

RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S JOKE

An Amusing Episode in the Wandering of Alexander Among the People.

A young protégé of Count Nesselrode, a sailor, who did not know the Russian emperor by sight, had been sent with important dispatches to Vienna, where Alexander of Russia was staying. Alexander enjoyed wandering about the streets there as well as in his own capital, and one morning his majesty, dressed in a simple military greatcoat, noticed on leaving the palace a young naval officer apparently trying to find his way, and examining the entrance of the imperial residence, totally at a loss how to set his helm. The story is told in "Anecdotal Recollections of the Congress of Vienna," by Comte de la Gardie-Chambonas.

You seem to be looking for something," said the emperor.

That's true," answered the sailor. "I have a dispatch to remit personally to the emperor of Russia. They told me to go to the Burg, and here I am; but as I am a stranger in Vienna, I haven't a soul either to guide or to introduce me."

Alexander was delighted with the frank and open face of the young man, and thought he would keep up his acquaintance a little longer.

"You'll not find the emperor now," he said. "He's not at the palace, but at two o'clock he is sure to receive you."

The conversation went on in the same amicable and familiar tone, the czar interrogating the officer on his family, his career and his prospects. The young fellow told him that, having entered the service when he was very young, he had never been to court, and had never seen his sovereign.

Finally, after half an hour's walk, Alexander, turning to the young "sailor," said in an affectionate tone: "You can give me your letter, sir. I am Alexander."

"That's a clever joke," replied the other, laughing, "but you don't expect me to believe it."

"You may believe it or not, but I am the emperor of Russia."

"I dare say, just as I am the emperor of China."

Alexander, getting thoroughly amused, decided to continue it. In a short time they reached the fortifications, and Alexander espied the king of Prussia coming toward him.

"Do you speak German?" he asked his companion.

"Not a word," replied the other.

Immediately Alexander took a few steps in front of him and spoke a few words in German to Frederick William; then he came back to the young sailor and took him by the hand.

"Here is an excellent opportunity of presenting you to the king of Prussia," he remarked.

"Sir, an officer of my fleet, whom I have the honor to present to your majesty."

"We are getting on rapidly," said the young fellow. "This gentleman is the king of Prussia, you are the emperor of Russia, and I am the emperor of China. Three sovereigns."

Scarcely had they reached the ramparts when the crowd began to surround the two monarchs with their accustomed marks of deference. M. de Richelieu advanced, hat in hand, and addressed Alexander as "Your majesty." The young officer recognized him at once, and perceived instantly that he had been the victim of a royal mystification. He was, however, soon reassured by the kindly look of Alexander, and he promptly delivered his dispatches to him. The emperor took them with a gracious and significant smile, and after inviting the young sailor to dine with him that day, dismissed him with the most kindly assurances.

HE DROPPED THE SUBJECT.

And After Such a Dig as He Received It Was Not to Be Wondered At.

"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe anyone ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned, without stopping her needle work even for a moment, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs and it speaks of one that sold for \$10,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these blooded animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria, but just think of it. Just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Ten thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I am worth!"

"I know it, Joseph, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and spluttered for a moment, and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.

Reciprocal concessions. Mrs. Bumpus: Your plan, as I understand it, is that we shall make mutual concessions, each sacrificing something for the good of the other. Am I right?

Mr. Bumpus: Perfectly.

"Then I will give up eating bonbons."

"Good for you, my dear. And now what shall I give up?"

"Well for the present, I guess about \$25 for a new hat will be sufficient."

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Americans in England.

The American is never called a foreigner by his English kin. Neither the Royal Academy nor the Inns of Court exclude Americans under their rules which disqualify foreigners.

HER "CUDDLE ARM"

Little Mother of the Truants Felt Homesick When It Was Empty.

"Oh, no!" said the nurse, walking down the long corridor with a visitor just leaving the children's ward. "It was only her knee, her arm isn't injured. What made you think it was?"

"Why, the odd way she holds it, I suppose," answered the visitor. "Bent all the time, and curled round a gathered-up bunch of coverlet. What makes her do that? I should think she would get cramped."

The nurse smiled queerly, recounts Youth's Companion.

