

TISSUE LAMP SHADES.

Late Designs Have the Style and Color Effects of Silk and Velvet Shades.

There is something entirely new for the woman who has tact in her fingers and who delights in lamp and candle shades, reports the New York Times. They are made of tissue and crepe paper, and no one need scoff, for they are not the old-time flower effects, which are pretty, to be sure, but not generally useful as might be. These newer shades are made on the lines of the silk and satin shades, have equally as good color effects, and do not entail the expense of those made of more elaborate materials.

The lamp shades are made on the regular lamp shade frames to be found in different styles and sizes. There are the dome shades, the bell shades, and the semi-circular shades. They are all made similarly, the different styles of paper producing different effects. The wires in the frames, which can be purchased with the supplies, are covered with plain tissue paper twisted over them, or with the colored, if desired, that any part that is visible may have a finished appearance. There are many fancy patterns in crepe paper, and these are used at will. These include the flowered papers showing flowers of different colors and shades, blue and white papers, which give Delft tones, and Persian papers, which work up excellently into shades for libraries, or possibly for dining-rooms. For candle shades, as a rule, the more delicate colors are used.

The tissue paper in white is first put on the frame, and over this is stretched the flowered crepe paper, and the top and bottom and ribs of the shades are outlined with narrow strips of black or gold, hiding the places where the paper is joined and giving the effect of wrought iron or brass frames. The result is a lamp shade that is inexpensive and exceedingly pretty.

One of these shades, which is attractive, is made of a crepe paper which has a white foundation, with a design of pale pink roses upon it. Another is in the blue, both of these outlined with the black paper, and a brilliant dark red shade is finished with the gold passepartout paper. Candle shades are made of tissue and crepe paper, and the shade holders can be bought to mount them on. Pretty effects are obtained by using a colored paper, instead of the white as the foundation or lining of the shade, and deep and varied color tones can be obtained.

THE WIFE'S MORAL RIGHTS.

A Will-Making Incident Which Opens Up a Wide Field of Speculation.

Has the wife a moral right to take part in making her husband's will? This was the question urged recently by a wife, says American Queen.

With a legal aspect of the matter, she had nothing to do, legally, he was not bound to consult her, and, on her side, she knew that if she had possessed money in her own right she could dispose of it as she desired. So far, it seemed fair to both, but in this case the only money possessed by the couple was that which had been saved during their married life.

It was true that the money had been saved out of the husband's earnings, and had been banked and invested in his name, but the wife declared that the extent of the saving had been considerably increased by her. She had always striven to make home comfortable, and to obtain the maximum of happiness with a minimum of expenditure. By her careful household management she had secured her object on a smaller allowance than most of her friends; she had taken her share in the performance of every-day duties in the house, and thus saved her husband less expense for servants, breakage and general maintenance. Had she been so minded, she might have spent much more, and her husband would have accepted this increased expenditure as a matter of course. In that event his savings would have been less, hence, by logical reasoning, she had saved a fair share of the amount standing to his credit in the bank or in stocks, and, as a natural consequence, she had a moral right to have a voice in the disposition of the estate.

In the instance of which we are speaking, the husband recognized the truth of the argument, and crossed out the distasteful condition. This incident opens up a wide field of speculation. As a general thing, the wife has good moral grounds for insisting on taking part in the will-making, as she is the one who has to abide by the consequences.

Less of Waste Paper. Few houses were aware of the numerous uses that waste paper can be put to. After a sheet has been used, it can be kept in a very good condition by rubbing it every day with paper. The tea kettle, the pot and coffee pot can also be kept bright and clean in the same way. Kerosene lamps, in the polished tin, they shine like silver. Paper is better than any other material for improving the appearance of brass, copper, tin, and other articles. It keeps them better than wash and polish. It is also a good material for cleaning the inside of tin cans, and for cleaning the inside of tin cans, and for cleaning the inside of tin cans.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF FLORA.

Magnular Effect of Shooting "Hello, Mac" in Some Parts of North Carolina.

"I was waiting for a train at a way-side station in Moore county, N. C., one day," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, according to the New York Sun, "and in a man that came out of a store up the street a little way and was crossing over to another store I was sure I recognized Joe McCann, a fellow traveling man, although I wondered at his being down in that country, so I hollered at him."

"Hello-o-o, Mac!" "Three men were walking up the railroad track at least a hundred yards away. They instantly stopped, turned around, and each one of them shouted back."

"Two men came hurrying out of the waiting room of the station and asked what was wanted. A man who was nailing a board on a fence two blocks up the street dropped his hammer and walked stammering toward the station. A window in a house across the track was quickly raised, and a man with a shock of red hair stuck his head out and hollered:

"Hello!" "Four other citizens came hurriedly out of a store on the other side of the railroad, and looked inquiringly toward me, but Joe McCann didn't look around, and in a moment I saw that he wasn't Joe McCann at all. "The train came along just then and I got aboard, puzzled at the commotion that about of mine at the supposed Joe McCann had caused among so many citizens of the hamlet."

