

CHANGING THE BOUNDARIES

Great Britain Has Men Constantly in the Field in African Territory.

Every new edition of African maps shows shifting of boundary lines between European possessions. Some of the boundary is shown on one side of a river or mountain range, and in the next edition on the other side.

These changes, states the Chicago Daily News, do not mean that the boundaries, as described in treaties, have been altered, but merely that delimitation commissions in the course of more accurate surveys and explorations have discovered that our previous knowledge was so far erroneous that the stipulated boundaries could not accurately be laid down on the map.

The report of the mixed commission on the Anglo-German boundary in East Africa is a case in point. In 1890 the Germans and British agreed that the boundary between their possessions should cross Victoria Nyanza in one degree south latitude and go on to Mount Mfumbiro, which Speke had placed one degree south of the equator on his map, it should skirt the mountain so that it might wholly be included in the British domain.

The maps accordingly showed the mountain as a British summit till it was discovered that it really stands far to the west in the Congo State, and under existing treaties could not possibly belong to Great Britain. It was found later that Mfumbiro is about 60 miles south of the latitude Speke assigned to it, so that, even if his longitude had been correct, it would have been a German, instead of a British, mountain; and now come the latest results of the mixed commission, bringing both glad and sad news to Great Britain.

The Kagera river, the largest affluent of Victoria Nyanza, and the ultimate source of its waters, has been assigned on all maps since the treaty of 1890 to German East Africa; but the mixed commission has decided that the lower fourth of this river, from the point where it turns sharply east to the lake is north of the boundary line; so the only part of the river offering excellent facilities for navigation is now proved to belong to Great Britain.

But what the British have gained in the south they have lost in the west; for the boundary surveyors have found that a long strip that the maps have included in Uganda is really in the Congo State. For years we have seen the eastern waters of Albert Edward Nyanza lapping alleged British territory, but now we are told that every drop in the lake belongs to the Congo domain; and we expect further revelations of this sort until crude surveys are replaced by the scientific delimitation of all African boundaries.

FAMOUS OLD ARITHMETIC.

From Which Children Two and a Half Centuries Ago Studied Their Figures.

The present generation is inclined to think of Daboll as the father of arithmetic, and those who possess a copy of his work think they have a treasure, indeed. The Star representative, however, has the privilege of reviewing a text-book in mathematics published 73 years before the famous Daboll was born, says the Onondaga (N. Y.) Star. This book is undoubtedly one of the oldest owned in Onondaga county, and is considered a great curiosity by all who have seen it. It is the work of Edward Cocker, printed November 27, 1677, by John Collins, two years after the author's death. The work is famous, since it was for years considered a forgery of Collins, and in its day caused much discussion in the colleges of England. Collins, who was an actor and poet and an intimate friend of Edward Cocker, dispelled the accusations against him by proving the manuscript for the book to have been Cocker's. The latter was one of the most famous authorities on arithmetic of his day, and published many books. The work, a copy of which has recently been brought to light here, was his last manuscript.

The book is nearly complete and in good condition. It is interesting from a typographical point of view, and the script matter is most peculiar as compared with modern text-books. The fact that the multiplication table appears in the book gives some force to the common expression: "As old as the multiplication table." Primary pupils of to-day who are inclined to believe that this combination of figures was especially prepared to rack their memory should find some satisfaction in the knowledge that children of at least two and a half centuries have drilled upon it.

Coaxing the Birds.

During the past year a novel and interesting experiment has been tried with considerable success in the parks which are under the control of the London county council. In order to induce small meat-eating birds such as wrens, titmice and robins to frequent the parks there have been hung in the trees muslin bags filled with suet, and these have been the means of attracting birds which previously were seldom, if ever, seen in the metropolis.—Tit-Bits

Not a Case of Sympathy.

First Wal. Street Operator—What if they tell me that you're millionaire out of over \$100,000? You needn't feel sorry for him. He has plenty more where that came from.

Second Wal. Street Operator—O, I'm not shedding any tears over him. What grieves me is to find the gamblers got it.—Chicago Tribune.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

He Dressed for a Dinner Party, But Forgot to Don Nether Garments.

