HEROES OF THE MAINE

A HANDSOME FENCE WILL INCLOSE THEIR GRAVES AT KEY WEST.

The Dead of the Winslow Will Also Be Remembered—Description of the Fence and of the Gates.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The handsome wrought iron fence to enclose the graves of the twenty-four sailors of the battleship Maine, killed in the explosion in Havana harbor, and the four seamen of the torpedo boat Winslow, who lost their lives in the fighting off Cardenas during the early days of the Cuban blockade, has been completed by a firm of ironworkers of Washington. The fence is a handsome affair, the body being five feet in height, while the center of the grand gate will reach a height of eight feet. The design is replete with naval features, including cutlasses, capstan, anchors, etc. The eagle and the cannon design in the center of the two swinging gates is a reproduction of the devices above the mirrors in the ante-room of the office of the secretary of the navy. Anchors, ornaments

NEGLECTED GRAVES OF MAINE VICTIMS AT KEY WEST.

and "U. S. N." monograms, as well as the plates, which are suitably inscribed, are made of burnished bronze, and stand out in relief against the somber black of the remainder of the fence.

On Monday last the gates were carefully boxed and the fence crated for shipment. Tuesday morning a special freight car was sidetracked to receive the wrought work. The car was attached to a train leaving some time during the evening, and went through to Key West, the transportation being furnished gratis by the railway lines. The fence, arriving at Key West, was taken in charge by A. C. Harper, the civil engineer to whom has been given the contract to level the area to be inclosed, mound the graves and perform the preliminary work of putting up the fence. Mr. Harper will proceed with the work of erecting the fence and placing the gates in position.

Bodies of the Winslow Sailors.

P. B. Baker, the undertaker who had charge of the burial of the Winslow sailors, will remove the bodies of these men from their present resting place in the Key West cemetery to a place of prominence in the Maine plot. By direction of Lieutenant Bernadou, of the Winslow, the work of removal will not take place until after the arrival of the committee at Key West, thus precluding the possibility of any mistake in the reinterment. Lieutenant Bernadou has prepared a diagram, which will be followed in detail in the reburying. As soon as this work is completed, the monument, a fund for which was raised among the officers and men of the torpedo boat flotilla, will be erected to the memory of the Winslow dead. It is expected that a handsome granite monument will also be raised to the Maine sailors. The expense of the removal of the Winslow men will be borne out of the fund in the hands of the Washington committee, as there is no appropriation in the navy department available for the purpose.

GREAT MEN'S BONES IN DANGER

Attempts to Reproduce Dead Men's Features From Their Skulls.

Experiments to reproduce dead men's features from their skulls are being made in Germany, says the New York Sun. The method pursued is that proposed by the late Professor Hir, of Leipzig, to reconstruct the face of John Sebastian Bach. At the University of Graz the skulls in criminals who have been executed are used. Casts of these will be taken in plaster and given to different persons to treat according to the rules laid down. The results will then be compared with one another and with photographs of the original owners of the skulls, taken either before or after death. Should they prove at all successful in obtaining a resemblance there is likely to be a painful rummaging around among the bones of the great men of the past.

English Are Great Tea Drinkers.

Great Britain and her colonies lead the world in tea drinking, allowing per year eighty-eight ounces for each person. We use 120,000,000 pounds a year (twenty-four ounces apiece).

MARRIAGE IN IRELAND.

Shrovetide the Great Nuptial Season—Parents Arrange the Matches.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

The great marrying time in Ireland is Shrovetide. During the forty days of Lent the Irish peasantry, in obedience to the ordinances of the church, abstain from matrimony, as well as from eggs, butter and milk. Some time before the approach of that holy season a farmer with a marriageable son or daughter whom he desires to see settled tells his friends and neighbors of the fact. He usually conveys the intelligence in an indirect, offhand manner. He meets a friend at the fair or market, and says, with a laugh: "Whisper here, Jim, I'm training up my little Maggie for your Johnny." "Ah, now, Jim," the other says, "you do me a great favor entirely. But mind you, little Johnny is very particular. The boy do be sayin' what a great fortin' he'll want with his wife." The subject having thus been broached, the parents discuss it whenever they meet and it often happens that a long time elapses and many a discussion and wrangle takes place before the terms are finally settled. The farm generally goes with the male, and the great difficulty in the arranging of matches is the fixing of the girl's dowry, consisting partly of money and partly of furniture and culinary utensils, as a setoff against the land.

But happily many of the marriages in rural Ireland have their spice of romance. The match is made by the boy and girl themselves. An Irish peasant maid in the heyday of her youth, with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half-arch, half-shy expression, is quite irresistible; and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a "deludhering tongue" to render it always necessary that the parents should "make the bargain."

