

THE HANDS IN WINTER.

It is Not Difficult to Keep Them Soft and Free from Redness and Chapping.

Most women whose hands are now occasionally exposed to the weather in winter suffer from chapping, or what is almost equally bad, the hands become red and swollen. The chief reason for these annoying but common accompaniments of cold weather is that the skin, losing its elasticity because of a lack of natural secretion at a time that atmospheric conditions do not induce perspiration, becomes unduly dry and contracted, and so is liable to crack. It is a tender skin that will do this, because tender skins are thin and delicate and cannot stand what rougher ones will, says an authority on such things.

Another cause is carelessness in drying the skin after washing it, particularly if it is washed immediately before going out into the open air or directly after coming in.

Very many persons in cold weather dare not wash their hands either before going out or immediately after coming in, for if they do, even though the water they use be warm, their skin will burn so as to be painful, and it will red besides.

They may avoid such an annoyance if they will rub on the hands a little cold cream or camphor ice, allow it to remain on a moment or so and then remove it with a soft, old handkerchief, either of silk or cambric.

Another delightful emollient for the hands, arms and neck is fine oatmeal. Put it into a flannel bag, boil it and then place it in the water intended for ablutions, or it may be kept dry in a jar on the toilet table and some rubbed on the hands whenever they are washed. Honey rubbed into the skin still wet, drying it as the skin is dried, is also a preventive of chapping.

If hands were dried more carefully there would be less roughness of the skin. A good plan is to dry the hands well, after using the towel, with an old, soft silk handkerchief, which will absorb any moisture left.

Glycerin is an old friend, but as alone it is irritating to moist skins it should be diluted with rose water or pure water—one part of glycerin to three parts of rose water. If about one dram of acetic acid is used to one ounce of glycerin it helps to remove almost any stains from the hands.

If a woman is wise she will take the precaution to wear gloves when dusting a room or doing any kind of work that will soil her hands.

Not every woman can have a perfect hand, but every woman can have a beautifully kept hand. The perfect hand, according to Firenzezola, an Italian author of the sixteenth century, who wrote a "Dialogue on the Beauty of Women," has fingers long, slender, tapering somewhat toward the tip. The nails should be transparent, like pale rubies among pink roses and leaves of pomegranate flower, not long, not round nor altogether square, but of a fair shape and with a very slight boss, uncovered, clean and well kept, so that at the base the little white crescent is visible.

Above, beyond the flesh of the finger, an edge should be seen as wide as a small knife is thick, without the smallest suspicion of black at the tip. And the whole hand must be of a tender, firm surface, as though it were of fine silk or of the softest cotton.

"NOT OF OUR KILLIN'."

A Funny Yarn That is Related About Senator Gallinger and His Coachman.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who will be acting chairman of the senate committee on the District of Columbia during the coming session of congress and will probably be permanent chairman of that committee after the beginning of the Fifty-eighth congress, is now and then reminded of his profession before entering the field of statesmanship. These occasions are when some one is taken suddenly ill and there is necessity for quick treatment by a physician. Then Senator Gallinger very readily takes on the role of Dr. Gallinger and shows the same energy in relieving suffering that he does in advocating or opposing a measure before the senate, says the Washington Star.

When Senator Gallinger was practicing medicine in his New Hampshire home he had a coachman who was a "character" worthy of the attention of any writer of fiction. On one occasion Dr. Gallinger was calling professionally at a house next to a residence on which was displayed black crepe as a sign of death. A passer-by noticing the crepe and not knowing who had died there supposed Dr. Gallinger was in the house and that his coachman could give the desired information. The coachman seemed to take the inquiry as a personal affront and bristled up in martial style.

"I don't know," he retorted, promptly. "It's not of our killin'—it's not of our killin'."

Then he pulled his horse up so as to avoid any further suspicion that he was waiting for the doctor to come out of the house with the badge of mourning.

Insanity.

George—You know Ethel told Jack that lips that touched liquor should never touch hers.

Clara—Yes.

