

PANTALOONS WITH LINING.

They Used to Be Worn But Are Never Heard Of in These Days.

An old clothing merchant in Chicago, whose sons have been his successors for many years, was in the store the other day for the first time in seven years, reports the Tribune.

"I suppose you have no pantaloons with lining," he said to his eldest boy, who replied that he had never heard of such a thing.

"We used to keep them in stock," continued the father. "As a rule I think most pantaloons with lining were home-made. Your mother made the first I ever saw, and I wore 'em. I think the lining was of some sort of cambric. But there were a few of my old customers who bought ready-made clothes of me, many years ago, and they insisted that their pantaloons should be lined. They had an idea that lining made the fit better. But the tailors I employed hated the work, and always charged more for putting in the lining."

"One of my customers, who wouldn't live long if he had to wear ready-made clothes now, took a fancy to a pair of unlined pantaloons, but refused to make the purchase unless I had lining put in. That was in 1850. My tailor said he never heard of such a thing, but I insisted. He had to take the pantaloons apart—untwist the seams and then put in the lining. It took him over a week to do the job. The customer got mad in waiting and refused to take the pantaloons. I sued him and got judgment, and he wouldn't speak to me for over a year. I saw him pass the house last week riding with his grandchildren in an automobile. I suppose he would have got hot if I had reminded him of the time when he wore lined pantaloons, and he had straps to them besides, so as to keep them in shape. I remember when a man who didn't wear straps to his pantaloons was not considered well dressed, and that was right here in Chicago."

DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN.

This Name Perpetuates an Error Said to Have Been Made by Noted Chemist.

It was 127 years on the 1st of August since Joseph Priestley discovered oxygen. He called it dephlogisticated air. Scheele, who separated it about the same time, empyreal air; while Condorcet, more happily than either, suggested vital air. Lavoisier named it oxygen—literally the acid maker—and in so doing perpetuated an error, says London Express.

It is not oxygen that is the essential element in the formation of acids, but hydrogen, so called because it helps to form water. The early chemists would have hit the mark better if they had interchanged the designations; for oxygen constitutes the great bulk of water, and hydrogen is a constituent of all acids. What's in a name in this case is a chemical misrepresentation. Priestley little knew how wide was the range of the element he had found. Oxygen forms one-fifth of the atmosphere, eight-ninths of the waters, and, taking altogether, one-half of all the materials of the globe, so far as they are known. As carbon is the basis of all the organic substance of the world, so oxygen, the supporter of life and combustion, represents its living energies.

MARKED SALMON RETURN.

Many of the Fish Come Back to Their Spawning Grounds Every Fourth Year.

A. C. Little, state fish commissioner, is commencing to get results from scientific experiments conducted during the last four years, with the object of ascertaining what proportion of young salmon turned out by the state fish hatcheries return every fourth year to their spawning grounds. He has procured numerous fish tails from the Columbia river fishermen which bear certain marks placed upon them before the fish were set loose at the Kalama hatchery. These fish are spawn of the salmon caught in 1897, and are, therefore, four years old. None of the tails were obtained in previous years, again proving that salmon return only every fourth year, says the San Francisco Call.

The fact that the run of salmon on the Columbia river has been unexpectedly large this year is believed to have been due almost entirely to the great number of fish turned out by the Washington hatcheries on streams tributary to the Columbia. Several of these hatcheries have not been established long enough to get direct returns in the form of marked tails.

Telegraph Poles in Texas. Bell Telephone, Tex., is noted not only for its oil, but the tallest telegraph poles in the United States. The tops are 150 feet above the ground. They were erected on the opposite banks of the Neches river by the Western Union Telegraph company in order to string its cable across the stream. The span is 144 feet in length. This height is necessary to admit the passage of ships through a draw-bridge, their masts being 100 feet tall and more.

Castle for Rent.

A London paper printed this unique "for rent" advertisement recently: "A rock built, crag-enclosed castle, buffered by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreared points of our iron-bound coast, in full view of the Death Stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 g. a week. Address, etc."

HARD ON THE TOPERS.

The Short Corn Crop Will Increase the Price of Whisky Considerably.

