Woman and Allowances.

There were three of them, and they were talking about allowances. Of course they were women. Few men have to live on allowances, and boys spend theirs as a rule, without talking or so much as thinking about it.

"I don't know what I think about this allowance business," said a stout, middle-aged matron. "Now, my husband gives me $100 a week to run the house and dress myself. I can't understand it at all. When we first started out in life a quarter of a century ago he didn't make $100 a month, and yet we saved one-third of all he earned. Wouldn't you think that in all these years I would have learned to spend to a better advantage instead of just the opposite?"

"I understand you perfectly," answered a dark-eyed woman in whose countenance there was an expression of life endured and not enjoyed. "We've been married a little longer than you have and started out as poor as the proverbial church mouse. But times prospered with us, and my husband grew proportionately generous in his allowance for our household expenditures and for my personal use. The more I had the less I seemed to be able to save, and it worried me a great deal. Finally we broke up housekeeping, and, as you both know, went to a hotel to live. Pretty soon it came my way to make quite an income for myself, and gradually my husband stopped giving me an allowance for personal use. Of course he pays all my living expenses, but I use the money I earn to dress myself. If you believe me, I don't seem able to save a cent. and yet I don't dress extravagantly. All the money that comes my way seems to partake of the nature of a centipede and walks off in a hurry. I can tell you, and I have nothing to show for it. How is it with you?" she added, turning to the youngest woman in the party, a happy-looking, sprightly little creature.

"Oh, I don't have an allowance," she answered, "I know nothing about allowances."

"Not have an allowance?" exclaimed the other two. "Well, I wouldn't like that," continued the stout matron. "No, indeed. Of course, having an allowance is a great responsibility in a way, but I'd like to see myself asking any man, even my own husband, for money, and I wouldn't do it. How do you stand the humiliation of it, and does he ask you what you are going to do with it, and what you did with the last he gave you?"

"Dear me," exclaimed the happy little woman, "we've been married ten years, and I've never asked him for a cent, and he has never asked me how I spent a cent, and more than that he is 35 years old, and never in his life has anybody asked him how he spent a cent. Think of the delight of that!" she exclaimed.

"I don't understand how such a state of affairs could exist," said the sad-faced one.

"Well, you see it began 'way back," explained the little woman. " When my husband was ten years old his father said to him and his brothers and sisters: 'Children, my cash drawer is open. Its contents are yours as much as mine, and now when you need any money I want you to feel free to go there and get it as long as there is a cent there. We are partners, do you understand, and now, mind you, I didn't say you must go when you wanted money ,but when you needed it.' Then he explained to them simply and clearly just what his financial standing was. The result? Why, those boys and girls say that they never spent as much money as they wanted to, and they never took from that drawer as much as the smallest allowance of their companions. They had the feeling that they were really their father's business partners, and were on their honor to protect his interests and to help him to save."

"And you say that the father never asked them how they spent the money that they took from the cash drawer?" asked the stout matron, for she was interested in the training of boys.

"Never," was the emphatic reply. "More than that, he never preached to his children he took them to church occasionally, as he would to a circus, did not forbid them doing anything or going anywhere, and never asked them what they had been doing or where they had been."

"It was a great risk to take," interrupted the sad-faced woman. "What are parents for if they are not to warn, admonish and reprove their children?"

"I think parents are given to children," answered the young woman, "to develop their own characters and those of their children by example. Now my father-in-law has always lived a pure, high life, and as a result his children has never tasted whiskey, the boys have never used tobacco in any form, they have never indulged their appetities and done lots of other things that we women grant men the privilege of doing. I tell you the average boy or girl resents not being implicitly trusted, and when parents begin to watch and question them too closely the child will give them something to see and to be answered. But to get back to the allowance. When we were married and returned from our honeymoon, my husband said, 'Now, come and let me teach you how to open my safe,' and after doing so he went on; 'Now there's our money. When you want any take it and I'll do the same until it is all gone. I shall never ask you what you take or how you spend it, and I shall expect you to grant me the same independence.' From that day to this we've followed that plan, and I assure you it is astonishing how little we manage to spend, not how much, as you two say it is with you, and we are bringing up our two little boys in the same way. Even now, when they want money they toddle up to their father or me and ask us to open the safe. Neither has ever taken out more than a five-cent piece at a time, and sometimes weeks go by without either asking that the safe be opened. I really think the responsibility of an allowance would drive me crazy," continued the little woman with a laugh. "You know women are not any better at figures than they are at reasoning and it would drive me mad to have to calculate whether I could have this, that or the other dish for dinner, or a new piece of lace or ribbon, and still make my allowance come out even. I wouldn't like it at all

