

THE MINISTER'S DIVIDENDS

As with One Cent, but Each Anniversary Brought Something More Appreciable.

It was a queer couple, says a preacher in a Massachusetts town, relates Youth's Companion that drove up to the parsonage door. She was tall and angular, a typical 'old maid'; he was short, fat and jolly, with a sort of David Harum look about his eyes. He had a snug farm, well kept and paid for, and she was known as a neat, industrious woman, who had brought up a family of children left orphans by the death of her sister.

Sard Cooper assisted the woman from the wagon as handily as he could with his stiff arm and stiffer knee. She waited while he hitched his horse, and together they entered the parsonage.

"Reckon you can guess what we're here for, parson," he said. "My sister Jane, who has kept house for her nigh on to 30 years, died last winter, and it's been lonesome for me and the cows and pigs since. Miss Jones, here, has hovered them chickens of her sister's until they've got from under her wing and gone to town. Now 'tain't for cross-lots from my farm to hers, and we concluded that she can run my house, and I can run her farm, and it would be better for both farm and house. So we thought we'd just drive over and get you to hitch us up for a span. I'm going to be good to her, and provide everything necessary, and she's going to be good to me, and take care of me. So whenever you're ready, go ahead, only make it short."

The ceremony passed without special incident. After Sard had administered a sounding smack on Nancy's cheek, he turned to me and said: "Wal, parson, what do I owe ye?"

"Well," I said, "you can give me whatever you choose," and I added, with a smile: "Give me what you think is worth to you."

In an instant his Yankee love for trade came to the front, and, fishing an old-fashioned copper cent out of his pocket, he said: "Parson, I reckon I won't be stuck very bad if I give you that to begin with. If I find she's worth more, why, you'll hear from me again."

He had the best of me; there was nothing more to be said. I made the entry of the wedding in my private record, and wrote against it: "Fee, one cent."

A year from that day Cooper drove into the yard with a cord of fine hickory wood.

"You remember what I told ye when I gave ye that cent?" The woman's dog went well, so I thought I'd give ye a dividend."

The following anniversary he drove into the barn with a ton of hay, and said: "Nother dividend parson. The wife is all right."

Every anniversary of the wedding during my pastoralate another dividend found its way to the parsonage. So in the end my one cent became my biggest fee.

AN ADJUSTABLE TAIL.

Over Tale Related by the Returned Traveller Hunted by the Sweet Young Thing.

"What was the queerest thing you saw while you were down among the Boers?" asked the Sweet Young Thing of the Returned Traveller. "He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, then grinned reminiscently, relates the New York Herald.

"Outside of the Boers themselves," he replied, "I think that funny lizard, with the patent, double-duplex, back action, adjustable tail, I saw one day out on the side of a kopje, was the—"

"Come, now," she pouted, with an injured look in her pretty eyes, "stop your stuffing me and tell me really, I want to know."

"But this is really true," he hastened to explain, amusedly. "On my word, I laughed so that I had to sit down on a cactus-thing, when I saw that wicker wicker fellow at Hanover, in Cape while Mr. Lizard—call him, 'kettle'—slid off and hid under a rock."

"I'm glad you sat on a cactus—punch-stay-at-homes—but you can't fool me; I don't believe a word you say." And she sniffed resolutely.

"But it is in the accounts of that naturalist fellow at Hanover, in Cape Colony," he persisted, still laughing, "and you will see it in his book when it comes out, just as I have told you. The reptile is called a geko, and when it is alarmed, or if you should grab his tail as I did, trying to catch him, the thing just severed all connection with that appendage, as easily and gracefully as a feather from his money, and the body goes off somewhere while the squirming tail wiggles around in the ground to entice you, I suppose, so the rest of him can reach safety. Then the curious part of it is that the best at one-steps out to grow a new tail. In about a time a few weeks or so, he's as well tailed as ever, ready to do his thing, and if danger seems to warrant the sacrifice—"

"It sounds fishy," said the girl. "I'll bet up that naturalist's man's book when it comes out."

