

FOR HOUSEWIFE TO KNOW.

The Polish Dressed Mahogany Use Various Applications of Wax, Turpentine and Sandpaper.

To make an old mahogany table which has lost its brilliant polish look as good as new is not altogether an easy task, but it is a possible one, says the Washington Evening Star.

Water, sapolio and sandpaper are first needed. Give the table a scrubbing with the water and sapolio, after having dusted and rubbed it well.

Then take small pieces of sandpaper, 3/4 degree of fineness, and rub the table thoroughly, or until the old varnish has been taken off; even if the table had not been previously varnished, it needs to be smoothed over with the sandpaper.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Pretty Bits of Finery That Are Now Popular with Feminine Wearers.

In rough tweeds have brown if it suits you, with a dash of pale blue or mauve, which is the most attractive mixture.

All colors in jewels figure in necklaces as well as other ornaments, and the more curious and antique the effect the better.

Buttons play an important part in the season's trimmings, and these are varied. Cut steel, mixed with black, is a good deal worn, and so, too, are enamel and paste, both old and new, says a fashion authority.

Very good style are the pin-striped velvets, especially the fine black and whites, and the silvery gray and black arrangements. Whole gowns and separate waists are made up of these.

Steel and black are combined frequently with good effect this year. In some of the smart frocks the dots of velvet which make a good trimming for so many things are set upon a lace or net foundation, and encircled with beads, black and steel alternating.

Winter coats are made up guite as of the central back seam, which can be a disfigurement to the figure. If the physique is imperfect in any way and the middle seam is stretched to right or left, the effect is to show off any imperfections, and call attention to one's defects.

Several shades now go under the general name of khaki, some being indistinguishable from yellow. The piece of chamouis skin which is used to clean the windows is a pretty pale buff; the same stuff is called khaki yellow, and is well worn on waistcoats with a brown cloth gown, or as a separate waist in a less heavy material.

A Delicately Indian Curry. Slice a medium-sized Bermuda onion and fry a light brown in an ounce of butter. Soak a small slice of bread in half a cupful of milk. Grate six or eight sweet almonds; beat two eggs in half a cupful of milk and then mix all the ingredients together with half a pound of meat, minced fine, a tablespoonful of butter and a level tablespoonful of curry powder.

Housewife (at the departure of her servant)—What, you crying? If it grieves you to go, why did you decide to leave? Servant—I'm crying for sympathy with the girl who is to take my place.—London Tit Bits.

NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE.

A Kentucky Witness Who Had Some Excitement, But Not Much for Him.

Some of the unpublished testimony in the trial of Caleb Powers for the alleged murder of William Goebel was most picturesque. Ike Hopkins, who was one of the commonwealth's witnesses, proved most diverting. Hopkins came down from the mountains, with a reputation as a bad man, and the commonwealth wanted to bring that out before the defense got at the witness, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"No, not to say trouble," replied Hopkins. "Well, were you ever arrested?" he was then asked. "Yes, I have been arrested," answered the witness, reminiscently. "What did you do to be arrested?"

"I didn't do anything to be arrested," he answered. "Well, why did they arrest you, then?" "I shot a man." "Did the man die?" the witness was then asked. "No, the man didn't die—that is, he didn't die until two o'clock in the afternoon."

"What made you shoot the man?" asked the commonwealth's attorney. "He was just pesterin' around all the time. He dragged my wife up the road by the hair."

"How did you get out of it?" he was asked. "Well, you see, I had three trials about that. They tried to hang me for that, but they couldn't prove anything, so I got shut of that, too."

Hopkins then related other little experiences that he had since he had gone to the mountains to live, and in all he had stood trial 14 times, seven of those for his life.

HAVE A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

No Matter How Small, Is Edward Bok's Advice to Young Married Couples.

They are a wise young man and woman who start out in their married life in a home of their own in some place where they will have green grass about their house even if it is only a few feet. It makes no difference how humble or how modest the house may be. The smallest box of a house with a plot of green is a temple of common-sense compared to the finest "flat" or "boarding-house" in the city.