"I was followed into the car by a man who was standing on the station platform near me when I hailed the man of mistaken identity, and who seemed much pleased at the result of it. He sat down in the seat ahead of me and said:

"That was the first time you've tried 'em, I see. You didn't get a rise out of as many of 'em as you will after you get used to it. If I had hollered 'em up, now, you'd have thought there was a dog fight in town, the way they'd have bobbed out to see what I wanted. You want to put more lung in your holler to see 'em show up right smart."

"I began to think that the hamlet was a fresh air lunatic asylum, and that here was another of its patients out for a holiday. I guess I must have looked my thoughts, for the man quit his grinning and said:

"You was trying 'em. Wasn't you?" "I told him I wasn't trying anybody that I knew of, and explained why I had happened to raise the shout that seemed to have turned everybody crazy."

"Oh!" said he, "that's funny. Then I'll have to tell you about it."

GETS STUNG DAILY.

Practice of an Iowa Man to Ward Off Rheumatism.

No Says There is Little Profit in Bee Culture Nowadays and Keeps Apiary Solely to Prevent Rheumatism.

Receiving the stings of bees daily to prevent rheumatism would not be a popular remedy among people generally, yet Myron G. Beale of Sioux City, Ia., has been a bee culturist for years only for the benefit which he says he receives physically from the stings of his busy insects.

Mr. Beale is one of the largest producers of honey in this country, having several hundred hives. Of late years he has expressed a desire to retire from the business of an apiarist, and would do so but for the fears that if the stings of his bees upon his body are not continued, after his system has become inoculated with the virus, he will become a helpless cripple from rheumatism.

Mr. Beale is sincere in his belief, and points to the fact that his mother, who lives in the east, is an invalid from rheumatism, and a sister is a cripple from the same disease. It is in the family blood, he maintains, and the stings of his bees are his only salvation.

"There is no profit in the honey business any more," said Mr. Beale, "especially in the west. The country has grown and settled up so that the wild flowers are almost extinct, and the bees have few sources of supply for their raw material. I suppose I shall keep my bees, however, as long as I live."

"It is a fact known to the medical profession that the sting of the bee has virtue in a curative way, and the virus can be bought at the drug stores. I scarcely notice the stings of the bees any more, as far as the pricking sensation is concerned. It used to be painful, but now I can receive stings all over my head, face and arms and scarcely notice it."

"Bee stings have killed many human beings, as well as cattle and horses. If a person not accustomed to stings were to receive as many as I do at one time I don't believe he would survive the experience. I believe the effect of being inoculated with the poison of the bee is like having the system filled with alcohol or any narcotic—the more you have had of it the more you can stand."

"There is nothing in the statement that it is possible to handle bees in a careful or kind way and avoid being stung. I have been in the business for a good many years, and know they are no respects of persons. You are apt to get stung when you are not expecting it. When one bee in a swarm stings you you are almost certain to be stung again and again, for there is a certain odor which seems to come from a sting that attracts other bees and angers them. The more you fight a swarm the more you will be stung, for bees are peculiarly subject to excitement."

"Bee culture is one of the most fascinating studies. It is an interesting science. I understand how to care for them, and want their stings. I have occasional rheumatic twinges in my muscles that give me anxiety for fear I shall be subjected to the fate of other members of our family, and I shall not run any chances by letting go of my bees."

HOW POLICE ARE SCHOOLED.

Chiefs and Sheriffs Visiting Chicago See Latest Methods of the City Crooks.

The Chicago police department as an educational institution is the Chicago police department in a new light. Yet the police force has a school of its own about which few people have ever heard and to which no Chicago man can get admittance, says the Tribune.

It is conducted solely for the benefit of chiefs of police and sheriffs in small towns. The students have to come to Chicago to receive instruction and they have to pay all their expenses while here. But the city of Chicago, which is nothing if not generous, does not ask a penny from its students.

They are welcome to absorb all the education they can, and the better they get along the better the city of Chicago is satisfied. Chief of Police O'Neill is the head professor in this post-graduate school which the city maintains for the benefit of its out of town friends.

The school has only one building, and it shares that with two courtrooms, a big cellroom, a squadroom, and an office of an inspector, a lieutenant and a sergeant of police. This building is the Harrison street police station, and the educational work goes on in the rogues' gallery on the second floor.

If the city was in the business of supplying education and getting money in return it could advertise in perfect truth "the school building is situated most advantageously. It is just across the street from the new Lake Shore station."

The course of instruction is eclectic. The rural sheriff or chief of police, in pursuance of a general invitation issued by Chief O'Neill a few weeks ago, comes to Chicago.

He meets the chief and is by him introduced to Capt. Evans, who is in charge of the rogues' gallery. The chief and the captain, and the chief's secretary, James Markham, then go into executive session as members of the faculty.

They tell the visiting student all they know about the Berillon system of measurements. They illustrate their lectures with photographs of criminals. They invite the student to study the police department's educational institution, which is issued every day and which is given up to descriptions of crimes and criminals, which it is to the benefit of any policeman to know.

Then the visitor is introduced to the shrewdest detectives in the department and is filled with more lore. The result is that although the course has not cost the city of Chicago a cent, it has increased the efficiency of the Chicago police department many fold.