Water and the Tin. One upon a tin that was whose count was loud enough to proclaim him an intimate associate of horses, entered a restaurant and ordered a sumptuous treat.

The waiter who snatched his order was very diffident and tentative, and in his private greatly pleased the patron.

"You have done well," said the man, when the meal was eaten. "Now let us give you a tip, which is that you bet me Molly for the first race to-morrow, and on Jupiter for the second race."

When the patron in the restaurant he water looked very sad.

NICOTIN IN TOBACCO.

The Alkaloid Plays an Important Part in the Nutrition of the Plant.

The significance of the presence of nicotine in tobacco has recently been investigated by an Italian botanist, G. Albo, of the Palermo botanical gardens. He finds that this alkaloid, instead of being a waste product, as has been supposed, is really a food, having an important part to play in the nutrition of the plant. Says a writer in the Revue Scientifique:

"M. Albo has already solved a similar question in relation to the presence of colchicin in the various species of colchicum. He has reached the conclusion that colchicin is by no means a waste substance, a product of dissimulation, but rather a nitrogenized substance that has, like other reserve food substances, a part to play in the phenomena of nutrition and formation of the plant. This alkaloid also is a food; nicotine serves, directly or indirectly, to nourish the plant, instead of being a residue or waste product. Nicotin is not found in the seeds of tobacco. But we find there a substance soluble in alcohol, which gives with sulfuric acid—reactions similar to those of solanin (the poison of the deadly nightshade). Now we know, through an old observation of Kletznisky, that we may obtain nicotine by reducing solanin. This solanin of the seed disappears during germination and is employed to nourish the buds; it has quite disappeared in the fully developed plants and is not found at all, while nicotine is present. The total quantity of this varies according to the conditions of the plant and its treatment. If, for example, we cut off the tops of a stalk of tobacco to prevent flowering, we see that the proportion of nicotine increases considerably. It becomes almost three as great as in normal conditions during flowering. This is due, according to the Italian experimenter, to the fact that, normally, there is a migration of nicotine from the plant towards the seeds, which nicotine is there transformed into another substance, more complex perhaps, and more effective as a reserve—either solanin or some related substance. Thus we understand the influence exerted by the destruction of the flowers; the nicotine that would have been accumulated and transformed in the seeds is now obliged to remain in the plant and becomes there more abundant."

FROM FORCE OF HABIT. Insurance Agent Gives an Illustrative Instance of What May Be Done.

"Force of habit is shown in ludicrous ways," said an insurance agent, who often said he wished he had studied to become a professor of philosophy, relates the New York Tribune.

"What absent-minded fool took here you done now?" asked his wife, who had only that morning found his pipe in his coffee cup, where he had meant to put his spoon.

"Why, Uncle Remus is in town again," was the answer, "and I called on him. I invited him to stay with us, but he is so independent that he has a room at a hotel. He was shaving himself when I dropped in on him. Uncle Remus shaves without the aid of a looking glass, you know. He can tell by stroking his face when it is rough and where smooth."

"I don't think that is at all wonderful from the beards I have felt," said the wife.

"The beards you have felt," repeated the husband, with open mouth. "If you said that absent-mindedly you have let out a pretty secret."

"I mean the various stages of the beard on your face, dear, of course," she said, soothingly.

"Well, then, as I said," continued the husband, "while Uncle Remus was shaving without a mirror, I stepped to the window to look out. All of a sudden he stopped and shouted, just as he used to when I was a small boy."

"Get out of my light, Charis! How can I see to shave?"

"I guess he said that on general principles," meditated the wife.

"How's that?"

"Because you always were dense," was the reply.

Police Court on Heccecorae. It is not generally known that the chief magistrate at Bow street is by statute made a justice of the peace for the county of Berks to enable him to sit in an "occasional courthouse" during Assize times. It is said that in the early days of the races at Ascot, an assant having been committed on a royal possession, directions were given that thereafter a magistrate should always be in attendance during the races, so that he might be a terror to evil-doers, and be able to deal summarily with all of that class frequenting the course who might meet such treatment. It may be added that the virtue of his office the chief magistrate at Bow street is a justice of the peace for no fewer than six counties—London, the Bns.