"Well, when Jack takes a cocktail now he always takes it through a straw."—Somerville Journal.

Incidents.

Mr. Smith—You are looking for work, are you? Well, I think I can find something for you to do.

Uncle Eph—Sense me boss; but it ain't no mahself I'm lookin' fo' wuhk—it's fo' mah wife.—Judge.

AROUND THE CITY BY SMELL.

Odors Peculiar to Certain Sections Would Guide One Acquainted with New York.

"If you were to set me down in New York blindfolded I could give a pretty close guess as to my whereabouts by the smell of that particular locality," said a salesman in The Swamp, relates the New York Times. "If my nose seemed stuffed with hides and tallow I should know that I was in the immediate vicinity of Gold, Cliff or Frankfort street. A pronounced odor of spices would indicate Fulton street, in the neighborhood of the East river; but if tea and coffee predominated the chances would be strongly in favor of Front, Pearl or Water street. A saccharine quality in the air would suggest the sugar and molasses neighborhood of William, Wall or Front streets. Perfumes would place me at once on Leonard or Chambers, or possibly Grand street, while a strong odor of soap would let me know that Pearl or Murray street, or perhaps, Greenwich or Hudson was not far off. If the atmosphere was fairly reeking with the scent of drugs, I could figure out that I had wound up somewhere near Fulton, William or Cliff street. Tobacco would give me a wide range, but I should probably be near Pearl, Pine or Broad street. The smell of frogs would be a sure indication of Whitehall street. West and South streets have their distinctive odors of shipping and seamen's supplies."

BEATS HEALTH FOODS.

Osone in the Rocky Mountain Air Enables One to Go a Long Time Without Eating.

Edgar Wallace Conable, of Colorado Springs, has discovered that the osone in the air of the Rocky mountains makes food practically unnecessary, and that a 15-day fast is beneficial to the body in every way, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. If this is true, it need but be a short time until Colorado may ship all her irrigated products to other markets and subsist upon Colorado osone, of which there is an inexhaustible supply. One meal once in 15 days would be such a slight interruption in one's life work that it would scarcely be noted at all, and would produce no more apparent effect than the usual frugal lunch counter collation in St. Louis. Many are somewhat accustomed to the osone diet here already; and when in midsummer one may have observed a busy man regaling himself on a slice of watermelon and a glass of milk, it is apparent the osone regimen was near. At first it may be necessary to take only a few crackers with your osone; after that you can taper off on flocine, desiccated bran and other health foods, and then take up osone altogether. It has often been said that in many cases nerve alone will keep a man alive. Osone and nerve amount to the same thing.

ATMOSPHERIC CONUNDRUM.

A Question Often Asked by Observant Persons Elucidated by a Weather Expert.

Which is heavier, dry air or moist air? This is a question which occasionally agitates the minds of persons who get to thinking about the weather, and when such folks have considered it for a time and discussed it with their neighbors, they write to the newspapers for information, states the New York Tribune. Before consulting any authority, a man is apt to reason in this fashion: The air absorbs the vapor very much as water dissolves sugar, and consequently there must be a gain in weight for the same volume. If he should write to Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau in Washington, though, he would find that his own independent logic was fallacious. Prof. Moore says: "A cubic foot of dry air weighs more than a cubic foot of moist air at the same temperature and pressure. The addition of vapor to a cubic foot of dry air enlarges the volume of the mixture if the air is free to expand, as in the atmosphere; and as the vapor has only about two-thirds the density of dry air at the same temperature and pressure, the density of the mixture is less than that of dry air."

ALUMINUM-GOLD LATEST.

The Two Skillfully Combined Produce a Beautifully Ruby-Colored Metal.

New remarkable properties of aluminum are still being discovered. Its lightness, ductility and strength are well understood, but even these qualities are being constantly developed and enlarged. Mixed with a small quantity of gold a beautiful ruby-tinted metal is produced that can be used for decorative art. It is said that a comparatively thin sheet of the metal will turn a bullet.