"Lovers of cocktails, gin fizzes, creme de menthes and other seductive little mixtures in which spirituous fermentum form the principal ingredient will probably be interested to learn that the next few months will mark a considerable increase in the price of whisky," said a traveling man, according to the Charleston News and Courier.

"The practical failure of the corn crop," he continued, "in some of the western states, which heretofore furnished the greater portion of the supply to the people of this country, and the consequent increase in price, will cause the distillers to pay a great deal more for their raw material than they have been in the habit of doing in the past. The consumers in this instance, as in all others since the law of supply and demand has been known, will, of course, be compelled to pay this increase in price. A number of people in this country are probably not aware of the fact that about 75 percent of the whisky distilled in this country is made from corn. Thousands every day are drinking what they suppose to be rye, when in reality it is nothing more than colored corn juice. Out in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa there will be less corn harvested this year than ever before in my recollection. Taking into consideration that these four states, where nearly all the corn in the United States is raised, or rather an enormous percentage of it, are so short as to the output this year, it can be readily seen what effect the decrease will have on the market. Distillers will be forced to pay well for their corn, and the only avenue of escape for them is to make the consumers fork over the difference."

DISTANCE JUDGING.

Success in Estimating Accurately a Given Space is Very Rare.

A familiar example of the vagueness of our mental ideas on the dimensions of familiar objects is the trick by which a number of people are induced to measure off upon the wall what they consider to be the height of a top hat. Success in this feat is rare, says the London Globe, and the estimation in yards or miles of distances in the open air is no less difficult, though often considerably more useful. Generally, of course, it is the level surface or one filled with monotonous features many times repeated which is most underestimated, while diversification seems to impress the mind with a greater notion of extent. Even so, the usual tendency is greatly to underestimate distances of more than a quarter of a mile, while the differences between the guesstimate computations of various members of the same party are often extraordinary. In our ordinary life we have rarely need for ascertaining in actual yards the distance of objects under observation, and our faculty of estimation is not developed much further when we have once left the stage behind at which all the objects in a room, for instance, appear to the infant to be equally within its grasp. The difficulty of judging distance is much increased over an undulatory or hilly surface, whether it is desired to find out the actual superficial measurement or the "air line," as the Germans term it, for rifle shooting in sport or war. In this last application the training of the faculty is extremely important, and in actual fact often extremely imperfect.

TATTOOING IN WHITE.

Maidens at the Seaside Have Filled the Sun's Rays for a New and Novel Fad.

Positively the newest fad of the seashore resorts this season is exceedingly popular with the summer girls—tattooing in white. How it originated no one has been able to tell, but it got here, as nearly all can testify. One of the chaperons appeared on the beach at Atlantic City the other day with her favorite college design apparently tattooed in white on her sun-browned arm. There was the white flag of the University of Pennsylvania, with the letters "U. P." and beneath this a little heart. The thing caused a deal of speculation and something of a sensation for a long time, but the fair schemer could not keep the secret and a lot of her chums copied the idea, which now threatens to spread all along the coast.

"How is it done?" asked the fair one in reply to a questioner. "That is easy. Before I expose my arm to the fierce rays of the sun I cut out the design I wished from adhesive plaster and stuck it fast to my arm. When the burning process was well along I took off the plaster and there was the flag in white just as nice as you please."

One of the fair devotees of fads was not content to show her college preference on her arm, but worked out a design on her neck. It is not likely that many will follow her idea, however, since they must don evening dress for the hops. Some of them have gone a step further and allowed the sun to print upon their fair arms the initials of their very best young men, with a sentimental design accompanying them.

A Poem That Failed.

Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," made about \$100,000 for the British South African relief fund. Kipling turned over the \$1,250 paid him by the Daily Mail, and all other journals copying it paid in \$25, while \$500 a week was earned for some weeks by its recital at London musicales.

WANDERINGS OF A CHALICE.

Antique Communion Cup That Once Became a Prize for Horse Racing.

Surely one of the strangest vicissitudes which could befall a communion cup is to become the prize in a horse race; yet such has been the fate of one which once belonged to the Episcopal church of Clontarf, and after a disappearance of many years' duration has at last been restored to its original purpose. The incident is related in the Clontarf Parish Magazine, says the London Telegraph.

