

WOMAN AND HER INSTINCTS

She Will Follow the Law of Her Nature Because She Cannot Help It.

Women will follow the law of their nature, not because maculaine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were...

TALE OF YACHTING CRUISE

How a Hostess Arranged a Breakdown and Got Rid of Her Bored Guests.

A few seasons back a well-known hostess chartered a splendid yacht for August and invited a large number of her friends for a three-week cruise.

The hostess marked these signs of incipient boredom, which became more plainly evident each day, and at last in despair she took counsel with one of her guests, an old and experienced yachtsman.

"What on earth shall I do to amuse these people?" she asked.

"The yachtsman looked at the serene sky and calm, blue water, and shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm would enliven them up a bit," he said, "but the weather looks quite settled. There is only one thing to be done. You must arrange a breakdown, the engineer will manage that all right for you.

"Some of them, I expect, will find an excuse for bidding you good-by and those who remain with you will get along all right together."

The hostess took her guest's advice, and arrived at Toulon a day later, where high spirits of her guests bid her good-by.

"Pride of Opinion. Pride of opinion is perhaps the most common fault of the fairly educated and intelligent modern. We form our judgments and then, as it were, defy anyone to change them.

"At the time of the great disaster in Martinique, the Italian bark Orceolina was taking on a cargo of sugar there. Her captain was accustomed to volcanoes and he did not like the appearance of Mount Pelee.

"The volcano is all right," argued the shippers. "Flash your loading."

"I don't know anything about Mount Pelee," said the captain, "but if Vesuvius looked that way I'd get out of Naples, and I'm going to get right out of here."

The shippers threatened him with arrest. They sent someone officers to detain him, but the captain persisted in leaving. Twenty-four hours later the shippers and the customs officers lay dead in the ruins of St. Pierre.

"The old man was down in the furniture store. "By the way," he said, just before leaving, "my daughter has just started to have a young man calling, and I suppose I should buy them a pretty safe to make love on."

"Yes, sir," responded the dealer, "and here is the very kind you need. It is called 'Oupid's Retreat.'"

"Hi! What are the good points?" "Why, in just one year the cover wears off, displaying a card—it is time to get married!"—Mack's National Monthly.

"The Yellow Body. A main fact in the history of man is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass or of air and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within it, could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The talkative body is all tongues.—Emerson.

DEFECT IN "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Children of Large Families Were Underfed, Overworked, Beaten and Ill Treated.

We are told by many that the modern woman is becoming forgetful that her chief and highest duty is to rear children in the fear of the Lord, or that if she recognizes this duty she is rebellious against it.

There are only two defects in this beautiful dream of the days of old. The first is that neither the fathers nor the mothers of these huge families had any particular intention, or, indeed, any idea, of sacrificing themselves for the race, or doing their duty to church and state, and meekly performed it in the shape of families of eight, twelve and fifteen.

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CHARGE IT TO ADVERTISING

Veteran Actor's Good Story of the Theatrical Manager and the Evangelist.

"I lunched in London with Charles Klein, the dramatist and author of 'The Third Degree' and 'The Lion and the Mouse,'" said a veteran actor in New York.

"While he was conversing with a theatrical manager in London one day an evangelist was shown in. 'My dear sir,' said the evangelist to the theatrical manager, 'I am taking notes and gathering material for a lecture on the evils of the stage. I hear that 'The Blonde Widow,' your present attraction, is decidedly a—hem—sensational. May I ask for a ticket of admission that I may gauge its immorality, personally? The theatrical manager, beamed with delight.

"Among the customers in the drug store conducted by George Eppier, Twentieth and Berks streets, one day, last week, was a little girl, who is known to her playmates in that vicinity as 'Peggy.' As she stood waiting for her turn, it could be noticed that she was repeating something under her breath, in her effort to remember what her mother had sent her to buy.

"Mother wants five cents' worth of glory divine."

"Of what?" said the young clerk who was standing there as if dumfounded by a hard blow of a baseball bat.

"Glory divine, glory divine," came the reply in a louder voice than when she had made the original request.

"You had better go home and have your mother write it down on paper, little girl," said the clerk, feeling that the girl was too sure to argue with him.

Soon she returned, and handing the note to the clerk, he read: "Five cents' worth of chloride of lime." Philadelphia Times.

Overse Fame to Childish Friends. Everybody knows that Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," was an Oxford don.—Rev. C. E. Dodgson—and that he looked more like the high-and-dry old mathematician he was than an entertainer of children. Yet he had certain child friends, and to these on their country walks he told the "Alice" adventures which he afterwards made into a book.

Marketing in Crimson Quich. "What makes the butcher put both hands in the air? Is he afraid you are going to shoot?" "No," answered Broncho Bob. "He has gotten over being afraid. He knows I ain't going to shoot as long as he keeps his hands out of reach of the scales while the meat's being weighed."—Washington Star.

