Blest babies, the little one of to-day, with not only toys of undreamed of variety and charm and garments of ecclesiastic cut and esthetic fascinations but with household furniture designed to meet the precise idiosyncrasies of baby habits, and built to fit wee arms, their little legs and tiny torsos.

Mamma has her boudoir with its delicate draperies to satisfy her feminine foibles. Papa has his smoking room, with pipes and pillows, to enhance the joys of after dinner cigars. And baby has his nursery and its fairy furnishings to minister to the luxury of his playday life.

He has a minute Morris chair, which goes up and down to suit his mental and bodily inclinations; a "jumper," which is a rocker swinging in a frame, with a tray for toys and adjustable back and front; a "tender," which teaches him how to walk and takes care of him while mamma and nurse are busy; a desk with revolving chair, where he can attend to his correspondence; a little table with legs that fold under so that it can be put away into a small space when he is done with it; a wickerwork rocker of his own, a basket work trunk to hold his dainty belongings; his wash stand fitted with soap box, basin, pitcher, and other accessories; a cabinet to hold all his precious toy possessions, and—perhaps the best of all—a mammoth chair that is created to fit not his own but mamma's body.

This pet chair has a large pocket beneath one of its arms, covered or uncovered, for keeping picture books, and is beautifully adapted for a bedtime story by the firelight or a morning hour with animal pictures.

The toy cabinet has drawers and hooks and shelves for holding toys in their places and for early inculcating into baby's bright brain the value of "a place for everything and everything in its place." The doors therein are set so high but baby can easily manage their knobs, ditto the drawers and shelves, which are made for Master Baby and not Lady Mamma or busy nurse to fill.

His chairs are adapted to the different stages in his editre gamut of infant moods—the rocker for his sociable, cozy moods, the Morris chair for his dozy moods, the revolving desk chair for his business hours, when important letters must be penned to mamma or pussy, or some commission for a picture must be executed.

His desk may be a roller top or a with pigeon holes and cubby holes, blotter and drawers, and with paper and envelopes, pen and ink well diminutively proportioned to match its smallness.

His "tender" is interestingly novel. Behold a circular scaffolding a little lower than himself, with tiny tray in front and a swinging seat midway between top and bottom. The seat is something of a saddle, with two sockets for his legs and a horn to support him in front; the whole on rollers. Baby Buster does not need to have mastered the arts of locomotion on two legs in order to use the "tender."

He is just slipped into it, and cannot fall down or out while he satisfies his infant yearnings to be on the move. While cheerfully gratifying these cravings he incidentally learns how to walk, and leaves mamma and nurse in an Elysian bliss of peace to pursue their own callings without needing to pick him up every few minutes or personally conduct him to the one hundred and three Meccas of his ambition, which are situated in as many nooks of the nursery and are unattainable to unassisted baby legs.

The wash stand, with its fittings and the basket trunk and the wicker work etagere, all of white, are complete with appointments and daintiness to serve the processes of his toilet. Every detail is planned to be just the right size, every article is his alone and made expressly for his purposes.

Large Picture Held Attention.

A wagon load of rusty horseshoes or a truckload of whalebone are not uncommon sights in the streets of lower Manhattan, but a truck containing a single oil painting of large proportions, uncovered to the gaze of thousands, is rather more rare. Such a load came down Broadway a few days ago. The frame of the painting was fully six feet high and long in proportion, and the canvas bore the picture of one of the noted ocean liners, sailing along with the proverbial "bone in her teeth" under a sky as blue as turquois. The truck stopped before a steamship office, and four men who had held the painting in position during the journey carried it with much effort through the doorway.—New York Post.

Thinking About Health.

A Belgian physician declares that early baldness is frequently caused by the excessive eating of meat. He asserts that he has often checked cases of falling hair by combining with local treatment a diet of milk, eggs and fruit.

There has been started in Malden, Mass., a goat farm for the production of goat's milk. The promoters expect that there will be a large demand for the milk, especially for the dietary treatment of sick babies.

In 1850 the consumption of distilled spirits—brandy and whisky—in the United States averaged about two and one-quarter gallons for each person, while to-day the average is about one and one-third gallons. In 1850 the consumption of beer was a gallon and a half for each individual; now it is 17.4 gallons.

Ireland Is Getting Better.

A great decrease has been noted in Ireland in the number of prisoners sent to penal servitude during recent years. In 1892 there were 471, in 1901 292, and in 1902 270.

Why It Tasted Bitter.