The youthful couplies meet at dances or on Sundays after mass—even a wake is turned to account for a little courting—and they are in hearty accord with the boy who said: "It is great pleasure entirely to be alone, especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye." "Do you drame of me, Mike?" said the girl to her lover, as they walked arm in arm down the lonely glen. "Drame of you, Kate? Shure, 'tis the way wid me that I can't sleep dreamin' of you, me darlin'!" Yes, they have the flattering tongue, those Irish boys. "Och, I wish I was in jail stealin' ye," was the compliment one of them paid to a pretty colleen. Even when they get a refusal they have a "soft word" to say. Eileen was engaged to another boy, and so she had to say no to Tim, with a sigh, "I wish you'd been born twins, so that I could have half of yez."

When the day has been named, whether by arrangement between the boy and girl themselves or through the intermediary of their parents, preparations are made on the most extensive scale for a grand wedding. It is considered essential in the humblest circles that, for the honor of the family, the guests at the wedding, which include sometimes the whole of the countryside, should have lots of eating and drinking—"lashin's and lavin's of everything." Closeness on such an occasion is the unforgivable social sin.

MARRIED NUNS.

Branch of a Religious Order Not Generally Known Of—Avoidance of Undue Luxury in Dress.

From the Washington Post.

"Sister Marie Magdalene, nun of the Dominican Order," who formed the subject of a book recently published in France by the religious press, is no other than the late Duchess of Alencon, sister of the empress of Austria, and who perished in the flames of the Charity bazar at Paris about two years ago.

Few people are aware of the fact that this duchess, who at one time of her life had been affianced to the late King Louis of Bavaria, was a nun throughout the last ten or fifteen years of her life, although married and living with her husband.

I am perfectly aware that this may sound extraordinary. But the Dominican order has several branches and divisions. One of these is known as the "Third Order of Dominicans," and while it imposes certain vows of the order upon its members, it nevertheless admits of their remaining men and women of the world, and at the heads of their respective families. They wear the scapula of the order, but not outwardly, and the only sumptuary obligation imposed upon the women of this Third order is the avoidance of any undue luxury as regards dress.

They are not supposed to make a public profession of their connection with the order as long as they remain in the world, the understanding being that they should do all the good work possible, and that on becoming free from family obligations they should become full fledged nuns, or monks, as the case may be. Large numbers of royal personages and of the Old World nobility are thus affiliated to the order.

SALOME'S DANCING.

From the Cleveland Leader.

James Tissot has, in his remarkable pictures illustrating the life of Christ, offered a striking version of the dance of Salome before Herod. Many and famous artists before him have given their idea of that astonishing dance, the forfeit of which was the head of John the Baptist. Tissot follows none of them nor their traditions, but the Salome he paints moves before Herod on her hands, her feet in the air. Instead of a light drapery of gauze, she is swathed from chin to toes in close heavy embroidered garments. The silk trousers common to all Oriental women are caught snugly about her ankles, her feet are naked,

and her head, oiled, curled, and heavy with pomatums, is gorgeously dressed. Only her arms are bare, and as they are resplendent with bracelets, while her face is artfully painted, the eyes so darkened about as to give them a mysterious languishing expression.

This is assuredly the way Salome danced her famous measure, says Mr. Tissot, for no ordinary achievement on her part was required in order to excite Herod to the pitch of enthusiasm and extravagance he reached. An abundance of beautiful and skilled dancers were invariably at the king's command, in consequence a peculiarly brilliant effort was needed for Salome to achieve her end, which she did by admiratly performing one of the astonishing acrobatic dances that are to this day known and practiced in some parts of the East.

Only a woman with marvelously supple body and muscles of steel can go through these figures, and the professional contortionists in our circuses more nearly give us the idea of what Salome's movements must have been. She, however, danced undoubtedly alternately on hands and feet to inspiring music, keeping time with the tinkling of the silver bangles on her arms, walking on her hands among a maze of eggs, swords and leaping with sword points touching her eyelids, giving her lithe body the motions of a serpent, and all the while watching the half drunken king with her strangely painted eyes until she had brought him to the required pitch of reckless passion.

Certainly Mr. Tissot's arguments are very unique, and, furthermore, he points out that in a famous church in Rouen, among the exquisite medieval sculptures that decorate it, is a small stone Salome dancing on her hands before Herod. This shows that one brother artist was impressed by the same conviction, for, as Mr. Tissot says, dancing among the Orientals takes the place as a religious and festive rite that singing does among the Occidentals. The Hebrews danced in the most sacred processions, as well as in the most joyous, inventing an infinite variety of significant figures. So amazing indeed that in one sculptured representation of a religious procession a dancer is shown with his thumb in his teeth rolling along in a series of somersaults.

HE WAS A PLUNGER

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS WALL STREET SPECULATOR.

Langley Made $800,000, But Like All Gamblers He Would Not Quit—He Lost Everything and Died a Beggar.

Wall street men who weathered the slump of 1877 may remember Langley, the plunger, who ran such a marvelous race with fortune, says the New York Sun. One of these Wall street men told this story in an uptown club last week to half a dozen young men as a warning not to tempt fortune too far. Langley operated in stocks before the Napoleonic revival or he would undoubtedly have been dubbed the first Napoleon of finance. He died in poverty, otherwise he would not have served to point a Wall street moral, and his name was not Langley, but so near it that old brokers may easily identify him.

