

WHY SILHOUETTE.

A Curious Bit of History Wrapped Up in the Word.

The making of silhouettes can hardly be classed among the lost arts, since there is so little art about them. The best of them represent the human profile in a crude way, and they were regarded as rather a cheap kind of pictures even in the days when they were most popular. Indeed, the very word silhouette means something poor and cheap, and it had its origin in a spirit of ridicule. It is taken from Etienne de Silhouette, who was a French cabinet minister in the year 1759, when the treasury of France was very low because of costly wars with Britain and Prussia and by the extravagances of the government. When Etienne de Silhouette became minister of finance he set about making great reforms in the public expenditures. He was by nature a very "close" man, and he went to such extremes in keeping down the public expenses, that he brought great ridicule upon himself, and finally anything that was cheap and poor was referred to as a silhouette.

A very crude picture was popular at that time. It was made by tracing the shadow or profile of a face projected by the light of a candle on a sheet of white paper and the outline defined with a pencil. This was such a very poor and cheap sort of picture that it was at once called a silhouette in further derision of the very saving French minister, and the name has "stuck." It is an instance of the curious derivation of some words in common use, and this unkind slur on a man who was really trying to introduce needed reforms in the spending of the public money has long been accepted as a good and proper word. Indeed, there is no other word used for pictures of this kind, although there were such pictures long before M. Etienne de Silhouette had his name attached to them in so embarrassing a way.—Morris Wade in Century.

AN EARLY CALL.

Mark Twain's Story About His Abandoned Brother.

One bitter December night Orion (Mark Twain's brother) sat up reading until 3 o'clock in the morning and then, without looking at a clock, sallied forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; didn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other and would have drawn inferences and gone home, but Orion didn't draw inferences. He merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing gown. He had a candle in his hand, and the dressing gown was all the clothing he had on, except an expression of welcome, which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table and stood. Orion made the usual remarks about the weather and sat down—sat down and talked and talked and went on talking, that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance, waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder of it. At last Orion got up and made some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency, "Why, good land, aren't you going to stop to breakfast?"—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

The Temperance of Miss Willard.
I met Walt Whitman once in Germantown at a home famous for its hospitality and the notables who loved to go there and know he was urged to leave out of the next edition certain poems. But "No" was the only answer. It was art and must never be disturbed. Miss Willard was also a guest, and Walt was rude to her; said he hated a crusading temperance fanatic, especially a woman. She was perfectly unruffled, and he left the room, but before long he returned and apologized in the sweetest way. Upstairs Frances said to me, "What a grand old man to be willing to own he was sorry for his remarks!"—Kate Sanborn in New England Magazine.

His Idea of Happiness.
At the Players' club in New York some years ago a number of actors were arguing about the meaning of the word "happiness." In the midst of the argument Henry E. Dixey appeared, and one of the contestants said: "Dixey, what is your idea of happiness?" Mr. Dixey smiled thoughtfully. Then he replied: "My idea of true happiness is to lie on a couch before a bright fire, smoking a large Havana cigar given me by an admirer, while I listen to a woman who worships me reading aloud flattering press notices about my acting."

A Limited Habit.
"I see that some of our scientists claim that death is largely a matter of habit, depending upon thought and all that," he said.
"Nonsense," she replied. "Did you ever know any one who was in the habit of dying?"
er.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.—Goldsmith.

Mark Twain's Ant.

"Mark Twain in one of his amusing books of travel attacks the ant," said a nature student. "He ridicules the idea that the ant is industrious and wise. He devotes three or four pages to an account of an ant making its way homeward with a burden. He shows the ant climbing grass stems instead of going round them, doing a hundred silly things, taking in every case the long and foolish instead of the short and sensible way home. And hence, naturally enough, he concludes that the ant's wise industry is overrated—naturally enough, I say, Mark Twain's ignorance being granted, for he was unaware when he wrote that long and interesting passage that many kinds of ants are blind. He did not, for all his close observation, take up his little ant subject, look for its eye sockets and find them absent. It was a blind ant Mark Twain studied, and he didn't know it."

A Trio of Husbands.

The traveling girl was explaining the strange looking locket she had about her neck on a thin gold chain.