"You see, I've never had an allowance. When I was a young girl my father paid all my bills, and I didn't even have any idea of what I spent. Afterward I earned my own living, and, of course, was not restricted, except by the amount I earned; and then I married, and having been living as I have explained since, I think our plan is the best for the development of the character of a child. Give your boys and girls so much money every month and it often leads them into bad habits. They indulge their fancies and buy foolish things, they form the very bad habit of borrowing from each other, and do not get the idea of saving. In fact, all they think about is spending."

"Your plan might work all right with some boys," said the stout matron, "but how about boys lacking in a sense of honor?"

"Yes, I don't think it would do with all children," put in the sad-faced one.

"If all parents would presuppose that their children were honorable and let them know it, do you know I think there would be less dishonesty in the world," answered the little woman earnestly. "Of course, nothing works in every family. Unfortunately there is no specific for training boys and girls into noble men and women, but I stick to it the more we trust and honor them and respect their individuality and independence the more they will trust and honor us. When a boy or girl can stand the money test you can put your faith in the truth of his or her heart and in the breadth and depth of their foundations."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured the other two thoughtfully.

"After all," concluded the stout matron, with a far-away look in her eyes, "boys and girls are a much greater responsibility than the spending and saving of an allowance, aren't they?"

HERO AND MAN.

Some New Anecdotes of the Great Duke of Wellington.

The worlds of reminiscence and history agree that there was something about the Duke of Wellington that rendered his company. He was absolutely in his company. He was absolutely genuine, a man without vanity or desire of display. He was invariably courteous to women, but that did not prevent him from staving off such as were bores. One of them gushingly asked him to give her an account of the Battle of Waterloo.

"Oh," said he, "it's very easily done. We pummelled them, they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest; so we gained the day."

Yet he was a great stickler for punctilio in what seemed to him the proper places. When the regiment of his son, Lord Douro, was quarterd at Dover, the Duke was staying at Walmer Castle, and the officers rode over and left their cards, as a matter of form. Soon after came an invitation from the Duke of Wellington inviting all the officers to dine, but ignoring his own son. When Lord Douro asked for an explanation the duke gave it thus, with great good humor:

"I make no distinction in the service. Those gentlemen had paid me the compliment of a visit, and I invited them to dinner. You were not among them, so I omitted you in the invitation."

Thus he could always hold his own with an imperturbability which might well have served him on the field of battle. At a dinner one day he was talking with the dogmatic John Wilson Croker, who contradicted him flatly about something which had occurred at Waterloo. The duke, knowing his man, submitted quietly; but not long afterward Croker again became offensively assertive in regard to percussion-caps.

"My dear Croker," said the duke, with unruffled good-humor "I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself; but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion-caps!"

But of all stories about him there is one which best proves his almost quixotic honesty. At one time he bought a farm lying near his estate, and therefore very valuable to him. When the purchase was concluded, his steward congratulated him on having got such a bargain; for, as he explained, the owner was in difficulties, and had been forced to part with the land.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the duke.

"It was valued at eleven hundred pounds," said the steward, "and we got it for eight hundred."

"In that case," said the duke, "you will be kind enough to carry the extra three hundred pounds to the late owner, and never to talk to me of cheap land again."

HIS MISTAKE.

Brown—They say old Jenkins has gone to pieces financially.

Smith—It's his own fault. He had a good thing and threw it away.

Brown—How?

Smith—Why, he was receiver of a railroad at one time, and he actually wound up its affairs!

HOUSEHOLD.

AT WORK IN THE KITCHEN.

The woman who values the impression her personal appearance makes upon her husband and children, as well as neighbors and friends, will strive to look neat and trim while at work as well as at other times. It is a mistaken idea that work can be performed better and quicker when one is slovenly attired, and in clothes which one need not be careful about. Comfort, of course, is the first consideration always. The woman who spends much time in the kitchen is constantly exercising, and for that reason she needs to bathe frequently and change her underclothing and stockings after the heavy work of the day. The change takes but a few minutes, and will be thoroughly aired and ready for use the next morning. This change is essential for comfort, as a clean dress over clothing damp from perspiration will not insure it.

