

them, the men could not have been more startled, more electrified. They stood stock still gazing at her. But she gave no heed to them, but sang louder and clearer until her voice seemed to fill the air, making it pulsate with enchantment. For what was she singing? Ah, for what was she not singing? For life, for help, for freedom, and, though she knew it not, for love. Her song went soaring to the skies, and seemed to be saved from the cruel men, and it came back to earth, and begged them to be human, and not to be the beasts, hungry for prey.

She sang like one inspired, and her whole heart went out in the cry, "Angels ever bright and fair, take up, take up to your song!" and the song seemed born of the night and of peril! And then, behold, from one of the huts there was a great cry, and out there rushed a man, tall, weak, bandaged, and he looked wildly about him, and seeing her he ran to her and fell prostrate on the ground, and she laid her hand on his head and held him in her arms, and I came out from my hiding place and hurried to them, and I took Jack from her and laid him down, thinking he was dead, but he opened his eyes and feebly smiled. So I sat down on the grass and held him, and Margaret knelt by his side, and they looked each into the eyes of the other.

But around us there was a hubbub of confusion and quarrelling, and knives flashed and the leader pushed back one and threatened another, and the noise grew greater and more fierce, but Margaret and Jack were like people safe in a lagoon, careless of the raging storm outside. But the leader turned, holding one man by the throat, and he cried: "Sing! If you value your lives let the girls sing!"

For a moment Margaret hesitated. She feared for us as she never had for herself, and she gasped as though her breath was gone, putting her hand to her throat. Then she sprang to her feet and she sang. It was a wild, fierce song like a battle cry, and she now seemed to have dropped all her fears together with a ringing sound, and she sang out her arms, looking like a prophetess calling her people to follow her to war. And then all those men struck in with a solemn low measure that was like the tramp of feet, and their eyes flashed as they drew closer together and nearer to her. When she ended they came crowding around her, and the little man dropped on his knees and kissed the hem of her gown, and from that moment we were safe.

For the song was one of their own, and an outcry against the oppression that they bore, and Margaret, who studied the songs of the peoples of the earth as others do the language, knew it, and knew how to sing it. And so she sang through the night, sitting on the log with her hand in Jack's as he rested against her. She sang everything—gay songs and doleful ballads, opera arias, hymns and dances. The men sat around the blazing fire, and their eyes were soft and sometimes they laughed, and every now and then they would burst into a chorus of their own. And the leader lay close to the fire and sang to them. He lives had these men, I fancy, been more innocently happy, and never had they heard singing that so delighted them. When the morning dawned we stood up, we men wondering in our hearts whether, now that the spell was broken, we would be allowed to go, but Margaret called and held out her hand, and they each kissed it and then went through the woods with us.

When we parted the little man plucked a bunch of goldenrod, and giving it to Margaret, said with a friendly smile, "Push ahead."

We took his advice, and knowing there was an early train away, although it was going in the wrong direction, we went at once to the station, and when it came we took it, and all went into the baggage car, because Jack looked as though he had been of the prize ring, but a most forlorn and neglected one.

And now need I tell how we stopped at the first town, and rested and made Jack presentable, and then traveled home in bliss and contentment. She sang to me all the talking, while Margaret sat at my feet. She was not too hoarse for that. And I need say how I got my son and lost my assistant editor and my niece, but had a daughter instead? And how Margaret paid for our lives with her singing voice, which had not yet come to me, and how I told the story—how often Hale had heard it? Ask him!

THE END.

SOCIAL HYPOCRISIES.

WORDS GIVEN TO CONCEAL THOUGHT OR WANT OF THOUGHT.

Silver Certificates of Speech—The Palace of Truth a Very Disagreeable Residence—Anecdote of Mrs. Leslie's Childhood—Killed by Frigate.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The world is less sincere than it used to be, and the change is more obvious in our own country than in those across the sea, because we are so much younger, not to say cruder, and have just begun to understand Talleyrand's famous saying that words were given to conceal thought. Perhaps one might add by way of rider to this epigram that they are also useful to conceal the want of thought, that they are glittering tinsel "tokens" that look like money but represent no values, that they are air plans, merely living on the breath of man or of the winds, and having no root, no depth of soil, springing from nothing and meaning nothing.