The gift of Charles Melville, Esq., to the church of Clontarf, April 8, 1721.

Some time in the early part of last century it disappeared from the church in a most mysterious manner, and all trace of it was lost until quite recently, when Col. P. D. Vigora, of Begenalstown, discovered through a correspondence with Rev. J. Bloom, of Whitechurch, Stratford-on-Avon, that the cup was in the possession of Mr. J. R. West, of Alcot Park, in whose family it had been for many years. And, more extraordinary still, it is clear, from an inscription on the bottom of the chalice, that it was presented as a cup at the Cheltenham races in 1833, and was won by a horse there. The inscription underneath reads: "Cheltenham, July 16, 1833. Won by Exile, 3-year-old." The chalice will, it is to be hoped, be spared further wandering and will remain safe in Clontarf.

LOUISVILLE FIRE CATS.

Born in an Engine House They Become Fead of a Run with the Machine.

"Bobs" and "Kit" are two coal black kittens which love excitement. They are about six months old and were born at the No. 4 hook and ladder house, says the Courier-Journal.

Their mother had spent her whole life in the fire department, having lived at several of the engine houses and having moved from one to another whenever her owner was transferred. She has slept on the top of the hook and ladder truck since she has been at the No. 4 house, and has been carried to fires with the company a number of times. If an alarm came in when she was asleep on the truck she never took the trouble to move, but would remain on the truck until it returned from the fire.

Her two kittens seem to have inherited her love for the fire department, and since they have been old enough to run about they have gone to almost every fire. When an alarm comes in the kittens will make a run for the truck and climb to the top of it. As the big truck aways through the streets the kittens hang on, apparently enjoying the exciting ride. At the fire they never venture off the truck, but curl up and go to sleep. Several times the firemen have attempted to make the kittens stay away from fires, but every alarm that comes in finds them at their post on top of the truck.

ANTS AND LEMONADE.

The Little Insects Know How to Make a Refreshing Summer Drink.

"Did you ever know that ants will make lemonade?" asked the talkative grocer, relates the Philadelphia Record. "Yes, it's a fact. I happened to cut a lemon the other day, and left it on the counter. A couple of minutes later I noticed a bunch of ants making a great to do around the lemon. The antics of the little insects were so methodical that I took a few minutes off to investigate. A little sugar had been spilled on the counter near the spot where the lemon lay, and the ants were busy making trips between the sugar and the fruit. You may not believe it, sir, but every time one of the little creatures made the trip he carried back a grain of sugar, which was dropped into the lemon juice and then eagerly devoured."

"It struck me that maybe the manufacture of the lemonade was only an accidental process, due to the close proximity of the sugar and the lemon, so I carefully swept the sugar away. It seems incredible, but as true as I'm standing here those ants hunted around until they found the sugar barrel, when the whole bunch trooped back laden with sugar, which they dipped in the juice and swallowed. Wonderful! No name for it!"

Great Maine Forests.

Maine's woods are known of all men, but few realize that vast and deep as they are, they exceed seven-fold the extent of the "Black Forest" of Germany, and cover nearly one-half (9,000,000 acres) of the area of the state. Hidden within these shaded wilds, the home of the moose, America's greatest game animal, there are more than 1,800 lakes, comprising one-fifth of the surface of the state. Their pure, pellucid waters fairly abound in fish of many kinds. In only three or four spots on this globe may one find in the same area a combined number of lakes and ponds. Combined, they represent a water surface of 2,300 square miles. From these sources flow 6,000 rivers and streams.

Big Pine Log.

A pine log 94 feet long and 19 inches square was landed at Leith, Scotland, recently. It had been the largest and most perfect tree in Louisiana.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Some of the Pretty Features of Fall Costumes and Head-wear.

Beautifully fine costume cloths of light weight and exquisite suede finish, to be used for dinner, visiting, carriage and other demi-dress gowns in opal gray, pale golden olive, turquoise blue, fawn color, tan, old rose, and black, are being made up for autumn wear in elegant tailor fashion, and in finishing the costume some real lace is the adjunct. Point applique looks exceptionally well on those beautiful fabrics, and a touch of velvet is added by most of the Parisian modistes, reports the New York Post.