Wire has been drawn from it as fine as and not much heavier than a fine silk fiber. In violins it produces a tone as fine as the most perfect Stradivarius. The racing shells made of it are constructed of sheets of only one-nineteenth of an inch in thickness that are as strong as an inch board and less liable to break. It does not tarnish and acids have no effect upon it, says Osce and Metals. Race horses are shod with it. Wounds are sewn up with the wire.

Beats Two Hearts.

The cat has two separate hearts. One beats 60, the other 160 times a minute.

MORTGAGE 100 YEARS OLD.

A Philadelphia Incumbrance That No One Has Ever Sought to Satisfy.

A sale of property at 213 Fitzwater street was recently made, and it does not appear on the records again. It was discovered that a mortgage which antedated the administration of President Washington was still an incumbrance on the property, says a Philadelphia report. The paper was executed by James Clow and wife in favor of Archibald McCall. The consideration named was 333 1-3 Spanish milled dollars, a coin which was the standard of value during the revolutionary period. The value of the milled dollar exceeded by a few cents the value of the silver dollar now in use.

McCall transferred the mortgage in the year 1794 to John Houck, and it does not appear on the records again. The attorney for the petitioner has served notice by advertisement on Houck or his heirs to appear in the court of common pleas No. 1 on December 1, and show cause, if any exist, why the mortgage should not be satisfied by an order of the court. It is not anticipated that any defendants will appear, but the legal formula must be gone through with before the title may be perfected.

Even if any of Mr. Houck's heirs should appear in court it would be necessary, if they designed making a valid claim for money due, to show that the debt had been recognized during the past 20 years. A payment of interest or part of the principal is the best evidence of such acknowledgment, and there is no record of any payment having been made for more than 100 years.

OLD PEOPLE WHO WORK.

World-Famed Celebrities Who Still Keep Busy Although Over the Four-score.

It is needless to call upon history to prove the usefulness and richness that may attend the lives of those who have passed their three score years and ten, says Will Carleton's Magazine, Every Where. The venerable Gladstone did the thinking and much of the speaking for the government of one of the mightiest empires of the world, almost up to the day of his death. Pope Leo, at the age of 91, carries the burdens of a worldwide church, and Herbert Spencer at 81 reads and digests the news and literature of the world and creates therefrom an immortal philosophy. In our own land the sturdy Senator Morrill and Everts, the jurist, worked out their problems of state and law almost up to the very hour when they were called to higher fields of effort; and today ex-Senator Bradbury, of Maine, aged 99, and Senator Pettus, of Alabama, at 81, are busy with the affairs of this world. The venerable David Wark, the "father of the Canadian senate," performs the duties of his high office at the remarkable age of 97, and Verdi still composed music at the age of 87. There are few keener or more persistently active minds in the world of finance than that of Russell Sage, who recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, while King Christian of Denmark actively administers the affairs of state at the age of 85, and Julia Ward Howe, though 81, writes books that sell, and gives lectures that people are eager to hear.

OKLOHOMAS CUT THEIR HAIR.

Young Men of the Tribe Are Fast Discarding Many of Their Aboriginal Ways.

The blending of the customs of the red men and the palefaces is discussed in a report recently sent to Washington by Maj. George W. H. Stouch, United States army, the agent in charge of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian reservation in Oklahoma. As the views of an authority on the subject, the report, reviewed by the Washington Star, throws interesting sidelights on what is really taking place in the amalgamation of the two races. Maj. Stouch says: "Many of the older Indians adhere to their religious customs, yet they do not indulge in them to any alarming or detrimental extent. By moral suasion and friendly advice a number of the young Indians have been prevailed upon to discontinue the wearing of long hair.

"No strenuous effort has been put forth to induce the old Indians, who have worn long hair all their days, to shear their locks, as to compel them to cut their hair would be very bad policy and result in more harm than good. The loss of their hair would make the old fellows weak, humiliated and cowed characters out of what are now strong and leading spirits."

She Feels Cuts.