Why Locked Up. "Ever been locked up?" demanded counsel. "I have been," admitted the witness. "Aha! And what had you been doing to get yourself locked up?" "I had been doing jury duty."—Pittsburg Post.

FIRES THAT ARE SLEEPING

Range of Eight Great Volcanoes Near Lake Albert Edward in Central Africa.

It is not very generally known that right in the heart of Africa, at the southern end of Lake Albert Edward is a great range of volcanoes. They are eight in number, and though it is true that, unlike Rukenzor, they carry no permanent snow, the highest peak is over fourteen thousand feet in height.

Not very many thousands of years ago, the volcanoes, generally called Mfumbiro, burst through the middle of this trench and made a dam across it, with the result that some of the water, which formerly flowed into Lake Albert Edward and so into the Nile, was cut off and a lake was formed behind the dam.

He was interested to know why these reptiles should be occupying such a strange position and after watching for a short time he saw the snake pick off and devour dozens of the troublesome potato bugs. He did not kill the reptile, and he says he will not allow any of these snakes to be harmed on the land he has charge of, for he thinks they have become very useful.

FRENCH OFFICER'S REVENGE

How He Got Even With a Venetian Nobleman for a Cool and Mortifying Reception.

A French officer who had spirit and good birth, but little wealth, had served the Venetian republic for some years with great valor and fidelity, but had not been acknowledged with promotion as he had merited.

"Here, my poor old friend, you see how these haughty tyrants indulge themselves, and yet how are we treated!"

The dog looked at his master's face, and gave tokens that he understood him. The veteran walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and, laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, with one hearty pull brought all the glass on the sideboard in shivers to the floor.

Sand and Germs.

Pretty ideas don't always appeal to the experts in hygiene. Kissing, for example, is dangerous, and even that sand provided for children in the parks is not so innocent as it looks.

"Like insect flying. So far nearly all aeroplanes fly at most like insects. The fly makes 300 beats of its tiny wings a second. The propeller perhaps one-third as many revolutions, but the albatross, like the grigate bird and the buzzard, make at most only three or four beats a second.

"Yes, madam," smirked Gritts. "I have some delightful Derbys, madam, a quantity of choice Cheddars, madam, and a parcel of prime Parmesans."

"Of course, madam," said Gritts at length. "If you require Stilton," and he handed her a generous taster.

"Ah," nodded the lady, as she smacked her lips, "that will do nicely! Now, if you'll give me a matchbox I'm getting home. I only want to bait a mousetrap!"

Equal to the Crisis. The wives of Napoleon III's marshals played a great part during and after the second empire. When Marshal Bazaine was planning his escape from the Isle Sainte Marguerite his wife assisted him in the plan and came in the boat to meet him.

Keeping Bright. Said an intelligent woman not long ago, "My grandmother was one of the sprightliest, youngest, most up-to-date women I ever saw. Her household affairs and family plans seemed to move on as if on wheels. She was always ready with a quip and quirk to brighten life for the rest of us. There was an ancient family joke about 'grandmother's journeys,' she would once in a while announce, 'Well, I'm going off on a trip. I need it, and away she would go, work or convenience to the contrary notwithstanding. She didn't spend so very much of her time, but she would come home bright and cheerful.'"

NEW USE FOUND FOR SNAKES

Farmer in Ohio Discovers Them Clearing the Potato Bugs From His Patch.

Farmers in various sections of the country have for a number of years declared snakes that are non-poisonous are very valuable to the farmers. They say the reptiles are very good at catching field mice, rats and even the frisky ground squirrels that are so very destructive to fields of newly planted grain.

But the latest use for the ugly reptiles has just been discovered in Harrison county, Ohio, a few miles east of the historic town of Cadiz, where Charles Albright, who is farming the lands of Samuel K. McLaughlin, found a garb snake eating potato bugs.

He was interested to know why these reptiles should be occupying such a strange position and after watching for a short time he saw the snake pick off and devour dozens of the troublesome potato bugs. He did not kill the reptile, and he says he will not allow any of these snakes to be harmed on the land he has charge of, for he thinks they have become very useful.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON APPLES

How Pictures or Words Are Printed by Nature on the Growing Fruit.

Occasionally much interest is aroused by the appearance in a fruit store of a few apples on which appear perfect photographs, not pasted on but apparently in the skin of the fruit itself.

Though interesting, the method of making picture apples is simple and not at all difficult if the fruit is of a red variety. Just before the apple begins to turn a photographic film is fastened about it in such a manner that it will not move and blur the picture. The foliage is then removed so that the apple is exposed to the direct rays of the sun and nature does the printing. The prints are clear, sharp and perfect in every way, except that depth of tone is lacking. If it is desired to brand a name or words on the fruit black paper should be used instead of the film, the desired letters being cut out.

Probably some clever advertiser will take advantage of this method some day, and we may be handed an apple on which is attractively etched something like "If I Give You Pains Take Pepper Popain Pills."

A Smile Counts.