Not long ago a physician had occasion to prescribe quinine to a patient, an elderly lady who was not used to modern ways of administering medicine. The quinine was ordered in capsules—twelve, each containing four grains.

About a week later the doctor was called to attend a daughter of the old lady, and upon the dresser he noticed what he supposed were the quinine capsules he had prescribed. Turning to the mother he asked why she had not taken his medicine.

"Sure, doctor, do you mean that bitter powder? Yes, I took it, but had hard work getting it out of those little glass things it was put up in.

Youthful Diplomatist.

Bobby was kept after school for some misdemeanor. It was at kindergarten, and his first punishment.

The teacher injured, "Aren't you very sorry, Bobby, to have to stay after school when the others go?"

"Oh, no," replied Bobby, "it was just what I wanted, so as to have you all to myself!"

Truly a Queen Country.

Louis Sherry, the noted caterer, tells an amusing story of a chef whom he brought over from France. The chef, before his contract with Sherry began, lived in idleness for a month in Brooklyn. During the month he walked all over Brooklyn, and he dined all over it as well. What impressed him was the multitude of churches that he saw and the uniformity with which everything he ate was served with a molted butter dressing. At the month's end, when he reported for duty, Mr. Sherry said to him:

"Well, Alphonse, you have had a month to look about you. What do you think of America?"

"It is an extraordinary country," Alphonse answered. "It has twenty religions and only one sauce."

Many Willing to Marry.

Samuel W. Hammers, who keeps a country store near Gettysburg, Pa., advertised for a wife recently and in the course of a few days received answers from 2,700 lorn women of the region.

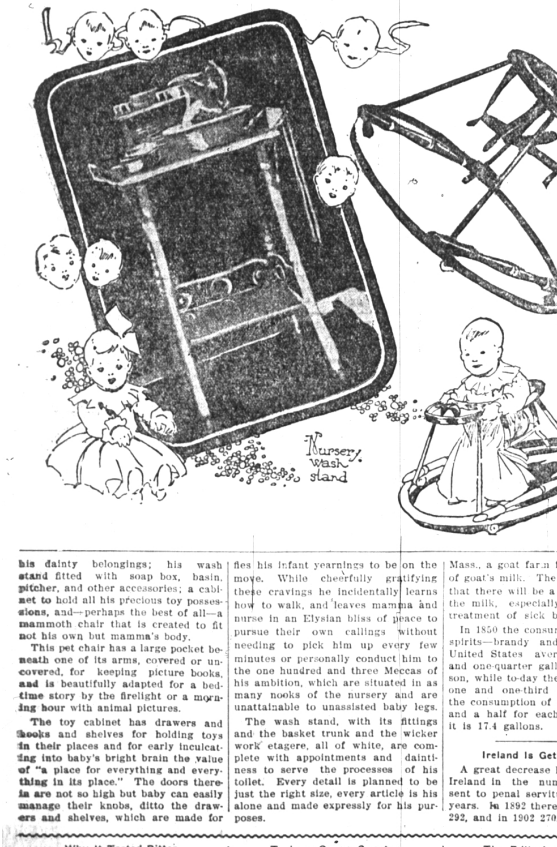
On a Vacation.

"It would look very much," remarked the observer of events and things, "as if the foolkiller was taking his vacation about the same time that most of our people are taking theirs."

The Editor's Retirement.

Clyde Fitch, the playwright, has a scrapbook of odd newspaper clippings that he has been over fifteen years collecting. One of his clippings Mr. Fitch prizes because it is sad. It concerns the retirement from journalism of a western editor in chief, and it is couched in these terms:

"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."—New York Times.



"Whiskers" Was Too Familiar.

Admiral John G. Walker, president of the Isthmian canal commission, wears Dundreary whiskers. They are long, silky and sandy in color. Some years ago, when the admiral was chief of the bureau of navigation at the navy department, he was washing his hands behind a screen in the corner when a lively young ensign entered the office and in a cheerful tone addressed the colored messenger: "Hello, Bones, where's all whiskers?" Before the conversation could proceed any further the admiral stepped out from behind the screen, drying his hands upon the towel, and remarked quietly to the young officer: "Take a seat; I'll be with you in a moment." When the admiral took his seat at his desk the young officer, with shaking limbs and flushed face, began to explain that he did not intend to be impertinent, "Oh, no," answered the admiral. "I don't mind it, but if it's just the same to you I'd rather you'd call me John."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Horseships Used.