"You have asked me to tell you of the most sensational plunging since I have been in Wall street," said the elderly broker, "and I will answer you by telling the story of Langley. It is not fiction, and to my mind it is more remarkable than any similar tale of fiction I have ever read. It happened that I had offices with Langley's broker at that time and I knew every in and out of his operations. Let me say at the outset that in my experience plungers are a class by themselves, and when a man is once a plunger he will remain a plunger to the end of his career. Such a man was Langley. I met him first in 1875 when he was a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia. He was reported to be wealthy at that time and his business was profitable. It was not necessary for him to speculate, but it seemed to be in his blood, and he operated through Blackwood, with whom I had an office. He went in for thousand-share lots, and there were weeks when he seemed to be gambling on every stock in the market without any particular reason for it.

The Slump of '77.

"Blackwood urged him again and again to go slow, but Langley wouldn't have it. The market began to go against him and when the slump came in 1877 it not only wiped out his account at his brokers, but his business in Philadelphia as well. Langley found himself in middle life without a dollar that he could call his own. Such blows are knockouts for some men, and when Langley disappeared for six months or more we thought he had given up the fight. His reappearance in our office was dramatic. The market was just beginning to react from its depression when one afternoon Langley walked in. He had always been a well dressed man. He now appeared in the shabbiest of clothes. Failure was plainly stamped on his face and he looked even hungry. Langley bowed to three or four men in the office whom he had known in his days of prosperity, and each one of them calculated in his mind how much Langley would ask to borrow and how much he would give him.

"'Blackwood,' he said, 'I am in hard luck.'

"'I can see that,' said his old broker, 'and I am sincerely sorry for you. If I can help you in any way I will gladly do so.'

"'I haven't come here to beg,' said Langley, 'but I want you to give me a start in the market.'

"'Let me beg of you to stay out of it,' replied Blackwood. 'You have paid me a great deal of money in commissions anw now let me give you enough to help you get a start somewhere, but don't touch the stock market.'

"'That won't suit me,' said Langley, 'and I am only going to ask you to risk $100 for me. If I loss I will disappear. If I win I will make more. Will you do it?'

"Blackwood felt that it was throwing money away, but Langley had been his good customer for many years and he could not refuse.

"'I will put you in the market for $100,' he said.

"The market had closed and the men in the office were listening curiously to hear how Langley was going to invest his money.

"'Blackwood,' he said, 'Northwest closed at 31¼ to-day. I want you to buy for me to-morrow morning 100 shares of it with a one-point stop-loss order.'

"To the other men in the office this seemed to be a foolish way to throw away $100, and apparently their expressions indicated their thoughts. Turning to them and shaking with excitement, Langley said:

"'Laugh if you choose, gentlemen, but, mark my words, that stock will sell for 131 before it again sells for 31, and events proved that he was right. He had made a careful study of the crop prospects, and he succeeded in forecasting the big bull movement before Wall street felt it. Blackwood bought the 100 shares for him at 31¼ and the stock advanced a point.

Langley's Famous Pyramid.

"'Now, Langley,' said Blackwood, 'you have called the turn this time, and let me advise you to take your profit and get out of the market. Your margin is so small that a slight fluctuation will wipe you out.'

"'You heard what I said about Northwest,' replied Langley, 'and I know what I am talking about. Please buy me another 100 with a stop-loss of half a point. I am going to pyramid this stock and make something worth while or lose it all.'

"Blackwood executed his order, and again the stock went up. Langley had a chance to get out with $400 clear profit, and there was not much general confidence in Northwest despite its little turn for the better. It wasn't Langley's style to get out. He bought more stock on the strength of his visible profits, and still the stock went up. The little crowd of men who used to frequent our office in those days followed his operations with interest, and on the strength of them invested in Northwest themselves. Langley followed that stock up point by point, pyramiding as it rose and brushing aside the advice of friends to get out with his profits. Some of you may remember what a strong bull market followed the slump of '77 and yet how its real strength was doubted from day to day and week to week, but Langley never doubted it. He asserted in the face of sneers that Northwest would have a hundred-point rise and he said that he was going to get out of it all the profit that he saw. The time came when Blackwood said to him:

"'Langley, you have had such luck as no man in my experience ever had. You are no longer a young man. Let me beg of you to take your $50,000 and never come near Wall street again.'

"'You mean well,' said Langley, 'but I can't take your advice. I am going to clear $100,000 on Northwest and with that I can make a fortune. I won't get out until I do. It's either a fortune or nothing with me now.'

"Langley stuck to it, as he had declared he would. The time came when the stock halted and wavered a bit. Langley came into our office that morning and said:

"'Blackwood, you may close out my Northwest.'

"He still looked shabby because he had been too much interested in his stock to pay any attention to his clothes, but there was victory instead of failure in his expression. When the stock was closed out there was $105,000 to his credit on Blackwood's books. The regulars in the office congratulated him and the story of his success was three days' talk in the street. It was assumed that Langley would now retire, but Langley had other plans. Again Blackwood urged him to stop. He told him that his profits would make him independent for life and that if he again went into the market he would, with his plunging proclivities, be sure to lose it.