Put one egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half-teaspoonful salt, a dash of white pepper, and a half-teaspoonful of mustard together in a saucepan and beat together until smooth and light. Then add a cupful of milk or cream (sour is best) and which thoroughly blended beat in a cupful of sugar that has been heated to scalding point with two level tablespoonfuls of butter.

Scrap the tomatoes, leaving the shells, and fill with a stuffing made from half a cupful of sausage meat, four tablespoonfuls of stale bread crumbs, one teaspoonful minced parsley, a shred of garlic, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and one teaspoonful of finely minced onion. Set the tomatoes in a baking dish, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake till chestnut brown. Add before sending to the table squeeze over them the juice of one lemon.—Good Housekeeping.

THE HOLY CHILD OF CEBU.

A Filipino Image Which Is Thought by the Natives to Possess Miraculous Powers.

"One of the most interesting sights on the island of Cebu," said a woman who has recently been there, to a New York Tribune reporter, "is the holy child of Cebu, an image that is supposed to possess miraculous curative powers. The church that serves as its shrine is a large and handsome edifice devoted entirely to the worship of the image.

"The holy child" is carved out of ebony and is beautifully dressed and bejeweled. It stands in a niche high in the wall, and all day long, on the feast days, the worshipers kneel and pray on the floor beneath. It is believed that prayers made to the image on those days will restore health and happiness to all who make the pilgrimage to this shrine.

"We were the first Americans, and I was the first white woman, allowed to enter the church. The unprecedented privilege of entering the room back of the niche, and there getting a near view of the image, was accorded to us. The room is not open, ordinarily, to any but the priests and nuns. To reach it we passed through a long hall and ascended a beautiful staircase to the reception room of the padre in charge and saw many fine paintings of saints on the way.

"The nuns, who showed the mixed blood of the native Filipino and the Spanish races, offered us some benedictine and then ushered us into the sacred presence. There were many afflicted natives on the floor below, offering their petitions, but the father turned the niche, which swung on a pivot, so that the image faced us, and each of the priests and nuns offered a prayer and kissed it. I was invited to do the same, making a wish as I did so, as the child, it was explained, had unlimited power and would grant whatever I desired.

"I stepped upon the little platform to get a better view, and saw that the small, white niche was beautifully carved and overlaid with gold leaf. The image is about 30 inches high and its crown is of immense jewels, mostly diamonds. Its name, upon the cabinet, is surrounded with pearls. It is gorgeously dressed in the Spanish colors. The nuns told me that the image was flung upon the shore by God's own hand, to bless the natives and cure their diseases.

"We were afterward taken into the church through the padre's robing room. The walls and furnishings are of elaborately carved mahogany, each piece of which would bring a fortune in this country. But everything is spotted with candle grease and other signs of lack of care, for these sacred things must not be touched except by holy hands and for sacred purposes.

"In the large mahogany wardrobes in this room were kept many costly robes worn by the priests. These were of such heavy silks that they would stand alone. These robes were also spotted with the taper grease.

"On our way out we were shown into the coffin room. In this island coffins are never used to bury the dead in—only for the funerals. These are most gaudy, being wooden boxes, covered with light blue or rose pink calico and ornamented with a cross on the top. They have no lining. The body is placed in a straw mat, which is wrapped about it, and after the service is lifted out and buried in shallow graves dug out by the hands, as they have no tools for digging deep graves.

"We met a funeral party as we were leaving. Members of the family walked down the road in single file, all smoking cigarettes and with no sign of grief. The family being wealthy, a band of native musicians was playing, and, singularly enough, the tune was a garbled rendition of 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.'"

A STUDY IN CASTE.

One of the Peripatetic Gentry Who Was Particular About His Classification.

Human nature is so happily constituted that as long as the humble man has a humbler man to look down upon he can still maintain a degree of dignity and self-respect, says the Detroit Free Press.

