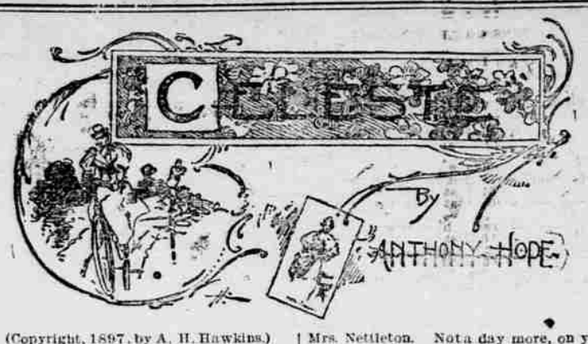
WHO WAS IT?



(Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins.)

SYNOPSIS.

Marcia Nettleton, a young widow, and her brother-in-law, Fred Nettleton, are stopping in the country, in England, with the latter's mother. They plan a two or three days' bicycle excursion to a distant point. On the evening of the second day out, in a heavy rain, and ten miles from an inn, Fred's bicycle breaks down. Marcia goes on, intending to send a trap for him, but misses the way. She comes to a house, rings and is received by its master, a good-looking young man. By a misunderstanding he supposes that her companion left behind is her husband, and by way of a jest she fails to correct the error. She is shown to a room where a maid and all the necessaries of a toilet are in readiness. After changing her dress, she goes downstairs and finds supper for two on the table. She and the young man, who introduces himself as Noel Forrester, have supper. Afterward an arrival is announced, and Forrester tells Mrs. Nettleton that it is "Celeste" who is expected. Celeste enters, and proves to be a handsome young girl. Mrs. Nettleton and Celeste appear suspicious of each other, and some embarrassment follows. It is announced that Fred has reached the inn, and he appears the next morning. He betrays the fact that he is Marcia's brother-in-law, and not her husband, to Marcia's confusion. Forrester, however, keeps silence. Fred and Marcia leave the Forrester house, Celeste not appearing. Two years later Fred writes Marcia that he has fallen in love with a Miss Vincent. Marcia goes to his mother's town house to see him, and discovers a photograph of Celeste, signed "Celeste Vincent," on his mantelpiece. She resolves to break off the match. She obtains Miss Vincent's address from Fred causally, calls on her and threatens to expose her. Miss Vincent replies good-naturedly and runs outlaughing. Noel Forrester comes in. Marcia reproaches him for having a hand in the matter, but he reminds her that she played a false part on the bicycle trip, also. She resents the comparison, but finally agrees to forgive him, at his requesbt.

PART VI.

Fred was not at home when Marcia arrived; indeed, he had the good fortune not to appear at all before lunch, thus escaping a very trying interview. Marcia took her meal in solitary misery, conscious that poor Fred, still deluded, still undeceived, was enjoying false happiness at 39 Tangent Terrace. Surely Noel Forrester would not have the effrontery to be present! Yet who could set bounds to his effrontery? It seemed to be of that unconscious kind which rather ignores than defies the dictates of propriety and the voice of shame. He was mad, he must be mad; but Celeste was simply wicked. Mrs. Nettleton defined this difference between them quite distinctly and definitely as she drank her coffee. Then she went to Fred's room, removed Celeste's portrait to a remote corner, and sat down to read her Morning Post; after breakfast her agitation and her early start had combined to render a proper study of that journal impossible.

As she read, a brougham drove up to her door and three people got out. One of them opened the door with a latch key and admitted his companions. The three then with stealthy tread entered and examined the drawing-room and the dining-room successfully; both were empty. Then quietly and slowly they filed upstairs and came to the door of Fred's room. Their leader put his ear to the keyhole and listened; the rustle of a turned newspaper was audible.

Holding Up His Finger, He Imposed Silence.

Holding up his finger, he imposed silence on his companions. They waited some moments, during which nothing more was audible from the inside of the room. Then the three held a whispered conversation; the result was that two of them filed downstairs again, leaving the third in a watchful attitude by the door. He bent and listened again. Another rustle met his ear; Mrs. Nettleton was turning the Morning Post again.