"'It's like matching coins every time, Langley,' he said, 'and in the end you will be wiped out.'

Wanted a Million.

"Langley would not be persuaded, and, having won $100,000, he determined to win $1,000,000. Ordinary stock transactions were a little too slow for him, and he went in for the most reckless kind of gambling in the street. He figured out that if the crops the coming season should be good there would be a great jump in the market, and if they were bad there would be a corresponding slump. He invested in 'straddles' on St. Paul. In those days 'straddles' were dealt in more extensively than they are now. For instance, he would give $20,000, say, for the privilege of buying a certain number of shares of St. Paul at a certain price, perhaps 10 points above the then market price, or selling it at so many points below the then market price at a certain future date. In other words, he was betting that the market would go way up or way down before a certain date. You can readily understand what a blind game this is. It was against all common sense, and Langley's career in it was extraordinary. The market rose, and when Langley called all of his 'straddles' he was $880,000 ahead of the game.

"Such luck was enough to frighten any but a plunger, but it only served to intoxicate Langley. He was consulted by a lot of other plungers and for a time his tips seemed to be sure. With a million in sight he wanted more. His past experience had taught him nothing. It never does teach that style of man. The gambling fever was in his blood. He was crazy. Blackwood brought every possible argument to bear on him, but in vain. With $880,000 to back him, Langley plunged on straddles again in a fashion that made other operators dizzy. The expected happened this time. The market went against him and he lost all but $50,000 of his profits. That was enough to start again with, he asserted, and again he plunged. When his accounts were once more settled he was wiped out completely. That is a true story and a wonderful one."

"What became of Langley?" asked one of the young men.

"He disappeared and returned some months later with $50 and a system. He lost his money in one turn. Six months later he came back with a little money and lost it. Then he disappeared. A few years later came the report of his death. Nothing but the charity of his relatives saved him from the most abject poverty."

CONKLING'S FOE DEAD.

Judge Robertson, Whose Appointment Caused Resignation of New York Senators, Passes Away.

From the New York Herald.

Former Judge William H. Robertson, whose appointment to be collector of the port of New York under President Garfield caused the retirement from the senate of Senators Platt and Conkling, died yesterday (Tuesday) morning at his home, in Westchester county.

Judge Robertson was a delegate to the Republican national convention in Chicago in 1880, when Senator Conkling and others made the determined fight to nominate General Grant for a third term as president. Despite attempts to enforce the "unit rule" upon the New York delegation, he voted for James G. Blaine.

Mr. Garfield was nominated as a result of the struggle, and in March, 1881, appointed Judge Robertson collector of this port. Senators Platt and Conkling, after a vain attempt to prevent his confirmation, resigned from the senate and sought vindi-

FORMER JUDGE ROBERTSON.

cation in the New York legislature. There was a long deadlock in that body, in the midst of which, on July 2, President Garfield was assassinated. Warner Miller and Elbridge G. Lapham were soon afterward sent to the senate. This incident practically ended the political career of Mr. Conkling.

Mr. Conkling never spoke to Judge Robertson after the nomination of Garfield, although subsequently for an entire winter they both occupied apartments in the Fifth Avenue hotel and met almost daily in the elevator.

Mr. Robertson was born in Bedford, Westchester county, in 1823. He served in the state assembly and senate for many years, and was once elected to congress. He was county judge of Westchester twice. He was a member of the electoral college that elected Abraham Lincoln. In the national campaign of 1876 he supported Rutherford B. Hayes and was one of the three Republicans sent to Florida as commissioners to see that the vote of the state was counted for Hayes.

A GIFT FOR MRS. SAMPSON.

It Is a Loving Cup, Commemorative of the Battle of Santiago.

A silver loving-cup will be presented to Mrs. William T. Sampson, wife of Rear Admiral Sampson, by commanding officers who served under him in the Spanish war. The cup is twelve inches in height, and of a pleasing nautical shape. The handles are composed of dolphins, in connection with

LOVING CUP TO BE GIVEN TO MRS. WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

which, floating on the sea, are two mermaids, the one holding with display the laurel wreath of victory, the other proclaiming the same with the musical pipes of the sea. On one side of the cup is etched the battle of Santiago, with the cruiser New York and other men-of-war. On the other side is etched in quaint and pleasing form the inscription of presentation, which reads as follows:

"Presented to Mrs. William T. Sampson by commanding officers serving under her husband, Rear Admiral Sampson, 1898, during the war between the United States and Spain, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera, off Santiago, Cuba, on the glorious Third of July, 1898, as a token of their high regard and esteem for Admiral Sampson's professional qualities as a Commander-in-Chief, and in loving remembrance of the uniform kindness, consideration and courtesy which characterized his bearing toward them in all their official intercourse."