War Dogs. The war messengers of the German army have hitherto been recruited from the ranks of sporting dogs. But a change is to be made. The retrievers were not always sure letter carriers, being often diverted from their mission by game met on route. They will be replaced by Scotch shepherd dogs, which have more endurance and are more conscientious.

Proverbs in Denmark. Denmark makes a distinction between the turtledove and the respectable poor. The former are treated like English paupers. The latter never cross a workhouse threshold. If destitute they receive a pension, ranging from £1 to £15 a year, on the feeble to look after themselves, they are placed in an old-age home.

GOWNS OF LIGHT TEXTURE.

These Materials are Preferred They Might Be Preferred in a Flattering Manner.

American women stand prominent in one respect at least, over their sisters in other parts of the world. The French demoielle may surpass them in darning costumes, the English in neatness, but for extravagance, the American woman is without a rival. The gown of a seaside girl the present season is almost worth its weight in precious stones, says a fashion authority.

Seven ounces is the least her summer gown can weigh—fourteen and be quite correct in the moor, says one authority—but what she may pay for these few ounces is another matter. Her modiste's bill will run along in the eighties and hundreds for even the seven-ounce gown.

You cannot put a gown through a wedding ring, as you could the proverbial white mull of your grandmother's time, but you can hardly feel its weight as you pick up waist and skirt of a chiffony texture, made over shirred skirts and worn with a chiffony expression.

The object of the summer gown is, first, comfort. In hot weather the less you wear the more comfortable you are—that is a mere fact. But the texture of this gown is made of delicate lace, a great part in the experience as well as in the expense of the gown.

A pretty gown in one of the clovers of a Parisian modiste is made of cream lace net as fine as a spider's web and is embroidered in the lightest floss with a dainty thistle pattern. The embroidery adds almost nothing to the weight of the gown and gives just the touch of trimming necessary.

Then there are the pineapple gauzes that look so simple and are really elaborate and expensive and mean a deal of labor. They weigh scarcely more than a feather, but their cost would make the scales dip heavily.

White pineapple gauze and chiffon, a combination of two expensive stuffs, made a beautiful gown. The underskirts are made of the finest of lawn, weighing scarcely more than the gauze, and are ruffled with a single thread lace, effective and light. There are no tucks in the underskirts, they would be too heavy.

The plainness of the gown is much in favor.

The pineapple gauze gown may be trimmed as elaborately with lace as may suit the wearer's fancy, provided she does not buy lace that weighs much. This is prohibited and only the lightest, faintest, and, of course, the most expensive laces are used.

Chiffon takes the place, greatly of lace, and, with pineapple gauze, is made over a drop skirt of white silk. Between the drop skirt and the outer skirt is an interlining of chiffon that falls in billowy fullness at the bottom and makes tuckeries unnecessary.

A yard of chiffon weighs but a fraction of an ounce. You can use a great many yards in making a gown, and seven ounces is enough for a gown. And seven-plaited dresses are being made in these thin, light fabrics.

Aside from the powers of lace net and chiffon there are lace made entirely of lace. A Chiny lace gown will cost \$200, perhaps, but to the summer girl who aims at light-weight clothes this is an objection, and nothing could be handsomer than a cream Chiny lace gown made over a pineapple chiffon, and surely nothing could weigh less.

The young girl is now alone in wearing these gowns. The woman who prefers dark colors can wear hem-ton, a black lace dress made white point lace trimming is beautiful for a dinner gown, and surely nothing can be heavier in weight than black thread lace over chiffon.

There must not be that tight-fitting appearance that is permissible in heavier gowns. There must be enough fullness in the soft tissue material to do away with this sort of thing or else the effect is lost, and the way to accomplish this is to use yokes, tucks and shirtings.