There is a notable law in effect in most of the large Russian towns concerning horses that deserves special mention. Among the curious things that arrest the attention on arriving in Moscow is the entire absence of whips among the drivers of cabs, carriages and all sorts of vehicles. On inquiry, says a traveler, I was informed that there was a law prohibiting their use. I don't believe there is a single whip in use in Moscow. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this humane law. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sleek and well groomed horses used in the carriage of Moscow.

Judge Was Right.

Judge—You say you got that black eye as the result of a blow by the defendant?

Prosecuting Witness—Yes, sir.

Judge—Tell me the circumstances under which he struck you.

Prosecuting Witness—This man met me as I was coming along Calvert street whistling "Hiawatha," and—

Judge—That'll do. The prisoner is dismissed.—Baltimore American.

WITH THE VETERANS

Valley Forge.

Here Freedom's ragged heroes stood
And braved the tyrant's might;
Here Columbia's patriots died
For home, for truth, for right.

Here, fearlessly and splendidly
As Freedom's soldiers should,
Beyond the price of purchase
The embattled farmers stood.

Here every rod is hallowed ground!
Here, through the snow and sleet,
The patriot fathers went to death
With bare and bleeding feet.
—W. Covington Hall in New Orleans Picayune.

Tribute to the G. A. R.

During the recent encampment of the G. A. R. in San Francisco a Los Angeles newspaper published the following splendid tribute to the "boys in blue:"

Speaking of the fighting business, I don't presume that the nation appreciates what a magnificent reserve of seasoned troops it still has in you sawed-off fighters who won out in the biggest war that ever deluged the earth with the blood of the sons of men. Why, say old fellows, I reckon that if there were to be trouble, international or external, there is about 1,000,000 of you left over of the sixties who couldn't be kept out of the ranks with a regiment of Hotchkiss rifles.

And, say, boys, I would love to see you fight again. Not for the sake of killing, but just to note with what ease and celerity you are still fit for business. I know that the effort and sweeping wing would stake his last pin feather on your prowess and audacity in the face of any old enemy that ever marched down a pike or took a side cut through the woods.

You remember the way it was done, boys—skirmish lines out along the flanks skulking through the brush, and the bullets from the guns of the Johnnies zipping around, careless and free, in the trees overhead. Pretty soon there was the boom of a skypounder, and a shot came sailing lazy like over the marching column and giving a fellow goose pimples all over him. Then it was halt and lie down and hear the guns begin to thunder as if hell had broken loose and pitch enough hot to roast all creation. Next thing an orderly riding like a tornado down your way, a sudden command to get out of that and move by the left flank to position on the left of the Steenth Minnesota, the Eleventh Michigan, or some other old regiment. And there you are—all standing up to be shot at and nothing doing by you fellows. That was the job—that standing still—that made a fellow yearn for home and mother, as many of you old chaps who are out here in California in this good old summertime can swear to.

But no regiment was ever left under fire for more than a week without being given some sort of an order, although it may have seemed like a month of Sundays at the time, but when you did go it was with a whoop and a rush and a yell that set the wild echoes flying, if you hear me scream.

Charge! You know what that meant boys. A rush, double quick over the fences and through the corn.

Charge! A swirl of blue and a glitter and clash of guns.

Charge! A dash down the slope, through the ravine, up the slope and over the ridge, and there they are—those Johnnies, peppering away in the face of you as if they were merely potting at rabbits.

Then here comes Bouton's, or some other old battery, making the darndest clatter that ever murdered sleep. Horses on the dead run; caissons and guns jumping ten feet high at every lump; gunners hanging on and gritting their teeth; the men on the mounts laying on the whip and shouting language at the slurrying steeds that wasn't learned from prayer books; swords flashing, musketry firing on the right and getting hotter every minute; and halt!

The guns are whirled into position on the top of the ridge, unlimbered quicker than I can tell it, and then, Lordy, how they do begin to sing! Do you remember the tunes those old guns sang, boys, when the fight was just lively enough and not too lively? Course you do—the mad music of the fight, the ripsroaring chorus of carnage, the Wagnerian orchestra of artillery—that was great as I glorious music, I don't care what they may say about the deplorableness of war.

But it's all over now, old lads. The guns are cooled off and the gunners in their jacket of gray and red have gone to sleep by the tens of thousands under the pathetic little mounds like those out yonder in Rosedale. Some of them were laid away not far from where the guns belched fire that day. Some of them went to the hospitals and then went home and limped through fifteen or twenty years of life only to go into permanent quarters at last in the barracks that have no windows.