The foot or base upon which all this rests is formed of miniature representations of the bows of the four Spanish men-of-war, the Oquendo, the Vizcaya, the Maria Teresa and the Cristobal Colon, all of which were sunk at the battle of Santiago.

ROBERT WIZIARDE'S LATEST.

A Collection of Poems, Songs and Short Stories Published as "Wiziarde's Annual."

"Wiziarde's Annual" is the title under which the Baton quarterly is published. The book is artistically planned, having a cover design, frontispiece and one illustration by Will Weber and a decorative tailpiece by Ray Jordan.

The sketches are all from the pen of Robert Wiziarde. Two poems, set to music by Mr. Wiziarde, are by Miss Ruby Archer and Edwin Pinkney, and in style of treatment are characteristic of Mr. Wiziarde's talent. There are twenty selections including nine stories, seven poems, two songs and a page of "Reflections." Each one is an exponent of the author's versatility. Humor and pathos, joy and sorrow, adventure and quiet home life are entertainingly set forth in pleasing variety. Mr. Wiziarde is the master of many a dialect, and his stories of Cuba, of Western miners' life, of Yankeedom and of quaint French people are all given local color thereby. The story, "Twelve Bells," shows an originality of treatment that is somewhat dramatic.

The publication is a very creditable one and will doubtless add greatly to Mr. Wiziarde's reputation as a litterateur.

Matches Without Phosphorus.

The prize recently offered for the discovery of a means of making matches without the use of red phosphorus has greatly stimulated research, and it is reported that two chemists in Berlin have invented a match that can be ignited by friction on any surface, and which is made without any phosphorus.

Horseless Hearses Now Used.

An English journal advocates as a needed innovation the employment of automobile funeral cars, insisting that the display of black hearses, plumes and other phylacteries of unreasoning mourning is but the survival of the antiquated and barbarous custom of slaying horses at the grave of their owner.

SHOPPING WITH A LIST

SOMETHING NICE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A Woman With Little Time and Less Money Explains Her Plan for Buying Acceptable Holiday Presents Costing $1 or Less.

From the Chicago Record.

One woman who has a score or more of persons to remember at Christmas, and a modest holiday sum to spend, explained that she always made out a long list consisting wholly of gifts for $1 and under.

"And I don't include trashy little things, either," she insisted, proudly. "When I get a list of about fifty articles I classify them into gifts for girls, for young men, for elderly ladies, for invalids and so on, and then, you see, it is not only easy for me to do my buying, but very often I send my list to relatives in the country who make selections from it also, or I pass it around among my friends, and so the anguish of fighting to a counter, wavering over a choice and finally taking the expensive things, because you know of nothing better, is obviated.

List for Young Girls.

"This is the way my list runs so far:

"Here are black velvet ribbon muff straps, with either a tiny rhinestone or ornamental silver buckle fastening the ribbon ends together. Muff chains are next, made of cut jet beads with circles of clear cut glass between the beads. A watch fob is nice for a dollar. It is a two-inch length of black gros grain ribbon with a big imitation sapphire heard in a gun metal setting at one end, or just as nice is a night-dress pin of silver, in the form of an oxydized silver cherub's head with wings outspread. Girls take kindly also to the slim-necked, silver-topped perfume pitchers for their dressing tables. The pitcher is large enough to hold the contents of one of those small bottles of violet or heliotrope essence that girls love, and for a dollar a pair I have seen charming red and green leatherette Turkish slippers for bedroom wear, their toes embroidered in gold or silver.

"For less than a dollar I can get a leather-covered golf scorer, with crossed silver clubs on the outside, a nice pencil in the loops and fifty ruled and prepared scoring pages inside. Any girl who is fond of pretty modish tricks would like a box holding four little linen handkerchief colored in the gayest Scotch plaids on a white ground, or a traveling housewife in the form of a big perfumed apple. The apple itself is a cushion to hold pins and needles. To a ribbon from the stem she ties a pair of scissors and by pulling the stem the apple opens to reveal a space for a thimble and spool.

"One dollar buys a box holding 200 pins of assorted lengths, showing heads of pearls of every tint, or a leather-covered box for the toilet table, cut up in sections inside for holding every grade of hairpin. Tiny wreaths of golden mistletoe as veil pins, big white or tinted tulle neck bows and stock, vinaigrettes of cut crystal to slip under the palm of the glove, and others, in the form of big crystal thumb rings with silver stoppers, are sold at $1. A big flower for the hair made of black tulle and gold spangles, a pair of wee rhinestone bowknots, to fasten on dancing slipper toes, a gun metal thimble, with two cabochon-colored stones set in either side, and a single silver tube bangle, or a small black painted muslin Empire fan, all come within the $1 limit.

"Under 75 cents I found strings of imitation seed pearls that look so pretty with light theater waists, pairs of small silver heart shaped slides, to run on narrow ribbons when the watch is by them, slung about the neck, and by way of Christmas cards I shall send some girls one quire of very smart cream-laid paper and envelopes, tied up in lilac tinfoil, with broad white satin ribbon, on which is written Merry Christmas in gold letters. There is a stationer offering these and paper weights in the form of footballs bound with colors of the various colleges.