"Yes, it doesn't look altogether comfortable, but she isn't comfortable unless we let her do it. At first we tried to prevent her, and she always changed the position when we told her to, but she would cry quietly to herself. There was no real harm, so at that we surrendered and let her have her way, but for a long while we couldn't find out what made her want to do it, it was such a queer whim. She couldn't seem to give any reason, and we thought it was just a stupid little obstinate notion with no meaning, but at last she got over being shy with us, and then she told. She's 11, you know—only just 11."

The visitor nodded. "Yes—well?"

"Well, her reason was because—this is how she put it—it made her more homesick to feel her 'cuddle arm' empty. You see, ever since she was big enough to stagger with a baby, there's been a baby for her to carry. She's one of the little mothers from the tenements. She's been with us a good many weeks now, and although her mother and father get out here once in a while to see her, it's too far to walk with the other children, and there are no car fares to spare while the father is out of a job. She's friendly enough with the other children of the ward, and she isn't lonely or unhappy; but whenever she lies quiet by herself, or gets a touch of homesickness from being tired or in pain, she misses her little brothers and sisters, and especially the baby—'my baby,' she calls it. Then she pulls the quilt into that little bunch, shuts her eyes, and tries to imagine she has her baby back on her cuddle arm."

The women looked at each other, caught each other blinking tears, and laughed.

"And she ought to be playing with dolls," murmured the visitor, "a child like that! But—give me the address, at any rate. She shall hold the baby in her cuddle arm next visitors' day, if I have to marshal the whole family in procession."

FOND OF FIGHTING.

In Almost Everyone There Is a Desire to Take Part in or Witness a Contest.

We are all fond of fighting. That is, we all love to look at a fight and some of us like to be in a fight. But we all love to see one, says the San Francisco Argonaut. There are some superstitious and hyper-refined humans of both sexes who think they do not like to see a fight, some of them actually believe they are sincere. But deep down in the average man and woman the love of fight exists. It is ingrained. It is congenital. It is in the human baby. When he screams, squalls and kicks if his will is thwarted he is fighting.

So with the same baby when grown up into a boy, he pulls his little sister's hair. It is partly perhaps, the love of fighting and partly, perhaps, the love of giving pain, for cruelty also seems to be part of the makeup of the human animal. After little brother has finished pulling little sister's hair and she has tried her eyes she soothes her wounded feeling by pulling off flies' wings and legs or pinching the cat's tail under a rocking chair. Of the higher flights of juvenile cruelty to which her brother rises when he ties two cats together by their tails over a clothesline, where they fight till nothing is left but their tail tips—of these familiar facts we will not speak.

When brother goes to school and then to college—whether it be to the English "public" school or to the American "public school"—resembling each other only in name—to the academy, to the preparatory school, to the university, he speedily becomes past master in cruelty. In most of these institutions he must fight. Hazing exists in every college in the country. Even the United States government cannot stamp it out at West Point and Annapolis. In both these institutions fist fights under prize ring rules are of almost daily occurrence; they are masterful battle and they have not a little to do with making stout-hearted, stalwart fighters of our army and navy officers. To those who object to these battles the unanswerable reply is that the boys are there to learn to fight and that the way to learn to fight is to fight.

Nature's Photographs.

A boy who was killed in the Bronx recently by lightning had the likeness of a fern imprinted on his body by the shock. A similar incident is reported from Europe. During a shooting competition at Pont, in the Canton Vaud, the other day, the grand stand was struck by lightning and 25 persons received shocks, from which, however, they sustained but little physical injury. One most singular effect, however, remained. Every person who had felt the electric shock had photographically stamped upon the back the face or the arms the reflection of the pine trees behind the firing line.

Turning Away Wrath.

"I don't believe you love me any more," pouted she. "I couldn't," replied he. After thinking it over she smiled and told him she could make the same old dress do another season.—Houston Post.

BRITISH ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Contains Over One Hundred Individuals Who Occupy Important Positions.

Those who consider themselves learned concerning the court world might well be surprised to know that his Britannic majesty's household contains over 100 individuals, headed by the keeper of the privy purse and terminated by his majesty's master of music ordinary. In comparison with this imposing crowd of distinguished men, Queen Alexandra's household appears more than modest, for it only consists of 15, says the London Woman at Home.