"She must have got to the page now," he muttered, and he smiled joyously. A moment later there was a noise as of somebody rising suddenly and of a chair pushed back; then came a gasp, a little scream, and a voice crying aloud in bitter anger and contempt:

"His granddaughter! How insolent and ridiculous!"

The watcher outside smiled more broadly, but did not move. The next thing that he heard was the murmur of a puzzled voice. The words he could not distinguish, but he guessed what they were. Marcia was reading over the paragraph in the Morning Post, and trying to understand the insane audacity which inspired it. He could fancy her expression at every line and the culmination of scorn with which she would read the last few words. For there could be very doubt that Marcia Nettleton was perusing the following paragraph: "A marriage has been arranged between Mr Frederick Nettleton, second son of the late Lieut. Col. R. Nettleton (Coldstream Guards), and Miss Celestine Vincent, daughter of the late Mr. William Vincent, of Brighton, and granddaughter of Mr. Noel Forrester, of Mere Park, Shropshire."

The murmur ended. "His granddaughter!" came again in scornful accents. There was a swift movement across the room; the door was thrown open wide. But then Marcia fell back in amazement. Noel Forrester stood before her, smiling happily.

"You! How did you come here?" she gasped.

He stepped in, and, paying no attention to her question, observed:

"It may sound odd, you know, but it's quite true."

Marcia held up the paper and pointed a scornful finger at the paragraph. The occasion was an admirable one for irony, and she was minded to employ it to the full.

"Granddaughter! You might have found something a little more plausible," she remarked, with a toss of her head.

"Do you think I might?" he asked in a doubtful, rather regretful tone.

"I suppose you're about thirty-five, aren't you?"

"Don't be too hard on me. Thirty-two Mrs. Nettleton. Not a day more, on your honor."

"And she's—"

"Celeste's just twenty-one, Mrs. Nettleton—birthday in September."

Marcia surveyed him with scornful eyes.

"Why not be reasonable? Make her your niece," she suggested, bitterly.

Niece?" He seemed to turn the question over in an open mind.

"That would be possible, anyhow. Somebody might believe that—people who didn't know as much about it as I do."

"But I've no married sister, or brother either. That makes it difficult."

"Oh, you could invent one. That would be nothing to you."

Noel Forrester assumed a candid and appealing smile.

"I'll do anything to please you, Mrs. Nettleton," said he. "She shall be a niece, if you wish it. I agree that a granddaughter lacks probability. But, excuse me, would it suit you as well if I made her my sister? For family reasons it would be more convenient to me to have her a sister."

"Oh, if you like," said Marcia. "But there's a little difficulty about the names, isn't there? She looked at him in malicious triumph. He had forgotten the names!

"About the names? I don't quite understand," he murmured, apologetically.

"Brothers and sisters generally have the same surnames. You don't mean a half-sister?"

"Oh, no; my own sister, please. Nobody ever heard of my having a half-sister."

"Really, you're a little dense. You see, her name is Vincent and yours is Forrester."

A sudden light seemed to break in on Noel Forrester. He advanced a step nearer to Marcia; then after a little pause he asked:

"You're quite sure about the personal grudge? You remember what you said about it?"

"I really have nothing but pity for you. But as for her——"

"That's all right; never mind her. Well, you see—do look a little more gentle, Mrs. Nettleton, or I can't go on; I can't, indeed!"

"I'm ready to listen," Marcia declared.

"You see—in fact, when I inherited Mere Park I took the name of Forrester. But Celeste kept her own name." He looked as though he wondered whether she would believe him.

"Then you mean to say——" cried Marcia.

"I mean to confess that she's my sister, Mrs. Nettleton. I never said she wasn't, you know. As for Mrs. Forrester, whom you were so kind as to ask for, the maid thought you must mean my mother, Mrs. Vincent. She's unhappily an invalid, and hasn't been able to take Celeste about, so she's not very well known. I'm sure I hope you will make her acquaintance, though."