To the back door of a city residence the other day came an old man tramp. He was grimy and tattered, weary and wretched in appearance; but asked no money—merely something to eat. A cup of hot coffee was added to the bread and meat bestowed upon the poor fellow, and as he munched and sipped contentedly, albeit ravenously, on the doorstep, the lady of the house chatted with him.

Paris is to have a porcelain tower which will rival in size and beauty any similar structure in China. It is to be over 130 feet high, covered with porcelain decorations made for the purpose at the government factory of Sevres, and will be erected in The Park of St. Cloud, on the site of the old tower known as "Diogenes' Lantern."—N. Y. Post.

ROYAL INTERMARRIAGE.

Bad Results of "In-and-In" Consanguinity in Europe Becoming Very Plainly Apparent.

We hear the most alarming anticipations about the health of the king. The report is going about everywhere, and it finds some sanction in the fact that the king has lost within a comparatively short space of time a brother and a sister from the fell disease which, according to popular rumor, he believes to be threatening his own life.

An interesting article which I have just been reading in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, the leading newspaper of Ireland, insists that one main cause of the illnesses which at present affect so many royal houses in Europe is to be found in the fact that "the sovereigns of Europe have disregarded that great law of nature which discounts the marriages of near blood relations." The article goes on to tell us that while "there are in Europe over a score of emperors, kings and minor reigning sovereigns" all but two are the descendants of James I. of England, the only child of the marriage of Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots.

The king of Sweden, who, as everybody knows, is the descendant of Marshal Bernadotte, one of the soldiers whom the great Napoleon raised from the ranks and set upon a throne, and the prince of Montenegro, who became a sovereign ruler within the recollection of us all, are almost the only exceptions. The result of this condition of things, says Justin McCarthy, in the New York Independent, naturally is that European princes and princesses are compelled to marry "in and in," if I may use that colloquial expression when dealing with such a subject—in other words, have to find their marriage consorts in families more or less nearly related to their own.

At present there is hardly a European imperial or royal family which is not oppressed by serious and bodilily illness of some kind, and it is only reasonable to say that some explanation of this fact may be found in this system of intermarriage. It is certainly a curious historical fact that the dynasty of the Stuarts, in many ways the worst dynasty that ever ruled over England, should have left so many descendants among the reigning houses of Europe.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Frequent Changes in Self-Diagnosis of a Dyspeptic—Has All the His in Them.

"Scientists have made the contention that a man can think so intently that he has a red spot on his hand at a certain point that the spot will actually show up at exactly that point," said a student citizen to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer.

"Down at my boarding house there is a dyspeptic, and he reads every time he reads a new patent-medicine advertisement in the newspapers, where any of the symptoms of the ailment appear in the advertisement. He changes his diagnosis of his case every time he reads a new advertisement, and his mind seems to concentrate on the particular symptoms which flare out in the advertisement. I read some years ago that these gaudy advertisements were disseminators of complaints of various kinds, but, of course, there was nothing in that, even if one can produce a red spot on one's hand by simply thinking intently that it is there.

"But, getting back to my dyspeptic friend, he has suffered all the tortures of the everlastingly tormented on account of the fact that he simply classifies his own ailment according to the symptoms which are put forth in the advertisements of remedies of various kinds for various and widely different ailments. Here is a curious study in psychology. I understand this to be one of the peculiarities of the dyspeptic, and for the reason that when this complaint becomes chronic the whole system becomes threaded with aches and pains. One may find in one's system the symptoms of almost every known disease, and if one may not find the symptoms well defined one may easily imagine all that is lacking to make the diagnosis complete and well rounded. The apothecary shop is not filled of bottles than my friend's room, and it is all because of the fact that he changes with unbroken regularity his own diagnosis of his ailment."

The common cockroach has spread throughout the civilized world by means of ships. This disagreeable bug comes and goes on ships almost as freely as the rats. The two seem to live together amicably, and they monopolize largely the hold of the ships which carry foodstuffs.—Nature.

"Do you think, professor," said a musically-ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to halloo with in case of fire."—London Tit-Bits.