A group of representatives huddled around one of the smoking room fireplaces were talking the other afternoon of the well known absent-mindedness of Mr. Cannon, in connection with the story of the speaker's having recently made his appearance at the capitol wearing two collars and no cravat, relates the Washington Post.

"Well, there are other absent minded ones beside the 'old man,'" remarked a democratic representative from the south. "Our own man, John Sharp Williams, can forget the ordinary affairs of life itself pretty well, when his mind is away aloft on a soaring kite."

"Williams and I roomed in the same house here during the session three or four years ago. My room was right across the hall from his, and I used to drop in on him of evenings for a chat. One evening I found him preparing to go out to a dinner. He had made a hot political speech in the house that day, and he was thinking it over—thinking of the good, snappy points he had forgotten to make, of course, like all the rest of us who engage in these post-prandial post-mortems. Anyway, he was a whole lot preoccupied."

"He had his vest and coat on when I dropped in on him, and was putting the finishing dabs to his necktie. Then he buttoned up his vest, and turning to me: 'Say, do I look all right?' he asked me."

"Well, I have seen worse," I told him. "But, say, don't you think it would be the au fait kink for you to don a pair of—or trousers?"

"Yep, he'd forgotten 'em, and he blushed a lot when I told him of his little oversight."

"By George," he gasped, when he had got fixed out all right, "I'm glad that you happened to come in, old man!"

FASHIONABLE DRESS ITEMS.

Pretty Bits of Feminine Finery That Go to Make Up the Season's Costumes.

Wash silk fluss, instead of cotton, is used for embroidering summer teats. Belts of pongee are expected to have considerable vogue during the next few months.

Reseda, brown and gun metal are the popular shades in which shirt waist suits of foulard appear.

The revival of old-fashioned merino is predicted, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

White will be the color leader of the summer.

Among the imported fabrics which are expected to be in demand during the coming months is Irish flax linen.

Soft leather belts for summer are found in a variety of colorings.

Persian embroidery in high class effects continues in favor.

Canvas weaves are used with marked success for neckwear, either in white or a combination of ecru and white.

Pyrography has been employed for the decoration of parasol handles, with artistic results.

Mauve brand and maline trimmed with violets represent one style of modish hat. Shepherd's plaids in black and white are much favored by Parisian designers for dressy cloth costumes.

Valenciennes will be the favorite lace for summer gown trimming.

Shaded cotton voile is one of the new and distinctive fabrics of the summer.

The tan shoe seems destined for a new lease of life.

With white and champagne colored gowns shoes and hose to match will be worn this season.

Bags of all kinds from the every day leather to the gold meshed, jeweled variety are in demand for all occasions.

Best buckles and ornaments are now finished in rose gold, French gray, colonial gold and champagne tints.

GOOD - HUMORED MOTHER.

Helps Her Children by Not Taking Their Shortcomings Too Seriously.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously, says Good Housekeeping. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him—not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He needs her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill-feeling, where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice. And when the day arrives that "childish things are put away" and the grown men and women look backward to their early homies, with what a throb of pleasure they say, when things happen: "Mother would appreciate this; she had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!" And underneath these light words is the thought: "How happy that dear mother made me, and how I love her!"

Confusion of Terms.

Horace T. Eastman, the inventor of the locomotive pilot, said the other day: "This morning I was sitting in a drug store waiting to get a prescription filled when a young Irishman entered."

"The Irishman pointed to a stack of green Castle soap and said: 'O, I want a loomp of that.'"

"Very well, sir," said the clerk, "Will you have it scented or unscented?"

"O, I'll take it with me," said the Irishman.—N. Y. Tribune.

SOME NEW PINCUSHIONS.

Represent All Sorts of Quaint and Homely Beasts in Velvet and Colors.

Animal pincushions are seen upon the up-to-date woman's dressing table. They are made of velvet in appropriate colors, and represent all sorts of quaint and homely beasts, says the Washington Star.

