

A WESTERN WOOING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

People had become rather tired of the romance. Perhaps in part because it had ceased to be romantic. When first Andalusia Stebbins had come out from Illinois to live with her mother and stepfather on the Nebraska prairie it was considered by the neighboring farmer folk quite proper, probable and desirable that Ira Harris, whose half-section joined that of her relatives, should fall in love with her—which he promptly did.

Ira was thirty, stout, stolid, loutish, methodical. He was a successful man. This is hardly to be explained of a person with the characteristics mentioned unless one includes selfishness. To be supremely selfish is so frequently to be successful. At the time of their meeting Andalusia was twenty-seven. There are women of twenty-seven and women of twenty-seven. She was one of the latter. With her square figure, her unequivocal complexion, her dull brown hair, and her calculating eyes she looked her years. One would never excuse her mistakes on the ground of immaturity. One could never condone them on that of impulse. Indeed, to attribute to her certain errors would be subtle flattery. She was not the kind of a woman who is ordinarily subjected to temptation.

Harris, however, accepted her proximity and her affection much as he accepted the drought or the price of hogs. He was willing she should decline the company of other men on his account. He reasoned that if her stepfather, old man Solvinsky, were to clear off the mortgage on his place and die, and if the two sickly young Solvinskys died also, she would be wealthy in her own right, as wealth is estimated in the Philistine west. Consequently it might prove a prudent proceeding to wait for Andalusia.

No he waited. A year after their acquaintance began he gave her an inkling of his sentiments. Her concurrence with his views was almost pathetic. It was alert, reciprocal, conclusive. Matrimony at some indefinite date they might look forward to. Such an indiscretion at the present time would be a tremendous mistake.

"Of course, Ira," she said, "land's land. And if my stepfather and your mother—who is mighty feeble, I notice, and the twins don't die there won't be any land for us worth mentioning, much less a marryin' on."

Nevertheless she felt as the years, two, three, four passed, that her acceptance of his suggestion had been a trifle overemphatic and unconsidered. Fate, she could not in justice rail against. One of the twins succumbed to try poisoning. The other, a few months later, was run down by the train. Andalusia's stepfather went the way of the apoplectic, and Ira's mother, with utter disregard for the sensation she might have caused, slipped from life in the most meek, genteel and unimpressive manner imaginable. Then there was only Ira on one farm, and Andalusia and her mother on the other. No apparent obstacle intervened. Still Ira did not speak, and it was seven years since Andalusia had come from Illinois. He frequently visited her, helped her, and deferred to her. He carried her but-ter and eggs into town and "traded" them; when the circus was in the country he drove her there; he took her into the side show where the fat woman was on exhibition; he bought her pink lemonade, and peanuts, and hot candy made on the grounds. He escorted her to the merry-go-round at Mahaska and rode side by side with her on the spotted ponies. He drove her into town twice a week. They attended prayer meeting together. They both professed religion at the revival. He bought eleven tickets for her crazy quilt raffle. He was in all things her constant and dependable cavalier, but he never once mentioned marriage—never once.

In this manner eight more years passed. She was forty-two. He was forty-five. He was stouter, more stolid. She had some wrinkles, gold fillings in her teeth, a reputation for irascibility—also a comfortable bank account.

One day Ira brought Andalusia a letter. It was from her mother's brother who lived in Iowa. He was dying. He wished to see her. She handed Ira the letter.

"Shall I go?" she asked.

Harris deliberated. "Has he money?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Then go."

He saw her off the next day. She wore a new dress that didn't fit in the back. The skirt was too short at the sides. Her shoes were dusty. The heat had taken the curl out of her bangs. She had forgotten to bring the piece of chamois skin with the powder on it, which she was in the habit of using surreptitiously. Her nose shone as if polished. She wore kid gloves which were too large.

The train was late. As they walked up and down the platform she talked to Ira steadily and monotonously. She warned him about the brindle cow, and advised him concerning a piece of his fence which needed repairing.

He heard her, but all the time he was watching a girl who played with the agent's children in a green patch near the station. She was a little blonde, spry who had come from Omaha to visit the agent's wife.

"Of course," he said.

"And you won't forget about the chopped feed?"

He gave her an intense glance. "How could I?"

"You'll see that Star gets well watered?"

"I'll attend to it."

"You'll have Alvy Markham pull parsley for the young pigs?"

"I will."

"And—O, yes! If mother seems to feel another fit coming on you'll get her a bottle of Indian relief cure at the drug store."

The train started in. Andalusia went away. Ira did not know her. She

IT WORKED.