The housewife who is on her feet constantly needs low-heeled, comfortable shoes or slippers to work in, and nothing eases tired feet as bathing them in cold water and then drawing on clean stockings. An abundant supply of stockings is economy and comfort. If clean ones are put on every day they will not become much soiled and are quickly rinsed up ready for next time. A loose, easy corset will be found comfortable, and a woman always looks neater for wearing it. Habit is everything in this matter, and when one once set at work, it will be found most consetat work, it will be found most inconvenient to do without it. A dark petticoat of drilling, ticking, duck, pique or any other heavy material will be found most serviceable. If it is dark it does not require frequent washing, and being of stiff material it will keep the dress skirt from hanging closely about one, as is generally the case when a sateen petticoat is worn.

Nothing looks worse about the housewife than uncombed hair, and so many women go about their work all morning with unbecoming wisps of hair hanging over face and neck. Just a few minutes' use of comb or brush and the hair twisted into a smooth coil is all that is necessary for the morning headdress. The heat takes out the curl, unless one is blessed with natural curly hair, and it certainly looks as well to smooth the hair down plainly as to keep it rolled up in crimpers more than half the day. A judicious use of the curling tongs when dressing for the afternoon is not injurious to the hair, and is by far the nicest way.

The kitchen dress should be dark, neat and simply made. Dark blue calico or percale with white stripes or figures will be found most serviceable, and it washes better than most colors except gray, which is also nice. Three dark dresses for use in the kitchen should be sufficient. The very nicest way to make them is to have a loosely fitted waist extending two or more inches below the waist line, and a full skirt sewed on to it. The sleeves are most comfortable if short, reaching just below the elbow, or else loose enough to roll up easily. A narrow ruffle of the material of which the dress is made finishes the sleeve prettily. The neck may be finished with a turn-down collar or a frill of white lace, which will relieve the plainness. A dress made this way is easily laundered, and that means considerable to the housewife. Another neat kitchen dress is made with a full skirt sewed to a shirt waist. This waist is made with or without a yoke at the back, and the fulness at the waist is gathered into a two-inch-wide band or belt.

A goodly supply of kitchen aprons will protect the dress, and every housewife should provide herself with long ones which extend well over the hips.

Kitchen work in summer, and winter as well, is most wearisome, and the woman who has to spend much of her time in the kitchen should make herself as comfortable as possible, and yet not neglect her personal appearance. It takes but very little extra time to keep oneself neat, and when once the habit is formed it will be no effort. Personal cleanliness and neatness means comfort.

A HOME-MADE PLANT STAND.

A useful plant stand for the piazza can be constructed of boards by any skilful mechanic. Simply saw from a broad board two pieces for the ends, in the same manner as the carpenter saws bearings for old-fashioned stair-steps, making the steps nine or ten inches high. Upon these place a board a foot broad, with a marginal strip around it three or four inches high. to hold the pots in place and shield them from the sun and wind. By placing upright pieces at the rear, to hold the fabric erect, you will have a step-like flowerstand,which will show your plants well, and on which they will not be liable to suffer from the effects of drying winds and hot sun. The front of each tray can be decorated with rustic ornaments, and the ends can be relieved from barrenness, by drooping plants, as Othonna or Kenilworth ivy, placed upon brackets, or by large plants standing upon the floor. The shelves or trays should have a layer of sand on the bottom, to hold the drainage and prevent drying out.

COLD DESSERTS FOR HOT DAYS.

Success in making delicate custards and creams depends almost entirely upon adherence to a few simple, but inexorable rules: Eggs should never be beaten in tin as there is some chemical influence about tin that prevents their attaining the desired state of creamy lightness; use always stone or earthen ware in which to beat them. Beat quickly and sharply through the egg, the yolks and white separately.