In looking down the list of names of those who compose his majesty's household, one cannot help noticing how faithful King Edward has been to those who were about his person when he was still prince of Wales, and also how often members of the same family are chosen to occupy important posts. The king and queen take a very kindly and real interest in the children of their friends, in this following the example set them by Queen Victoria, who during her long reign had in more than one instance three generations successively in her service. Yet another fact which may be mentioned is King Edward's obvious affection for the army. A large proportion of those whom he has chosen to be about his person were noted, not as career knights, but as valiant and brave soldiers long before they were connected with the court.

By a happy coincidence, the two members of the royal circle who are most closely associated with our king and queen are united in the closest and most affectionate natural bond. Lord Knollys and Miss Charlotte Knollys are brother and sister, and what one has now been to the king for 33 years, that is private secretary and the closest of confidential friends, the other has been to the queen for an equally long period. The Knollys family has an historic connection with royalty, indeed there was a Sir Francis Knollys, who married Queen Elizabeth's first cousin, Kitty Cary, and who was with her luckless aunt, Annie Boleyn, on the morning of her execution. As regards the position held by Miss Charlotte Knollys, it would be almost impossible to overestimate its importance. Since this lady became bedchamber woman to her beautiful royal mistress she has never had a rival in Queen Alexandra's heart, and her constant companionship has become such a necessity to the queen that the two are hardly ever parted for a day.

Of the group of distinguished men who play so great a part in the royal circle, particular interest attaches to Lord Farquhar, an old friend and neighbor of the king and queen, whose appointment as master of the household was marked by some radical changes, especially at Windsor castle. Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, the keeper of the privy purse, is in some ways the most distinguished of his majesty's military friends. He has a right to 15 letters after his name, of which the first four signify perhaps the most coveted distinctions, excepting the garter, which can befall a British subject, that is privy councillor and the Victoria cross.

ENLIGHTENED BABYLONIANS.

Recently Examined Evidences of a Highly Educated and Progressive People.

Education in the time of King Hammurabi some 4000 years ago, was in a flourishing condition. Vincent Schell, a German archaeologist, recently unearthed a schoolhouse in Babylon just opposite the great temple. From inscribed books, inscriptions, etc., Father Schell has reconstructed the life of an ancient Babylonian school.

The scholars sat on the floor in rows, each with a soft brick. On these the small boy engraved the difficult cuneiform characters. When he made them wrong the teacher smudged them over, as is attested by several bricks with the thumb marks plainly visible. In one room the scholar was taught how to write the elaborate and highly poetical forms of adulation which are preserved on monuments. Much attention was given to weights and measures, arithmetic and geometry, but the chief branches were grammar, rhetoric and the expression of flattering forms.

Girls, it seems, got pretty much the same education as the boys. Father Schell found contracts which had been revised and corrected by a woman learned in the law named Amatboen.

On the whole, education and civilization under King Hammurabi were in a very advanced condition. They knew nothing about electricity, steam power and telephones in those days, but, considering their limited opportunities, the Babylonians were very clever people. The contracts revised by Miss Amatboen were not trust contracts and probably from the New Jersey point of view were primitive and crude. But they answered the needs of a highly complex civilization and the woman who could draft them was probably as good a lawyer as can be found in New Jersey. Anyhow, her name survives 4,000 years. Is it likely that any of our lawyers will be mentioned A. D. 6000?

Peanut Candy as Food.

Prof. Hilkard, of the University of California, recommends peanut candy as a healthful substitute for a meal when it is necessary to omit one. The starch of the peanut, and the sugar in the candy, are both blood and tissue builders and are exceedingly nourishing and at the same time harmless when obtained at a reputable candy store.—Country Life in America.

Playable.

Willie—This paper says the duke is in this country now, "traveling incognito." What does that mean? Pa—It probably means that he hopes in that way to dodge his creditors.—Philadelphia Press.

GLASS IS EASILY CARVED.

Diamond Is Not Needed to Sever the Brittle Substance in Every Case.