For 21 years Lizzie Cunningham, of New York, dislocates her jaw every time a cat approaches her. When she was 16 years old she was attacked by a cat, and since then every time she sees a cat running toward her she opens her mouth to scream and is unable to close it again.

Russian Aeroplanes.

Aeroplanes, known as "Flying Dragons," are now in use in the Russian fleet. Several of these kites bound together can support a man in the air. Considerable heights are thus reached and the invention is admirably adapted for scouting.

English Women Artisans.

In Worcestershire, 499 women are engaged in making anchors, while 703 others make needles and 1,044 nails. Nearly all are either married women or widows.

LONG TROLLEY RIDES.

Trip of a New York Man from His City to Chicago Almost Altogether by the Electric Lines.

"A glimpse of trolley car travel of the future is given in the recent experience of a New Yorker. He journeyed from New York to Chicago by trolley routes wherever it was available, and that means nearly the whole distance. He sums up a delightful experience by saying: "Steam for speed; trolley for a good time." The cost of his journey was considerably greater, and much more time was required than would have been involved in a trip by steam railway. He was bent on pleasure, however, and he found the novelty most enjoyable. The journey alluded to is of general interest as an indication of the amazing rate of expansion of trolley car service in the east. From New York to Buffalo the traveler found the trolley is available most of the distance, with gaps in process of rapid filling by lines under construction. He went clear across the state of Ohio, with the exception of one break of a few miles, by his favorite conveyance. The breaks in Michigan and northwestern Indiana were also few and short, and he notes that, generally speaking, the farther west he went the better service. The best stretch of electric railway in the whole distance, according to his report, was the 76 miles from Detroit to Jackson.

DUCK HUNTERS TANTALIZED.

Spot in Massachusetts Where the Fowl Swarm, Yet May Not Be Molested by Gunners.

Spot Pond, in the Middlesex Fells district, which lies between the towns of Melrose, Malden, Stoneham, Medford and Winchester, has become the Mecca of thousands of wild ducks, most of them of the black variety. For the past five or six years, since the Metropolitan park commission has taken possession of the pond, no gunning has been allowed, says the Boston Journal. This the ducks quickly learned, and every year since they have been greatly augmented in numbers, until this year there is the largest number of ducks ever seen on the pond at one time.

They sit out in the middle of the pond in several bunches extending from the Stoneham to the Medford shores. There are two islands in the vicinity on which they roost each evening.

It is estimated there are over 3,000 ducks at the present time in the pond, and they are increasing daily, as the migration to the south takes place.

There were a large number of well-known gunners on the shores of the pond the other day with hungry eyes, watching the ducks for hours. The ducks seem to know they are safe from all danger and come quite near the shore and play with each other, and seem to have no fear.

A COLOMBIAN EXACTION.

One Item of Extortion Which Alone Surpasses Anything in "Gall" the World Over.

A significant story of the conditions prevailing in the part of South America where revolutions are periodical is told by Peter MacQueen, the Boston traveler, whose wanderings are as wide as the hemisphere, says the New York Tribune.

"I was getting ready to leave a small town in Colombia," said MacQueen, "when a very much uniformed official waited on me.

"Senor," said he, politely, "I understand that you have decided to leave us to-morrow."

"I admitted that my intention was such.

"Senor," he continued, deferentially, "I have called to remind your excellency that there is as charge of ten dollars gold made for the privilege of leaving."

"I looked at the man in utter amazement for a moment; then I inquired what reason was alleged for this piece of robbery.

"Ah, senor, there is no reason."

"As I was anxious to catch the boat I paid the ten dollars, but I own I was disturbed when I got back to New York to hear the New York police called 'The Finest.'"

THE CHANGED GRIZZLY.

Formerly Dreaded Animals Are No Longer as Fierce and Combative as They Once Were.