To Please Elderly Ladies.

"They, I find, are difficult to cater for, but see, here I don't go ever my $1 limit for any of these. A netted silk bag to hook to the waist line and hold a ball of knitting wool in place, yet so it will roll off easily; a mixed cotton and moss stuffed cushion covered with dark green cloth to use in the carriage and in the church pew; a gun metal eyeglass pin; a crystal and silver funnel for filling inkwells; a pair of pure wool knitted bed socks, and I rather think elderly ladies are as complimented by receiving a potted plant, or a couple of handsome, fragrant roses, on Christmas morning as with anything else. A pot of blooming cyclamen, blossoming house-bred nasturtiums, or a couple of La France roses, sent with card, are any one to be had for $1. Under $1 one can purchase, bound beautifully in the Temple edition, the Confessions of St. Augustine, Thomas a Kempis or the elderly relations' favorite play of Shakespeare.

For Shut-In Friends.

"Send an invalid in the a country a translated copy of the Christmas Figaro, or a couple of the English weeklies for Christmas. Any poet your bed or chair ridden friend loves can be had in excellent edition for less than $1. Instead of bells for sick folk they now make a most musical little silver whistle, and a charming device for a cousin laid up with a sprained ankle or bicycle knee is a slender bamboo rod that folds up or runs out like a telescope and has a fine hook in the end. It does not cost $1, and it is simply invaluable in reaching.

Gifts Men Like.

"Men seem always difficult subjects, but a bunch of little silver tools, consisting of a pipe stopper, probe and holder cost only 35 cents, and for $1 I can get a pair of pocket-tool scissors. They are small but sharp and you can pretty nearly build a house with them. The new silver pocket pencil case has a screw top, costs $1, and the hieroglyphics on it constitute a perpetual calendar. Another pencil is done in black leather and French gilt in the form of a tightly rolled umbrella, and it is on my list. Also I have down a new thing in shaving papers—a doll dressed in tissue paper as a housemaid and her petticoats are meant for wiping the razor. To a brother can be given, for $1, a set of silver suspender hooks and buckles.

"To a man friend I can offer at the same outlay a magazine knife of olive wood in shape of a sole and heel of a woman's slipper. A leather book lined with silk to hold his cravat pins is another device, and for his desk a leather box, having a hole in the top to hold a ball of string, while small scissors fit in a case outside. A steel hook, with a wood handle for pulling on his shoes is to be had for $1. The same sum will buy the sportsman's calendar for 1899, it will buy a silver name check to fasten to the handle of a golf bag, purchase a neat desk utensil consisting of eraser at one end and brush at the other, or a remarkably equipped bachelor's housewife, holding buttons, a leather thimble and a few maxims in the art of sewing. Some of these I have sent off to friends in the army.

Gifts for Housekeepers.

"Married women friends come last on the list, and here I have the new patent revolving toasting forks down. They have imitation ebony handles and steel prongs, and they are invaluable. Another novelty at my price is a long handled spoon with a covered bowl of grass; the cover is perforated and you burn pastiles or disinfectant incense inside. Silver handles for sealing wax sticks, silver table bells, sealing wax spoons, leather catch-all boxes for desks, individual salt cellars of cut glass rimmed with silver, a silver rimmed slate to hang in the hall by the hat rack for any guest to write a message, or a big lettered box to hold bills are any one of them appropriate and within my means. An excellent investment for a housekeeping friend is a portfolio of big envelopes in which to keep clippings concerning domestic advice.

"A device I always follow with a number of my relatives is to send them a subscription to some good magazine on Christmas for a year if it is a lower publication, or for six months if it is more expensive. Another sensible plan is to cut from a magazine if you can the well-engraved picture of some place or person you think your friend is interested in, have it framed in passe-partout and send it Christmas morning. A colored Japanese photograph can be bought for 20 cents, framed prettily for less, and the result is very charming."

HOLIDAY CANDY MAKING.

Test These Recipes in Time to Perfect Your Christmas Sweets.

From the Delineator.

Fondant.—Fondant is the foundation for innumerable kinds of cream candies, and is made as follows:

Two cupfuls of granulated sugar.

A cupful of hot water.

One-third of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Place on the back of the stove and stir until thoroughly dissolved. If there are any grains around the sides of the pan, clean off with a damp cloth before letting it come to a boil. Boil over a quick fire until a little of it dropped into cold water will make a "soft ball." Remove the mixture from the fire and put it aside to cool, leaving it in the dish in which it was cooked. Do not put it into cold water to cool. When cool (not cold) stir until it becomes a thick, creamy mass. When it is too hard to stir any more take it into the hands and knead. Kneading the fondant has somewhat the same effect on the candy as kneading dough has upon bread; it makes it light and smooth. Then put it into an earthen dish, cover with a slightly dampened cloth and let stand until desired for use. It will be better and more creamy after standing for two or three days, and it will keep for a week or more. If the fondant is grainy after being stirred put more water with it, dissolve again and cook as before, taking care not to jar the pan either while it is cooking or cooling.