I have always said for my own part that this is a perfectly good system to live by, if only the matter is fully understood by all concerned, so that nobody is deceived. It would be very inconvenient if we had to lead ourselves whenever we went shopping with silver and gold when to pay for our purchases. In fact when recently a paternal government tried to force us into using silver dollars because there was a plethora of them in the treasury a tendency toward "kicking" developed so alarmingly even in the gentlest class of citizens that paps hastily said, "Well, take these paper certificates to carry out shopping, and I'll give to call them silver dollars." Fancy going to buy a horse, or a horse, or a pair of diamonds, or a bonnet, and having to employ a porter to carry around the price of it in silver dollars! If it was any sort of a bonnet he couldn't do it.

No, we use the slips of paper worth perhaps a quarter of a cent, and we all agree to pretend that it is a dollar, and so it is; or we give a check upon our bank for hundreds or thousands of dollars, and the merchant takes it with bows and smiles of gratitude because we have agreed that the check of a solvent person shall pass for money. How does that man know but I have over drawn my account, or in coming to his establishment have stopped and taken up the whole sum lying in that book? He doesn't know, he can't know; he has to take the check on trust, and so demonstrates a general truth often denied, namely, that "confidence between man and man" is still a living basis of social life.

Now, I have a theory that there is no breach of the obligation to truth and honesty in using silver certificates and bank checks, so to speak, in other ways than those of commercial life. We meet hundreds of people in the course of the week to each of whom we wish and feel it right to say something acceptable and pleasant. We do not love them all; perhaps we do not even like them all, although having nothing to say against them. To the great majority of them we are probably perfectly indifferent, but shall we tell them so? Shall we even show it in our manner? In the famous Palace of Truth, according to Mme. de Genlis, we should go about saying, "You are stupid," "you are coarse," "you are uneducated," "you are silly," "you are affected," "I suspect you of knavery," "I have heard bad stories about you and fancy they may be true," etc. Or, on the other hand, we might say, "How I love you," "how I wish you were my wife and not that man's," "how I wish you would love me instead of loving her."

Of course the people we meet would be as frank in giving us their opinion of ourselves, and I for one have not the least desire to tell any disagreeable truths of that sort. If people approach me politely and pleasantly I am quite willing to accept them in the same spirit and to receive their silver certificates, even though knowing perfectly well that they are worth nothing in themselves and do not even represent a dollar's worth of gold. I receive them as I do the tradesman's silver certificate, knowing that in itself it is worth nothing, and having no intention of applying at the treasury or at the man's conscience to find exactly how much previous metal is really represented.

I remember an occasion somewhat amusing and somewhat painful when, although a very little girl, I much regretted the candor and sincerity of a lady who prided herself on those virtues. I was passing some days with a friend who lived very quietly in a little southern place, and the sincere lady was a relation of hers who had come for the day. We sat down at dinner, which began with soup.

"Not any for me. Soup always makes me ill," remarked Aunt Honesta, pushing away the plate instead of allowing it to be placed before her. Our hostess blushed a little, but said nothing, and as soon as possible the soup was removed and a nice looking roast of mutton placed upon the table. The hostess sliced was carried and sent to Aunt Honesta, who emphatically exclaimed:

"Mutton! Why, I thought that every one who knew me knew that I detest mutton. It is a family antipathy, and I am surprised that you should not be aware of it, my dear."

"Oh, I am so sorry. What can I do, aunt; you will have no dinner?" cried the hostess in genuine distress, for in the southern ways where she lived no market was within reach, and none of those hasty improvisations familiar to city housekeepers was possible.

"I can eat vegetables," replied aunt sourly.

"There is a beefsteak in the house," began the hostess; but Aunt Honesta interrupted:

"Oh, no; I do not want a separate dinner, and to wait until every one has finished. It had been cooked in the first place."

But here the hostess interrupted in her turn, and sent out to have the steak broiled, while Aunt's plate was put to keep warm, but presently the maid came back to say that the fire was just buried in new coals, and no steak could be cooked for some time.

