

The poor Count and Countess of Castellane must worry along on \$200,000 a year. This may mean no vacation in the ice-cream.

Balloon suicide is declared to be the latest Paris fad. Like all other fads it is perishable. A man no sooner takes it up than he has to drop it.

The Chicago Street Commissioners have declared against brick pavements on the ground that they cannot resist the crushing effect of heavy traffic.

The South African war means heavy cost to Great Britain. But it also means ruin to the hapless burghers whose lands are raided and ravaged by the Boers.

Historical events reported by cable: The German Emperor changed his clothes and the Duke of York has the measles. Does not this repay the toll of Joseph Henry and Cyrus W. Field?

The employment of American coal in Europe for gas and steam purposes has within the last twelve months impressed itself on the industrial world as possessing elements of great possibilities.

That Missouri young man who concluded an eight-year courtship over the telephone wire exposed himself at the last to an allegation of electric sparking. In the years previous he certainly had not been quick as lightning.

It has again been discovered that "blondes are approaching extinction." The original alarmist in this matter was Sir Benjamin Richardson, who wrote about it in England half a century ago and established a theme for subsequent essayists. If the blonde is passing, like the swan, whose death-song is its sweetest, she is growing prettiest as she goes.

Giuseppe Verdi's long and splendid career is ended, and the uncrowned king of lyric drama sleeps among the people to whom his life has been a long benediction and artistic inspiration. Through all coming time his immortal music will be cherished among the priceless treasures of art, inspire the emulation of genius and cast its witching spell around the souls of myriads of reverent listeners.

The Buffalo Courier thinks that the period of "splendid isolation" for England seems to be ended. An alliance of the greatest naval power in Europe and the strongest military nation, with the possible exception of Russia, is one which is bound to have important results. The intimate relations at present existing between Germany's Emperor and Britain's King are a guaranty of the continuance of the present arrangement.

To the student of civilization the increase of certain kinds of crime in the United States is startling. While there is a decrease in brutal crimes, there is a marked increase in crimes involving blackmail, and generally of pecuniary crimes—to coin a phrase—such as embezzlement, forgery, swindling and counterfeiting. Criminals in this country are not only of a high degree of intelligence, but many of them are quite well educated, being graduates of the common schools.

Connecticut, that thrifty State of Yankee notions, which never sold a wooden nutmeg, although in its early days it may possibly have whittled out a few for fun, is about to ship a million and a half pounds of wire for use on electric lines in India. Little brass idols for Hindoo temple worship have been modelled in Birmingham for generations, but it is somewhat startling to learn that New England is called upon to supply trolley wires for the land of Vishnu and Siva. The wheels of the triumphal chariot of the Oriental deity were red with sacrifice in former years. Let us hope that the victims of the modern Juggernaut will never equal in numbers those earlier lists of the slain, remarks the New York Tribune.

Woman's educational progress can be illustrated by a few facts collected by Professor Harris, the National Commissioner of Education. He reports that the high schools of the United States in 1890 graduated 36,124 girls and only 20,344 boys. Between 1872 and 1890 the number of male students in college in proportion to the whole population increased nearly 100 per cent, while the number of female students increased six fold in the same time. Of the sixty foremost colleges and universities in the country, all but nine confer degrees on women. Every college founded since the war is open to students of both sexes. Only three State colleges in the Union, those of Virginia, Georgia and Louisiana, exclude girl students. Practically all the schools in the country below the high school grade are in the hands of women teachers and eighty per cent of the teachers in the high schools of New England are of the gentler sex.

MY WORK.

My work, however small, No hands can do but mine; It is God's special call To me, a voice divine. —Harper's Bazaar.

THE STENOGRAPHERS' PRANK AND ITS ROMANTIC RESULT.

There is no telling what put it into their heads. Perhaps it was a remark thoughtlessly made by William, the office boy. William is not a dull boy, but he hardly weighs his words as carefully as he may do when he gets older. He said:

"I bet them delegates won't tell their wives all of the procedin's when they get back home."