Every one likes to see a smiling face, and to smile becomingly one must cultivate a cheerful and sympathetic condition of mind. The face wreathed in smiles is like perpetual sunshine in a house. It is irresistible, and conquers all hearts.

"Every one can have laughing eyes. They are not a matter of inheritance, nor can they be acquired with the aid of the maceuse and the professional beauty specialist.

Particular About Cheese. Gritts, the grocer, pulled his apron strings and put on his No. 1 smile as the lady with the m-placing-a-thump-inger-order air entered the shop. She wanted some cheese.

"Yes, madam," smirked Gritts. "I have some delightful Derbys, madam, a quantity of choice Cheddars, madam, and a parcel of prime Parmesans."

"Of course, madam," said Gritts at length. "If you require Stilton," and he handed her a generous taster.

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Earliest Spectacles.

The ancient Galla of Spectacle Makers, which is increased by a weekly London County Council lesson, is numerically one of the strongest of the city companies. No charter date from the year 1189 and though the exact date of its origin is lost, there is ample evidence that the calling of spectacle maker was extensively followed at a very early date. An old book of 1163 mentions the spectacle makers among other trades, and the biography of Carlo Zeno, an illustrious Venetian, who died in 1418, mentions that even at the age of eighty-four he needed no artificial aids to his sight. So presumably spectacles were common in Italy some five centuries ago.

Smoke.

Don't imagine next time you see in weather promising storm that "heavy" stratum of air is forcing the smoke of your chimney to the ground. Instead the condition is the opposite, and the atmosphere is too light to allow the smoke to rise. To prove this fact in this vacation season fill your mouth full of tobacco smoke and dive in 30 feet of water, releasing the smoke. The smoke appears from the water almost instantly. You may say it comes up in bubbles, but this does no more than to prove the theory. Your chimney's smoke won't rise, because there isn't buoyancy enough in the air stratum to raise it.

A Dreamer.

Hicks—Ehobnon is a strange man, isn't he? Winks—Yes. He was saying the other day that the sweetest breakfast might have something new in its vocabulary next year.

BOSTON MAN WAS MUSICAL

Must Have Been, for He Found Nothing Good in Opera Performance in Paris.

"Americans have to have a lot of nerve when they're abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first foreign trip. "I fell in with an American at the Grand hotel in Paris who was on his way to the opera, and as I was of the same mind, we started together.

"Although it was a fearfully hot night we found the opera house packed—the French, you know, are great on opera."

"Who were the singers?" asked a listener.

"Oh, I don't know—it was a third-rate performance."

"Well, we tried hard to get seats and couldn't—not a thing to be had."

"Tour de force!" suggested some one.

"No—Boston—but he was very musical—at least, I think he must have been, for while I sat enjoying the performance immensely he was exclaiming from time to time, 'Rotten! Hear that tenor! That soprano's awful!'" Boston Herald.

SOLUTION OF LABOR PROBLEM

Plan Suggested—Requires Establishment of National Unit of Value for Work.

It should be beyond the power of either party (that is, labor and capital) to fix the wages for any specified class of work. As before suggested, it is a matter to be determined impersonally and automatically, and this only can be done by the establishment of a national unit of value for labor, upon which all wages shall be computed with the same universality of application as now inheres in the established tables of weights and measures.

Necessarily, such a unit of value for labor must be not only fixed in relation to rates of wages, but must at the same time be susceptible of accommodation to economic changes, so that the modern value of wages shall keep pace with fluctuations in the cost of living. It follows, therefore, that the unit upon which the federally established table of wages shall be built must be chosen with respect to some commodity that is so universally used and of so far-reaching an influence that its market price indexes and measures the cost of living in all walks of life.—North American Review.

How to Avoid Cholera.

A cheerful disposition is held by some doctors to be the best protection against cholera. When this disease first visited Paris, in 1833, a notice was issued advising the inhabitants "to avoid, as far as possible, all occasions of melancholy and all painful emotions, and to seek plenty of distractions and amusements. Those with a bright and happy temperament are most likely to be stricken down."

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First to Find Gold in America.

North America has counted as a gold-producing continent only since the late '40's. But it might well have done so for nearly 300 years. According to the London Chronicle, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer Capt. Shelbrooke, found in certain California valleys a rich black mold which, as you can if I fresh up to the sun, appears as if it were mingled with gold dust. Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

Had Become Matter of Habit.

When Ellias decided to take a little himself a sixth helpmeet, he required to the honor of a Baptist, he insisted that a respectable man who had officiated at several of Biggs' previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the next day. The minister reduced a moment. "Ellias," said he, "I shall, of course, be glad to marry you again. This will be the third or fourth time, will it not? If you don't mind telling me, why is it that you never have a minister of your own race to do the knot for you?" Ellias seemed hurt for a moment, but finally a broad smile illumined his features. "Well, sah," he explained, "I hab kinder got de habit of getting a white man to do my marryin', and I reckon I'll alius do it."

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