"It is a Buddhist charm," she said, "to keep off bad luck. A swarthy little woman in Tibet gave it to me. She took a great fancy to me. It is handsome if the back is of tin. The face is of turquoise. They make them like that in Tibet. The little woman's husband came up to her one by one, begging her to go home with them, but she wouldn't till she had finished talking to me. I felt very much flattered. Oh, yes, she had three husbands. The women are very scarce, you know, in Tibet. It was lovely to see them dancing attendance on her. Tell fellows there were, too, and handsome. She asked me how many husbands I had. It was very humiliating to have to acknowledge to her that I hadn't any," she sighed.

Captured by the Students.

Some years ago the selection of the town of Hanover, N. H., decided, in their wisdom, to collect a poll tax from every Dartmouth student of legal age. The boys said nothing to this, but quietly decided that if they paid taxes they would also vote. So they turned out in full force at the annual meeting. Having strength enough to secure control, in less than five minutes they had elected students to the positions of moderator and clerk. Thirty minutes from the time the meeting was called to order the town of Hanover had gone on record as having voted to build a brick schoolhouse 500 feet long, ten feet high and two feet wide and to build a plank walk from Reed Hall in Hanover to Lebanon, in which town was a female seminary. The tax collector did not trouble Dartmouth students for many years after that.

The Universal Language of Clothes.

The top hat represents the universal language of attire. It walls and weeps against the walls of Jerusalem, and it turns up in the solitudes of the desert. Even the loneliest mountain peaks are not safe from its democratic simplicity. Once I met a silk hat, probably rescued from some benevolent dust bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot. Each and every passerby turned and stared indignantly. The eccentric cowboy in the top hat finished his allotted task, and in company of his cow and the milk pail he ambled placidly out of sight. Still one can't help asking in the interest of personal liberty, Why shouldn't a silk hat be permitted to milk a cow? The cow doesn't mind, so why should we?

A Temple Made From a Single Stone.

Mayalpinam, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long and twelve feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to carve these graceful edifices from native rock.

Hard Drilling.

A bit of the kind of American humor that has thrived since the days of Benjamin Franklin comes from a Montana mining camp.

Said one miner, "The rock down in that shaft is so hard that they used six barrels of drills the other day and barely scratched it."
"Ugh!" said another. "I saw 'em working on a ledge once where the rock was so hard that after they had used nine barrels o' drills on it the hole stuck out six inches."

He Liked School.

A bright little four-year-old boy was taken to school for the first time. After he had been given a desk and set to work he suddenly put up his little hand.

"What do you want, Fritz?" asked the teacher.
"I should like to know when the holidays begin," said Fritz.—Die Muskete.

No Great Loss.

"Oh, I am in despair," cried a poor woman, "my son has swallowed a cent!"

"Do not be too much distressed," said her friend. "After all, a cent is not a great sum."

Up and Down.

Stranger—What are your terms? Hotel Clerk—Rooms a dollar up. Stranger—I'm a poet, and I want— Clerk—Oh, in that case our terms are a dollar down.

Empty men are the trumpets of their own deeds.—Massinger.

The Eldest Child.

In most countries it is believed that the eldest child is superior in stature, strength, beauty, wisdom, virtue and even in good fortune. Certainly among men of genius we find an undue proportion of eldest sons. But against that fact we must place the other—that an undue proportion of criminals are eldest sons.

Zinc and Lead.

A cubic foot of cast zinc weighs about 429 pounds, but a cubic foot of lead weighs 709½ pounds.

Flight of Bullets.

A bullet which was fired by a charge sufficient to give it an initial velocity of 1,700 feet a second in dry weather would travel at no more than 1,300 feet through moist air.

Detroit.

Detroit took its name from the river, which was called by the French De Troit, the narrows. The settlement was originally called Fort Pontchartrain. The Indians called the locality Wawautunong, the place of the winding river.

Mecca's Black Stone.

The Black Stone, at Mecca, is undoubtedly the oldest idol in the world. It was once white, but has been worn black by the kisses of the faithful.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Dried fig dipped in milk, toasted and then applied to a gumboil will bring quick relief.

There is nothing to beat rhubarb juice as a cure for gout or rheumatism except water from medicinal springs.

When food will not stay on the stomach put one teaspoonful of lime water in a glass of milk and sip it slowly.

A dressing made of powdered borax moistened with cold water will prevent pain or inflammation from a cut or wound.

Common mustard used as a plaster or poultice is the best cure for a cold on the chest, and the white of an egg with sugar is the finest medicine for hoarseness.

As soon as a cold sore appears, wet the spot with camphor and cover with powdered subnitrate of bismuth. Camphor by itself will also lessen the inflammation.

Dampening Clothes.