Marcia had fallen into a chair, and was regarding him with a helpless stare. Was it true? Then calamity was averted. But at what a cost? How had they dared to make such a fool of her. Noel came to the hearth-rug, and stood looking down at her.

"Fred and Celeste are down stairs," he observed. "Fred brought us here. Shall I ask them to come up? Fred knows all about it now, you know."

Marcia made no answer. Presently, however, she looked up and asked:

"Was it because I said Fred was my husband?"

"That put it into my head." He drew up a chair and sat down by her. Marcia did not attempt to avoid this proximity. "And then you were so gloriously suspicious," he went on, with a smile of reminiscence. "The blue room suggested such terrible things to you, didn't it? Now, do you think you'd have believed me if I'd said Miss Vincent was my sister? And then—well, Celeste has always been fond of private theatricals." He glanced at her for a moment. "And then—" he said; but here he paused.

"Well, what then?" asked Marcia.

He turned and looked her full in the face. She was flushed and she frowned, but it seemed to him that the line of her lips was not so set and rigid as it had been hitherto. He smiled just a little, in a timid and tentative fashion; Marcia's lips were suddenly pressed together in a marked accession of severity.

"And then—" he began again. "Well, in fact, a little anger doesn't spoil your appearance, Mrs. Nettleton."

A pause followed this observation of Noel Forrester's. He cast his eyes down to the ground and did not raise them again for several minutes. When he did, Marcia's were downcast.

"I never said she wasn't my sister," he murmured. "And you did say—"

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Marcia.

Suddenly the door opened. Marcia sprang to her feet, ready again to be very angry. But no time was allowed her for expression of any such feeling. A graceful, slight figure darted across the room and, before Marcia could take my defensive steps, she was in Celeste's arms, and was being kissed by that young lady.

"Oh, you dear!" said Celeste. "It was perfectly horrid of us, wasn't it? But I don't think I was ever so much amused in all my life!" And she kissed Marcia again with the utmost affection. "You do forgive us, don't you?"

Noel Forrester interposed gravely.

"You must not think, Celeste," said he, "that Mrs. Nettleton was acting from personal feelings. It's long ago, and, greatly as she suffered, she will not allow her own feelings to influence her in the matter. It's her brother-in-law—"

"And her brother-in-law," said Fred from the door, "is not resentful!"

Marcia looked around at them. They were all smiling in the most shameless manner. At last the smile broke out on her own face.

"At least I'll never say I'm anybody's wife again!" she cried.

Noel Forrester looked at her for an instant, and then up at the ceiling.

"You mean—unless it should happen to be true, Mrs. Nettleton?" said he.

And in a certain space of time it happened to be true.

The End.

"The Disintegrated Greengrocer," by Henry A. Heing, will begin next Monday.

$1,500.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

This is a Bona fide Offer, Read Carefully, it will not appear again.

THREE GRAND CONTESTS IN ONE.

HERE ARE OUR PROPOSITIONS:—$500.00 in Gold to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FASHION. $500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FIXINGS. $500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word MONTHLY. You can enter one or all three contests.

OFFER No. 1.

$500.00 IN GOLD to the persons forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FASHION as follows: $200.00 in Gold will be given to the person sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word FASHION; $100.00 to the person sending the next largest list; $50.00 to the person sending the third largest list; $25.00 to the person sending the fourth largest list; $10.00 to each of the next five; $5.00 to each of the next ten and $1.00 to each of the next twenty-five. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word FASHION, use no language except English. Words spelled alike but with different meaning can be used but once. Use any dictionary, any word found therein will be allowed except as follows: no plurals, prefixes, suffixes or abbreviations will be allowed. Work it out in this manner, as, ash, on, hak, fan, etc. The above rewards are given free to attract attention to our handsome woman's magazine, 34 pages, 102 long columns, finely illustrated, containing the very latest fashions, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price 50c. per year. TO ENTER THE CONTEST No. 1 IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS OR MONEY ORDER for one year's subscription with your list of words. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

OFFER No. 2.

