### WHY NEIGHBORS FALL OUT

#### Here Are Some of the Remarks That Often Start the Ciothesiine Quarrels.

"Yes, I'm going to bring your lawn mower home tomorrow, sure. The blamed old rattletrap is no good, any-

wav ' "Ma wants to know if she can borrow another cup o' sugar of you todiy? She's keepin' track of all of it." "I wish you'd keep your chickens in broar own yard. This is the sixth iti ne d've plantes corn in my garden. and I'm getting sick of seeing your thens get it all."

"Say, that kid of your wants to quit his heaving rocks against my barn; or, by heavens, I'll get after him good ....and plenty."

"Why in thunder don't you keep year dog at home? He's chased our cat upon the house three times this morning. I'll shoot the critter sure if you don't keep him tied up." "Your boy busted my boy's coaster

last night, and I've come over to see what you propose to do about it." "Can't you put some kind of & muzzle on that blamed old rooster you

are harboring? He's the pest of the neighborhood. Nobody can get a decent night's rest around here." 'Yes, I ought to have sent your paper right back; but I'll have Johnnie

bring it over in a few minutes, as woon as I read the sports page."-Los Augeles Express.

### CONSCIENCE OF THE SCOTCH

#### Tourists Who Wanted a Boat Ride on Sunday Finally Overcame Sandy's Scruples.

A couple of tourists staying at a village which is in close proximity to well known Scottish loch had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the sloch. They accordingly sallied\_forth in search of the boatman, whom they met just leaving his house dressed in his Sunday best and carrying a Bible under his arm.

"We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists.

"Dae ye no' ken it's the Sawbath?" answered Sandy; "ve'll no' get a boat frae me the day, forbye I'll hae ye tae ken that I am an elder o' the kirk."

"Yes, yes," expostulated the tourists, "that's all very well for you, but we don't require you with us. You can go to church; we can row ourselves." "Ay, ay," said the elder, "but jist

think whit the meenister'll say." "Never mind the minister," was 'the reply; "he will know nothing about att. We will pay you well."

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "I'll no' let ye the boat, bit I'll tell ye whit I'll dae. Dae ye see yon wee boatle doon Weel she's ready wi the oars inside. Jist ye gang down there an row oot tae the middle o' the loch, an' I'll come doon tae the bank an swear at ve; bit never ye mind, ye jist row on an' I'll call for the money Monday."—Ideas.

## Graceful East Indians.

Describing the women of India, a writer says: "Even the most withered toil-worn hag has a dignity of carriage and a grace of motion that the western woman might envy. The 'sari' is draped in an easy flowing style and adjusted as it slips back with a grace ful turn of the silver bangled arm, the skinny legs move rythmically, and the small feet fall with a silent and pantherlike tread. It is the beauty of natural and untrammeled motion, and save much in favor of the abolition of the corset, for the Indian women retain their uprightness and suppleness of figure till bowed with age.

"The commonest type is the coolie woman, who undertakes all sorts of rough work, carrying heavy burdens on her head, and she is, perhaps, the least attractive, for her workaday garments are usually faded and dirty; yet, even among this poor class of burden bearers, we see many with handsome straight features and supple well proportioned figures.

"No matter how poor their garments, jewelry of some sort is worn; anecklaces of gold or beads, colored glass or silver bangles and heavy silver anklets."

## Gray Leaved Plants.

Next to green, gray is the restfulest' and most satisfactory color to be had; in foliage. We now have so many! hardy plants with gray foliage that we, can choose one for each month of

bloom and color of flower. Among them are the silvery milfoil, golddust, the white and purple rock cress, the woolly leaved chickweed, many hardy pinks, Stebold's day lily, Fischer's horned poppy, lavender cotton, woundwort and woolly thyme.

Some of these are decidedly silvery. Others incline to a blue cast which is most pronounced in the globe thistles and sea hollies. Such colors are so mnusual in nature that it is easy to poverdo them in gardens.--Country Life in America.

## Haste to Reimburse.

While carrying a ladder through the crowded streets of Philadelphia the other day a big Irishman was so unfortunate as to break a plate glass window in a shop. Immediately dropping his ladder, the Celt broke into a run. But be had been seen by the shopkeeper, who dashed after him and

caught him by the collar. "See here!" angrily exclaimed the shopkeeper when he had regained his breath, "you have brokn my window!" "Sure I have," assented the Celt, "and didn't you see me running home

to get the money to pay for it?"