And there are a few of you still left, glory be, it is you that the Eagle again salutes before you go away over the far mountains that are purple in the twilight that is setting about you all. The mad old fighting days are over, but the memory of your splendid deeds is a mighty blessed memory to this old bird, who sat above the colors when the fight was hot, which his name it is THE EAGLE.

Anecdotes of Gen. Turchin.

"Gen. Turchin," said the captain, "was one of the courtliest of the general officers of the Union army, and at the same time one of the most unconventional. I will never forget the stately military bow with which he was wont to greet his fellow officers, but I smile whenever I think of it, because it comes up in memory associated with quaint remarks of a decidedly unmilitary character.

"Turchin was one of the best drill masters in the service. He delighted in brigade drill and maneuver, and at such times was the very personification of dignity and precision. On one occasion when he was intent on an order to have the brigade change front, a rabbit jumped from the grass in front of the line and ran across the field in plain sight of every man. Not a man, with the eyes of the general upon him, dared look up. Imagine, then, how surprised they were to hear the precise old general stop with his order half given to ejaculate: 'Hell, dere goes a rapplt!'

"On another occasion our regiment, the Eleventh Ohio, was marching in battle order, when coming to a slough in the road, each wing marched by the flank on either side of the road. This was the second night after Missionary Ridge, and was very dark, and the left wing lost direction. When daylight came the boys saw they were not marching with the right wing of their own regiment, but with troops of another division.

"As our company commander was changing the direction of the march toward where he supposed the right wing to be, Gen. Turchin spied us, and shot on the instant, asked, 'What troops are those?' One of the officers replied, 'Part of the Eleventh Ohio, general,' and Turchin said, explosively, 'You ram stragglers, what do you here?' 'You not have any fire for six weeks.' To this some one replied: 'We never straggle when there is a fight on hand, you know that, general.' Instead of resenting this Turchin told the boys how to find the other battalion, and as he rode away said: 'Dat tam Eleventh beat the devil in fighting, and talking, too.'"

Was a Praying Soldier.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "I was a praying man in the army. At least, I prayed once under very distressing circumstances, and my prayer was answered. After the surrender of Vicksburg and after the army was ordered forward in the new campaign I was detached for hospital duty, and was put in charge of sixteen sick men of the Ninety-fourth Illinois. It was extremely difficult to obtain the bare necessities of life, and my poor sick comrades, unable to help themselves, looked to me for food and care.

"The army was intent on the new move. All the quartermasters and commissaries were looking to supplies for the troops ordered to advance. No one paid any attention to me or my pleas for sick men. Everybody from highest to lowest seemed to have forgotten us. Thoroughly discouraged, I went outside the hospital camp, crept into the bushes, knelt down, and prayed. The load was lifted from my spirits I returned to camp to find that we had not been forgotten. Supplies soon came and with them orders to transfer my sick men to Illinois.

"I went into the battle of Springfield, Mo., in 1862, with a prayer on my lips. I came out with seven bullet holes through my clothes and without a cap, the latter having been shot off my head. And yet there was not a scratch on my body, and I was never in the hottest fights, disabled by a wound. Here I am long past the fifty-year milestone, hale and hearty, preserved, I verily believe, by the grace of an all-wise Providence. Yes, I was a praying man and I believe my prayers were answered."

At Cedar Creek.

"While in Virginia," says a veteran, "I met frequently Gen. Early, and once when he seemed in a talkative mood asked him how he accounted for the sudden turning of the tables at Cedar creek. He explained that he had the Union army whipped when his men came upon the thanksgiving supplies in the Union camps. They fell to eating and drinking, and many of them could not be forced to return to the ranks. Meantime the Union army rallied, and, reforming its lines, charged the Confederates before they comprehended the change in the situation.

"In describing Sheridan's advance Early used a figure of speech new to me, but very striking. He said the Union army came forward like a man strong of body, with long arms out stretched and in drawing. The infantry was the body, pressing steadily forward, while the arms were the cavalry on either flank, stretching out beyond his own flanks and bending inward so as to come from behind against the body of infantry. His own men caught the meaning of the situation, and breaking in wild panic, got across Cedar creek as best they could."

Election Oct. 13 and 14.

The Congressional Medal of Honor Legion of the United States will hold its annual encampment for the election of officers at Gettysburg, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13 and 14. The members of the legion will attend the unveiling of Gen. W. T. Sherman's monument at Washington, and also attend a dinner with the Army of the Tennessee. President Roosevelt and his cabinet have promised to be present at the meeting of the Medal of Honor Legion. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, with a large number of army officers, also will be present.