"Well, instead of doing as a nice hypocrite would have done at this crisis and pretended she did not care, and insisted upon making herself ill on turnips and cauliflower, this honest lady allowed us all to perceive that she was "mad all through," and did not care now uncomfortable she made every one around her in consequence.

Convicted When Innocent.

The case of the man Borrás, the victim of wrongful conviction for murder, was brought before the chamber, M. Thevenet, who was minister of justice at the time of the trial, defended his action in the matter. He expressed himself awkwardly when he said that no other criminal but Borrás could be found. Nobody was wrong. The fault, if there was any, lay in the code of criminal investigation. M. Thevenet also said that Borrás being only pardoned could not demand a new trial, and that in law the heirs of the murdered man Pradis had a right to bring the action in which they have just engaged against poor Borrás for £4,000 damages. M. Fallieres, without actually blaming the judges, declared Borrás quite innocent, and promised to go what he could in the matter.—Paris Cor. London News.

CHARMING ROOMS.

Some Suggestions of Value from Annie Isabel Willis.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The ways in which rooms may be made charming with little or no expense are infinite. A seemingly hopeless sort of a room is a large, square apartment, with a low ceiling which slopes down on one side to within five feet of the floor. When to these difficulties are added a very homely ingrain carpet and a stove far from beautiful the situation seems well nigh hopeless, but two energetic young women undertook to solve the problem of its transformation, and they solved it.

The room was changed into a cozy, pretty place, with an air half of "sitting room," half of "study," but wholly of genuine comfort.

The wall paper was nearly plain and of a grayish white tint, with a narrow old-fashioned blue border. It was a convenient paper, for it did not interfere with any other colors. Of course no pictures could be hung where the ceiling slanted, but one was placed on a small writing table so as to lean against that wall. It was a simple engraving framed in oak, and around it was wreathed some Egyptian apparatus—by far the most beautiful and feathery green stuff to be obtained at a florist's. On the same side of the room was a couch, and over it was fastened a large fan of home manufacture.

Opposite the lounge, on the other side of the room, was a well filled antique oak bookcase, whose top was decorated with bric-a-brac. One piece was a bust of Dickens, which stood out boldly against a brilliant background formed by a scarlet silk handkerchief hung on the wall behind it. A yellow art silk curtain hung straight from the rod on the book case. Another touch of yellow, without which no room is now considered complete, was found in a bunch of corn, whose husks were turned back to show the ears. It was suspended by a ribbon, so that the husks point upward, and was a very pretty ornament to the wall.

Pictures were hung on each side of the bookcase, and on the third side of the room, between the windows. The two doors, one of entrance, the other leading to a closet, were removed and dark red strip portieres were hung in their stead. The windows had white shades, and over them pale madras lace curtains came straight from yellow rods with brass rings.

Another small table stood between the windows, and on it were the usual books and papers, and a slender necked vase with a bunch of peacock feathers, which always add to the coloring of a room. They can be put anywhere—tacked on the wall, pinned on a screen, or fastened over a picture, and always look well.

I spoke of the homely stove. That was concealed by a screen, just a frame with a single set of hinges. On it was some olive Canton flannel fastened with brass headed tacks. I have seen that same screen once adorned with the aforementioned peacock feathers, at another time with red and yellow autumn leaves, and now—triumph of inventive genius—it was decorated with a tennis net hung in graceful folds over its top. Set in front of the stove, it concealed it and kept the room from becoming too hot. Carried into the little dining room and placed before the box which held an oil stove, it removed all "kitchen" traces at once. In short, the screen was a family blessing.

These were the salient features of that pleasant sanctum. For the rest, there were easy and straight backed chairs, including a steamer chair—enough for the inhabitants and their guests. These last were numerous indeed, for all agreed that the room was a delightful place to visit.

Words of Cheer.

Earnest Cahoon (who has received a piano for committing the palms to memory—It's a dreadful wear), pep.

Her father—Don't get discouraged, Harry. Keep on a hammerin' and 'Yankee Doodle' bound 'em out. She's in that—Judge.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

"Yes," facetiously remarked the clerk in the president's office while making an annual, "this is our past time."