It often occurs that glass tubes of various dimensions have to be cut where a diamond is not at hand, as in shops and power plants where oil and water gauge tubes must be neatly fitted. The usual method adopted is to file a small groove around the tube and separate the glass with a sharp rap at the place weakened by the file. The result is not always satisfactory, says the National Gas Budget, because the ends often break unevenly owing to the difficulty of making a straight groove with the file. Better results are obtained when only a small incision is made with a file, just enough to cut through the enamel of the tube on one side, and not all around. While the file is still warm from the friction of the file the tube is then taken between the thumbs and forefingers the thumb opposite the file incision, but not covering the incision. Pressure of the thumbs invariably causes the tube to break in a straight and clean line as though cut with a diamond.

Another method is to use a fine saw blade (the finer, the better, for a saw is only another form of file), and this should be kept fed with fine emery, carborundum, or pulverized silica sand of hard grit, moistened with camphor, oil, turpentine or water.

A straight, steady and even stroke should be made, and when the work is carefully done against a gauge the cut will be as true as though it had been ground. Nor is even a toothed blade necessary, if a suitable hard and finely gritted abrasive is used and regularly fed between the glass and fine wire, watchspring, or blunt but even blade of an ordinary table knife. The latter will be somewhat slow, of course, but a fine steel wire run at high speed like a band saw, if regularly fed with fine emery or carborundum, will give very satisfactory results, not only for cutting either straight lines or curves in window, but plate or optical glass, in such thickness as makes cutting with a diamond difficult, precarious or impossible.

Window glass, especially single strength, can be accurately split either in straight or curved lines by first making an incision through the enamel of the glass, and then holding a hot iron close to the incision till a fracture is started. The fracture will follow the hot iron with remarkable fidelity. The iron should be preferably round and somewhat blunt and with a bulky head (like an ordinary fire poker), so as to retain its heat well for long cuts, especially for thick sheets, to keep the fracture going when once started, even if two heated irons have to be used.

SMALL REGARD FOR MONEY.

Indians Have No Comprehensive Idea of the Intrinsic Value of Currency.

Indians who have had few opportunities for contact with the whites have exceedingly primitive ideas of the value of money, and hence are easy victims to the avarice of unscrupulous frontiersmen and adventurers. Nor do they seem to learn anything in this respect by experience, that best, though dearest, of all teachers. A. B. Moore, a live stock dealer of Kansas City, told a story to illustrate the truth of this statement.

In 1897, Mr. Moore said, he grazed 10,000 sheep in the Pon-a-Indian country. The latter part of the summer the water gave out on his range, and his only show was to buy a right of way to the river over lands owned by an old Pon-a-Indian. He took some of his herders, who had had some experience with the Indians, along with him, and went to see the old Indian.

When Mr. Moore made his business known as best he could he grunted and pointed to his squaw. She very promptly placed the price of water privileges over their land at one dollar a head for all stock. That would be \$10,000, and Mr. Moore was ready to drop dead, when the herder said: "Show her some money and keep on talking." Mr. Moore expected to be swamped right there, but he took four big silver dollars from his belt and put them in his trousers pockets and offered the Indian woman that amount for the privilege to water his sheep. There was a smile that started at the corner of her mouth and passed all over her face. She pointed to the river and said: "Sheep drink in Indian's river." The squaw told the old Indian to get the ponies and they rode over to the agency and signed the lease in the presence of the agent—or rather their mark. The Indian woman got the four dollars and the sheep enjoyed the clear water of the river the remainder of the summer.

Search for Pill Stuff.

For the things that go into the 1,000,000,000 pills that Detroit produces every year the whole world is scoured. The hunt for herbs and barks is as incessant as that for gold, and is no less exciting. Savage lands are explored. The wildest jungles and waterless deserts are overcome in the search. The costliest of expeditions are formed that American pill-eaters may not starve, and all sorts of dangers and hardships are encountered. Fishing fleets are chartered in the northern seas by great Detroit pharmaceutical institutions, and for several months in each year scour the ocean for fish that contain valuable oils. In this search for new drugs, costly expeditions have been fitted out by pill-making firms which have penetrated some of the wildest and most impenetrable countries in the world.—Leslie's Monthly.

Modern Way.

"Shall we notify the count's relatives that he is being held for ransom?" asked the trusty lieutenant. "I should say not," replied the bandit chief. "Advertise him for sale in one of those American journals devoted to the interests of title-seeking heiresses."—Chicago Daily News.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Some of the New Notions and Fashionable Fancies in the Department of Dress.