Ready for Next Encampment.

At its last regular encampment, Rankin Post No. 10, G. A. R., passed a resolution that the post would attend the next annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Boston, Mass., in the latter part of August, 1904, in a body. Rankin Post is the first in the entire order to take this action.

Has John Burns' Old Rifle.

John W. Bates, of Weymouth, Mass., owns the old flint lock rifle used by John L. Burns at Gettysburg, to whom a monument has recently been dedicated on the battlefield.

TOLD TO THE GARDEN.

More Than Ordinary Good Story Comes from Philadelphia.

After mixing up a light, frothy lather and distributing it around a customer's face the barber began:

"Speaking about names," he said, "reminds me of a little incident which occurred to a friend of mine and which he told me yesterday. My friend is a drummer for a big concern and visits all the larger firms with a view of selling his line of goods. One day he drifted into an office and the man he wanted to see was busy. So he sat down and while he was waiting he struck up a conversation with the typewriter.

"The girl wasn't very much disposed to talk and my friend remarked that she looked very tired. 'I ought to be tired,' she said, 'I've been sitting here for three hours copying off two hundred foreign names and they almost drive me crazy.' My friend was just about to say that it must be a horrible thing to have a peculiar name, when the office boy popped his head out of the door and said: 'Say, Miss Guldebrandersensky, der boss'd like to see you.'

"Want a close shave?"—Philadelphia Press.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy.

"I have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy.—Mrs. N. H. Guilford, New Orleans, La."

HOW FILIPINO WOMEN WASH.

Gathering at the Riversides Work and Gossip.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone, they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lightens the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure. Countries, the one subject they do unlike the women of most other do, discuss is dress.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

STOLE MONEY TO BUY A BIBLE.

London Girl Found End Does Not Always Justify Means.

Decidedly queer objects have led London "hired girls" to rob their mistresses of late. The latest qualified that of a damsel of 18, who stole $2.50 in order to get a Bible. The girl had "gone in" for the Bible, which was an especially luxurious one, issued by a London publisher on the installment plan. She was to pay $2.50 a month, and had done so twice. When the time came to pay the third installment, however, the slavey found herself short so, rather than lose the Book of Holy Writ, she stole half a sovereign out of his mistress's desk and was prosecuted in consequence. A police magistrate let the girl off after impressing her with the fact that the end does always not justify the means.

That Settled Her.

A bachelor maid has lost at least two friends by her honesty. She was invited to visit a mother and father who were rejoicing over the advent of a new baby and she accepted the invitation, all unconscious of what was expected of her. She did not know that families which exhibit their offsprings do so to win for it some extravagant expression of admiration.

The bachelor maid had nothing to say except, "I can't see any difference between babies, except that some are clean and some are dirty, and I must say this is a very clean baby." She has not been asked to call again.—Worcester Spy.

Temperance Postal Cards.

There are temperance societies in France as well as in other parts of the world, a fact which is shown by M. Jean Martin of Paris, who has had half a million picture postal cards printed, illustrating the evils of drunkenness. They have such titles as "The Drunkard's Doom," "Death in the Bottle" and "The Drink Fiend," and the author suggested they might be posted to confirmed drunkards. Two or three slander actions have already been started by people who have received the cards, and the recipient is said to have proceeded against for violently assaulting a sender.

IT'S A MISTAKE.

To Attribute Coffee Ills to Poor Grades of Coffee.

Many people lay all the blame for the diseases caused by coffee upon the poorer grades of coffee but this is an error as the following proves: "I have used every kind of the best grade of tea and coffee that can be got from a first class grocer but never found one that would not upset my nervous system and it was not until I began to drink Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee and tea that I had relief from the terrific attacks of nervous sick headache from which I had suffered for 20 years.

"I had tried all kinds of medicines but none helped me.

"Soon after I stopped drinking coffee and began to drink Postum the headaches grew less and it was not long until I was entirely cured and I have never had a return of this distressing trouble for nowadays I never drink coffee but stick to Postum.

"As soon as my wife saw what Postum had done for me she gave up coffee, which she had drank all her life. This was six weeks ago and she is a changed woman, for her nervousness has all disappeared and her face has become smooth and her cheeks have a good rosy red color. She sleeps well, too, something she could never do while she drank coffee. We consider Postum a household necessity in my house and have induced many friends to try this wonderful food drink in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."