"Alas!" murmured the laggard looking stockholder, "back of every worldly pleasure there is a skeleton in the closet."

Sara Orne Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. She is the daughter of a Maine sea captain, and is a dark haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna like face.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverley dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described, with illustrative extracts from the text.

Displacing the Old Masters.

Instructor looking over his pupil's work, copying an old master in the Museum of Art—Now that's uncommonly clever. I wonder what they'll do with the old one when this is finished.—Chatter.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps, 161 of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession, and have received diplomas; 35 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and 6 are over 70.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE OF THE FATALITIES RESULTANT FROM TIGHT LACING.

Founder of the King's Daughters—Ladies' Night Babes—A Monument to Miss Anthony—Don't Like the Divided Skirt. Author of "Booties' Baby."

Although the subject of tight lacing was threadbare the evil has not been overcome. The sudden death of one of the actresses in a Berlin theatre was attributed to extreme and habitual tight lacing. At the beginning of the evening performance the lady seemed perfectly well and made her appearance on the stage with her usual vivacity. Before the third act was finished she was obliged to retire to her dressing room and died before morning of erysela, a contraction of the arteries of the heart, caused by the intense pressure of whalebone.

Just why women of this age will endanger life and ruin health by tight clothes is a mystery. Previously fashion justified in a measure this foolish habit, but now that it is no longer the style to be spayed it is impossible to find an excuse. Every 15-year-old girl learns at school that the laboring capacity of the heart is reduced and the circulation of the blood impeded by tight banage, whether in the form of a corset, bodice or waist. And still the lacing goes on; comfort is ruined and health injured, not only by the corset, but the dressmaker as well, who to fit a blouse will make a vice of it.

We have reached a point in the history of fashion where it is not possible to have a nice fit without suffering for it. At the Savarin cafe in this city there are from ten to fifty ladies who go into the retiring room after lunch ostensibly to powder, but in reality to open their dress waists to assist digestion and relieve the strain of the system. These are all women of wealth, taste, culture and superior education. Ramonstrate with any of them and she will dismiss the subject with some such remark as, "Have to stand it or wear a misfit," and so they stand it as long as they are on parade.

The most woman who tightens her corset or wears a tight dress makes a fatal mistake, for aside from giving her the appearance of an apple dumpling she is rendered not only awkward, but helpless. She could not jump two feet to save her life, and in a moving car or a jolting stage she has to depend on a conductor or the kindness of a male traveler for her equilibrium. Another result of this tight dressing is the intense redness of the nose and hands, the imprisonment of the vital organs forcing the blood to the extremities.—New York World.

Founder of the King's Daughters.

It is announced that St. John's school, which was founded a good many years ago by Dr. Theodore Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving, is to be removed to "The Castle," at Tarrytown, in sight of Sunnyside and the Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and very near to the old church where Washington Irving used to worship and where he is buried.

"The Castle" is a lovely place, and Mrs. Theodore Irving, who has conducted the school since her husband's death, will be a charming chaperone. Mrs. Irving, by the way, was the founder of the original order of King's Daughters, that great Christian organization which has literally spread over all the earth.

It began as a little society among the girls in Dr. Irving's school in Canada seventeen years ago, and membership in it was a strong tie, binding them to old associations in after years when they left their alma mater and went their several ways in the world. They adopted the little silver cross for their badge, and their motto was, "In His Name."

The name, symbol and watchword were not copyrighted any more than the good works which these first King's Daughters performed, and so when the larger organization was projected, a few years ago, and they were casting about for a suitable designation, emblem and phrase to express their spirit, somebody at the first meeting held to determine upon these points suggested Mrs. Irving's Girl's society as a model. It had then a membership of about 300.

Mrs. Irving has been one of the central council of the King's Daughters, but when a controversy arose touching the expediency of calling it a Christian order—which it was believed would give offense to the Unitarian contingent—three of the council, one of whom was Mrs. Irving, resigned for conscience sake. Mrs. Irving is also the president of the New York branch of the United States Indian association.—Exchange.