### ALLAUTHORS ARE TALKATIVE

H You Know One, Be Tactful and Let Him Converse About His Work.

I know nothing about really great authors, but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it by yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company will be sorry. Therefore, when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation.

So, if you know an author, don't be too breathless about his calling; treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only, be tactful.

Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me: "Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write. It must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!" I discovered afterward that she meant proofs' instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word 'made me. who am usually so garrulous about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again. So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful.-Atlantic Monthly.

### R. L. S. IN THE ADIRONDACKS

#### Stevenson, While Fighting Off Disease There, Seemed Indifferent to the Laws of Health.

Robert Louis Stevenson, for so wise a man, seems to have been singularly unaware of, or indifferent to, the laws of health, but that, too, may have been part of his wisdom. He spent the winter of 1887 in the Adirondacks struggling against the disease which was not to subdue him for seven years. He lived in a little cottage that was much overheated and from which all ventilation was carefully excluded. The smoke of his incessant cigarettes obscured the atmosphere and perhaps helped to drive away the visitors who came to gaze upon him as one gazes at a lion in a den. Fashionable callers were specially unwelcome and Stevenson once remarked, according to an account in the Medical Record. that "it isn't the great unwashed which I dread, but the great washed." But whoever else was unwelcome there was always a greeting for Richard Mansfield. It is an impressive, almost a tremendous picture, that of the clouded room fitfully lit by the flames of the log fire and Stevenson huddled close to the warmth while Mansfield at the other end of the rooom gave his weird impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It must have been like God looking upon his handiwork and finding it good.

#### King's Watch in Pawn. A time-honored London tavern, the Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farringdon street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully-licensed pledge shop.

Over a door in the bar, which gives access to the landlord's private room. and thrown into bold relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphered symbol is discernible. Anyone may here negotiate a loan upon his personal belongings without being under the necessity of first calling for refreshment.

This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George IV., who, after attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the landlord of the castle for a temporary accommodation on the security of his watch and chain.

By royal warrant a few days later he invested that obliging boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to the present a pawnbroker's license has been annually granted to the Castle. This hostelry is mentioned, once or twice by Dickens.-Stray Stories.

## In Classic Boston.

Signs seen in Boston according to the Transcript: Placard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents." In a barber shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back." Sign in a Tremont street store: "Empty boxessuitable for Christmas gifts." In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?" In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands.' A silversmith has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard: "Jeweiry of all kinds plated." The restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and little neck clams plated."

Dress for an Earthquake. An old lady was staying at a hotel at Nice at the time of the earthquake. "My dear," she was wont to say, "I was simlpy tumbled out of bed and the ceiling cracked. I threw on a fur cloak and unconsciously pulled on one long black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests -- my dear. I was the best dressed woman there!"

#### Not as Bad as He Feared. "I will be your Nemesis!" she

blased "All right," he sneered. "I was straid you might take advantage of he fact that this is leap year and inlist on being something else."

### SUGAR A HEART STIMULANT

Experiments of An English Physician Show Cures of Cases of Muscle Dilation.

Sugar has had its champions as well as its opponents. Its advocates have declared that, aside from its nourishing value, it carries with it a quick stimulation that is without perceptible reaction. -

On the other side says the Bakers Weekly, "we have bad radical utterances connecting sugar with some of the most incurable of organic diseases. But an English physician recently contended that cane sugar is almost a specific in the treatment of certain diseases of the heart. Emphasis is laid upon cane sugar."

Dr. F. S. Locke of King's college, London, has kept the heart of a mammal beating for eighty to ninety hours after death of the animal simply by keeping the heart muscles sprinkled with powdered cane sugar. These later experiments with cane sugar, especially with reference to dilation of the heart muscles, show that in numerous cases cures have been effected that are of three or four years stand-

### ONE TRICK OF THE TRADE

#### Old Meat Dealer's Method of Getting @a Reputation for Giving Very Good Weight.

The very latest trick of the trade was taught to the young butcher by the marketman who gave him his first employment. The old dealer pointed to trays of beef, lamb and pork trimmings beneath the counter.

"When customers ask to have all the waste that has been cut from their .own meat wrapped up with their order be sure to put in a few of these trimmings besides," he said. "Most always they want the scraps sent home so they can weigh the whole business and find out whether they are getting full weight or not. Enough extra pieces to tip the scales half an ounce beyond the supposed weight won't hurt anybody and will give us a good name."