Both Miss Purdue and Miss Benedict heard him say that. They may not have paid any particular attention to it, William being in the habit of saying precocious and absurd things. The idea may have been suggested by the overcoats of the delegates themselves, which hung in a tempting row in the main office, while their owners were consulting with Mr. Davis, the president of the association, in the big committee room. The fact that Miss Benedict rejoices in a wealth of golden hair no doubt had something to do with it, taken either by itself or in conjunction with other facts and circumstances.

Miss Purdue and Miss Benedict are stenographers in the employ of the association, which has its offices in town and sends up its delegates from the country about every three months. In strict confidence they call themselves "steno's," though that is a matter of slight importance and significant in only a small degree. Yet it may be said that stenographers would never have done such a thing, while it was only what might have been expected from a pair of "steno's."

At first Miss Benedict wished Miss Purdue to contribute some of her crowning glory to the scheme. Miss Purdue has brown hair. She said:

"There isn't the least bit of sense in that. You can take any novel you like and the brown-haired woman is the devoted wife and mother, with all the steady domestic virtues. I'll bet you the candy that nine out of 10 of them have got brown-haired wives. A brown hair on their coats would excite no notice whatever. It wouldn't be seen, and if it was seen it would look all right. No, my dear, if you want to make trouble take your own hair. It's the kind that naturally belongs to steno's."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Miss Benedict. Nevertheless she submitted to the dominant will of the other and for the next five minutes she exclaimed "Ouch!" at intervals of two or three seconds.

Then the delegates began to come in and hang up their coats. There were perhaps 30 of them, altogether. As soon as they were all comfortably behind the closed door Miss Purdue rose from her typewriter and beckoned to her friend.

Miss Benedict, however, refused to be enticed from her work. She said, "I'll keep right on so as to avert suspicion." Whereupon Miss Purdue accused her of being a "frisk cat," and opening the little drawer of the typewriter stand took from it a respectable bank of golden hair. She then went over to where the coats were hanging and proceeded to deck them with the shining strands.

She did it artistically—not so that the hairs would be at once perceived, but that from their concealment beneath the collars, behind lapels and under pocket flaps they would work out in time to the confusion of those who had unknowingly harbored them. Here and there she tucked a few in the sleeve linings.

It was this that betrayed them. They should have waited until the last day of the session. As it was, the delegates had one more day, possibly two, to attend. The day after the burnt threads had been placed the two young women heard a sudden burst of laughter from the committee room. This was so strange, so entirely without precedent, that they looked at each other in amazement. William, the office boy, came out of the room at this time, and Miss Purdue instantly pounced upon him.

"What are they laughing at, William?" she said. "Tell us!" commanded Miss Benedict. William indignantly shook himself free from their clutches. "Aw, say!" he exclaimed. Then he grinned and added: "They picked a woman's hair off'n Mr. Harmer's coat. They've got it on him all right. It's a cinch, none of them others don't have to pay for any drinks or cigars as long's they're in town an' keep close to him. Oh, say! It was a peach—as long as your arm and—"

Here he stopped, his eye encountering Miss Benedict's massy coiffure. His grin widened and he suddenly put his hand before it and doubled himself up in an ecstasy of mirth. Miss Purdue promptly cuffed him and he fled, pursued by the two, and took refuge in the telephone cabinet.

In about five minutes the committee room door opened, and the delegates came out. Their faces wore wreaths of smiles, and as many as could get near Mr. Harmer were smiting him on the back and addressing to him sundry pleasantries. It was not hard to distinguish Mr. Harmer. His smile was altogether different to those of the others. Miss Benedict did not see him, for she was clattering away on her typewriter at a furious rate. Indeed, her exertion was so great as to bring quite an unusual color to her cheeks. Miss Purdue saw him and said afterward that he was quite nice looking. Further, she said that he did not look like a married man, though how she differentiated is a mystery. The point of the matter is that as the delegates were putting on their coats one of them, a man with a double chin and four creases in his

neck, happened to notice Mrs. Benedict rather more particularly than usual, and he was instantly struck with the similarity in tint and texture of her hair and the anonymous filament that had been discovered on his colleague's coat. He at once called the attention of the rest of the delegates to this circumstance.