There are numerous reliable statements of grizzly bears having attacked men, but nowadays, says the "Grizzly Bear Lore," in Outing, the grizzly does not seek out his human victims, as there are credible statements that his forefathers used to do. Neither does he lie in wait, and, pouncing upon a hunter, tear him into bloody shreds in delighted fiendishness, as the old-time stories used to tell. The change in the grizzly's disposition is likened by veteran hunters to the change in the character of the white cousin of the grizzly, the polar bear of the arctic. When the stations for the Hudson Bay company were established the diaries of the men there often referred to the fright of attacks by polar bears. Many a navigator in the arctic seas has been clawed and chewed to death by polar bears. But for nearly a century the polar bear has not been regarded as so very fierce, and nowadays it is looked upon as a cowardly beast. Association with armed men has modified the polar bear's disposition.

Japan's Big Wooden Statue.

The largest wooden statue in the world is to be seen in Tokio, Japan. It is 54 feet high and the head will hold 20 people.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

his face when there are women standing in a street car."—Washington Star.

A spotted man admires his own mistress because he makes them—Chicago Daily News.

Maço—"I hear that photographer takes a very flattering picture." Dolly—"I really couldn't say. It isn't necessary for me to go to that kind of a photographer."—N. Y. Times.

A Journalistic Requisite—"Don't you think that a newspaper in smaller, more compact form would be appreciated?" said the publisher. "No," answered his wife. "It must be large enough for a man to hold in front of."

Harnes—"Charley appeared to be willing to acknowledge that he was in the wrong. He said he was quite aware of his shortcomings." Shedd—"Isn't that just like Charley? Always bragging about what he knows!"—Boston Transcript.

Tess—"You and Miss Sere don't seem to be good friends. What's the matter?" Jess—"Why, she remarked that she was 24 years old, and—" Tess—"And you doubted it?" Jess—"Not at all. I merely said: 'Of course, but when?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Purposely Misunderstood—"I'm going on the stage," announced the ambitious amateur proudly. "Oh, well, every one to his taste," replied his sarcastic friend. "If you like it, of course it's all right, but when I'm going anywhere I prefer to go on a railroad train."—Chicago Post.

The Literary Outlook—"What will be the theme of the great novel of the future?" I asked of the famous writer of popular fiction, who was resting after a wearisome effort to spend his royalties. "Really, I have not decided," he replied, with that charming naivete for which he is so justly celebrated.—Indianapolis News.

HE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

Was a Doctor, But Not the Kind to Which His Loved One Objected.

"I have always insisted," she said, after a long, sweet silence, "that I would never marry a doctor or a preacher."

He turned pale and a look of despair crept into his eyes, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

With a heaving sigh he answered: "Can't I induce you to overcome your prejudice? Ah, tell me, tell me that your decision against doctors and preachers is not irrevocable."

Six weeks before she had written a message on an egg and sent it out into the world. The frail messenger had fallen into Arthur Higgleston's hands, and there they were sitting on the baggage truck at the railway station, waiting for the back, which they had missed, to return from town and convey them to the hotel, where they had planned to be married.

She looked up into his eyes with a wild yearning and cried: "Are you a preacher?"

"No," he groaned, "not that—not that."

"Oh, tell me, tell me," she wailed, "that you are not a doctor."

He hung his head. There was a guilty look in his eyes and she knew that the worst had come.

At last pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he turned to her and said: "Yes, Emeline, you have guessed the truth. I am a doctor. But why should that matter? Why do you discriminate against preachers and doctors?"

"Because they have to be among women so much," she sadly replied. "I should want my husband all to myself."

"Love," he cried, "then we may still be happy. I am a horse doctor."

CONSENT WAS UNEXPECTED.

Why a Little Girl Was Willing to Have an Operation Performed on Her Eye.

There is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross-eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes, says the Washington Post.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital the mother took her daughter in her lap and nervously broached the real object of the trip. She set forth in all its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross-eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said, finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would!" exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington.

RELICS OF ST. PIERRE.

Collection of Household Utensils from the Buried City for Boston Museum.

Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, of the Harvard department of geology, who has been engaged in scientific researches at St. Pierre, among the still smoking ruins of the demolished city, will be the means of placing on exhibition at the Agassiz museum over 300 relics of the great volcanic calamity, says a Boston report.