For pink fondant use the same proportions for the white, adding half a tablespoonful of pink sugar, which can be bought of a confectioner and is inexpensive, a small quantity lasting a long time.

For maple fondant use:

Two cupfuls of light brown (coffee C) sugar.

A cupful of maple syrup.

A cupful of hot water.

One-third of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

This is more easily made than either of the other kinds, as the brown sugar is more moist than the white and is not as likely to grain. It is, therefore, a good one with which to begin.

Nut Wafers.—Use white fondant for these. It is not well to melt too much at a time, because it will get hard before you can drop it all. Have ready over the fire a pan with about half an inch of water in it. Put the fondant into a small stewing pan and place the pan in the water for the fondant to melt. Flavor with vanilla, stir in broken walnut meats and drop from a spoon on paraffine paper. Pecan nuts, black walnuts, hickory nuts, etc., may also be treated in this way. Brazil nuts are delicious cut into halves and dipped into the vanilla flavored fondant.

Violet Walnuts.—The flavoring for these can be bought of a druggist and the coloring of a wholesale confectioner. Use white fondant. Melt, flavor and color this, then dip half walnut meats into it and drop on paraffine paper. A three-tined kitchen fork should be used to drop these, as the fondant will not stick to it as it will to a broader, silver one. Be careful not to leave too much fondant on the walnut, as it will spread and make an awkward shaped piece.

Walnut Creams.—These may be made with either the white or maple fondant. Roll a piece of the fondant into a ball and press well into each side half a walnut meat, then lay aside on paraffine paper to harden. The white fondant should have a few drops of vanilla worked into it before being made up into balls.

Cocoanut Wafers.—Use white fondant. Melt, flavor with vanilla and mix in shredded cocoanut until quite stiff; then drop on paraffine paper.

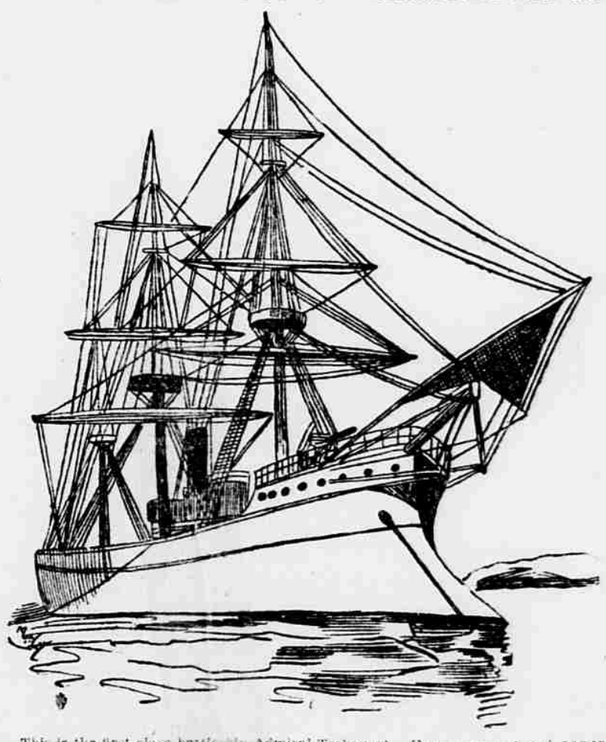
Clear Track.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He is the most modest of admirers and he blushed deeply as he asked the sister of his adored if she thought the admired one would accept a slight Christmas remembrance.

"Would she? You should see that intensified wonder-if-Willie-will-bring-some-gum-to-night look that she carries about with her." Then remebering that this must sound flippant to a lover's ear, she added: "I assume the responsibility of assuring you that she would be charmed to receive some slight token of your esteem."

TYPE OF FRENCH BATTLESHIPS THAT ARE NOW BEING FITTED OUT.



This is the first-class battleship Admiral Trehouart. France as a naval power is second only to England, and should the two powers come to blows she would, without doubt, give a good account of herself. The French gunners are famous for being good shots, and the navy is in a better condition to-day than it has been for a century.

THE BIGGEST CAMERA

MARVELOUS INVENTION OF AN IDLE SCHOOLMASTER OF POLAND.

His Inventions to Be Exhibited at the Paris Exposition—He Scattered His First Money Among the Poor.

From a Vienna Correspondent.

A poor Polish schoolmaster has built a camera that runs on a railroad track, the largest photographic camera in the world, and in accomplishing this feat he has completely revolutionized the weaving of the rare fabrics for which Poland is so famous. The inventor's name is Jan Szczepanik, which is pronounced Shtepenik. He has already made himself famous by the invention of the distance-seer, or telectroscope, by means of which a man sitting comfortably at home in Vienna can see a trick rider perform on a Paris stage. The telectroscope will be exhibited at the Paris exposition in 1899 for the first time, and with the photographic-weaver it is likely to make Szczepanik's name stand with Edison's, Tesla's and Roentgen's.