Clothes should be dampened in the evening, when all have been taken in from the line, if they are to be ironed the following morning. A hand brush with fairly fine bristles kept for the purpose makes a good sprinkler. Pull the seams of each garment straight, fold it and place in a clothes basket containing a white cloth. Handkerchiefs may be dampened and placed flat on the top of one another and then rolled together in bundles.

The home doctor.

"Don't worry, darling," said the romantic husband as he opened the piano. "Remember, music is the food of love."

The practical little wife shook her head.

"But if you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you can step around and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere song."

Then the long haired genius woke up.—Houston Post.

Bad Child.

"You appear to have quite a bad cold, Mr. Kloseman," said the hostess sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the guest, with a cough. "It's settled in my chest, and it's quite tight."

"Yes," put in the hostess' little boy, "pa was tellin' us you was tight chested."—Catholic Standard and Times.

One Discouraged Note.

Ruffon Wratz—The idea of your claimin' to be overworked, ye durned old hobo!

Tuffold Knutt—I am overworked, b'gosh! Fifty times a day I hev to explain how it is that I don't git no employment when the country is jist runnin' over wif prosperity.—Chicago Tribune.

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For Weak People Having Heart or Nerve Troubles.

SYMPTOMS

Palpitation of the Heart, Irregular or Skipped Beats, Dizzy Spells, Smothering Feeling, Shortness of Breath, Blush Color of the Lips, Pain in the Region of the Heart, Thin Watery Blood, Cold Hands and Feet, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, etc.,

If you have any of these symptoms

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

will bring the whole system into healthy action, and give power, force and vigor to every organ of the body thereby strengthening the weak heart and unstrung nerves.

Mrs. Harmon Dayball, Welland, Ont., writes: "I write to let you know what good Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me."

For over three years I suffered with pains under my left breast and my nerves were completely unstrung. I purchased two boxes of your pills and before I had the first box finished I felt much better and now I am cured."

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IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

How the Colonel Came to Make a Speech at Cut Rates.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you today?" queried the colonel as he entered his office after a brief absence and found three farmer looking men in possession.

"We are a committee from the county fair," explained one, "and we want to see about the address. You make 'em, don't you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"What's your figger?"

"I delivered two county fair addresses last fall and received \$50 each."

"Um! Too high."

"There was no fault found with my prices last year. It takes time to prepare one, you know, and then I must journey down and deliver it. The figure I named is a very reasonable one."

"Look here, colonel," said the chairman of the committee after considering a bit, "have you got one of your old addresses on hand?"

"I believe so."

"And can't you put 'er in for twenty-five?"

"But some one might get on to it."

"We'll take all the chances of that. All the people who will listen to you will be old Mrs. Cosely, who is as deaf as a post, and old Jim Shaw, who will take it for a Fourth of July oration anyhow, and you won't run the slightest risk. Won't this make a difference in your figgers?"

The colonel blushed and stammered and said he thought it would, and when the committee left they had his receipt for \$30, and he agreed to be on time.—Chicago News.

Her Offense.

The despondent damsel had been apprehended in the very act of drinking carbolic.

The speedy work of skilled physicians afterward admitted that they had saved it. An officious constable arrested her on the ground of attempted suicide. Then a wise man present interferred and said:

"I object to this high handed procedure. If this person is to be seized on any charge it should be as a violator of the pure food law."

"How so?" exclaimed every one in unison.

"Because she was putting acid inside 'er."

Whereupon the crowd released the woman and with one accord banged the author of the pun.—Judge.

No Inducement.

"Why don't you devote more time to study?" said the serious person.

"What for?" asked the nonchalant.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary spots or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable dreams from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening purgative known in medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy or expose your system, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take and candy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Go over the zinc under the stove once a day with a cloth dampened with kerosene, and it will always be bright.

Sandpaper will clean suede leather, undressed or "oozed" calfskin bags. Rubbing the sandpaper lightly over these leathers makes the article equal to new.

If dust cloths have to be bought cheesecloth is the best material for the purpose. Three-quarters of a yard is ample for each cloth, and they should be hemmed.

When cleaning brass add a little methylated spirit to whatever polish you may be using. It not only helps to remove stains, but also prevents the brass from tarnishing again so quickly.

A roomy bag, its mouth kept open by a ring of wire, is a convenience to hang on the frame of the sewing machine. Into this receptacle all snips and scraps may be dropped while at work and much picking up of litter thereby saved.

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