Red—all red—has been a telling note of color in all the large assemblies of the summer, especially where so many contrasting gowns of black, white, or cream-color net, lace, etc., have been worn. Very effective, indeed, was a gown of poppy red, accordion plaited, chiffon made over a slip of satin of the same color, and admirably chosen was the dress for its bright brunette wearer. In copying this style one, however, must be positive that she can elect for it advantageously, and also be sure that she select the certain right shade of this vivid dye.

A handful of roses—red, glowing garden beauties—with a helping of dark green velvet leaves will be one of the effective bouquets for the early fall hat, with green velvet lined with rose-colored silk for the crown band, and a narrow drapery of the same velvet at the edge of the brim. Even more admirable is the advance model in dark green openwork straw worn in a pattern closely imitating applique work, decorated with pale green hops, bitter-sweet buds, a cluster of vivid yellow, russet brown, and scarlet will flowers and nasturtiums, showing only a bit of each bud and blossom, save the hops running riot all over the brim, and a portion of the new slightly elevated crown.

Fine French shirring may not wholly banish tucking and brier-stitching from their long-possessed domain, but it will displace their former effects in many ways. Besides having vest-fronts, blouses, undersleeves, yokes, collars and plastrons of shirred silk, mull, batiste, etc., the most novel demi-dress costume of the autumn will feature anywhere, but directly up the front. The cut-down effects, however, of many summer styles have vanished, and the sleeves longer than ever, and some of them are made of beautiful satin-faced cloths, to which rich laces and black or fiery velvets are applied.

For early fall wear, a high-class city modiste is utilizing several pieces of handsome grass-linen, making up some of the fabrics over black taffetas. The only relief of color admitted in this instance is a large rosette on the tucked and shirred bodice, very bright color being chosen for this decoration. Grass-linen in its natural tints is very trying to many complexions, hence the idea of introducing a bold patch of color in the shape of a ribbon of chiffon, silk, or velvet ribbon. It is placed rather high on the corsage, and in that position will heighten the complexion that the unrelieved linen would generally render so flat and colorless.

OUR SLEEPING ROOMS.

Thorough Ventilation and Plenty of Sunshine Conduce to Refreshing Slumber.

We spend, or should spend, in the sleeping-room, one-third of the day, the period designed by nature for repairing the wear of the physical and mental machinery. No greater mistake was ever made than to look on the time spent in sleep as wasted. We have improved upon such sleeping-rooms as were not unusual a few generations ago; rooms forever unvisited by sunshine; rooms opening from the kitchen, so the spoiled air of the day was breathed over again by night; rooms in low, stifling garrets, or worse still, mere closets wholly cut off from sunshine and from pure outside air. But many housekeepers still need hints on the subject, says the Home Magazine.

Few rooms are large enough not to require continuous ventilation. The two sleepers are constantly vitiating the air. No air is pure which contains an excess of carbonic acid, and at every breath a certain amount of oxygen is converted into poisonous gas. Think of 12,000 such inspirations during the night! Moreover, each breath conveys with the carbonic acid and throws into the air effete matter thrown off by the lungs which is also poisonous. Nor is even this all. Millions of sweat tubes are all the time pouring their polluted waste into the room. Ventilation is a hygienic necessity.

Sunshine is essential to a good sleeping-room. Sunshine is a powerful disinfectant, and every sleeping-room needs to be disinfected daily. Let the heads of the family appreciate the sunniest room; the guest-room, occasionally occupied, is less important.

The sleeping-room should be in an upper story. As the light air cools, many of the disease-producing particles sink to the lower strata. It is said that one may sleep safely in a malarial region by avoiding the night air and sleeping above the ground floor.

The sleeping-room should be not only one of the most spacious, but one of the cheeriest and neatest and best furnished rooms in the whole house. It should be emphatically "the chamber of peace."

A sleeping-room should never be a small one, dependent for most of its air on an open window. Such a room is seldom safe; at some periods the air is sure to be snuff out.

KEGS THAT BLOW UP.

Some That Look Empty and Harmless But Are Full of Death and Destruction.