Miss Anthony's Monument.

At the birthday party of Miss Susan B. Anthony last February, when books, kisses and gifts in blocks of seventy were proffered, Miss Willard, the apostle of white ribbon and cold water, secured the pioneer suffragist that same day she would have a statue in the Capitol at Washington, adding, "Your best monument is already built in the hearts of your grateful countrywomen." There is reason for believing that some authority will see the monument in Washington, if not in the Capitol, for measures are on foot to raise a fund for that tribute. The money will be collected by women from women, the plans will be made by women, a committee of women will superintend the erection of the monument, and at the dedication only women will be permitted to participate in the programme of exercises. It has not been decided whether the memorial will take the place of a monument, statue or building. Although in excellent health, Miss Anthony is not leading a very active life.

Her name is largely taken up writing letters to distant friends, making acknowledgments of greetings from women's clubs of America and Europe, and furnishing data relative to her life work. An ardent reader, she is debarrated to an extent by failing sight from gratifying that taste, but takes great delight in making new acquaintances, especially among specialists of any subject, from whom she gets in a condensed form the "pat of the subject," thus keeping pace, as she says, without the labor of a month's travel. She rarely ever looks at a newspaper. Her friends are legion, and knowing her tastes incline in their letters clippings from local and foreign papers. These in turn she sends to other friends, and in that way keeps up the mental circulation. Miss Anthony was wise enough to lay aside a sufficient for her old age, and now that the resting days are upon her she has enough to live comfortably and pay for a few delicate lace and black silks and provide the usual

flowers and simple novelties she has always delighted to bestow on friends.—Washington Letter.

About the Divided Skirt.

"Oh, that it might be given me to tell the exact truth about the divided skirt!" wailed a charming woman the other day.

"When I bought one, certainly the fool and her money parted—like the bifurcated garment I acquired by the purchase. Polite language fails to do justice to what I have endured since I donned it. Talk about a divided skirt being easy to walk in and not impeding one's movements! Why, in the climate of the tropics, most disagreeable article that a woman can put on. Each section gets all winding about a man's waist. When you go up and down stairs it sags down until you tread on the hem and trip up if you're not careful.

The fullness is set on to a circular yoke, which is forever hunching up about your waist. And then the ugliness of the garment! Venus herself would wear crow's clad in its ungainly volume of silk or cotton that hangs without form, and might as well be void, since it obliterates all distinction of beauty, a woman with the most exquisitely modeled limbs and an old girl with prop like kite sticks being alike hideous when enveloped in it.

"Since the first time I caught sight of myself in the horrid thing I have always sent my maid out of the room when I put it on or off, and I've never had the courage to take a second look at it in the glass. Why do I continue to wear it? Because I am resolved to get my \$7 worth out of that bad bargain, and at the same time teach myself not to run after strange goods in the matter of so-called dress reform."—New York World.

Author of "Booties' Baby."

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, the English novelist and the author of "Booties' Baby," writes for three hours a day in a little room which, with a bookcase, a table and three or four chairs, leaves little space for intruders upon the sanctity of an author's den. At one time she had a passion for china, and by the bookcase there is some valuable crown Derby and blue white. With the flotsam and jetsam of friendship and acquaintance—photos and autographs, drawings and cards—the mantelpiece is crowded, while on the walls are some clever sketches of soldiers in the various uniforms of British regiments. In a small cardboard box is placed the manuscript of the novel Mrs. Stannard is now writing, some of the little foolscap sheets having just been filled up by her neat flowing calligraphy.

On the average Mrs. Stannard writes about three pages a day, and several odd sheets of paper lying on the table give indications of her method of work. She never corrects a faulty sheet, but always rewrites it. Before beginning a story the plot is briefly written out, while on another sheet Mrs. Stannard makes experiments with the names of characters, those names being finally chosen which are most expressive and euphonious. As Mrs. Stannard's elbow as she writes are placed two well used volumes of Tennyson and Longfellow, her favorite poets.

With almost every line of the bard of "Hiawatha" she is familiar, and for every feeling of depression she always finds the antidote in his pages.—Exchange.

