

PAYS TO SMUGGLE CHINAMEN.

Large Profits for Canadians and Others Engaged in the Business.

An investigation of the methods employed by the people engaged in smuggling Chinamen from Canada into the United States shows that large profits are made by them, says the New York Sun.

Chinese representatives in Montreal furnish to each individual Chinaman bound for the other side of the boundary line by the underground route the necessary cash with which to pay for being smuggled through.

For a year or two there was a lull in the actual smuggling of Chinamen over the border, the method adopted during that period being the swearing of their countrymen into the United States by means of Chinese witnesses, procured by border lawyers.

The boldness with which the white men employed in this business in Montreal are now acting, encourages the hope that some of them may fall into the hands of the United States authorities ere long.

MUD AS A LIFE SAVER.

Inhalation of Dust from London Streets Causes Many Grave Disorders.

In London it was noticed that when the streets were muddy there was a marked diminution of diseases that were prevalent when dust is blowing, says the Boston Transcript.

It will thus be apparent that there is a bright side to mud, and henceforth all but the most fastidious will revel in muddy streets. Many physicians may advise their more weakly patients to go abroad in search of exercise only when the roads are muddy.

Bull Fighters Afraid of Cows.

It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bull-fighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it.

European Aristocrats in Prison.

According to an apparently authentic article in a French periodical, not fewer than 20,000 aristocrats are at present confined in the prisons of Europe.

THE SLEEVE ORNAMENTAL.

Rich Laces to Be Worn This Summer, with Many Jeweled Ornaments.

The sleeve beautiful in these days is also the sleeve ornamental, and without exaggeration it is safe to say that no well-considered sleeve is lacking in more or less liberal garnishment of lace, says a fashion authority.

At the glove counters lace glove sleeves are sold measuring all the way from ten to twenty-five buttons in length. They are no more than lace mittens with a thumb strap or socket, and intended for use on occasions when it is desired to transform a short-sleeved evening body into a long-sleeved one.

There is, however, no embargo placed on the kind or color of lace utilized in sleeve composition, and it is permitted to let the imagination run riot through history and romance and copy any type of graceful lace sleeve that may catch the fancy.

With prompt recognition of feminine wants and fashion tendencies, the manufacturers have put forth a series of charming jeweled sleeve ornaments, clasps, buckles, etc., and the way in which the dressmakers utilize such helps to ornamentation, is shown in a design of a sleeve for a spring tailor suit.

When a close-fitting lace glove is worn to the wrist it is the fashion to display handsome bracelets on the forearm, and they now make the most charming sleeve bangles of flexible gold, or silver, or gun-metal chains.

THE CRYING NEED OF HOME.

Something More Than Material Comfort Necessary to the Happiness of Children.

What is the crying need of the home? Not money. Not intellect. Not refinement. Not wisdom. It is love, and warm demonstration of love, says Mrs. G. M. Ogilvie, in Woman's Home Companion.

Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother is the saddest thing in all the universe.

But in many homes—shall I say in the majority?—there is a lack of the real living love and tenderness that fill the heart full to running over with love-words, kisses, fond caresses.

To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of Heaven and hades for the human race. The relation is a Divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility. Wisdom, goodness, nobility, strength and patience are needed by the parent, and, above all, love.

Food for Infants.

Into a farina kettle put one quart of cold water and one cupful of rice, or one-half cupful each of rice and sago, add a pinch of salt and cook six hours. Do not stir this once; when done, gently pour off the rice-water, of which there will be about one coffee-cupful.

Cherry Sandwiches.

Stone, crush and drain the cherries, add one-fourth the quantity of finely chopped blanched almonds, a little lemon juice and sugar to make very sweet. Spread between thin slices of bread and butter or between slices of sponge cake.

HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION.

Some Suggestions That May Be of Service to the Young Housewife.

Individual strawberry shortcakes offer a particularly nice way to serve the dish as a luncheon or dinner course, says the New York Post.