Anton Colman, a veteran dynamite man, is perhaps one of the oldest of all the old-timers, and has been looking after high explosives for the past 25 or 30 years. He has been on most of the big jobs in Massachusetts and in many parts of New England and has had many hairbreadth escapes and exciting adventures. Mr. Colman is about 70 years old, and was born in Maine, says the Boston Daily Globe.

"Dynamite and the blasting powder which we have to-day is much different from what it used to be in the days when I first started in the business," said Mr. Colman. "And I am not as well posted on everything as I might like to be, but there are some things about handling powder that when a man learns them once he never forgets as long as he lives, and no matter what kind of powder is used or how much the style changes it is all the same; they will still be careful and watch their business mightily close. Of course, of all the explosives nitroglycerin is the most dangerous and the hardest to get along with. It has as many moods and is as hard to manage sometimes as the spoiled child or a woman who wants her own way."

"I never got over my great respect for this explosive, and even to-day I treat it with every deference, and will be as gentle and peaceful in its presence as any tyro. A man can never get any experience in handling nitroglycerin; the more he handles it the less he is liable to know about it. For he realizes more and more how uncertain it is.

"Why, even the kegs that nitroglycerin comes in are white elephants on a man's hands, for they are mighty hard to get rid of, I tell you. The wood has been so thoroughly saturated with the stuff that it cannot be burned and cannot be broken up, and they can't be left lying around loose, for some one is sure to come along who does not know anything about them and bang something into them, and off goes the keg."

"I remember a fellow out in the western part of the state, several years ago, who came along with a hammer in his hand. He sat down on an empty nitroglycerin keg and playfully amused himself by tapping the staves with his hammer. I saw him and ran to a safe place and tried my best to warn him by shouting, but it was no use; the keg finally blew up with a loud report, and the poor fellow lingered in the hospital about two weeks before he died.

"I am even more afraid of these empty nitroglycerin kegs than I am of the explosive itself or of any other kinds of powder or dynamite. You can always tell when to be careful when the real stuff is around, but if some one happens to leave an empty keg or barrel in the way you might not know it until you had dropped a crow-bar or sledgehammer into it or tipped it over, and then, after you found it out, you would be in no condition to tell anyone of your discovery.

"The only way to get rid of those empty kegs or barrels is to take them out into an open field and fire a pistol at them from a safe distance, and even that sometimes is not an undertaking that I would advise a person to try, for I remember a case of a fellow who went out with three kegs, and instead of placing them side by side and letting one shot do the business, I guess he was anxious to see them blow upon by one, for he placed the first keg and left the other two on the team.

"He fired his gun and the bullet did what was expected of it, but the keg exploded with such terrific force that the man was horrified when the concussion caused the two remaining kegs on his team to follow suit immediately, killing his horse, wrecking his wagon completely, while he himself received a splinter in his face that ruined the sight of one eye. After that if he ever went out I am sure he was more careful.

"I have known of a fellow who lost his foot by the explosion of a drop of the terrible stuff, and another man who lost his hand by suddenly hitting a board on which a can of nitro had rested, and a drop or two of the liquid cozed out. It is mighty bad stuff, and I am more afraid of it than ever."

Heron Birds Nest High.

Heron colonies are rare enough to excite interest in their location and the peculiarities of the nest-building of these birds. They live and rear their young year after year at the same place unless some catastrophe in bird life or the intrusion of unwelcome residents cause them to move. There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebec lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of those trees. The trees are tall without limbs for 40 feet or more from the ground. It is a well-known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than 40 feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks. The nest is at least two feet across.—Nature.

Women and Dogs.

In the largest library in Oxford, England, has hung from time immemorial this notice: "Women and dogs not admitted here." It is allowed to hang still, to show the changes in the status of women.—N. Y. Sun.

Needs All of a Bucket.

Accept all stories about mines with a bucket of salt.—Atchison Globe.

ANTE-NUPTIAL AGREEMENT.

In Which the Groom and Bride Could Go Barefooted If They Wished To.

"One night a few weeks ago," said Col. M. Carnes, the Union depot-master, to a Kansas City Journal man, "I noticed a fairly well-dressed, farmerish-looking man walking about the station, who appeared very ill at ease. I observed that he had on a long-tailed black coat, a white shirt and a pair of good, stiff-looking shoes, all evidently new. After I had sized him up I concluded that he was not accustomed to being dressed up and that his shoes were hurting him.

