50,000,000 pounds of meat, worth \$7,500,000. Of this sum the smallest state, Rhode Island, receives the largest share.

TEACHING WEATHER SIGNS.

Unique Occupation by Which an Old Retired Seaman Makes His Living.

This is an era of odd callings. If a man has an accurate knowledge of any particular subject of daily life, he need never be at a loss to make a living. The writer once made the acquaintance of an aged first mate on an Atlantic liner, and carefully noted in a diary his quaint sayings concerning the weather, and his phases of ocean life into matters of interest, says the New York Post. One day lately, while strolling about the city, he saw a sign which read:

SOCIETY WEATHER BUREAU.

NEPTUNIC KNICK KNACKS.

Entering the little shop, the eye was caught by a tangle of fishnets and shells, which covered the walls, old sails, looped up with the aid of shell draperies, curtained off the owner in a tiny workshop, emerging therefrom to show his wares. He proved to be the first mate. News and bits of gossip were exchanged; "I'm better off at this," he said; "I'm teaching society people the weather signs; they call it mystic thought, or something like that; but it doesn't worry me, so long as it pays. I have a little series of lesson cards (he handed one to the caller), more like gimcracks than serious teaching—but they're correct."

The card contained brief information something like this: "In planning for an outing, remember that if the temperature falls suddenly, there's a storm coming from the south; if it rises, it's from the north. Watch the breeze; it blows from cloud weather to storm. Cirrus clouds float from a storm to sunshine. When they seem to be running away from each other in the north or toward northeast, there'll be rain during the day. When the wind changes, it makes its shifts with the sun, from left to right. When the sun goes down rosy, fine weather; rusty-red, storm; pink sky in the morning, bad weather; dove-gray sky, fair weather."

"I charge 50 cents a half-hour for lessons," continued the old salt, "and I use charts and instruments, just as they do on shipboard. They seem to enjoy it, and learn quickly."

"Point Tresse" Lace. "Point Tresse" is a very rare kind of lace made of human hair. Its production was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. Margaret, countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the tower, where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess of Hardwicke, a piece of this kind of lace to Mary, Queen of Scots. This curious little square of point tresse was worked by the old countess' hands from her own gray hair.—London Globe.

Most Likely. "Did you hear about poor Palmers? He went to New Guinea as a missionary, you know, and he was pursued by cannibals. He was running away from them as fast as he could when he happened to fall. And then—" "And then I suppose the cannibals fell to."—N. Y. World.

Few Revolutions. "We have noticed that new things are constantly discovered that threaten to 'revolutionize' the world," but they never do.—Atchison Globe.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Mr. Stove—"What became of Miss Ironpipe?" Mr. Desk—"Haven't you heard? Why, the radiator!"—Princeton Tiger.

Friend—"Shakespeare, your wife is awfully headstrong, isn't she?" William—"Yes, Ann Hathaway."—Columbia University Jester.

Generous—"When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His 12 children."—Detroit Free Press.

Of Importance—"What do you consider the great essential of a flying machine?" And after much deliberation, the aerial navigator replied: "A good parachute."—Washington Star.

About Ghosts—"D'you know, if I were ever to see a ghost, don't cheer me up, I believe I should be a hopeless idiot for the rest of my life!" She (absently)—"Have you ever seen a ghost?"—The King.

Native Pride—"If I were not an Englishman," said the Briton, patronizingly, "I should wish to be an Irishman." "Indeed?" exclaimed the Irishman. "Faith, if I was not an Irishman, O'M wish O'I was one."—Philadelphia Press.

The presence of mind of an impecunious lover was illustrated recently at a bazaar, where there was a stall for the sale of watch-charms. "Oh, George!" she said, "buy me a charm." "Sarah," answered he, "you have too many already."—London Tit-Bits.

"Are you sure the course is clear?" she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover. "Yes," he responded. "I succeeded in boring a hole in the waterpipe. Your father has discovered it, and will keep his finger over the hole until the plumber arrives. Come!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE POLAR AURORAS.

May Be Seen During Full Moon and Even in Daytime in High Latitudes.

The authors of the sixteenth century designated the aurora borealis as cuprae satantes (leaping goats, or flying fires). In Canada they are called narroonies, in the North Shetlands "merry dancers," while in England and America they are known as the "northern lights," or "streamers," adopted from the ancient name employed by the Norse, and in Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, writes Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

These wonderful lights are of most varied and complex forms, and according to their attributes have been divided by scientists into two great classes, namely, those apparently without motion, which maintain for a certain period their position and intensity, and those which fly with lightning speed, in ever-changing forms and varying brilliance, over the vault of heaven.

The polar auroras seem to be local, that is, to frequent the regions above the fifty-fifth or sixtieth parallel. They at times approach quite near to the earth's surface, and are of limited extent. It is within the probabilities that they are simultaneous at the two poles; and as the sun shines over half of the globe, and the auroras have been witnessed over the whole of the dark half, the double polar aurora may envelop the entire globe, excepting an equatorial zone of about 90 degrees.

That marvel of instruments, the spectroscopic, has proved that the aurora is itself luminous, giving greenish-yellow lines, and therefore not due to either reflection or refraction, like rainbows, halos, and parhelia. The color commonly seen is whitish yellow, which approaches to white as the light becomes dim, while the color occurring most frequently after whitish yellow is rose-carmine. The richest in color are the striped arcs, crowns, or glories, and especially the draperies. The red rays appear generally toward the lower part, and the exquisite green rays move above and behind; or it may be composed of red, red and green, or, more rarely, of green or blue, and, what is extremely rare, entirely of violet rays. The colors seem to be less pure when the air is free from fog, but our experience has been, like that of some others, just the reverse. Although the light impresses the beholder as especially brilliant in the finest auroras, still it seldom exceeds the light of the moon in its first quarter. Stars of the first and second magnitudes penetrate the aurora without diminished light; indeed, their scintillation increases, as does that of the magnetic disturbance. Auroras have been seen during full moon, and even at daytime in the high latitude. The Inuits (Eskimos) of Smith Sound, Greenland, the most northerly people in the world, believe that the aurora borealis has a singing noise; and the inhabitants of the Orkneys, of Finnmarken, and those in the region of Hudson bay believe, with many competent observers, that a peculiar sound like the rustling of silk always accompanies it. The Lapps liken this sound to the crackling in the joints of moving reindeer.

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