With all the other 1899 styles that make the season's modes so picturesque the mantilla has been revived, and, though in somewhat modified form, it is as charming in graceful lines as that worn by our dainty grandmothers, says the New York Tribune.

There is no longer any question about the short skirt. It is an established fact for general wear. All cloth, velvet, velveteen or heavy "stuffed" gowns intended for the promenade are made ankle length.

Notwithstanding all the brave show of silk bags, the best shops are showing in their exclusive stock of novelties beaded bags, and proclaiming a "long run" for them, as they are at once artistic and durable. A dainty little oblong bag wrought of small coral beads, mounted in French gilt, with long hand chain. Others are entirely of turquoise, jet, dull jet for mourning, and still others are of seed pearls, amber, crystal and lovely designs in all the Persian colors.

In silks, which were never so varied as at present, Lyons moire antique is fashionable, and women who are careful to be always modishly dressed and at the same time possess garments of durability and service, are having separate skirts—both short for walking, and long for "drees"—made of it, especially of the black. In black nothing is "smarter," and it can be worn with any number of waists.

In white, moire antique, is of exquisite loveliness. A beautiful evening gown made of it was trimmed with rose pink velvet and mink. The fur edged the full gored skirt, the short puffed elbow sleeves, and the pointed bertha on the low cut waist, while small mink heads held a strap that "sloped" the shoulders, or, rather, draped the bertha, and fastened the belt of crushed velvet.

In some of the newest trimmings the combination of jet and steel is quite novel and most effective.

Jet embroidered satin, velvet or net hands are among the latest and smartest trimmings. When used on black velvet or black cloth gowns, there is only a little needed in front of the waist, and the belt, to complete a rich effect.

Japanese and Bulgarian embroideries are again in great vogue, and are in many cases done directly on the waist, or the gown. These embroideries, in separate bands, or by the piece, of the yard, can be had at oriental shops, where rare imported laces, such as Maltese, rich silk and Spanish laces are shown. By the way, nothing is more beautiful than waists made of alternate rows of plain or tucked China silk and Maltese lace insertion, and finished with ruffles or "frounces" of deep Maltese lace.

THE EYES OF THE YOUNG.

Should Be Carefully Looked After by Parents as Well as School-Teachers.

Nowadays school authorities all over the country are taking up the matter of proper lighting in school rooms, and the subject is being discussed by architects and engineers. As a result, the new school buildings are equipped almost ideally in the point of windows. Desks are arranged so that the correct height, shades are adjusted carefully, rules for the care of eyes are enforced, and the school authorities are doing their greatest duty, says the Washington Star.

Very few mothers know what the care of eyes mean, very few realize how teachers are affected by the eyes. It often crops stealthily for a number of years before it makes itself known. If the grown-ups who look after the little people at home will heed a few simple rules there will be less cause for complaint when these same little people are as old as their parents.

Whether the child's studying and reading are done by daylight or artificial light, see to it that the light falls over the shoulder. Never let the student face it. If he is writing, be sure that the light comes from over the left shoulder; otherwise the shadow of his hand will fall upon the page. The idea is that the light should fall directly and clearly upon the page and be shaded from the eyes. At night a drop should be used and its shade so turned that it keeps the glare out of the eyes.

Watch closely for any tendency to nearsightedness. If you see the student holding the book closer than normal, investigate the matter. Tell him to hold it farther from his face, and find out if he cannot read just as well. Many a time it is merely a habit that makes him hold the book so close, but it is a habit that brings about myopia. If he really cannot see well with it at normal distance then it is time for a professional examination.

Don't let a child read while in a lying position, or in any other that will hold the head rigid. When the head is free to move you will find that it does move, ever so little, and so assists the eyes to follow the lines. But when it is still the eye muscles have to do all the moving for themselves, and they become very tired and pains and aches and errors in vision arise.

See to it that the eyes have frequent rests. The school system tends to this, and mothers should supplement the teacher's work. Don't permit a child to read for a whole evening without a number of rests. If the eyes are tired teach him to stop every 20 minutes and close them for five.

Asked and Answered.

Little Willie—Say, pa, how does an army scout the country? Pa—With brushes, my son. "With brushes?" "Yes, brushes with the enemy."—Chicago Daily News.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

There Must Be That in Our Surroundings to Stimulate the Sense of the Beautiful.