When gelatine is used for creams it is best soaked an hour in cold water set in a warm place--in a bowl in the top of the tea-kettle. When dissolved, pour into the hot custard just after removing from the stove. The firmness and delicacy of a custard depends on its being baked slowly. In making boiled custards the milk should be heated before adding the eggs and sugar, always using a double boiler, or a kettle within a kettle. When the milk has reached the boiling point, mix the beaten and strained yolks with the sugar, then add gradually several spoonfuls of the boiling milk and pour all slowly into the boiling milk. Stir constantly until it thickens a little, but not long enough to curdle, then either set immediately in cold water or turn out into a cold dish; it will curdle if left in a hot dish. Boiled custards are more difficult to make than baked ones for they demand the closest attention until finished. Flavors should be withheld until just before removing from the fire.

Charlotte-Russe.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in two gills of boiling milk, beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, one and a half cups of powdered sugar, one pint of thick cream whipped to a froth, one tablespoon of rose-water for flavoring; line a large mold with thick slices of sponge-cake, mix together the gelatine, cream, sugar and flavoring, add lightly the frothed whites of the eggs pour over the sponge-cake and set on the ice until required for use.

Rice Souffle.—Boil one cup of rice in sweet milk until soft, add two tablespoons of loaf-sugar and half a teaspoon of salt; pour into a dish and scatter over its surface small bits of jelly; beat the whites of five eggs and three tablespoons of pulverized sugar to a foam, flavor with extract of pineapple and add one tablespoon of rich cream; pour over the rice and serve very cold.

Moonshine.—This is a very pleasing and palatable dessert. Beat the whites of six eggs to a very stiff froth, then add gradually six tablespoons of powdered sugar, more sugar if preferred thicker, beat until very stiff, then beat in one heaping tablespoonful of preserved peaches cut in bits, or a cup of jelly, and set on ice till thoroughly chilled. Serve at each plate a liberal portion of the moonshine floating in a saucer of rich sweetened cream flavored with vanilla.

Orange Float.—One quart of water, the juice and pulp of two lemons, one large cup of sugar; put over the stove to boil; when at boiling heat, add four tablespoons of corn starch, dissolved in a little cold water, and let it boil fifteen minutes, stirring continually; when thick, set away to cool. Peel and slive five nice oranges in a glass dish, pour the cold custard over it, beat the whites of three eggs stiff, sweeten and flavor with vanilla and spread over the top of the dessert.

Orange Souffle.—Peel and slice six oranges, put in a dish alternate layers of oranges and pulverized sugar and let stand for two hours; make a soft boiled custard of the yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk sugar to taste and the grated rinds of the oranges; when cool enough not to break the dish, pour over the sliced fruit; make a meringue of the whites and spread over the top of the pudding.

DETECTING A THIEF BY SMELL.

Curious Method Adopted by the Abyssinian.

Abyssinia, the oldest monarchy in the world, had much the same government, laws and customs three thousand years ago that it has now. One of the most curious of these is that of "thief-smelling."

When a robbery has been committed and is reported to the Lebashi, who answers to the Chief of Detectives, he compels one of his subordinates to drink a decoction made from a plant which throws him into a state of something like that produced by hashish or opium-smoking before the stupor. While thus intoxicated the detective is supposed to have a supernatural power of smelling thieves. The method of utilizing this power, described by the Abyssinian traveller, Dr. Krapp, consists of tying a stout rope around the detective's waist and allowing him to crawl up and down the village street, the free end of the rope being held in the hand of the Lebashi.

Whenever the thief-smeller enters a house its master is at once convicted of the theft without further evidence. The person who has been robbed is sent for and made to swear to the value of the stolen property, and this value must be paid at once by the owner of the house to which the scent has led the able detective.

FORTUNE IN A WHALE.

The whaling bark Swallow which has put in at Vineyard Haven, on her way from Barbados to Boston, has been out 18 months. She took 900 barrels of sperm oil, 600 pounds of whalebone and 11 pounds of ambergris. The ambergris is in one lump nearly round, and is particularly fine in quality. It is valued at $3,520. While cruising in the vicinity of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, the Swallow captured a sperm whale which yielded nearly 11 pounds of the precious material. The market value of ambergris at present is $320 a pound.

A PLAIN MORAL.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Reginald, what does the beautiful parable of the Prodigal son teach us.

Reginald—It teaches us that we should all be prodigal sons and not fatted calves.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

Magistrate—How old are you?

Woman—Thirty.

Magistrate—Why, if I'm not mistaken you told me that three years ago.