But long before Szczepanik had been successful with the first distance-seer, he had studied the problem of building the immense photographic camera of which I have been speaking.

JAN SZCZEPANIK.

A Genius at Designing.

Szczepanik is only 26 years old. He was brought up in Krosno, an orphan, under the care of a kindly aunt. Nearly all the people of the neighborhood made their living then as they do now by working all the long hours of daylight at rattling old hand-looms, weaving marvelous tapestries and carpets. Jan was a poor student at books, but a scholar in weaver's designs; from his earliest boyhood he loved to make pictures of wonderful new figures, and he began early to think of building a machine for doing the work of the weaver more easily than the old looms could do it.

The people of Krosno called Jan an idle and worthless lad, but his aunt, who looked upon him with all the fondness of a mother, believed him to be a genius and she furnished him with money to buy books and pictures, and he spent it without compunction until it was all gone. Then he went to begging in Vienna, but for a long time no one would help him, and he was compelled to teach a small village school. At length he succeeded in persuading Herr Kleinberg, a wealthy merchant of Vienna, to invest in a small factory, buy material, employ workmen, and assist in securing patents on his inventions. Then this raw boy, barely 20 years old, built eight different machines for photographic weaving, and each of them failed as soon as it was finished, until Herr Kleinberg's money had all been dissipated and his friends told him that he was mad in thus backing a harebrained inventor. Indeed, the director of the weaving school at Aachen laughed at the idea of a photographic-weaver when it was first presented to him.

Yet young Jan never for a moment wavered nor lost confidence, and finally he persuaded a second capitalist to invest money, and the ninth machine which he built was a notable success. It would do the work of a hundred weavers, and do it with more certainty and accuracy.

His First 10,000 Florins.

When Jan Szczepanik received the first money that his inventions ever earned, 10,000 florins, all in gold, the first thing he did was to send every penny of it to his aunt in the old town of Krosno, and that good woman, although she was poor herself, promptly distributed the money in small loans among the poor of Szczepanik's own native village, asking no security, quite content to help those who needed money more than she. The people who had known Jan as a boy formed quite a different opinion of him as a man.

The great camera, which is making Szczepanik famous, is now located on the top floor of the enormous factory in Vienna, which Herr Kleinberg and Herr Habrick have built for the young inventor. But it will soon be taken to the Vienna exposition, where it will show how the portrait of the good emperor can be woven with remarkable fidelity in the threads of rare tapestries.

Szczepanik's inventions, which the young inventor himself explained to me, is simply a matter of photography, the making of designs to be used in connection with the Jacquart weaving machine. He can produce any picture or design, such as a portrait of a famous man, a beautiful scene in some little Austrian village, a spirited battle piece, a naval struggle, or a German duel, by taking a picture upon zensitized paper. The giant camera with which he does the work weighs about two tons, and when stretched out to its full length covers nearly twenty feet, the focusing box running on a regular railroad track set up on trestle work a few feet above the floor. The lens is five inches in diameter, and the plates are four feet square. Each one of them weighs sixty-five pounds, and is handled, to prevent breakage, by two and sometimes three men.

A Wonderful Machine.

These plates are the most wonderful in some respects of their kind. They are divided into eight hundred thousand little squares or oblongs, the shape varying with the pattern to be woven, and corresponding to the threads, shading and bindings of various satins, twills, woolen goods, and other textile fabrics, so that the photographed design falls with mathematical accuracy upon just the right threads. These peculiar plates, or rasters, as they are called, form the chief part of Szczepanik's remarkable invention, and effect an enormous saving of time in the making of designs for carpets, gobelins, damasks, plushes, tablecloths, napkins, tablespreads and almost every other kind of woven goods.

For instance, the design for an elaborate piece of tapestry that might have occupied the time of a weaver for six or eight months by the old hand-loom method may now be finished in an hour or less, thanks to Szczepanik's genius. An expert has estimated that this invention will save about fifty million francs annually in the industry of design and weaving, and will do the work far more perfectly than any hand weaver has been able to do it.

This invention, with Szczepanik's telectroscope; the patent railroad, which promises to revolutionize the building of railroad beds and rail laying; and the electric car cutting invention to be used in weaving, will all be exhibited at the Paris exposition, and they will certainly lay the foundation for fame as an inventor which will rival that of any living genius.

Wedding Gowns of Philippine Brides.

From the Chicago Record.

There is a cloth here which is manufactured of pineapple fiber, and is called piña cloth. The texture is as delicate as a spider's web, and in the hands of the women is fashioned into the most wonderful designs. I have seen small handkerchiefs which cost $100 apiece, and lace sleeves which run as high as $300 apiece.

When a Philippine lady of the better class gets married she sometimes wears as her wedding dress a costume of native manufacture that reaches in value up into four figures. It takes months to make a handkerchief or a sleeve or a neckerchief, as microscopic and delicate is the fabric. Considering the costliness of the finer kind of native needlework, it is hardly probable that the soldiers will take home many trunkfuls for exhibition purposes.