A yoke of lace extending over the hip weighs nearly nothing; it fits well and on to this may be gathered the soft material. Three or four deep shirtings accomplish the same effect and lead variety, and a yoke made of little tucks is pretty. The tucks may be as deep as a shallow as the wearer wishes and accomplish the same end of giving the full fluffy effect.

The underskirts must be made perfectly plain across the top—almost habit backed or else there would be a deal too much fullness and it would become bulky, but at the bottom they may be ruffled and fringed as much as you please.

Baked Peaches. This is a nice way to serve peaches when they are a little too green and hard for eating unadorned. Cut them in halves, pare and remove the stones, place them in layers with smooth sides up in a deep earthen pan, with the bottom of the dish just covered with water, sprinkle sugar over the peaches and cover and bake in the oven until tender, but not soft enough to break. These may be served hot or cold with whipped cream or meringue.—People's Home Journal.

Blackberry Pudding. Beat half a package of gelatine in cold water for half an hour, and then pour over it a pint of boiling water and five tablespoons of sugar, and then dissolve, pour into a cup and a third of hot, rich blackberry juice, strain and chill on ice, when cold, but not stiff, add the well-beaten whites of three eggs and beat until thick and light, then turn into a mold and set in a cold place.—Washington Star.

Raspberries Sorbet. One cup of raspberries, pure the juice of one lemon, and two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Sweeten to taste, and chill on ice.—Home Magazine.

WIT OF BARRISTERS.

Amusing Anecdotes Related of Some Celebrated English Lawyers.

"Apropos of witnesses and counsel," says the writer of a most interesting article on "Lawyers" in the London Blackwood's Magazine, "I think the most amusing story that I ever read was the following, which I saw in some country newspaper report of an assize case: A counsel had been cross-examining a witness for some time with very little effect, and had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, the jury and everyone in court. At last the judge intervened with an imperative hint to the learned gentleman to conclude his cross-examination. The counsel, who received this judicial intimation with a very bad grace, before telling the witness to stand down scouted him with the parting remark: 'Ah, you're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow.' We can all see that."

The witness, bending over from the box, quietly returned: "I was not on oath."

Another story is told in the same article of Edwin James, a famous barrister who was disbarred for unprofessional conduct just as he was about to be made solicitor general. Edwin James was noted for his consummate impudence. At one time he lived in some West End chambers, for which the unfortunate landlord could never succeed in obtaining any rent. At last he had recourse to an expedient which he hoped might arouse the tenant to a sense of his obligations. He asked him if he would be kind enough to advise him on a little legal matter in which he was concerned, and, on James acquiescing, drew up a statement specifying his own grievances against the learned counsel, and asking him to state what he considered the best course for a landlord to take under such conditions. The paper was returned to him the next morning with the following sentence scrawled on it: "In my opinion, this is a case which admits of only one remedy: Patience.—Edwin James."

The single defect of that genius among judges, the late Lord Bowen, was perhaps an undue proclivity for irony, which on one occasion he indulged in from the bench, with disastrous effect on the jury. Shortly after his appointment as a judge, under the law, and by way of mitigating the tedium of the proceedings summed up something in the following fashion: "You will have observed, gentlemen, that the prosecuting counsel laid great stress on the enormity of the offense with which the prisoner is charged, but I think it is only due to the prisoner to point out that in proceeding about his enterprise he at all events displayed remarkable consideration for the inmates of the house. For instance, rather than disturb the owner an invalid lady, as you will have remarked, his looks and what about in his stockings, notwithstanding the influence of the weather. Further, instead of rushing with needless rapidity into the room, he carefully removed the coat and hat, and any other articles which had been thoughtlessly collected with them, would have aroused the good opinion from their well-earned repose."

After proceeding in this strain for some little time he dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, and was hurried back when on their return into court, they pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner!

THE IDEAL WOMAN. Not Only Easy to Live With, But She is Also Well Worth Living With.