$500.00 IN GOLD to those forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FIXINGS, as follows: $100.00 each to the two persons sending the largest lists; $50.00 each to the two persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word FIXINGS; $30.00 for each of the two sending the second largest lists; $25.00 for each of the two sending the third largest lists; $10.00 each for the next five; $5.00 each for the next ten, and $2.00 each for the next twenty-five largest lists. Same conditions prevail as in contest No. 1. TO ENTER CONTEST No. 2 IT IS NECESSARY TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "FASHION AND FIXINGS."

OFFER No. 3.

$500.00 IN GOLD to the persons sending the largest lists of words formed from the letters in the word MONTHLY, as follows: $50.00 each to the four persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word MONTHLY; $25.00 each for the next four largest lists; $10.00 each for the next ten, and $2.00 each for the next fifty. Same conditions prevail as in offers Nos. 1 and 2. Remember 25 two-cent stamps must accompany your list of words for offer No. 3 for one year's subscription to FASHION AND FIXINGS. By sending 25 two-cent stamps for one year's subscription to our magazine you can enter any one of these contests; by sending 40 two-cent stamps for an eighteen month's subscription you can enter any two of these contests; by sending 50 two-cent stamps for a two year's subscription you can enter all three contests. If you enter all three contests you will be almost sure to receive one or more of the 158 cash prizes.

GRAND COMBINATION OFFER.

Every person entering all three competitions and sending 50 two-cent stamps will receive by return mail a very handsome Gold Plated Combination Shirt Waist Set consisting of 1 Collar Button, 3 Shirt Studs, 1 pair of Link Sleeve Buttons and 1 Skirt Holder that will fit any belt. These Jewelry Sets are something entirely new and are set with very handsome colored Parisian enamel. They are worth more than the price of the three subscriptions and will be sure to please every one.

The March number of FASHION AND FIXINGS contains the names and addresses of the people who received cash prizes from our last contest. Send your lists at once or not later than May 30th, at which time contest closes. The names of all successful contestants will be published in the July number of FASHION AND FIXINGS. We refer you to any mercantile agency as to our responsibility. Address

Contestants residing in Foreign Countries must send double these amounts for extra postage.

DUNCAN & KELLER, Department 98, 156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Home-Made Kinetoscope

Some Wonderful and Very Amusing Toys That Any Boy or Girl Could Manufacture

By Theodore Waters.

Although the kinetoscope as invented by Edison is a wonderful instrument, yet a fairly good imitation of it may be made by any boy possessing a little ingenuity. It is not to be supposed that the perfected machine can be constructed by an amateur. That would be impossible without special photographic apparatus, besides being an infringement on the kinetoscope patents. But as the commercial machine of today is nothing more than a development of some old-time optical toys, there is nothing to prevent any person constructing some very amusing instruments which will be like the kinetoscope in effect if not in name.

The simplest of all is the thaumatrope. It consists simply of a circle of cardboard attached to which are two pieces of cord, and on each side of which is painted or drawn half a picture. The object is to twirl the cardboard by means of the strings and thus cause the two drawings to blend so as to form one picture. For instance, if a bird is drawn on one side of the card and the cage on the other, the bird will appear to be in the cage when the card is twirled. In order to have the bird appear upright in the cage, the two pictures must be drawn upside down to each other, as it were. That is, the top of the cage must point toward one edge of the card and the top of the bird toward the opposite edge. Any number of pictures may be drawn. A juggler may be drawn on one side and a number of balls on the other. He will appear to juggle the balls when the card is twirled. If an equilibrist is drawn on one side and a plate on the other, he will appear to be balancing the plate if the latter is properly placed. A man and a horse may be used, or a cat and a dog having a fight, or a man and a woman dancing, and so on with infinite variety.

Kinetoscope cards are now being sold by fakirs on the streets of large cities. They may be home-made, however, with but little trouble. Each card has a figure drawn upon it. Every card shows the same figure, but each in a different position. The various positions bear a definite relation to one another, so that when the cards are flipped rapidly past the eye the figures on them appear to be moving. The cards are held in one hand and bent double with the other; then one after another allowed to spring back to their original position. If, for instance, a dancer is shown, the arms and legs must have a progressive action. That is, if the arm is to be shown in the act of being raised, each successive picture must show it elevated a trifle higher than the last. So with every part of the body. Each succeeding card showing the action a little more advanced.