Woman—And so I did. I'm not a woman who says one thing one day and another the next.

TURBINIA IS A MARVEL.

THIS CRAFT CAN EASILY MAKE FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

New Era in Steam Motors—Expert Ship and Engine Builders Give Their Views—One Important Thing Lacking—Proper Reversing Power Necessary.

The record-breaking 100-foot torpedo boat Turbinia has intensely interested the public in England generally, and experts in marine engineering in particular. It is admitted that if the principle of the steam turbine invented by Charles Parsons and fitted in the Turbinia can be extended to large ships it will mark the greatest revolution in mechanics since the invention of the steam engine itself.

A correspondent has obtained two opinions of weight respecting the achievements of the Turbinia and the prospects of this wonderful invention.

Mr. Wolff, M.P. for Belfast, head of the famous firm of Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, and himself the designer of the White Star liners, says:

"I saw the Turbinia at Spithead going nearly eihgt miles an hour faster ing nearly eight miles an hour faster than any vessel had ever gone before, and even then she was not being pushed to her full speed. She passed quite close to the Teutonic, on which I was. She dashed along with marvellous speed and smoothness.

"I must say, however, that I felt more secure on the Teutonic than I should have felt on the Turbinia, for you know they have not yet surmounted the difficulty of reversing the engine. She can go ahead

FORTY MILES AN HOUR,

but can only reverse at less than four.

"If Parsons can make a similar turbine engine practicable for big craft with proper reversing power, he will open a new era in the history of steam motors. But, although he has carried the economizing of steam to a great pitch for a turbine engine, still from my observation the waste of both steam and fuel under his system if applied on a large scale would be almost fatal. That there is a big future before his turbine engine for launches and other small craft I do not doubt, providing he can get over the reversing difficulty."

William Allan, M.P. for Gateshead, ose of the great captains of the ship and engine building industry on the Tyne, where at his Atlas works he constructs steamers and ironclads, says:

"I consider that Mr. Parsons, whose electrical works on the Tyne are well known to me, has made an immense stride towards realizing that ideal of scientific mechaniciane, a perfect rotary engine. He has, to my knowledge, overcome appalling discouragements, and, seeing what he has already done, there is no reason why he should not attain complete success.

"The speed of the Turbinia is undoubted. She is easily the fastest craft ever launched. Vibration is reduced to the vanishing point. Her turbine engine is said to develop the samehorsegine is said to develop the same horsepower as a torpedo boat engine of seven or eight times its weight. Her machinery is simple to a degree. In all respects

SHE IS UNIQUE.

"But when you ask me what likelihood there is that the Parsons turbine can be utilized for large vessels my answer is that three things must be overcome before that is possible. She cannot reverse worth speaking of. If she cannot do that without putting in a separate reversing engine, then the weight and mechanical complications become very serious. The consumption of fuel is also a serious defect, as is the waste of steam.

"It has been the experience of every inventor that a model may work perfectly, but when you come to apply the principle of the model on a large scale you encounter insuperable difficulties. I do not say that is the case with the Parsons turbine engine, but we have not yet seen it on a big ship, and without adequate reversing gear it cannot safely be applied to a big ship. I agree with Mr. Wolff, who is as good an authority as you could have, that the Turbinia, as she floats, is a marvel, and marks an immense advance in the attempt to supplant the present reciprocating engine."

HEINOUS CRIME.

Professor Served Ice Infected With Cholera Germs to Guests.

One of the most horrible and sensational poisoning mysteries that ever engaged the attention of the authorities owed its solution entirely to an accident. When some 15 different people had died within 24 hours after dining with a certain South American professor it was decided to institute a prosecution against him, although according to the medical certificates, death had in each case been due to cholera or yellow fever.

The accused would undoubtedly have been acquitted, but for his accidental neglect to throw away ice left over from his last dinner. This his butler put into a bottle and took to the Public Prosecutor, who had it examined by a chemist. The latter testified in Court that he found it to consist of a living mass of cholera germs, which had been frozen without in the least affecting their activity and poisonous power.

The professor had been in the habit of serving this deadly ice to his guests, taking care not to partake of any himself. Small wonder that they died shortly afterward of virulent cholera, or that the miscreant professor defied detection until his one accidental neglect brought home to him his terrible crime.