Bread and butter crisps to serve with salad need a fresh loaf baked so as to give a square slice. With a sharp knife cut off all the crust; butter one end of the loaf, and shave off in the thinnest slices possible.

If alcohol is used to clean gilded picture-frames—and nothing is better for the purpose—it should be applied very lightly with a camel's-hair brush.

Oil-lamps are not so injurious as gas. The latter is killing to plant life, as florists well know. Hot-houses and green-houses are invariably lighted by kerosene-lamps.

An excellent plain staining fluid for floors is permanganate of potash, which may be used in a proportion of an ounce and a half to a gallon of boiling water.

When the floor should be dark enough, a second may be applied. The floor should then be gone over with two or three coats of linseed oil rubbed in with a piece of flannel or chamois, and a final polish, if that is wanted, of beeswax and turpentine.

HAD NO MORE HAM.

Wanted Her Husband Liberated—The Family Was Getting Hungry Again.

Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, tells of an interesting interview with a pardon seeking woman. He had fled to his summer home to escape the crowds of pardon seekers, when the woman, who had sought him in vain at the capital, was ushered into his presence.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" "I want to see the governor, sir."

"Ah, sir, my man, he's been put in prison, sir, and I want to ask if you won't let him out."

"Oh, governor, please, please let him out," pleaded the woman, the tears flowing down her cheeks. The tears had their effect. The governor softened.

"Well, I am the governor; what is it?" "I want to see the governor, sir."

"Because, sir, we are hungry again, and we ain't got no more ham."

Names of New Shades.

The prettiest greens are dracaena, which is the light fly leaf tone, and the araucaria, which is a little darker, says an exchange. Soft mauves are the clematite, orchide and pensee, and a very beautiful shade is the volubilis, the delicate tint of the convolvulus.

Sunshine Strawberries.

Select dark colored fruit. Cook three pounds of fine granulated sugar with two cupfuls of boiling water, without stirring, till a thread will spin when the sirup is dropped from a spoon.

HIS HAIR STOOD UPON END.

Confronted by Four Mountain Lions a Prospector Was Badly Frightened.

"Up to five years ago," said a prospector to a reporter, "I didn't believe in such a thing as a man's hair standing on end," and then the old gentleman told the story of the fright that led him to change his mind, says the St. Louis Republic.

"I was in the mountains of Idaho with a friend and we ran short of fresh meat, so one day I took my gun and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along a little brook when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions, asleep."

"As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. I couldn't move, from sheer fright. A queer, numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and I literally felt my hair rise. I stood there motionless for several minutes; then one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. The others followed his example. My presence mystified them. A few seconds later they turned about and crept away down the ravine, looking back stealthily two or three times to see me."

"When they were out of sight I began to breathe again. I didn't care to hunt any more that day and made for the camp at top speed. That was the time my hair stood on end and my scalp was sore to the touch for a week afterward."

RIGID NORWEGIAN LAWS.

These Regarding Foreigners So Strict They May Act as a Deterrent to Travelers.

It having become the fashion for the globe trotter to take in Norway and Sweden as part of his itinerary it is of general interest that a law recently passed by the Norwegian government and which is to become operative in January, 1902, should be given wide publicity.

Morever, the subject of any foreign state may be refused admittance in Norway for the following reasons: If he is found on arrival not to be in possession of sufficient means of support, or without prospects of obtaining lawful employment in Norway; second, omitting to report himself after arrival; third, if he is unprovided with a certificate of residence book when he ought to have one in his possession; fourth, this provision refers to those persons who may have been condemned in any country for offenses of specified kinds.

HOW TO BECOME WEALTHY.

Singular Advice Given a Young Man by an Elderly Physician.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young and want you to tell me how to get rich."

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as he—!"

Artificial Marble.

Manufacturers are actually making marble by the same process by which nature makes it, only in a few weeks instead of a few thousand years. They take a rather soft limestone and chemically permeate it with various coloring matters, which sink into the stone, and are not a mere surface coloring, as in scagliola. The completed material takes a fine polish, and many of the specimens are of beautiful color and marking.