An ideal woman, according to an observing member of her sex, who has devoted considerable time to studying the characteristics of her sisters, is one without an ideal, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Not only is she easy to live with, but she is worth living for. She has no history. She has no story. She wears a reasonable hat at matinees. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she takes them. She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks. She helps her husband to build up a fortune for himself, and never seeks to take up his past. She believes that a theory is the paper fortress of the immature, and that a clergyman may still be a man. She knows that when men talk about a woman being good-looking, they mean that she is well dressed, though they don't know it. She does not insist upon her husband's eating up the cucumber sandwiches but over from one of her parties, she eats them herself and suffers in silence.

She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument. She does not reason. She loves. She does not believe that a man can love only one or only one. She herself prefers looking much to loving many. She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman of the realist and every woman who is idealized is idealized.

Apple Blime-Mange. Peel and slice thin six tart apples, add half a pound of small plums, and cover with two cups of water. Simmer until the apples are thoroughly cooked, then add one cup of butter and sugar to taste. No given amount of sugar can be ordered, as different varieties of apples require more or less sweetening according to individual taste. Cook for five minutes longer, then add two heaping tablespoons of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth. Fill individual glass dishes, and serve cold with a dash of whipped cream. Woman's Home Companion.

Apple Shortcake. Make a shortcake of rich biscuit dough or plain cake. If the biscuit dough is used, split the cake through the center with a string, and spread each piece with butter while warm. Cover the lower half of the cake with a rich apple-sauce, and spread over this whipped cream, then put on the upper crust, and serve. Plain cream may be served with the cake instead of the whipped cream.—Woman's Home Companion.

When a Woman is Well Dressed It Gives Her Self-Possession and Self-Respect. Some one arises to remark that self-possession, and not self-consciousness, in woman, is the result of good dressing.

This is just as true as the reverse. It all depends on the woman. There would seem to be no question that it is every woman's duty to dress just as well as she can, and, despite the numerous shafts launched at the vanity of the sex, the women who exalt their duty in this respect are probably not more numerous than those who neglect it. By dressing well we do not mean elaborately nor expensively, nor conspicuous. The time would be better spent in having more than many would admit to ourselves, but in having good taste and good clothes.

Every mother's heart has at some time ached for some awkward slip of a girl, rendered less times more awkward by ill-fitting excursions made out of ill-considered material. For the same girl to a dress which becomes her friend, a marvelous transformation will be seen in carriage and demeanor. The same is true after elders. No woman can be graceful, no woman can do justice to her conversational powers and other accomplishments when painfully aware that the line of her dress is fatal to her complexion, and that its cut caricatures her figure. The consciousness of looking her best undoubtedly has much to do with her power to charm.

And so we come back to the opinion that it is every woman's duty to choose her attire herself discreetly and with care. The busy physician, the distracted business woman and the worried housekeeper, the preoccupied litterateur, all of these should set aside a small portion of precious time for the planning of dress. Simplicity may be strictly adhered to, and will, indeed, be found the most effective, but if the garment under consideration is only a morning wrapper or bedgown, it should possess the merits of being becoming in color and style and of being well fitting. Dress involves self-respect as much as money involves character.

India is covered with great universities and colleges of excellent rank. All instruction is in English. But the more ambitious youth must break through caste and actually cross the Kalapani, the "black water," which ancient Hindus were prohibited from venturing upon. This one retrains an Indo-Gothique, emancipated from spiritual law and tradition. But there is no place for him other in Hindu or English society. He cares no longer to live in the most composite family of his relations, he shakes hands and slaps the back of the old man whose lotus feet he used to fall and kiss. He thought the "higher education" would make him a great man, an "illustrious fellow citizen." But the English who received him so warmly in London withdraw their cordials in India. He is left to his own and even though his own through expensive education returned to his caste, the sacred thread of family and spiritual relations is broken. His acute attack of English education has resulted in chronic gloom and disappointment.—William Russell, in Blackbody's Magazine.