One model is a white velvet rabbit with flying ears lined with pale pink silk. He has pink beads for eyes and his little mouth is outlined with embroidery silk. A pale blue satin ribbon with a coquettish bow decorates his fat neck. The animal cushions are stuffed with emery powder, which preserves the brightness of pins better than mere sawdust.

A pale pink velvet pig, with a handsomely curled silk tail and yellow glass bead eyes, is best described as "cute." Piggy's snout is made conspicuous by the little grass ring that runs through it. From this ring is suspended a miniature basket for the reception of my lady's rings, when she lays them aside for the night.

The animals' noses and mouths are sometimes embroidered, sometimes painted with water colors. A hot iron must be passed over the back of that part of the velvet to which the paint is to be applied.

Pussy makes a pretty pincushion. She can be best represented in a sitting position. White, gray or black velvet are suitable for her coat; yellow or light green beads are appropriate for her eyes. The mouth is merely outlined with embroidery silk. Whiskers and eyebrows are put in with linen thread, which is stiff enough to allow them to stand out jauntily. Pussy's neck should be beautified with a collar and bow of ribbon. Her ears should be lined with deep pink silk.

A stately gray or sardred white elephant serves both as pincushion and ring holder. His back is covered with a scarlet cloth, gold embroidered, and bears an imposing howdah, into which the rings or small pieces of jewelry may be dropped. If the elephant is large enough, the rings may be slipped over his trunk.

A white velvet lamb, a brown velvet donkey, a black or brown velvet horse are some of the forms in which these mascot pincushions appear. They are sold ready made in the shops, but the home fancy worker can secure a pattern for them by buying one of those for the making of toy animals of china or calico. The paper pattern may be cut down to any size required.

As a rule, the pincushions are not more than three to five inches in height.

A REFRACTORY PROFESSOR.

Locked Class-Room Door on Tardy Students, But They Got Back at Him.

Students of one of the schools of the University of Pennsylvania have discovered a very effective method of dealing with a refractory professor. The professor is a man of methodical habits and deep rooted convictions on all points. Among his pet theories is one regarding the necessity for punctuality among his students. A short time ago, relates the New York Herald, he astonished one of the classes to which he lectures by announcing that any of the young men who arrived at the lecture room one minute after the hour for the lecture to begin would find the door locked against him.

As the young men are students of a professional school they felt they had attained to years of discretion and were entitled to more dignified treatment. Besides this, many of them came from distant parts of the city and the suburban towns, and it was not always easy to be strictly punctual, even with the best intentions. They were very much disgruntled at the almost inevitable prospect of missing lectures of value in the course.

But their revenge was close at hand. Only a few mornings after the professor's edict had gone forth the class assembled on time with not a member missing and waited for the professor to arrive. The hour for the lecture struck. But the professor was still absent. Every eye was fastened on the clock, and at two minutes past the hour a student at the rear cried: "All out!"

There was no time for parody. The entire class fled quickly out of the door and the disconcerted professor, hurrying down the corridor, saw his class deserting and his class-room empty.

Throughout the term the class has continued to employ this method with the obdurate professor. If the professor is a minute late the class leaves, and if all succeed in getting out of the door before he comes in he may beg them to come back in vain and must give the lecture on the next day. But if the professor succeeds in getting in while a single boy is left in the room he cries: "Back, gentlemen, back," and the class obediently returns.

These are the professor's days. He prefers them even to the days when he comes early and locks the doors on late boys. As for the class they consider the system good training for the professor, and remark sagely that they "don't believe he'll try the door-locking rule another year."

Buttered Spanish Onions.

Peel large Spanish onions, carefully so as to remove only the outer skin. With a sharp knife cut off the top, make a hole in the middle of each onion and fill with the following stuffing: Cut into squares some veal kidney and good bacon. Chop separately a little parsley and suet and mix all together, adding salt and pepper to taste. When the onions are filled the tops are replaced and secured with a string. Place them in a buttered pan and bake slowly. Basting with melted butter. When perfectly done remove the string and serve on thick slices of toast.—Washington Star.

QUARREL OVER PICTURE.

Sweethearts Sometimes Raise Perverse Problem for Photographers to Settle.