An engineer named M. Triulzi has invented a tube with crystal prisms, whereby those in a submarine boat can see what is going on at the surface of the water, says a Rome correspondent. The experiments have been entirely successful, and photography of objects on the water is possible thereby from a vessel beneath. The instrument is called the cleptoscope.—N. Y. Sun.

The Cleptoscope. Philadelphia has quite a colony of business men who, while maintaining families in the Quaker city, do business in New York.—Boston Herald.

KINGS AND THEIR DINNERS.

Carlos of Portugal and British Roast Beef—King Edward's Taste Is Homely.

Being very fat, the king of Portugal is forbidden by his physicians to eat much meat. He calmly disobeys the doctors, however, and is especially fond of beef, of which he eats great quantities. When he visited England a few years ago, says Mainly About People, he was stopping at Lord Salisbury's country seat. One day at dinner King Carlos was asked what had impressed him most during his short stay in England.

He replied, thoughtfully: "Well, I think English roast beef is very delightful." "Oh," laughed King Edward, "surely something else has impressed you as well?" "Ah," was the reply, "of course the English boiled beef also is delightful."

The dish dearest to the heart of William of Germany is sauer kraut, served with sausages and beer. The emperor's cooks are strictly limited as regards table expenses, and never are allowed more than a very limited sum for each person a meal, unless, of course, there is a state dinner, when the allowance is more liberal.

As to what King Edward eats, he is happily possessed of a first-class digestion, and thus it is very seldom that anything which he eats disagrees with him to any extent. Therefore, it is his custom, and one which his medical advisers are thoroughly in agreement with, to eat just what he most fancies at the time, and to cease eating only when, according to an old-fashioned and sound principle, he has reached that stage when a little more would be acceptable, but is not necessary.

When King Edward is in the country he likes a good substantial country breakfast, with fish, meats and all the rest of it. Luncheon, at about two o'clock, is a very simple meal, and as regards it the king has no particular preferences except one for quietness. When he can avoid it he does not like entertaining to lunch, and as prince of Wales did not often do so, preferring to take the meal alone with his family, since it was seldom practicable to make dinner a simple domestic event in this way.

Dinner is limited to an hour, and a late supper is one of the most important meals of the day.

ONE MAN'S LUCK.

He Was Sweered Into a Junior Partnership by a Chance Gust of Wind.

"Speaking of taking in partners," said a down-town business man, "our junior was, you might say, blown in on us, and I saw him started in our direction, though I had no idea of it at the time.

"Going down-town one summer morning on a Ninth avenue elevated train I saw sitting opposite to me a young man who caught my fancy, a substantial, earnest, straightforward-looking chap, whose looks I liked first-rate. He was reading a paper, and presently he tore off from this paper an advertisement leaf that he didn't want, and threw it out of the window, or tried to, for as a matter of fact it didn't go out. A gust of wind with just the right twist to it came along at just that moment and blew the paper back, to fall on a vacant seat next to him.

"And as it fell something in it caught his eye, and he picked up that part which he had just been trying to throw away and began earnestly to read it, and ended up by folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket. "About four minutes after I'd got in here this morning this same young man walks in and applies for a place that we had been waiting for somebody to fill. Our advertisement for a man for it was in that paper which I had seen this young man try to throw away, and which a gust of wind, by one chance in a million or more, had blown back upon him and in such a manner as to fix his attention.

"As a matter of fact I hadn't liked the young man's act of throwing the paper out of an elevated car window; a paper floating down and around as that would do might frighten horses and lead to no end of trouble and lots of damage, but no one man thinks about everything, and he'd learn later about this, I knew, and so as a matter of fact I took this young man on the spot, on my first impressions of him. He far more than made good and in due course of time he came into his junior partnership, literally and truly blown into it.

"Sort of queer, eh?" "Pigs in the Cannibal Islands. In the New Hebrides human life has been made safe by the introduction of pigs into the island. The cannibals are said to prefer roast pork to roast man, and as the porcine tribe increases among the natives they may give up their feasts of human flesh altogether, excepting when something unusual happens, such as entertaining a king of some other cannibal island or on state occasions of rare ceremony.—N. Y. Sun.