He Knew a Thing or Two About Human Nature.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I haven't asked you to buy any of my tablecloths as yet," said the peddler in tones of humbleness as the housewife paused to catch her breath.

"Then what did you stop here for, you?"

"Why, I was constrained by a sense of respect which I bear for all humanity to stop and offer my wares to you. If you will hear me just a moment I shall make my unenviable position clear to you. You know the lady over by the creek—the one in the white house with the green shutters yonder?"

"Of course I know her, the old gossip-monger."

"Now just hold on till I tell you how the thing stands."

"Has she been lying to you about me?"

"Well, I dare say that she said nothing about you that any honest-minded person would believe. I was simply—"

"What did she say? Tell me what she said. Oh, I'd like to—"

"Well, she simply said that you didn't use tablecloths, and she wanted to bet me a week's board that I couldn't sell you one."

"What's that? Is that what she said? She said I didn't use them, eh? Oh, the hussy!"

"Now, it's not that I care anything about it," explained the peddler as he opened his pack, "yet I know decent and well-bred people when I see them, and I have determined (although it has thrown me somewhat out of my way) to see for myself."

The housewife gritted her teeth in silence and took her purse from her pocket.

"Now, these are five dollars a pair," continued the peddler in kindly tones. "Or you may have the entire twenty pairs (all that I have left) for seventy-five dollars."

As he passed empty-handed out of the garden gate a moment later he saw over his shoulder the form of a woman standing on the porch. She was mute and livid and her eyes were cast at the house with the green shutters.—N. Y. World.

MISFORTUNES OF BIRDS.

Queer Accidents Which Have Resulted in Death.

I have noticed in a New York paper an account of a strange misfortune that happened to an English sparrow at the building of the Edison laboratory, Orange, N. J. The bird became entangled in a twine used in the construction of its nest, and met its death by hanging. This has reminded me of a similar incident that occurred to a bird last summer, near Bowling Green, Ky. It was a common or crow blackbird, and was seen hanging by the neck from the limb of a tall tree overhanging the road. Whether in flying with a long grass or string it became entangled with it or in what way it got caught in the noose and met its death, is a matter of conjecture.

A queer incident of a woodpecker has come under my notice. The bird, a hairy woodpecker, was seen on a tree trunk, and though a stone was thrown toward it to see if it, it remained in the same position. On going nearer, it was found that the bill had been driven into the tree with such force that the bird could not extricate it, and had hung there, meeting a miserable death.

I have heard from a friend of an interesting life history of a mockingbird. It was quite a young bird when purchased from a negro bird catcher, and it was soon discovered to have sore feet. These were swollen twice the natural size, and though efforts were made to relieve this, it was only after it had lost several of its toes—two front toes on one foot and one on the other—that the feet were finally healed. After this it moulted, losing all its feathers at one time. Its eyes then became inflamed, and the eyeballs like drops of water, finally closed and the bird became totally blind. In getting its food it would stand at one side of the cage and follow the wires till it reached the food. It would then follow the side of the cage till it reached the water. It soon learned, however, to gauge distances, and would fly to the perch without fall. It was a pitiable object, but strange to say, this poor maimed bird, lame and blind, developed into one of the finest of singers—Sadie F. Price, in American Naturalist.

Message in Seman.

Now, one can experience the charms of the Seman "lomi-lomi," which is simply analogous to our massage. The native girls have beautiful, supple fingers, and few things could be pleasanter on a boiling hot afternoon than to lie on the cool mats and submit one's self to their delicate manipulation. It is curious that the system of massage is found among nearly all savage races, and employed by them as a cure for headache or any aching of the limbs.—Westminster Review.

"Have you finished your story, Mr. Sergeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes, Peacock Q. C., somewhat superciliously, as the sergeant sat down in the court, after an elaborate speech to the judges. "I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the sergeant was noted; "and now, Mr. Peacock, you can unfold your tale."—Household Words.

—A Financial Creed.—"Mike," said Flooding Pete, who had been reading from a newspaper, "what kind of money do you like best?" And Meandering Mike, as he rolled over far enough to break off a daisy that tickled his ear, murmured: "Any kind."—Washington Star.

"Great fun in bowling along on a bicycle, isn't there?" "That is just where you are wrong. Bowling is barred. You have to be plumb sober to manage one of 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Tomato Sauce: Strain one quart of canned tomatoes, add half a cup of sugar, and when it boils thicken with two tablespoonsful of corn starch. Season to taste.—Chicago Record.

—Birthday Cake: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of milk, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in a large dripping pan and frost heavily. A very delicious cake.—Mrs. H. M. West, in Western Rural.