Severely Made Night Robes.

Another levy on the masculine wardrobe! This time it is the night robe which has been used as a model for a severe style of night wear that has met with immense success. While there is no prettier garment in her trousseau than a feminine robe de nuit, there are many women, especially of limited means, who will rejoice in the replica. It means small laundry bills, better service, fewer holes to mend and greater comfort. The lace embellished, ribbon run and yoke waisted robe, while a pretty thing to look at, is far from the ideal garment.

In the first place it is always ready for repair after the initial wash, and it is not every woman who can mend lace, even when she has the time. Embroideries wear little better, and it only takes a couple of washes of this delicate but holey finery to give a woman the reputation of being a slattern. And then the yoke. It rarely fits, and if the light it binds the stout girl to a night dress, it is a night struggle to free herself.

Now comes the masculine model, with its deep collar and cuffs, its rooney pocket, its box plaited back, the stout button piece, and, best of all, the simple trimming of needled-stitched braid. Made of the very best cambric these "flat robes," as they are called, are only \$3 each, and one will outlast three fancy gowns befrilled and imported with Valenciennes lace or Hamburg embroidery. Only a fine quality of material is used, and only half as much will it cost to launder them.—New York Letter.

Faithful Lady Burton.

A few days ago a "London correspondent" announced that Sir Richard Burton was "lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone in a London lodging, while Stanley was being feted." The statement was absolutely untrue, but it has had the effect of drawing the following interesting letter from Lady Burton, who is with Sir Richard at Trieste:

"Sir Richard will never be neglected nor alone while I am alive. I have been married to him for nearly thirty years, besides a five years' engagement, and during all these thirty-five years I have never been absent from him one day that I was allowed to be with him—in other words, I have never been absent except to execute his orders. For the last seven years we have hardly been a day apart, and for the last three and a half years that he has been ailing never one hour away out of the twenty-four. During those three years and a half we have, in consequence of the weakness of his health, sacrificed everything to have a resident English doctor (who was looking for such a berth) living and traveling with us. And instead of a London lodging we have a beautiful and romantic house with every comfort for him that he means allow at the very head of the Adriatic. Next year his term of service expires forty-nine years actual service, and then we shall both be, if alive, in a London lodging neglected and alone." But to state that now is what the Americans would call a "little previous."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Widow's Generous Action.

It is learned that Mrs. Quake, who died at East Chiles a few weeks ago and left a will, but so will, that she has estate reached the value of \$1,000,000 it should

CHARMING ROOMS.

Some Suggestions of Value from Annie Isabel Willis.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The ways in which rooms may be made charming with little or no expense are infinite. A seemingly hopeless sort of a room is a large, square apartment, with a low ceiling which slopes down on one side to within five feet of the floor. When to these difficulties are added a very homely ingrain carpet and a stove far from beautiful the situation seems well nigh hopeless, but two energetic young women undertook to solve the problem of its transformation, and they solved it.

The room was changed into a cozy, pretty place, with an air half of "sitting room," half of "study," but wholly of genuine comfort.

The wall paper was nearly plain and of a grayish white tint, with a narrow old-fashioned blue border. It was a convenient paper, for it did not interfere with any other colors. Of course no pictures could be hung where the ceiling slanted, but one was placed on a small writing table so as to lean against that wall. It was a simple engraving framed in oak, and around it was wreathed some Egyptian apparatus—by far the most beautiful and feathery green stuff to be obtained at a florist's. On the same side of the room was a couch, and over it was fastened a large fan of home manufacture.

Opposite the lounge, on the other side of the room, was a well filled antique oak bookcase, whose top was decorated with bric-a-brac. One piece was a bust of Dickens, which stood out boldly against a brilliant background formed by a scarlet silk handkerchief hung on the wall behind it. A yellow art silk curtain hung straight from the rod on the book case. Another touch of yellow, without which no room is now considered complete, was found in a bunch of corn, whose husks were turned back to show the ears. It was suspended by a ribbon, so that the husks point upward, and was a very pretty ornament to the wall.