When sweethearts get photographed together, and the man pays the bill and keeps the coupon which entitles its bearer to receive the goods paid for, to whom do the pictures belong, if the couple afterward quarrel? This is a question which the head of many a popular photograph gallery is often called upon to decide, says the Chicago Tribune.

"We are always getting into trouble over this matter," one of the managers confessed. "The man and the girl come in and have their picture taken together. Possibly they want to be posed in a sentimental fashion, looking tenderly into each other's eyes, for instance. The man pays the bill and pockets the coupon. About the time the goods are ready for delivery the girl comes back alone, without any coupon, and asks for them. Sometimes she pretends that she has lost the slip of paper, sometimes she tells the truth. In the former case we can usually guess from her manner what the state of affairs really is. Then it is up to us to settle a difficult matter. We know that if we give her the photographs, the man will come in presently with the coupon and demand his property. And if he has been jilted, he will be hard to deal with, for he wants to get even with the girl some way, and he thinks the pictures may be a means to that end."

"Who do we give the photographs to? That depends upon circumstances. We always insist upon hearing the story. If things look as if the couple care for each other, we tell the girl that we cannot give her the pictures without the man's consent and advise her to come to some understanding with him about it; often in talking it over they become reconciled and come in together to get the pictures. If however, the girl can give us a really good reason why she instead of the man, should have the photos, we generally hand them over to her and fight it out with him when he comes in. But sometimes she gets here too late, and then, of course, there is nothing to be done. How do we manage the man who gets left? O, we put him out, if he makes trouble. No, usually he doesn't come back. He doesn't care to, generally, when he thinks it all over."

TALK FAILED TO SAVE HIM.

Failure of an Orator to Prevent a Lynching Years Ago Down in Texas.

"This talk that has been going on in the house about lynching," said Col. "Bill" Sterrett, who, relates the Philadelphia Ledger, drifted into Washington from Texas, "reminds me of a thing that happened down in my state a few years ago. Jim Hodges, a local orator of the Blackburn stamp, was just coming into his house when his boy rushed up and yelled: 'Pop, they're goin' to lynch a nigger over by the clearing!'"

"Jim jumped on his horse and rode like mad for the scene of trouble. They had the nigger on a platform and were just getting ready for the final act when Jim burst into the clearing and checked his foam-decked horse. 'Stop!' he yelled, with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Everyting came to a dead stop and Jim, springing upon the platform, began a speech that promised to break all oratorical records.

"My friends," he cried, "think what you are about to do. To take the law into your own hands will stain the fair name of this county with an imperishable blot. To the remotest limit of time, so long as the memory of man remains, the deed you are about to do will cause your names to be remembered by posterity with shuddering shame."

"There was a restless movement in the crowd at this point and somebody growled: 'Shoot the son of a gun!' Half a dozen revolvers were covering Jim in half a second, but he stopped the coming tragedy by yelling: 'But as I was saying—'

"The revolvers were half lowered and Jim went on: 'But, as I was saying, my fellow citizens, if this deed must be done, if it seems wise and necessary, as no doubt it is, I implore you to proceed with it in an orderly and decorous manner!'"

Electricity and Magnetism.

Concerning the fundamental nature of electricity itself, there is still no certainty, but there are several hypotheses. There are several theories for explaining both electricity and magnetism in terms of the other. None of these theories seems capable of being submitted to experimental demonstration. It is certain, however, that since the interconnection of electricity and magnetism is known, a demonstration of the nature of the one must, by corollary, include a disclosure of the nature of the other. Moreover, it would not seem likely that the complete unraveling of the nature of electricity would necessarily include a revelation of the nature of both matter and gravitation.—Electrical World.

Boys and Fires.

No sooner had spring begun to dry up the ground than fire departments all over the country found themselves busy with grass and brush fires set by innocent but careless boys. Fire is a dangerous plaything. The boy whose parents allow him to light a "smudge" should observe one rule, the principle of which is at the bottom of all careful play and work—to watch a fire as long as it burns. It is natural for the ordinary boy to start a fire and then join some other boys in a game of ball on a vacant lot two blocks away. It is also natural for the fire to keep on burning.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN TRAMP HAVEN.