Miss Benedict could not hear what they said, but she knew that it was horrid. Her back was turned to the corner where the coats were kept, but she could feel the glances that were directed at her and her cheeks burned distressingly. One of the delegates called out:

"What time was Harmer here this morning? Does any one know?" "He was here when I got here," said another. "I guess I was here before any of the rest of you."

Miss Benedict struck the keys of her typewriter with vicious energy, and the resulting clatter drowned the rest.

It is unnecessary to say that Miss Benedict bitterly reproached Miss Purdue or that she spent subsequent hours of repentance and humiliation. She went to the office, however, and had been at work for half an hour before Mr. Mordant, the president of the association, arrived. She fancied Mr. Mordant looked at her curiously and rather severely, but that may have been imagination. But there was no question about the way the delegates comported themselves. They may not have meant it at all, but they were innumerable. Some of them looked at her laughingly; others with a dreadful austerity that Miss Benedict knew was deserved. Three or four of them did not look at her at all, and she felt that was worst of all. One by one they came, each as unpleasant as possible in his peculiar way, until at last Mr. Harmer arrived. And then somebody coughed, and they all coughed.

Miss Benedict said she simply would not stand it another day, nor another hour, for that matter. Therefore she called William to her and bribed him to tell Mr. Mordant how, why and under what circumstances the hair had been distributed. Then she went home and telephoned down to the office that she had a sick headache—which was perfectly true—and could not come to work.

The headache lasted for three days, at the end of which time Miss Benedict went back to the office. She had seen Miss Purdue twice before, but all Miss Purdue knew was that Mr. Mordant maintained a grave silence. William had said that Mr. Mordant just nodded and said "Hm-m-m!" when he told, and that soon after there was more laughter in the committee room. As soon as the meeting was over there had been a general overhauling of overcoats, and Mr. Harmer had gathered up the hair.

Miss Benedict had made up her mind just what penitential pose she would adopt when Mr. Mordant called her into his office. She had determined at what point in her excuses she would allow her voice to break and a pearly tear to roll down her cheek. She had got her defensive campaign mapped out. Then Mr. Mordant, instead of calling her in, came out and, pausing in front of her desk, said: "Don't let that occur again, if you please, Miss Benedict." And, hardly looking at her, went into the telephone room.

And now the young women are wondering why Mr. Harmer gathered up the hair, and what he intends to do with it, and whether he will be at the next meeting, and all sorts of things.—Chicago Record.

OCEAN COAL GLUTTONS. Speed Depends on the Consumption of the Black Diamonds. In the last 10 years the race for the transatlantic record has been far more interesting than at any other period, for it has been in this decade that the great coal burners have been built. It is also the "twin-screw period" of ocean navigation, and with the twin screws have come greater speed, more and heavier engines, and corresponding increase of boiler power. The American liners Paris and New York were the first to embody the new methods and radical departures from the old methods of shipbuilding and in many respects they marked an entirely new era in shipbuilding. They were, from the first, brilliant successes in speed and seaworthiness, but they were also responsible for a new era of coal consumption that has at last brought the steamship companies to the point where they are anxiously looking for some let-up. The Paris soon broke the record from New York to Queenstown, making the trip in much less than six days at an average speed of 20 knots an hour. The Teutonic and Majestic, which followed, though larger in every way, were slower in speed and less expensive in operating. With only 15,000 indicated horse power, against the 20,000 of the Paris, the Teutonic consumes only 300 tons of coal per day to develop her 19 1/2 knots.

The two magnificent steamers of the Cunard company, the Luania and the Campania, which soon followed the launching of the American liners, established new ocean records and new coal-consuming figures. The Campania, with 19,000 tons displacement, had 30,000 horse power, and developed a speed of 22 knots, with a daily coal consumption of about 475 tons. The modern coal gluttons were in full force by this time, and the steamship companies had to confess that the lowering of the record meant not only larger ships, but heavier coal cost. The Kaiser Wilhelm grand Grosse of the North German Lloyd Steamship company was built on lines which fully recognized this fact. She is 26 feet longer than the Campania, one foot greater in beam and has 10,000 tons more displacement. Her fastest trip was made at an average speed of 22 7/8 knots, covering in one period of 24 hours 590 knots. Nevertheless, her horse power was slightly less than that of the Campania, being 28,000 against the latter's 30,000, and her coal consumption a trifle more, amounting, according to the owner's figures, to 500 tons a day.—Cassier's Magazine.