Time to Modern Life. Theatrical Manager. You claim that your play is unusually true to life. In what way? Playwright—A week is supposed to elapse between each act, and there's a new cook in every scene.—Judge.

ON A FERN HUNT.

An Attractive Pastime for Those Who Spend the Summer in the Country.

There are attractive possibilities in a fern hunt, even for an amateur. In New York state alone there are said to be 57 varieties. Ferns of the ordinary types are easily grown at home if they are properly cared for—that is grown in the right kind of earth, watered at proper intervals and kept sheltered from the sun, says the New York Tribune.

The Royal Osmunda fern may be grown in beds and borders of rich soil on the northern side of the house, where they are sheltered from the sun. Delicate rock ferns will not grow in deep soil, and ferns which like a rich, deep soil will not grow in rock-eries where they have scant earth to hold their roots.

The greatest failures in the culture of plants come from an attempt to make the plant grow under conditions which are totally foreign to it. The orchid fern makes the most magnificent growth if planted intelligently. Its great sterile fronds sometimes reach a height of five or six feet, though the average growth of the plant is much shorter.

The Lyrodium palmatum, or climbing fern, has the honor of being the only plant in America which has been noticed because of its beauty by statute law. It is sometimes called the Hartford fern, and its form will be known to anyone familiar with Hartford drawing-rooms 40 years ago, where its pressed form was often used for wall decorations, especially around pictures. By the Connecticut statute of 1875 it received special protection. This is one of the most difficult ferns to grow, and seems to elude the vigilance of professional nurserymen.

Medicinally, ferns have little or no reputation. The "male fern" (Aspidium filix-mas) is the only exception. It was used by the ancients as a vermifuge, and was a secret remedy for tapeworm, purchased by the king of France at the request of some of the French medical profession and published by his order in about the year 1775. The accounts of the efficacy of this treatment are too numerous to admit of any reasonable doubt. The remedy is said to be still used, but the disease treated by the

eighteenth century has almost disappeared from civilization and is little known among the physicians in practice in the cities of to-day. Only in remote districts where good beef cannot be obtained is the tapeworm to be dreaded.

EFFECT OF GOOD CLOTHES. When a Woman is Well Dressed It Gives Her Self-Possession and Self-Respect.

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SUPPLY OF FIREFLIES.

They Usually Hunt to Read and Those By-How One Was Employed to Measure a Prisoner.

"In the tropics," says G. R. O'Reilly, the naturalist, according to the New York Sun, "the fireflies may be made to serve many purposes. For instance, they supply light to read by."

"One night when storm-bound in the forest-covered mountains of Asia, in eastern Venezuela, my companions complained of the monotony of having nothing to do."

"How jolly it would be," he said, "if we only had a lamp and some books!"

"Why, I've got 'Don Quixote' in the sack," said I, and I'll soon have a light!"

"I jumped from my hammock, caught a firefly, and soon, with 'Don Quixote' open, was reading aloud in such darkness that none of us could see the faces of the others."

"I had only one firefly, yet it was quite sufficient, because I used it properly. I held the little creature between finger and thumb, close to the page, and as I passed it along the lines of print, word after word became successively visible and passed from my lips as freely as if I had had the whole page plainly before me, instead of a little circle of light. It illuminating word after word as it moved steadily along the paper."

"On another occasion I came across a snake in the dark and resolved to catch him. Avoidingly I decided to mark the spot and return immediately with a lantern. To mark the spot, however, in such darkness was difficult."

"Fireflies were passing quite near me. I was smoking a cigarette, and had some fine copper wire in my pocket. I waved the glowing point of the cigarette about my head with one hand, and held my hat in the other. Soon a firefly sailed near me, attracted by the light. I knoiced it down with the hat and secured it."

"In the same manner I got two others, tied them all together with the bit of copper wire, hung them on a branch over the pathway close by where the snake was, and then hurried home for a lantern."

"When I returned, my firefly beacon was still there, glowing as brightly as ever. My lantern was revealed a large snake, but I was thinking his meal. I captured him without difficulty. Then, thinking the fireflies for their services, I turned them loose."