"I approached him and asked: 'Shoes hurting you, aren't they?'"

"'Yes,' he replied, 'they're new, and the plugged-topped things are makin' me awful uncomf'able like.'"

"'Why don't you sit down and take 'em off?' I asked. 'There's no law ag'inst it.'"

"'Nay,' he replied, 'you don't know what you're sayin' to me. I got myself in a sight of trouble once by goin' barefooted. My wife left me on account of it and got a divorce.'"

"'Indeed?' I replied, laughingly.

"'Yes,' he continued, 'she got a divorce, and one of the charges she made ag'in me was that I wouldn't wear my shoes, and that my bare feet caused her great humiliation when her friends come to see her. You see, I'm a farmer, and when it's hot in the summer I like to go without my shoes. This woman of mine was very proud, and because I wouldn't suffer to suit her, off she went.'"

"'About two weeks later,' Col. Carnes continued, 'my attention was attracted by the presence of this same man in the station. He wore the same clothes and tight pair of shoes, and looked more uncomf'able than before. With him was a big, strong, buxom young woman, and I at once decided that he had been getting married again. I went over to him and said:

"'Well, I suppose congratulations are in order.'"

"'Yes,' he replied, blushing and looking more restless than ever. 'This is my wife.'"

"'How about it, I asked, 'has this one agreed to let you go without your shoes?'"

"'You bet,' his bride replied; 'I ain't no fool. He can go barefooted, hunched or bare-anything else if he wants to while he lives with me, an' I'm g'in to do the same.'"

Capt. Carnes says that a few minutes later he saw the happy couple catch a train for their future place of residence at N. Ada, Mo.

THEIR LOT I NOT HAPPY.

Women in the French Provinces Have a Hard Experience in Life.

The story of Mme. M., given by a writer in a popular periodical, is typical of the majority of the provincial wives of France, says the Chicago Chronicle. From the day of her marriage—although she had brought her husband some fortune—Mme. M.'s expenses as well as her conduct were absolutely guided and controlled by her husband. She would, indeed, have been in fear of expending a franc without his permission. For her own toilet and that of her daughter, a school girl, she was accorded the sum yearly of 1,000 francs, or \$200. Upon this he expected that she and the fillette should always present a refined appearance. The wash bill was closely inspected. A tablecloth had been known to last more than a fortnight, the family taking extreme care of it. In M. M.'s library were some historical, scientific and political works; these alone were supplied for the wife's delectation. She was not allowed to purchase a book for herself, even a subscription to the circulating library being frowned upon. Then there was no traveling. Mme. M.—considered a trip from Aix to Anney sufficient for the year's change of scenery and atmosphere. Monsieur occasionally took a longer journey on public or private business. In fact, all extra expenditure or self-indulgence was invariably the husband's, not the wife's. Her limitations were as definite as the laws of the decalogue. "Thou shalt not spend," was her vade mecum.

A male visitor is unknown to provincial French ladies unless accompanied by his wife, and even her women friends she rarely sees en-toi-a-tete. If her husband is much occupied she has little daily companionship except the bonne. This is usually deprecated by the husband, who desires her to "hold her rank."

Mme. M. had lately died—youth—and the maid inadvertently dropped the comment that she didn't think she was very anxious to live; she had made no special effort to get well. When asked why the maid reflected and then astutely answered: "I think she was ennuye."

Here, then, lies in a nutshell the gist of Flaubert's remarkable study of Mme. Bovary. For the mediocre this stifled monotony suffices. To a woman of brains or energy it means death.

Valuable Building Material.

"Keramo," a new building material manufactured mainly of powdered glass waste at Penzig, Silesia, is a bad conductor of heat, slow to deteriorate under exposure to weather. Fireproof, and resists perfectly oil, grease and all ordinary acids. A devitrifying process turns the waste into stone of which bricks are made by pressure, which retain their hardness though losing the transparency and brittleness of glass. The product may be colored with pigment. Tiling sells for about \$1.75 a square yard.—Science.