A zoetrope can be made by combining the posthumous uses of a hatbox with a little artistic talent. An old hatbox is arranged on a pivot so that it will spin easily. A series of slits or openings, one-quarter inch wide by three inches long and about two inches apart, must be cut around the upper sides of the box. It is through these windows one must gaze to get a proper effect from what is going on within. The figures are drawn precisely as they were on the cards mentioned above, only they must be drawn side by side on a long strip of paper. This paper is placed around the lower inside wall of the hatbox. If properly drawn, some very life-like actions may be witnessed when the box is rapidly revolved on its pivot.

A modification of the zoetrope may be made by cutting out a circular piece of cardboard, fixing it on a pivot and drawing the figures to be shown in a progressive ring around the edge of the circle. The pictures should be about an inch deep and occupy the outside quarter of the space between the center and the edge of the disc. Slits like those in the hat box should be cut from the base of each picture to within a half inch of the center. The affair must be revolved on a pivot (a common pin stuck in a clothespin will do) in front of a mirror, and the spectator must look through the windows that have been cut in the disc. Horses may be made to run, trot or gallop, men made to walk, dogs made to chase cats, ladies to dance and many other diversive sights to be witnessed in a well-constructed instrument of the kind.

Reynaud's zoetrope is a trifle more ambitious than any of the preceding. First obtain or make a pyramid of wood, the height of which is equal to one side of its base. Each side of this pyramid must be covered with a mirror cut to fit it. A handle should be fitted tightly into a hole in the bottom of the pyramid. A metal rod or spike must be driven into the apex or point of the pyramid. This completes the stationary part of the apparatus. Now for the moving figures. They are to be four in number, and are to be painted or drawn on a circular piece of cardboard or tin. This disc must have a hole cut in its center, so that it may be spun on the rod which projects from the point of the pyramid. Let the disc be divided into four parts. This can be quickly done by drawing the diameters of the disc upon it. In each of the quarters so formed draw the picture to be shown. As there are only four versions of it, each one will have to be more radically different than where a number are used, as in the other zoetropes. The pictures must be progressive, but the whole action must be completed in the four drawings.

It is advisable, therefore, to choose some simple action, as, for instance, a juggler tossing balls. His body will in every case occupy the same position. Only his arms need be changed. The operation of one of them will suffice for a description as to how to proceed. The right arm in the first picture should be extended downward, that is, as low as he would naturally put it. The next picture should show it raised half way up in the air. The next should show it raised all the way up. The fourth shows it half way down again. As the disc is turning we have now got back to the first, which shows it lowered all the way down again, and so on progressively as the disc goes around. This general principle should be adhered to throughout the series. The pictures should be drawn with the tops toward the center of the disc. When the latter is placed face downward on the pivot and revolved the moving picture will appear to stand upright in the glass on all sides of the pyramid.

A simple form of a mechanical thaumatrope can be made in the following manner: The edges of four wood boards or cardboards should be glued together so that when looked down upon from above their edges will form a cross. To be plainer, they should be arranged in the same manner as the diameter of a square. They should be pivoted so as to revolve easily. In the four right angles formed by the sides of the boards should be painted or drawn pictures of the same nature as those in the pyramid described above. As the number of pictures is the same the same general directions should be observed in drawing them. The effect is very lifelike when the affair is revolved, and much pleasure and an evening's entertainment may be derived from its construction and operation.

The reference to the Edison kinetoscope, made above, will be understood when it is pointed out that this wonderful machine is merely the combination of the principle involved in the above optical toys, with photography. Mr. Edison constructed a machine which would take photographs of moving objects at the rate of forty a second. These photographs are attached in a long string to a tape. The string of photographs is placed on spindles or reels and made to run past the end of a tube at the rate of forty a second or the rate at which they were "taken." The result, when a person gazes through the tube, is that the figures in the pictures perform the same actions they were going through when the pictures were taken.