Shortly after that the new clerk heard one frugal housewife say to another: "Oh, why don't you trade at Blanks? He gives such good measure; often almost an ounce more than you pay for."

The clerk smiled.

### At the dinner given by the Harper people to Arnold Bennett just before he sailed for England, a dinner which was attended by many of the literary lights that live in or near New York. a discussion came up as to whether

Authors and Their Books.

in this day of the rapid cutput of lit-Mr. Bennett said he was sure that many authors could, and he instanced the case of a young author he knew in London who was so hard up that he could not get enough cash to pay for his dinner. An idea struck him. He visited his

publisher's and there asked for six copies of his latest novel, which was priced at five shillings, ordering that the books be charged to his account. This was done. With the volumes under his arm he visited a secondhand book dealer in the neighborhood, and, as the books were perfectly new, he managed to sell the six of them for ten shillings, with which sum he had a rattling good dinner and an evening at the theater.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bennett, "even the humblest author can live by his books-if he has published any books."

## Muffled Knocks.

"I don't wonder you keep your shapely arms bare, Mildred, even if they do look somewhat hairy."

"I'm rather glad you dropped in, Borus; when a fellow feels blue and lonesome he's ready to welcome almost anybody."

"Yes, of course, I can recommend you for that position, McCorkle, Fortunately, perhaps, I don't know you very well."

"Your new job will take you out of the country for three or four years, will it. Bingley? Well, I'm glad you got it."

"I'm enjoying your call so much, Mr. Spurlong, that I hate to remind you that the next car will pass here in about five minutes, and then there won't be another one for haif an

## Street Car Repartee.

Mrs. Genthrie, a ladylike lady, was seated in the trolley car by the side of a perfect stranger (an almost perfectly perfect stranger), who was getting even by sitting by her side. And so Mrs. Genthrie, that ladylike imitation, she says to that stranger, says

"What time is it by your watch, please?" And the stranger, says he: "I don't

know." "But you just looked at it," pursued

our heroine. "I did that," returned the stranger. "But I didn't look at it to see what time it was. Bless you, no. I looked to see if the watch was still there."

You can never tell who you're sit-

ting next to.—Cloveland Plain Dealer.

### Their Comparative Bulk. The latest Russian dancer to ar-

rive for an American tour is Mile. Plaskoweitzkajakahle. She will carry ber wardrobe in a handbag and her name on three flatcars fastened to-

# HAD NOTHING MORE TO SAY

How the Lady's Complaints Were SIlenced by the Fluent Dairy Wagon Driver.

Fault-finding may be met in any one of several ways. The method employed by the dairymen of whom the Rehoboth Herald tells would not serve with some people; but apparently it

served with the lady at No. 75. He had been told on starting out on the Norte that No. 75 was inclined to are lault, but that she was a good customer, and he was on no account

to be rude to her. "Those eggs you left here yesterday were stale!" grunted Mrs. 75, on the dairyman's second visit.

"Those eggs," responded the dairyman, blandly, "was laid half an hour before you had 'em, by special quicklaying birds imported from the Mooly Yomps isles, ma'am, and they came down to this very house by marconigram, so you should have 'em fresh. A bit of twangy flavor they may have, but you can rest assured, ma am, they weren't stale." 37

Mrs. 75 g sped. "Well, the milk didn't seem as good as usual yesterday, either," she pur-

sued "Well, the boss will be cut up when he hears that!" continued the dairyman. "He sent down to Alderney apurpose for a cow that eats nothing but peaches and pineapples. 'Never mind the expense, sezee. 'This cow we shall keep a-purpose for the lady at 75, and mind it sleeps on a featiner bed at night,' he sez, 'and don't forget the eider-down quilt and the bed socks.' Was there anything wrong with the butter, ma'ani?"

But Mrs. 75 shook her head, speechless.-Youth's Companion.

# MATERNITY IS A PRIVILEGE

Little Lecture on Marriage and Divorce That May Interest Some Modern Parents.