Pictures were hung on each side of the bookcase, and on the third side of the room, between the windows. The two doors, one of entrance, the other leading to a closet, were removed and dark red strip portieres were hung in their stead. The windows had white shades, and over them pale madras lace curtains came straight from yellow rods with brass rings.

Another small table stood between the windows, and on it were the usual books and papers, and a slender necked vase with a bunch of peacock feathers, which always add to the coloring of a room. They can be put anywhere—tacked on the wall, pinned on a screen, or fastened over a picture, and always look well.

I spoke of the homely stove. That was concealed by a screen, just a frame with a single set of hinges. On it was some olive Canton flannel fastened with brass headed tacks. I have seen that same screen once adorned with the aforementioned peacock feathers, at another time with red and yellow autumn leaves, and now—triumph of inventive genius—it was decorated with a tennis net hung in graceful folds over its top. Set in front of the stove, it concealed it and kept the room from becoming too hot. Carried into the little dining room and placed before the box which held an oil stove, it removed all "kitchen" traces at once. In short, the screen was a family blessing.

These were the salient features of that pleasant sanctum. For the rest, there were easy and straight backed chairs, including a steamer chair—enough for the inhabitants and their guests. These last were numerous indeed, for all agreed that the room was a delightful place to visit.

Words of Cheer.

Earnest Cahoon (who has received a piano for committing the palms to memory—It's a dreadful wear), pep.

Her father—Don't get discouraged, Harry. Keep on a hammerin' and 'Yankee Doodle' bound 'em out. She's in that—Judge.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

"Yes," facetiously remarked the clerk in the president's office while making an annual, "this is our past time."

"Alas!" murmured the laggard looking stockholder, "back of every worldly pleasure there is a skeleton in the closet."

Sara Orne Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. She is the daughter of a Maine sea captain, and is a dark haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna like face.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverley dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described, with illustrative extracts from the text.

Displacing the Old Masters.

Instructor looking over his pupil's work, copying an old master in the Museum of Art—Now that's uncommonly clever. I wonder what they'll do with the old one when this is finished.—Chatter.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps, 161 of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession, and have received diplomas; 35 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and 6 are over 70.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE OF THE FATALITIES RESULTANT FROM TIGHT LACING.

Founder of the King's Daughters—Ladies' Night Babes—A Monument to Miss Anthony—Don't Like the Divided Skirt. Author of "Booties' Baby."

Although the subject of tight lacing was threadbare the evil has not been overcome. The sudden death of one of the actresses in a Berlin theatre was attributed to extreme and habitual tight lacing. At the beginning of the evening performance the lady seemed perfectly well and made her appearance on the stage with her usual vivacity. Before the third act was finished she was obliged to retire to her dressing room and died before morning of erysela, a contraction of the arteries of the heart, caused by the intense pressure of whalebone.

Just why women of this age will endanger life and ruin health by tight clothes is a mystery. Previously fashion justified in a measure this foolish habit, but now that it is no longer the style to be spayed it is impossible to find an excuse. Every 15-year-old girl learns at school that the laboring capacity of the heart is reduced and the circulation of the blood impeded by tight banage, whether in the form of a corset, bodice or waist. And still the lacing goes on; comfort is ruined and health injured, not only by the corset, but the dressmaker as well, who to fit a blouse will make a vice of it.

We have reached a point in the history of fashion where it is not possible to have a nice fit without suffering for it. At the Savarin cafe in this city there are from ten to fifty ladies who go into the retiring room after lunch ostensibly to powder, but in reality to open their dress waists to assist digestion and relieve the strain of the system. These are all women of wealth, taste, culture and superior education. Ramonstrate with any of them and she will dismiss the subject with some such remark as, "Have to stand it or wear a misfit," and so they stand it as long as they are on parade.

The most woman who tightens her corset or wears a tight dress makes a fatal mistake, for aside from giving her the appearance of an apple dumpling she is rendered not only awkward, but helpless. She could not jump two feet to save her life, and in a moving car or a jolting stage she has to depend on a conductor or the kindness of a male traveler for her equilibrium. Another result of this tight dressing is the intense redness of the nose and hands, the imprisonment of the vital organs forcing the blood to the extremities.—New York World.