Mexico Is a Country Where the Native Are Liberal and Charity Is Broad.

As far as immunity from arrest is concerned, the American tramp in Mexico enjoys a paradise which his brother in the United States might well envy. Vagrancy is not the crime in the land of manana that in the popular mind it has become in the greater and progressive republic of the north, says the Mexican border the tramp comes into conflict with severe statutory laws that have been enacted for the suppression of one of the growing evils of modern civilization. There are several towns in Texas where the hobo is given scant courtesy and his departure requested with little ceremony.

There is a town in Arizona that adopted a plan of ridding itself of the tramp nuisance a few years ago which, while lacking in the principle of humanity, was successful in effectually disposing of the itinerant beggar.

The plan was this: As soon as a tramp was spotted, even before any overt act of begging or other misdemeanor was committed, he was escorted to the city hall by a policeman, where he was closely examined by the mayor, who took pains to find out if the man was really a professional tramp or not. His hands were examined, and if they showed horns he was given the benefit of a doubt and left to leave town, which he generally did. But if his hands bore no evidence of labor recently performed, and the mayor was satisfied that he was a genuine tramp, the enemy of soap was confined in the city jail, where he was given a diet of bread and water and left to sleep the following night on the bare floor.

The next morning he was put to work on the streets, where he had to toil all day, his food being bread and water. He passed a second night in the city jail and next morning was escorted to the edge of the town, where he was told to "hit the trail" and never show his face in the place again. It was not very long before Blue Gulch, although this is not its real name, enjoyed an odorous reputation among the inhabitants of the town, and the result was that the town was more lenient places were selected for the levy of food during their annual tour through the country.

As soon as the American tramp finds himself in Mexico he immediately adapts himself to its customs, for he knows he is in a land where he has little to fear from official policemen with a penchant for asking questions about his financial condition, and where the poorest poor will divide half his tortilla with him if told that he is hungry. He soon realizes that charity in Mexico is universal, and that it is a religious mandate which has been preached into the very marrow of the people's bones. This is usually the tramp's first introduction to the Mexican paradise, but after awhile he lays for larger game than peons and religiously inclined senoras, and he begins to take the tourists from his own country.

His method of procedure is well known to most Americans. He is unerring in spotting his countrymen, and is always certain to address himself to the generously disposed. On account of his success in avoiding a stringy man, the American tramp is nearly always sure to obtain some money from his fellow citizen. He has a hard luck story, of course, which he uses so frequently that in a short time he becomes extremely proficient in the art of spinning it out so that it will awaken the most sympathy.

The sympathetic tourists, who have read so much about the hard side of Mexico, are more than half willing to help a poor stranded countryman out, and the American tramp leaves the hotel parlor, where his stopped talk was made, with enough United States currency to see him through a week's expense. A peculiar thing about the American tramp is that so far none of the tramps has ever been known to be in sympathy with the temperance movement.

One of the most prominent traits of his character is his undaunted nerve. A well-known resident of this city was walking along San Francisco street not very long ago when he was accosted by one of these gentry, who was fairly well dressed. Stepping up boldly to the gentleman in question, with the air of a brisk business man, he said quickly: "Just one moment, mister. Through unavoidable circumstances my funds have become depleted, and as you are a countryman of mine, I respectfully request the loan of a dollar." The well-known resident saw the humor of the case and handed him a quarter.

The common hobo who begs for the price of a meal is of course familiar to every one. He is about the same in Mexico as he is in the states, his habits being somewhat modified by his easier mode of life in this enjoyable climate.

English Stamp Books.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery." The English post office authorities have just decided to inaugurate a system of selling stamps in books, as they are now sold at the post offices in the United States. Only one size of book is adopted for the present, this containing 24 penny stamps and selling at two shillings one-half pence. That would be making a charge of a half-penny, equivalent to one cent, for the books, the same amount that is charged by our post office. Small as is this charge, our post office department has made a nice little profit out of the sale of stamp books, and there is no reason to suppose that the British office will not be fully as well satisfied with the venture. These books furnish a convenient cover in which to carry stamps in the pocket, and their popularity is amply attested by the enormous increase in the number sold from year to year.—Boston Herald.