First, let us consider what a home is. The term home is generally understood as the abode or dwelling place. This may be a very rude affair, or costly and palatial in its magnificence. Our pioneer fathers, when they settled in the wilderness of Michigan 50 and 60 years ago, built their homes or dwellings out of rough logs, cut from the trees of the forest, laid one above the other, the cracks between the logs were "chinked" or filled with strips of wood split V-shaped, and these were covered with clay mud to keep out the cold blasts of winter. For a roof, thin strips of wood—called shakes—were split out and fastened to poles that were secured to the rafters crosswise. If rough boards could not be procured for a floor, huge planks were split out of trees and used for this purpose. And who shall say, asks a writer in the Prairie Farmer Home Magazine, that those who now live in fine dwellings and surrounded with the modern comforts and luxuries of life, are any happier than were our pioneer fathers, whose homes were similar to the one described above, in which the writer spent his boyhood days? The life of a pioneer was a simple one, because his wants were few in comparison with the present time. He bent all his energies to clear away the forests so as to be able to provide a better home and more of the comforts of life. In time the rude log house was torn down and replaced by a more modern and commodious dwelling. As the pioneer looked upon all trees, both great and small, as an incumbrance to be gotten rid of, he thought that they would adorn his home if a few of them were left where his modern dwelling would stand, never entered his mind. Too many sons of the pioneers have grown up instilled with the same idea, that forest trees are an incumbrance, or only useful as fuel or lumber. This is one reason why we see so many farmers' homes looking so barren, and void of all that makes a home in the country look beautiful to the passerby. The interior of these homes so far as the furnishing or adornment is concerned, may be all one could wish, but the exterior is devoid of all that is tasteful and pleasing to the eye. The farmer has many advantages that aid to make the perfect home. He can have plenty of room around his dwelling for forest and ornamental trees, and a neat lawn, which require but a small outlay of money or time. This is no theory, but the practical experience of the writer. There must be that in our surroundings to stimulate the sense of the beautiful, if that part of the mind is to be developed. The man who uses coarse or rough language, and is uncouth in manners or slovenly in appearance when in society, generally has his home or dwelling surrounded with rubbish, with no appearance of neatness anywhere. It lies with us farmers to improve the advantages which we have. Is it not our duty to strive to provide such a home as will develop the accomplishments and qualities of mind that constitute ideal manhood? It is in the home that we must look for the richest product of the farm. If we wish our sons and daughters to grow up to be refined men and women and fill pages of honor and trust, we as parents, must strive to make our homes as neat and attractive as our circumstances will allow. Instead of depending so much on our time and money, let us spend more time in the adornment of our homes, so that our sons and daughters will be in no haste to leave them when they become men and women.

SO VERY THOUGHTFUL.

She Bought Something That Would Last Only as Long as He Would Live.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the wife, according to the New York Times.

"It seems to be a very pretty scarf," replied the aged multimillionaire, "and I thank you, my dear, for remembering me on my birthday. While I am of an age that cares little for diamonds," he added, beaming upon his little young creature at his side, "yet I must confess that I am greatly touched by your thoughtfulness. You have exhibited much taste, my dear."

"I am gratified that you should like it," observed the youthful spouse, in a cool, even tone. "It was quite cheap, too. A mere matter of \$20 or \$30."

"You amaze me," exclaimed the multimillionaire. "This beautiful pin cost only \$50?"

"Just that, and no more," responded the beautiful girl. "Of course, it may be that the stones are not precisely what one would term gems of the first water. Yet to me the pin seems a genuine bargain."

The Croesus smiled reflectively.

"Would you mind telling me, my dear, the reason for this sudden economy on your part? It would appear that my little wife is grown wonderfully prudent in her expenditures."

"I am afraid you give me too much credit on that score," said the young wife. "The fact is, the pin is guaranteed for five years, and—"

"And?"

"Well, to speak plainly," returned the young woman, "as it struck me that it is likely to wear quite as long as you are likely to live, it would be the height of extravagance to purchase a more expensive pin."

To Keep Zinc Bright.

Zinc bathtubs are apt to become dark and discolored. They should be washed at least twice a week with kerosene and then scrubbed with soap and hot water. The kerosene removes the verdigris that blackens the surface of the zinc.