HIS EVANESCENT COURAGE.

Juvenile Trick Rider Had "Nervous Percipitation" When a Parlor Match Snapped.

Dart Wantland is the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wantland, and has achieved considerable summer-resort fame as the trick rider of the Glen Park donkeys, relates the Denver Post. The boy is a mirth-provoking youngster, who carries his assumption of manly dignity so far that he sometimes gets beyond his depth in the current of events.

This week he accompanied his mother to the office of the Broadway theater. Coming back, she took the short cut to Seventeenth street that leads through the corridors of the Brown Palace hotel, and the boy, with all the manliness of his five years, was discussing the prospects of the "Prince of Pilsen."

"I like a show with lots of shooting in it," he was saying as they entered the hotel rotunda. "I want you to take me to a show that's full of shootin'. I won't be afraid of the shootin'. It can't scare me, no much."

This last bold asseveration was delivered as the pair were in the middle of the Brown rotunda. The luckless boy had attracted the notice of everyone within earshot, and just then he stepped on a parlor match, which blew up with what seemed like a terrific bang.

"Wow!" yelled the lad, and he clung to his mother and screamed in tones of horror. He denied he yelled "murder" and "police," but the hotel guests who saw his sudden transition from swaggering bravery to terror say that these were the words he shrieked.

It was a crestfallen youth who sat at the table of the Metropole that evening surveying the guests and wondering how many knew of his inglorious defeat by the parlor match. A member of the "Prince of Pilsen" company, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance on short notice, noted the boy's look of humility and abstraction and said:

"Hello, Dart! What is the matter this evening?" "I don't feel well," said the boy, with a touch of his swaggering bravado. "I think I have nervous percipitation!" The bitterness of being laughed at again was so saddening to him that he was silent for as much as an hour and a half.

Teaching the Child to Obey. A mother should be careful to make only reasonable demands upon her child's obedience, but when once made, to enforce them implicitly. A thing once refused should never be yielded to again. When it is possible the reason for the refusal should be explained to the child. One should be very careful not to enter into a contest over a point that cannot be enforced. A child may be made to do certain things, but to obey, or to say words that he has made up his mind not to say, the prudent mother will reserve her authority and teach obedience on the ground that she is sure of being able to hold. Parents who know she cannot carry she will avoid until the habit of obedience is formed and then there will be no discussion.

New Oyster Scallops. Now that oysters are in season try this method of making a salad for Sunday night. Instead of arranging the bread crumbs, oysters and scallops in alternate layers, prepare the requisite amount of crumbs, which should be dry and crisp, not fresh and soft, by sifting salt, pepper and celery salt thoroughly through them. Pour oysters and liquor on the crumbs and mix lightly with two forks. Add a couple of cream, or enough cream to fill the buttered dish, put bits of butter over the top and bake. — N. Y. Post.

A TOUCH OF POETRY.

Wet Pond Lilies on a Hot Day Bring Out the Best in Human Nature.

It was hot, very hot, the car was close and stifling. An overdressed girl across the aisle was chewing gum, working her jaws to the exasperation of the beholder; a commercial traveler, who carried a "line" of perfumery, was tearing his samples, and heavy wafts of sickish sweetness floated abroad as he sniffed. A baby was crying; a small child patrolled the aisle, lurching wildly into his fellow passengers as the train swung round curves, and occasionally tumbling over ends of projecting dress suit cases.

An apoplectic old gentleman, with rolls of pink fat at the back of his neck, drowned uncomfortably, winking himself from his nap with explosive snorts; a thin, pale woman leaned back, looking faint, with a fan in one hand and a vial of salts in the other. The mercury stood at 95, relates Youth's Companion.

"O dear!" moaned one of two women traveling in company. "Isn't this dreadful! The heat alone is killing, and they're all so stuffy and soiled and hurried, and there isn't even an alleviation."

"It makes me remember my traveling abroad last summer about this time. We didn't hurry; much of the way we coasted, and the temperature was perfect. Everybody was comfortable and polite and all sorts of pretty, poetic little things kept happening that it is a delight to remember."

"Let-me-see: this is the 15th, isn't it? Well, on the 15th we were coasting in the lake region, and the dear little rosy-faced English children ran after the coach and tossed sprigs of red water-berries into our laps. Of course we threw them pennies; but it didn't seem like mere buying and selling—it was much more charming and poetic."

The train slowed up, and the water-lily boy came aboard—a hungry, thin, shanked, bare-legged, red-headed little youngster, with an armful of white lilies, orange in pads and trailing red-brown stems. A suggestion of crystal waters, quiet coves and dipping boughs seemed to float in with his fragrance.

The women bought; the apoplectic old man choked himself awake, and nearly had a fatal attack in his struggle to buy the lilies. The boy, however, was unharmed, and the lilies were sold for a good price. The boy, however, was unharmed, and the lilies were sold for a good price.

MISHAPS OF FOOTBALL. The possible injuries that may be received during a football game are of many kinds. A player may be injured by a kick, or by a fall, or by a collision with another player. The injuries may be of many kinds, and the player may be injured in many ways.

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