Diamonds on the Finger Nails.

Millionaire women have a new eccentricity which they are quite sure they can reserve for their own exclusive use. The imitating multitudes will be debarred from the sincerest form of flattery by their lack of ducats. They will, therefore, be compelled to remain in the background to covet and admire. This new millionaire fad is to wear diamonds on the finger-nails. This is so very simply accomplished that one wonders why millionaires have never thought of it before. When one considers how very easy a matter it is to attach diamonds to the ends of one's fingers it becomes a matter of painful regret that finger-nails have remained unornamented so many thousand years. The new fashion, which has all the glory and prestige of an invention along more scientific lines, decrees that women with bank accounts long enough to permit of this costly trifling shall have a tiny gold cap made for each of their fingers. From the cap is suspended on the outer side a big diamond drop, which sparkles most satisfactorily, there being one large sparkle for each finger-nail. Of course, the sparkles are not so conspicuous as they would be if a large number of rings were not worn at the same time, but society is hardly yet ready for the great sacrifice which the laying off of rings would entail. Some day, perhaps, the finger-nail adornments may be allowed to shine in undiminished glory.

This Duchess Makes Golf Hose.

From the Gentlewoman.

The Duchess of Fife has followed the example of her mother and invested in a spinning wheel. And a very pretty one it is, of black walnut, mounted with brass, and, although 100 years old, still in excellent working condition. With this wheel the duchess spins her yarn, which she afterward knits into golf stockings for her husband, who declares—as indeed he ought to do—that no stockings hailing from the Piccadilly shops have ever worn like these! Many of the intimate friends of the Princess of Wales, like her daughters, have followed her example, and started a spinning wheel. I cannot say that I think spinning yarn is well worth a woman's time, but I certainly know of no object so decorative in her drawing-room as the quaint and pretty spinning wheel.

B. & O. Trains for the West.

After departure of 3:40 p. m. train, March 3, and until the morning of March 6, all express trains for the West will leave from the B. & O. New York avenue station. mh3-3t

Inauguration edition of The Times, twenty-eight pages, including sixteen pages souvenir extra, ready today. Price, in wrappers for mailing, Five Cents.

GREAT MEN ON DEBT

Among the threadbare themes of moralists the topic of debt is one ever used. Essayists and writers since the days of Addison have taken especial pleasure in this theme, and if "they can paint best who feel the most," we cannot doubt the ability of most of the writers to vividly present the subject. Sir Richard Steele, whose whole life was a race with bailiffs, who excused himself for voting in flagrant contradiction to his professed principles by saying to the man who reproached him: "Mr. Whiston, you can walk on foot—I cannot"—said: "I am astonished that men can be so insensible to the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible that a man who is given to contracting debts should not know that his creditor has from that moment in which he transgresses payment so much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honor, liberty and fortune."

"Out of debt," echoes Douglas Jerrold, with the passionate intensity of one in that condition for the first time, "and though you have a patch on your knee, a hole in your hat and a crack in your shoe leather, you are still in the sun of liberty free as the singing lark at o've you. Out of debt—and what a nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water. What toothsomeness in a dry crust. What ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg. The debtor, what is he but a serf, cut upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner—the creditor."

Still there is another side to the subject and it is easy to show that if debt has its miseries it has also its compensations. The long and splendid row of men who have bowed to the yoke of debt shows that it has its fascinations. Lord Bacon wrote on "The Wisdom of Business," yet ran deeply in debt. William Pitt had an income of from $30,000 to $50,000 a year, yet died $200,000 in debt. Sheridan spent the fortunes of two wives and was always dodging creditors and bailiffs. Daniel Webster enjoyed a large professional income, yet lived and died amid a swarm of debts. Fielding was swamped all his life long by debts and yet Lady Montagu said of him that "he had known more happy moments than any person on earth."