Jeweled Candle Shades.

Every year brings out some novelty or other in the way of candle shades and lamp shades. A new recruit is a pretty device for velling candle lights. These have foundations of white gauze on which are stitched small pieces of colored glass, amber, ruby, emerald green, amethyst or sapphire in colors and with a sprinkling of small rhinestones or "strass" diamonds. These are effective on the dinner table.

The Care of China and Glass. An ingenious mode of tempering both china and glass consists in immersing them in a vessel of cold water, gradually heating the water to the boiling point, and allowing them to remain therein until the water again becomes cold. China and glass so treated will not be likely either to crack or check subsequently from heat. In washing delicate china, porcelain or glassware, a wooden tub is preferable to a metal pan. No soap should be allowed to remain in the tub or pan into which the china or glass is placed. The water should be warm and should be made soapy and a cloth or mop used to clean the dishes, which should then be placed into a pan of clear, clean water, and taken out of this to be thoroughly wiped and polished. All dish cloths and towels should be scalded every day and dried in the sun, if possible, but at all events in the open air.—American Queen.

The Parlor a Place of Welcome. Every room in the house has a certain ethical value. For example, as the parlor is the room in which you entertain your guests, it should first of all express a warmth of hospitality. This welcome should be expressed in dapples, color effects, sunny window-seats, flowers, pictures, books, and all things that lend home atmosphere to the apartment.

Then there is an element of utility that must enter into a parlor. If you have elegant furniture that is too good to use, your pink-satin chairs and wish themselves well out of it. The drawing-room of the English house contains all that is best in the house. It is library and music-room combined, and it is also the sitting room. Our parlor is approaching more nearly to the idea of the English drawing-room, for it is no longer too good to be used.—Harvey Holt Cahoon, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Carpets and Small Rooms. Stained floors with rugs are the proper and desirable things for almost any place but are particularly good in small rooms and in flats. In bedrooms, where the beds have to be constantly moved to be made on account of the limited space, matting soon wears, while a carpet, especially a bordered one, only makes the size of the room all the more noticeable. Besides, carpets are so hard to keep clean in small places. Never put a bordered floor covering on a small room.

If Selecting Rugs. The fad for rugs is a vexed question with slim pursed housewives, as the genuine Eastern ones are so comparatively high priced. Anatolians, however, are so much reduced as to be almost within reach of all. If only one rug is within your price limit by all means get a cashmere, as they toes in so effectively with so many shades and have fewer cheap imitations.

Hanging Pictures. While a picture molding is the almost universal finish for most wall coverings, and is very convenient in the rearrangement of pictures, yet the long stretches of unsightly wire have proved so objectionable that very often nails are driven into the walls and the pictures hang from short, concealed wires, even when there is a molding above.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES. Corn Loaf—One-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, one egg, one and one-third of a cupful of corn meal, one and one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and one spoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, steam two hours and bake one.

Squash Muffins—One cup of squash as prepared for the table, a cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with flour enough to make a dough as thin as can possibly be handled. Roll out, cut in biscuit shape and bake. If preferred, the batter may be thinner and dropped in muffin rings.

Strawberry Ice Cream—Four cups of sugar, two quarts of strawberries, one pint of milk, three pints of cream. Sprinkle two cups of the sugar over the berries, mash them and let them stand until the sugar is dissolved. Strain through cheese cloth, squeezing out all the juice, add the milk, stirring as you add slowly, then add the cream and sugar; the cream should first be scalded and cooled. Freeze.

Eggs Poached in Tomato Sauce—Put into the frying pan one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; beat until frothy; stir into it one and a half teaspoonfuls of tomato (which has been peeled and chopped fine and heated) and then strain into the frying pan a dash of cayenne pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of salt; cook until creamy, and drop in four eggs, baste often and when whites are set remove and put each egg on a quarter of a slice of buttered toast and pour sauce around them.

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