Flying Machines.

A scientific writer in Cassier's Magazine affirms that flying machines can never amount to much. They will be small and cranky, require much power, carry little extra weight and depend for their speed on whether they go with or against the wind, so that they can never compete with existing modes of transportation.

That is to say, science is able to make flying machines, but really it is not worth while.

CHINESE USES OF FLOUR.

Mostly Consumed in the Form of Dough, Vermicelli or Dumplings.

In all the Chinese cities a very large percentage of the population lives in a sort of hand-to-mouth fashion, buying food from restaurants. Hot water is sold from stands by people who make a business of providing it. The great necessity for economy in fuel seems to be the primary cause of this mode of living.

Throughout central and southern China very little baked bread is used, and the flour is consumed in the form of dough, vermicelli, or dumplings filled with chopped meat, or meat and vegetables, or fruit.

The flour is made into dough and worked into a leathery form by a man operating a bamboo fastened at one end. The worker sits on the other end of the bamboo and presses and works the dough until it is quite tough; it is then pressed into thin sheets and cut into strings, boiled, and then steamed and eaten. In nearly every case it is eaten while hot. This foreign flour is also used quite extensively in cakes and Chinese confections of various kinds.

In a great many of these restaurants the native flour made from native wheat is used for the inside of the dumpling and dough bread and the finer and whiter flour is used as a covering.

The Chinese appetite seems to demand boiled or steamed food rather than baked; hence, very little foreign flour is baked into bread for Chinese consumption.

A PICNIC BREAKFAST.

Old Fossiliferous Which Settled a Household Through a Servant's Misdeeds.

Convivial servants are anything but treasures, as one housekeeper found to her sorrow the other day, relates the Baltimore News. This housekeeper has a large family for which to care, and so the news brought her by a policeman at two o'clock one morning recently that her trusted colored henchman had been arrested for fighting and was now languishing in the station house was by no means welcome.

It didn't make so much difference about the man himself—he rightly deserved his fate—the housekeeper said, but it did make a difference that he had the keys of the buffet and of the refrigerator in his pocket, and that there would not be anything like knives and forks enough to go around at breakfast, nor any butter or cream at all.

At seven a. m. a member of the family went to the station house to see what could be done for the iniquitous Abraham, and in the meanwhile those of the household who were obliged to breakfast early took turns at using the two knives and three forks that were all of the table equipment not locked up.

It was a real picnic breakfast, "Please lend me your knife" being the remark oftener heard, except certain expletives, but it wasn't voted a success until the repentant henchman appeared with his keys, purified by a good-sized fine, and opened the doors of the closets.

RANGE OF BIG GUNS.

What Some of Uncle Sam's Immense New Cannons Are Capable of Doing.

It is evident that few besides ordnance experts know the effective range of one of the modern breech-loading rifles, says the New York Tribune. Proof of this lies in the frequency that newspapers are asked to state in their columns the distance that a shot or shell may be fired, the thickness of metal it will pierce, etc.

The new 16-inch breech-loading rifle recently finished at the Watervliet arsenal, and which is to remain with the army exhibit at the Pan-American exposition, will no doubt excite the question among lay people as to whether such guns could do much damage to Manhattan if mounted on an enemy's ship off the harbor. A table of ranges and muzzle velocities of this gun, prepared by Lieut. Col. T. M. Ingalls, shows what it is capable of doing. With 45 degrees elevation, and a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds, given a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second, its effective range would be 14.9 miles; while, with a muzzle velocity of 2,600 foot seconds, its range would be 24 miles.

"Vingtieme," New Word in Paris.