AN OLD ACTOR'S ADVICE.

Counseled Young Woman Who Was Stage-Struck to Go Home and Marry.

"Now, will you please tell me, Mr. Crane, what I am to do? I am anxious to go on the stage, and feel that I have the material in me to make a good actress. How am I to succeed in my pressing managers?"

"This from a young woman who brought a letter of introduction to William H. Crane and who was anxious for a stage career, relates the New York Times.

"How are you to succeed in impressing managers?" repeated the actor. "I am blessed if I know. If you are determined to go on the stage, I would advise you to secure an engagement in a good company and accept as your part, no matter how small, that is offered you. You may then be able, by dint of hard work to climb, but it will only by hard work, persistent and constant study. I have been at it now over 10 years, and in my early days used to play in three or four pieces in one night and do a song and dance between acts while scenes were being set. You will have to begin at the bottom of the ladder and be of stout heart."

"Will you engage me for a small part, Mr. Crane?" asked the young woman.

The comedian looked disturbed for a moment. "You say you have had no experience," he remarked. "In view of that I would not like to take the risk. You see, you are an absolute unknown quantity. Your failure in a small part might mar an otherwise effective picture. Then you must remember that there are over 1,500 disengaged actresses at present in this city, every one of whom has had experience and who are all more or less familiar with the technique of the stage. With any one of that number the risk would be less than with you."

"Other managers of good companies are likely to advance the same reasons, are they not?"

"They are, but then there are a number of good traveling organizations in which you might get a start. If you succeed in getting an engagement with one of these, you will find the work hard. You will have to have lots of courage, be not easily cast down and mindful of your own business. I will say this, that if you succeed you will find it was all worth while."

"What do you think I had best do, Mr. Crane?"

"You tell me you have a good home and adore your parents, who do not wish you to go on the stage. I would advise you to give up your ambition, remain at home and some day marry a good man."

The young woman arose to go. She looked as if she wanted to cry.

"I think," she said, and her voice trembled, "that I will take your advice. But please answer me one thing. If all young women anxious to go on the stage should take your advice, where would the stage get its actresses from?"

The question seemed to stagger the comedian. He could not answer it, and the girl knew it as the stage doorkeeper let her out.

FACILE OVERCOAT THIEF.

His Latest Trick Is One That Is Hard for the Victim to Catch Him At.

"With the coming of warm weather and the discarding of overcoats, remarked a restaurant keeper to a New York Sun man, 'one of my worries is over for the time being.' The man who loses an overcoat in your place rarely expects you to make it out for him. He has been educated out of that idea—by his feeling a grudge against your establishment, and is not likely to come back."

"This is one reason why my people here are always on the lookout for the overcoat thieves. We have nabbed a number of them, but during the winter they played a game that was new to me, and I was hard to beat."

"Two pairs would come in within a few minutes of each other, and take seats at the same table near a line of hooks where the overcoat picking was good. One would have a coat on, and the other wouldn't."

"After a light repast, the man who had worn the coat would rise in a leisurely way, take from the hook an overcoat that was not his own, but looked something like it, and saunter out. If he got away, well and good for him. His partner would take the coat he left and follow him in a minute or two."

"If the owner of the overcoat upon which the thieving attempt was being made should see the move and take action, the gentlemanly overcoat grabber would offer a smiling apology for his error. On the face of it, the matter was only one of a mistaken identity in overcoats. The faded thief would remove his own overcoat from the hook and walk out without awakening any suspicion that he was anything but absent-minded. In this way he would cover his tracks and avoid the annoyance of a ride in the patrol wagon. Next and simple isn't it? The trick has parted many overcoats from their owners."

"Little Game of Seesaw."

"Did Herbert notice your new gown?"

"He did."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I noticed he noticed it, and what's more, he noticed I noticed he noticed it, and I noticed he noticed I noticed he noticed it. If you don't believe it you can ask him. He'll tell you he noticed I noticed he noticed I noticed he noticed it, and if that gives you a headache it's your own fault!"—Chicago Tribune.