Founder of the King's Daughters.

It is announced that St. John's school, which was founded a good many years ago by Dr. Theodore Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving, is to be removed to "The Castle," at Tarrytown, in sight of Sunnyside and the Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and very near to the old church where Washington Irving used to worship and where he is buried.

"The Castle" is a lovely place, and Mrs. Theodore Irving, who has conducted the school since her husband's death, will be a charming chaperone. Mrs. Irving, by the way, was the founder of the original order of King's Daughters, that great Christian organization which has literally spread over all the earth.

It began as a little society among the girls in Dr. Irving's school in Canada seventeen years ago, and membership in it was a strong tie, binding them to old associations in after years when they left their alma mater and went their several ways in the world. They adopted the little silver cross for their badge, and their motto was, "In His Name."

The name, symbol and watchword were not copyrighted any more than the good works which these first King's Daughters performed, and so when the larger organization was projected, a few years ago, and they were casting about for a suitable designation, emblem and phrase to express their spirit, somebody at the first meeting held to determine upon these points suggested Mrs. Irving's Girl's society as a model. It had then a membership of about 300.

Mrs. Irving has been one of the central council of the King's Daughters, but when a controversy arose touching the expediency of calling it a Christian order—which it was believed would give offense to the Unitarian contingent—three of the council, one of whom was Mrs. Irving, resigned for conscience sake. Mrs. Irving is also the president of the New York branch of the United States Indian association.—Exchange.

Miss Anthony's Monument.

At the birthday party of Miss Susan B. Anthony last February, when books, kisses and gifts in blocks of seventy were proffered, Miss Willard, the apostle of white ribbon and cold water, secured the pioneer suffragist that same day she would have a statue in the Capitol at Washington, adding, "Your best monument is already built in the hearts of your grateful countrywomen." There is reason for believing that some authority will see the monument in Washington, if not in the Capitol, for measures are on foot to raise a fund for that tribute. The money will be collected by women from women, the plans will be made by women, a committee of women will superintend the erection of the monument, and at the dedication only women will be permitted to participate in the programme of exercises. It has not been decided whether the memorial will take the place of a monument, statue or building. Although in excellent health, Miss Anthony is not leading a very active life.

Her name is largely taken up writing letters to distant friends, making acknowledgments of greetings from women's clubs of America and Europe, and furnishing data relative to her life work. An ardent reader, she is debarrated to an extent by failing sight from gratifying that taste, but takes great delight in making new acquaintances, especially among specialists of any subject, from whom she gets in a condensed form the "pat of the subject," thus keeping pace, as she says, without the labor of a month's travel. She rarely ever looks at a newspaper. Her friends are legion, and knowing her tastes incline in their letters clippings from local and foreign papers. These in turn she sends to other friends, and in that way keeps up the mental circulation. Miss Anthony was wise enough to lay aside a sufficient for her old age, and now that the resting days are upon her she has enough to live comfortably and pay for a few delicate lace and black silks and provide the usual

flowers and simple novelties she has always delighted to bestow on friends.—Washington Letter.

About the Divided Skirt.

"Oh, that it might be given me to tell the exact truth about the divided skirt!" wailed a charming woman the other day.

"When I bought one, certainly the fool and her money parted—like the bifurcated garment I acquired by the purchase. Polite language fails to do justice to what I have endured since I donned it. Talk about a divided skirt being easy to walk in and not impeding one's movements! Why, in the climate of the tropics, most disagreeable article that a woman can put on. Each section gets all winding about a man's waist. When you go up and down stairs it sags down until you tread on the hem and trip up if you're not careful.

The fullness is set on to a circular yoke, which is forever hunching up about your waist. And then the ugliness of the garment! Venus herself would wear crow's clad in its ungainly volume of silk or cotton that hangs without form, and might as well be void, since it obliterates all distinction of beauty, a woman with the most exquisitely modeled limbs and an old girl with prop like kite sticks being alike hideous when enveloped in it.

"Since the first time I caught sight of myself in the horrid thing I have always sent my maid