"Some folks wonder at the miracles in the Good Book, but God did the biggest and most unexplainable thing when he gave woman the privilege of being a mother. You might marry another man some time, but there's something you'd never forget, and that is that Perk is the father of Lucille and Mary Jane. It's somethin' that demands from you a lot of forgiveness, if need be, for whatever he does, I don't think there's any divorce that God's a-goin' to recognize which separathes fathers and mothers. He might overlook their livin' apart from each other if things went too far crosswise, but I doubt if he's goin' to fix affairs up in heaven after the judzment day by sayin' 'Mr. Smith, the courts down there in the U.S. A. says you ain't got no right to call this woman your wife and so I'm givin' her to Mr. Jones, who married her three years after she got her decree. He'll take care of your angel children and you'll have to go way back and sit down.' I say I don't think he's goin' to do it that way."--"Mary Jane's Fa." in the Novelization by Norman Way.

## Music as a Municipal Asset.

The deep wave of enthusiasm for music is in the country; the crest of the wave is in the cities. Every metropolis—we have more than one—is a mammoth conservatory. Six cities support symphony orchestras of the first rank. They are Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. A symphony orchestra, be it known, is the ne plus ultra of a music-center. To support such a luxury is impossible save with the help of many well-to-do John Stones. It is also impossible without a solid foundation of music-loversenough to fill the hall nearly every time. The city that has one has something that its commercial association can use with large effect in advertising literature. For it has come to be recognized in the west that musical achievement is a municipal asset. The "boosters" of a city now call attention to its banks, its newspapers, its wharves, its factories—and its symphony orchestra.-Metropolitan Mag-

## Tactful Request.

Dobbieigh was a confirmed borrower, and, what was worse, he seldom returned the borrowed articles. He had held on to Whibley's umbreila, for instance, for nearly a year.

"And I'm blest if I know how i am ever going to get it back," said Whib-

"Easy," said Hickenlooper. "Call a messenger and send Dobbleigh this note."

And he scribbled off the following: "Dear Dobbleigh: If you can spare it I'd like to borrow that umbrella of mine for a couple of days. Can you oblige me?"—Harper's Weekly.

Out of Mouths of Babes. Little Harold, aged five, helped shis grandfather last summer setting out fruit trees, and was telling his father

about it the other night. Thinking to improve the opportunity of pointing a moral, father asked:

"Who made the trees, son?" The kid thought for a moment, then his face lit up with a knowing smile. "I guess God made the trees," he said. "But grandpa stood 'em up."-Milwaukee Free Press.

Dark Thoughts. "I can read your mind. I see therein dark thoughts." "Yes. I was wondering when we would get our coal."

### IS FULL OF COMPLEXITIES

Drawback to the Much Vaunted Simple Life is That it is Not Simple.

The real drawback to "the simple life" is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is not time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. The hausfran who is living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash and mend. She must also cook; from that even Battle Creek cannot save her.

She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apples suffered. And from what point of view is it simpler to have a maid of all work than to indulge one's self in liveried !ackeys? Not, obviously. for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate bonne a tout faire.

We should really simplify life by having more servants rather than fewer; more luxury instead of less. The emoothest machinery is the most complicated; and which of us wants to sink the Mauretania and go back to Robert Fulton's steamboat? One would think that the decision would be made naturally for one by one's income. But it is the triumph of the

new paradox that this is not so. Thousands of people seem to be infected with the idea that by doing more themselves, they bestow leisure on others; that by wearing shabby clothes they somehow make it possible for others to dress better-though they thus admit tacitly that leisure and elegance are not evil things.-K. F. Gerould in Atlantic Monthly.

## GENUINE TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Appreclation of the Qualities of the \_\_ Gentler Sex.

It takes 100 men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths. It torgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshupss nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wirgs of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.-Robert G. Ingersoll.

# Legislative Optimist.

A novel description of an optimist was given recently by a congressman who had suffered an onslaught of popular protest in "appeals" from his district. He insisted that an optimist was a man who could make "nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of the yellow, sour things called 'lemons' that have been handed him."

"That," he said, with a grimace, "is what I call an optimist." May it not also be true, as one of his companions suggested, that some of the sweetest things in life owe much of their attractiveness to the subacid, aromatic influence of this same sour "lemon" which is so frequently "handed" political leaders?

The joke was repeated in the presence of an attache of a foreign delegation, who thought it so mod that he wanted to pass it on, but he failed to catch the full significance of the phrase "handed a lemon" so he changed the expression to "making nice, sweet, pink lemonade cut of yellow addled eggs thrown at him, you know," and when there was a smile he retorted hastily: "Oh-perhaps I've got the yellow eggs broke?"-National Magazine.