"Another night, wishing to shoot a large white owl when it was too dark to see the sights of the gun a new device for fireflies flashed across my mind. Taking two of the insects, I killed them, and pulling off the luminous part of each, I placed the phosphorescent substance on the fore sight and back sight of the gun barrel."

"By this means I brought down the owl without difficulty, the pale weak light on the sights being just sufficient to aim by, and yet not so strong as to dazzle the eyes."

"A Venezuelan gentleman whom I met at Caracas, told me how his life was saved by the use of a firefly. During a revolution, being taken prisoner, he was confined in a house near the front under a guard of soldiers. He had learned telegraphy when at school, and his friends remembered that fact when every other plan of communication with him had failed."

"Did they could not imagine how to communicate with him without getting the attention of the guard, until at last he thought that by confining a large firefly in a tin, its light would show steady among the trees, a telegrapher might by alternately hiding and exposing the light, send a message to him while he sat smoking in the window of his prison."

"During the day, when he saw smoke rise from the window, they got a boy to ride past on a mule, singing a verse of song."

Quartz of most colors. Head of the creature. M. Corzani.

"That is, when everyone is asleep, look out at the fireflies, my dear. The singer was a boy whom the prisoner knew well, and he naturally suspected that some hint was intended for him. He could not understand exactly what was meant, but, nevertheless, he watched for the fireflies."

"He saw only one, but that one spoke a silent language, and he answered it by alternately hiding and exposing his lighted cigarette. His escape was planned so well that he got away that very night, and lived to tell me the story many years afterward."

Higher Education in India. India is covered with great universities and colleges of excellent rank. All instruction is in English. But the more ambitious youth must break through caste and actually cross the Kalapani, the "black water," which ancient Hindus were prohibited from venturing upon. This one retrains an Indo-Gothique, emancipated from spiritual law and tradition. But there is no place for him other in Hindu or English society. He cares no longer to live in the most composite family of his relations, he shakes hands and slaps the back of the old man whose lotus feet he used to fall and kiss. He thought the "higher education" would make him a great man, an "illustrious fellow citizen." But the English who received him so warmly in London withdraw their cordials in India. He is left to his own and even though his own through expensive education returned to his caste, the sacred thread of family and spiritual relations is broken. His acute attack of English education has resulted in chronic gloom and disappointment.—William Russell, in Blackbody's Magazine.

Time to Modern Life. Theatrical Manager. You claim that your play is unusually true to life. In what way? Playwright—A week is supposed to elapse between each act, and there's a new cook in every scene.—Judge.

Apple Blime-Mange. Peel and slice thin six tart apples, add half a pound of small plums, and cover with two cups of water. Simmer until the apples are thoroughly cooked, then add one cup of butter and sugar to taste. No given amount of sugar can be ordered, as different varieties of apples require more or less sweetening according to individual taste. Cook for five minutes longer, then add two heaping tablespoons of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth. Fill individual glass dishes, and serve cold with a dash of whipped cream. Woman's Home Companion.

Apple Shortcake. Make a shortcake of rich biscuit dough or plain cake. If the biscuit dough is used, split the cake through the center with a string, and spread each piece with butter while warm. Cover the lower half of the cake with a rich apple-sauce, and spread over this whipped cream, then put on the upper crust, and serve. Plain cream may be served with the cake instead of the whipped cream.—Woman's Home Companion.

When a Woman is Well Dressed It Gives Her Self-Possession and Self-Respect. Some one arises to remark that self-possession, and not self-consciousness, in woman, is the result of good dressing.

This is just as true as the reverse. It all depends on the woman. There would seem to be no question that it is every woman's duty to dress just as well as she can, and, despite the numerous shafts launched at the vanity of the sex, the women who exalt their duty in this respect are probably not more numerous than those who neglect it. By dressing well we do not mean elaborately nor expensively, nor conspicuous. The time would be better spent in having more than many would admit to ourselves, but in having good taste and good