The Parisiennes have a new English word. They think it more piquant than either "firt" or "highly" or "five o'clock" or "sportsmen." This time it is "prig." A bonnet is prig, a bow of ribbon is prig; it is prig to go motor-calling dressed in white leather jackets which can be cleaned with pipe clay, etc. An American woman hearing the proud reiteration of this up-side-down expression among her French friends, threw cold water on the enthusiasts by explaining what the new word meant. Of course, it was dropped at once and replaced by another one—vingtieme—which seems to comprehend and express all the possible records, the various perversities and modern nervous complaints. One is vingtieme, and that means everything.

NEW YORKER'S PORCARIUM.

Palace for Pigs at Summer Home of Wealthy Cottager at Elberon.

A wealthy New Yorker has for his pigs on the grounds of his seaside villa in Elberon a palatial home. This palace of the pigs is known as the porcarium, says the New York Herald.

The palatial porcarium in Elberon consists of a finely constructed house, with hardwood floors and fancy wall finishings. Within the home is a large shallow pool with a cement bottom. The porkers lol on beds of straw and inhale the ozone from the blue Atlantic.

It is said that during the fashionable bathing hour of the Elberon cottagers the patrician pigs take to their private pools and bathe in luxurious ease. A skylight, open above the pool, lets down lambent sunshine.

These noble pigs are not fed as many other of their less fortunate species. They have plenty of corn to eat—fine corn, which even the horse would be glad to get in the winter time, to warm the blood. Skimmed milk is served in great quantities, and of bran and middlings the patrician pigs have their fill.

So the New Yorkers' "porkers" wax mightily corpulent and the porcarium is a wonderful show place. The pigs have curly hair and their careful breeding makes it soft and shiny.

There is a special room in the porcarium where the slaughtering takes place. There the sacrificial altar is raised. At the close of every summer season the sacrifices are made, and those fat pigs go through the transmutations that other "porkers" do.

PRIMITIVE COOKING.

Crude Utensils Used by the Ancients in the Preparation of Their Food.

Prof. S. Trojanovic, of Belgrade, has for several months been making an investigation with the object of ascertaining the exact manner in which food was cooked in Europe in primitive times, and he has now arrived at the conclusion that the general practice was to place the food in a pot and to warm it by means of red hot stones, reports a London paper.

Such a pot was usually made of the bark of a tree, and two or three sticks ran across it for the purpose of holding the stones in proper position. When a meal was to be prepared the pot was partially filled with meat and water, and then in the vacant places were put the red-hot stones. The food was quickly warmed in this way, and it was eaten before it grew cold.

In various parts of Servia primitive pots of this kind are still used. In other parts of Europe, notably in Macedonia, pots formed of the bark of trees are also used, but the food in them, instead of being warmed by means of hot stones, is thoroughly cooked by a fire which is lighted over them.

Prof. Trojanovic has made a collection of these pots, and he regards them as of peculiar interest and value, since he is confident that in old days about every nation in Europe cooked its food in utensils of this kind, though he thinks it quite probable that a different method of heating the food prevailed in each country.

THE BEE AS A BAROMETER.

In All Well-Regulated Colonies the Queen Has a Staff of Weather Prophets.

Such should be the title of these lines, for whoever observes these interesting insects finds it easy enough to foretell exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least that is the opinion of many raisers of bees.

Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out at first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of their nectar. A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome, redoubtable enemies. We do not mean, however, that the bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun, and even though the rain is not in evidence.

The American Girl.

The charge made by a Chicago professor against the American girl that she takes all from father or brother, giving nothing in return, is likely to meet with some contradiction. The man of learning either forgets or never knew what a wealth of brightness and cheer the American girl dispenses on her way through life, how her sympathy and help are so often above any price. The inference to be drawn from the professor's remarks is that either he is entirely ignorant of women and their ways or he is suffering from a disappointment in love or indigestion.

Oldest Mail Carrier.

"Uncle Sam" Gibbons, who is now on the retired list, carried mail in Kentucky for 61 years and never lost a sack. He lives at Hodgenville, three miles from Lincoln's birthplace. He insists that but for the railroad he would still be in service.