## Got Even With Critic.

The Abbie d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' siience, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy."

Only a Few Hours' Ride, Church-Here's an advertisement of a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York."

Gotham-Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad advertisements, but I guess that one's true, all right. -Yonkers Statesman.

### MOLDING OF A CHARACTER

Matter of the Greatest Moment 19 Which Too Little Thought is Directed.

To nothing in life, perhaps, is there directed so little thought as to the shaping of a career—the molding of a character. Thousands of men and women around us live their indifferent lives, and pass away without doing anything really worth while, failing to get out of life its best and most beautiful. We need not achieve wonderful things or become great personages high in the esteem of the world; it matters not whether we are king or peasant, the stamp of merit is placed on those who give their whole-hearted attention to whatever they undertake. Whether it be the making on an intricate marvel of workmanship or the execution of everyday duties. Whatever is assigned to us should call forth the best that is in us.

Let us not be afraid to examine our faults. It requires courage, certainly, to weigh our own defects and look them bravely in the face; but it is only by so doing that we may overcome them and cast them aside Shall . we be content to drift along without striving to rise above the level of those who do not care? Our character lies in our own hands. There is no one else in the world who can make or mar it. We may be influenced, of course, by good or evil associates, but with ourselves lies the uniform molding of our career. We are the sculptors, our life is the clay. We can make it an indistinguishable mass of material or the masterplece of a Michelangelo. Which shall we choose?

### OVERWORK IS GREAT FOLLY

Words of Two Prominent Men That Should be Considered by Every Busy Person.

Woman can rail at the folly of overwork and she gets scant heed. Here is what two prominent men have to say about it. Whether they practice as they preach is best known to themselves, but the sentiment is all

right. Chauncey Depew has said: "I do not believe in overwork, and the body can not endure it."

Kirkham, in his "Recources," writes: "If we do not play enough it is because we are overfond of business and because the modern ideal is, not a well-rounded man of elevated mind. healthy body and divers resources, but a rich man, a man of property-of one resource only. Another reason is, play implies leisure, and leisure is the cardinal heresy against the religion of trade, the dogma of business. The orthodox view is a life of constant effort, followed by retirement and rest. The truit of that doctrine is a host of prematurely old men, synical, dyspeptic nervously depleted, without resources, but with money; that is to

say, dead men." If instead of nagging, the worrying wife or mother has those two paragraphs stuck in the mirror of the man whose overwork is rankest folly, she may make an impression before the overstrain has earned its sure penalty

of a bad breakdown.

Not the Real Thing. From a city apartment little Jack was going for the first time to spend Christmas at his grandfather's farm. As he ran up the steps of the old

house his grandmother caught him up in her arms and put him down, rosy and laughing, before the great log fire in the living room. "Isn't that fine, Jackie, boy?" she

like that in New York, do you?" The boy looked with wide-eyed delight at the huge logs as they blazed and crackled in the generous old fireplace, but he was stanchly loyal to his "six rooms and bath."

"It's nice, grandma, but it's only an

imitation gas log, isn't it? We have

real ones in my house."-Lippincott's.

said. You don't have big log fires

Disliked the Flavor. A kindergarten teacher in Philadelphia feil in love at first sight with a cherubic youth of four who was

brought to her for instruction. "Oh, what a dear!" exclaimed the young woman. "Have you any brothers like yourself?"

"Yes'm," replied the cherub; "me and Tommy and Dick. I like Dick "And why do you like Dick best?"

"'Cause he did me a great favor. He bit Tommy's leg." "But, dearie," protested the teacher, "why should you want Dick to bite

Tommy's leg?" "'Cause I hate the taste of Tommy's leg." explained the cherub.

Snuff as an Eye Liniment.

Snuff was once used as an eye liniment, "The Compleat Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companton," which had run into 16 editions by 1758, extols its virtues. Accomplished gentlewomen who find their sight failing with advancing years are advised to rub "the right sort of Portugal snuff into the eyes night and morning and take it also through the nose." This treatment, it is asserted, "cured Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Houblon and Judge Ayres, so that they could read without spectacles after they had used them

Fewer People on Isla of Man. The total number of inhabitants of the Isle of Man is now 50,542, which shows a decrease of 4,210 during the

many years."

# L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS Tar anditore, folle, cong lar commerce fact avantages executionnels. Efrir de fanennement une franc de Mille mi Gon filema. E f.