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RICH MEN IN JAPAN.

Less Than 450 in the Empire Who Have \$250,000.

Tokio, the Capital, Has the Largest Proportion of These and Yokohama Has the Smallest—Percentage of the Count.

Japan, it seems, is not overburdened with millionaires. For many months the Jiji Shimpo, one of the leading vernacular newspapers of the empire, has been making an investigation with the purpose of ascertaining how many men there are in the mikado's realm who possess 500,000 yen or more. The yen is about 50 cents in United States money.

The Jiji has discovered that there are exactly 441 persons whose possessions aggregate at least \$250,000. Tokio, the capital, possesses one-third of them, but eight provinces surrounding that city have scarcely any rich men. The other great cities ranked in order according to the number of their capitalists are: Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya, Kioto and Yokohama, says the New York Sun.

It will seem strange to foreigners, to whom Yokohama is the best known of all Japanese cities, that it should be last in the Jiji's list. The statistician does not attempt to account for this, but in explanation of the fact that the prefecture of Kiushiu, always looked upon as the richest in the empire, has few semi-millionaires, the paper says, that while there are not many rich men there yet its wealth is very generally distributed and there are no poor people.

Commenting upon the information thus brought to light by the Jiji the Japan Daily Mail, a paper published in English in Yokohama, says: "Comparing these results with American statistics, it appears that whereas there are 3,828 persons in the United States credited with possessing a million dollar each and upward, or, in other words, one millionaire for every 20,000 inhabitants, supposing the population to be 75,000,000, there is in Japan only one semi-millionaire for every 106,000 inhabitants, taking the population at 45,000,000.

Reducing these figures to the same denomination (yen), it would appear that there are just ten times as many men of wealth in America as in Japan.

"But before accepting that conclusion a large correction is evidently necessary, since, although there may be only 3,828 millionaires in the States there may be fifty or a hundred thousand quarter millionaires. Obviously, since half a million yen is equal to only a quarter of a million dollars, no accurate comparison can be made until the number of quarter-millionaires in America is ascertained.

The Jiji's figures also reveal the fact that manufacturing is still in its infancy in Japan, for in the list of 441 men of wealth both the farming and the merchant classes have a larger representation than has the manufacturing class. It is also noticeable that out of 441 no fewer than 66 are noblemen who do not pursue any trade or profession. A remarkable fact is that not more than one or two in every ten have amassed their wealth in one generation; the others have inherited a great part of it. This is just the opposite of the conditions prevailing in America, where seven or eight in every ten millionaires have made their own money.

BARBARISM IN BELGIUM.

Imprisonment for Life and Its Attendant Horrors in That Country.

A Belgian when convicted of a capital crime is not shocked to death in the electric chair nor hanged on the gallows. Indeed, the death penalty is not exacted at all in Belgium, the criminal being sent to prison for life instead, says a London exchange.

This punishment is, however, the refinement of barbarism. Few criminals can endure it longer than three years. Of the actual torture of the wretched condition the following details give but the most meager idea. The condemned man is placed not in a cell but in a dungeon. This is not only dark and dirty and bare of every vestige of comfort, but it is so separate from the other parts of the prison that no sounds penetrate its formidable isolation. From the moment the unfortunate malefactor enters it he never hears the sound of a human voice, never sees the sight of a human face again.

His food is pushed through a sliding panel in the door of his cell. Attention of other sorts he has none. The authorities have striven to extend the limit of life by varying the prisoner's food as much as possible, but in vain. Those who are moderately or lightly nourished gradually waste away, while those who are generously fed go mad and die raving maniacs.

Until recently little Belgium had two public executioners, although one was sufficient for her big neighbor France. The king of the Belgians recently ordered the retirement on a pension of \$450 of one of his executioners—the "executor of high works," as he is termed. The other executioner still holds his place at Brussels.

The duties of public executioner in Belgium are singular, but not arduous. The courts still continue to sentence malefactors to death, but the guillotine has been replaced by a scaffold, on which is posted a copy of the sentence.