This collection is made up of knives, forks, spoons, coins, glassware, plates, platters, and many other objects of daily utility, some of which Dr. Jagger picked up in the ruins. However, the greater number of these souvenirs were received as a gift from the French government to the Harvard museum, and were selected by Dr. Jagger from a mass of similar material collected immediately following the full horrors of the catastrophe, and stored for safe keeping in the government vaults at Port de France.

To those viewing this collection the personal character of the different objects gathered renders it of more than ordinary interest. In it are many strange freaks caused by the action of the molten lava and the different gases upon the different utensils gathered after the eruption.

Some of the knives, forks, and spoons are melted together by the tremendous heat, and many are stained in various colors by the oxidation of iron, silver and copper and by the overflow of the lava stream in which all the elements were combined. Glass vessels, pitchers, fruit jars, and other objects, which can only be guessed at, are run together by the heat.

Half melted candlesticks, coils welded together in indiscriminate chunks of metal, metal pitchers, sugar bowls, jars and platters are all in evidence among this strange collection. Many of these household utensils bear the monogram of their former owners, who were lost in the awful destruction following the eruption of Mount Pelée. In the collection are plates still covered with fine gray dust, some melted into almost unrecognizable masses, others separate and still unbroken. Added to these articles is a cross fallen from a private shrine and two American gold pieces.

Nearly every article collected shows evidences of the tremendous heat which brought death to every living thing within the vicinity of the destructive mountain. Much of the metal in the collection has been changed from its customary coloring to an appearance of great age. One of the most interesting and unique articles of this collection is a copy of the last issue of Les Colonies, presented to Dr. Jagger by a French planter. This copy is a most valuable accession to the collection which the Harvard scientist obtained.

THE NICKEL HABIT.

When Acquired by a Woman It Is Apt to Lead Her Into Extravagance.

"Sow a habit and you reap a character." Get a nickel telephone and you acquire the nickel habit. The nickel habit consists in never parting from a five cent piece if you can help it, and planning every thinkable subterfuge to come into possession of the precious bits, says the Chicago Tribune.

Women are more addicted to the habit than men. That's because their pocket space is so limited that they can lay in only a limited supply at a time, and so must needs be at it persistently. You can tell the woman who has this trouble by watching her in a street car. She never gives the conductor a nickel. She will, if she can, present him with a dime. She is then sure of one five cents at least. If she hasn't a dime she will produce a quarter. This is greater risk for possibly greater gains. In the shuffle she may draw four nickels, which sets her up for some time to come. The alternative is, of course, two dimes, which mean only one nickel, even after changing for carfare. Fifty cent pieces and dollars are a lottery the nickel woman may or may not get what she wants.

The nickel habit leads to extravagance. The addicted one will spend any amount in order to save her nickel. She gladly gives ten pennies to pay something which one five cent piece would have compassed. It leads to deceit, too, for the possessor of a nickel will cheerfully deny possession of it rather than let anyone borrow the coin to use for the telephoning or other purposes. Lastly, it leads to avarice, for the nickel woman argues with herself for many minutes before depositing this hard earned coin in the maw of the five cent telephone.

Whether any new Keeley will undertake to study out a cure for this bad habit is yet to be seen. The telephone company suggests one by asking the nickel subscriber to pay a hundred a year and do away with the nickel box, but that is found to be a stern remedy, after one has suffered from a stern case of nickelism. Certainly, for the sake of home life in America some philanthropist ought to see what can be done to save this rapid degeneration and the sad refrain so often heard in afflicted families, "Has anyone got a nickel?"

And the other mournful command sounding over the wires like the irresistible voice of fate, "Nickel, please."

Prepared for Emergencies.

The German war department actually keeps in stock duplicates of all the bridges in the empire considered likely to be damaged or destroyed in case of war; and, what is more, it has duplicates of a good many French bridges and of other countries in which it is interested.—N. Y. Sun.