In another way there is no one who does not love to become an object of interest to his fellow-men, and there is no easier way of doing this than by contracting debts large and small in many quarters. No one is an object of more tender solicitude than the man who promises to pay year after year. "We are not great people at all," said Sydney Smith when he moved into a new neighborhood and it was given out that the family was of high connection; "we are only common, honest people—people who pay our debts." At any rate, the man who is in debt and wants to pay his indebtedness has no time for the blues or mischief. His minutes are all occupied.

Mr. Gage's Great Bank.

In 1868 began Mr. Gage's connection with the greatest of Western banks, the First National of Chicago. For years he was the assistant cashier, and on its reorganization in 1882 he became the vice president and general manager. In 1891 he succeeded to the presidency, with an annual salary of $25,000. Although not the largest stockholder in the First National Bank, he is the mainspring of the institution, and the whole financial world accords him credit for the masterly management which has made it the Gibraltar of Western capital. Since its reorganization sixteen years ago it has accumulated a surplus of $2,000,000 and its deposits are not infrequently greater than those of any other banking house in America. Its foreign business alone amounts to $50,000,000 annually. Its capital stock is $3,000,000, and the annual dividends thereon are 12 per cent and have been for years. The stock has sold as high as $335 a share. A late Comptroller of the Currency said that in legitimate banking business disassociated from kite-flying and speculation, there is only one institution that surpasses it—namely, the Bank of England.—Review of Reviews.

Kentucky Curiosities.

The Stanford Journal says Robert, a son of Col. Breckinridge, is working with the Cincinnati Southern Railroad's carpenter crew at $1 a day.

A mule fell sixty feet over a cliff at Paris and suffered no noticeable hurt.

A boy giving his name as Dick Turpin and his home as San Diego, Cal., passed through Western Kentucky last Thursday tramping. He said he had tramped 3,000 miles on a wager.

Another belled buzzard has been caught in Western Kentucky. This time the "crow" was found at a landing on Cumberland River. It had this inscription on the bell: "W. A. S., New Harmony, Pa., 1895"

A snake nest was unearthed in a cave near Sinking creek, in Eastern Kentucky, by a farmer. The Sandy Herald says: "Over 100 reptiles that were hibernating, were caught in the nest of leaves."

Stenography as a Business.

There are 118,000 women stenographers in this country earning annually about $60,000,000. To be useful they must be educated and possess a fund of general knowledge such as can only be acquired by constant and careful study. The work is not merely mechanical as some thoughtless people suppose. A stenographer must be ever on the alert to detect the mistakes of dictators, as well as to avoid errors herself. If she is engaged in legal work she must have a pretty fair knowledge of the law, and the same rule applies to commercial and other kinds of work.

Inauguration edition of The Times, twenty-eight pages, including sixteen pages souvenir extra, ready today. Price, in wrappers for mailing, Five Cents.

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

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Cor. 5th and L Sts. N. W.
LAST WEEK REAL ICE SKATING
Every morning, afternoon and evening, 10:30 to 12:30, 1:30 to 5, 7:30 to 10:30.
Admission .. ..25c.
SPECIAL:
FRIDAY EVE, MARCH 5, AT 8 O'CLOCK.
GRAND MASQUE CARNIVAL
THE GREAT EVENT OF THE SKATING SEASON.
5—Five Handsome Prizes—5
Lady's 1st prize (handsomest costume) .. ..Gold Watch
Lady's 2d prize (most original costume) .. ..Silver Watch
Gentleman's 1st prize (handsomest costume).. .. ..Gold Watch
Gentleman's 2d prize (most original costume).. .. ..Silver Watch
Most grotesque costume.. .. ..Bicycle Suit
ADMISSION.. .. ..50 CENTS
THREE LAST SESSIONS SATURDAY, MARCH 6. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

INAUGURAL GRAND CONCERTS
At the PENSION BUILDING
TODAY
At 10:30 a. m., at 2 o'clock and at 8:30 p. m.
The famous Twenty-second Regiment Band, New York City, and the celebrated Glee Club, of Columbus, Ohio, at morning and evening concerts.
TOMORROW (Saturday)
At 2 o'clock and 8:30 p. m.
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