—Breakfast cereals should always be cooked in a double boiler, because much stirring renders them extremely starchy, and when they are boiled in a single boiler stirring is the only preventive of burning. They will be much richer and more palatable if cooked with milk than with water.—N. Y. World.

—To Destroy Beetles: Make wafers in the following way: Take an ounce each of red lead, castor sugar, and flour, mix them together, and roll out very thin. Cut them in small rounds, and place them on the floor at night, wherever the pest congregates. This is one of the surest methods of ridding a house of beetles.—Leeds Mercury.

—Scalloped Salmon: Open a pound can salmon, pick free from skin and bones, and lay a first layer of salmon, then a layer of bread crumbs, pepper and salt, and a little butter, then put in more salmon and bread crumbs in alternate layers until the baking dish is full. Add a teaspoonful of milk, and bake about fifteen minutes.—Prairie Farmer.

—Cheese Egg Toast: Boil two eggs hard, pound them in the mortar with enough cream to make them into a paste, season with pepper and salt, and mix in a tablespoonful of good grated cheese. Toast a round of bread from a tin can, cut off the crust, butter it, and cut it into four or six pieces, spread each piece thinly with anchovy paste, pile the egg mixture on the top, and cover with bread crumbs, and a tiny bit of butter on each piece; place in the oven to get hot, and serve.—Leeds Mercury.

—Raspberry Jam: To five or six pounds of red raspberries (not too ripe) add an equal quantity of finest white sugar. Mash the whole well in a preserving kettle; add about a quart of currant juice, or ripe currants, boil gently until it jellies upon a cold plate. Put into small jars, cover with branied paper, and tie a thick, white paper over them. Keep in a dark, dry and cool place. Strawberries and blackberries may be jammed in the same way, leaving out the currants.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Beef-Loaf: Two pounds of lean beef chopped fine, with two cups of bread-crumbs, and seasoned lightly with pepper, salt, nutmeg, sweet marjoram, and a little minced onion, and wet up with half a cup of good gravy; two eggs beaten light, and mixed with the meat. Press firmly into the mould, sit on the cover, and set in a dripping-pan of boiling water to cook slowly for an hour and a quarter. When done, let it get perfectly cold before turning out. It must be cut in thin slices at the table.—Home Queen.

CURL YOUR OWN FEATHERS.

How This Necessary Operation May Be Easily and Effectually Performed.

There are a few things that give a hare more ruffled and shabby appearance than an ostrich feather limp and dejected, looking almost as forlorn as when it and its fellows arrived fresh from ostrichland. Anyone seeing an ostrich feather then would think it only fit for the ragbag, but a series of brisk scrubbings in warm soapsuds on a washboard, a judicious patching together and elimination of ragged places where Sir Ostrich has preened himself too vigorously, a curling and combing, soon make of the ostrich feather a thing of beauty and joy forever—until it gets wet—when the process of rejuvenation again becomes necessary.

If taken to my lady milliner or the less pretentious feather renovator every time this duty becomes imperative, the ostrich plume becomes metamorphosed into something of an elephant to one who bears not Fortunatus's purse; but the restorative process is so simple, when one knows just how, that every woman can readily become her own "feather artist."

Have a teakettle full of boiling water; shake the feather vigorously through the escaping steam, taking care that it does not get too damp. This livenes up the plume and restores brilliancy if it has become dull and dusty. Next take a silver fruit-knife and, beginning with the feathers nearest the quill, take a small bunch between thumb and forefinger and draw gently over the blade of the knife until they curl as closely as desired. Follow this process up each side of the tip; then take a very coarse comb, comb out carefully, and you have your plume as good as ever.—N. Y. Times.

Where Love is Secondary.

A conspicuous difference between the English and Chinese dramas is explained by the fact that, whereas in the former love holds a leading part, in the latter it is relegated to a secondary place. In England it is a passion; in China a sentiment only; hence the thousand intrigues love gives rise to are, in the latter country, either thrown into the shade or insober entirely. Without their ardent passions many of our theatrical productions would lose their interest and most of their merit. An English, or, to use a wider term, a European play-goer, requires a due quantity of love. In China, on the other hand, this demand finds little echo, since love there is not the chief theme of bard and painter. Convention and the strength of parental authority have crushed, in a great measure, those amorous longings which exist in the human heart; and as love, courtship and matrimony in the far east are even more prosaic than in our part of the world, the first of these feelings, if handled as a passion, can not powerfully arrest the attention of the multitude.—Nineteenth Century.

A NEGRO'S GRATITUDE.

An Instance of Rare Faithfulness on the Part of an Ex-Slave.

A wealthy slave-owner of the cotton belt entered the southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing battles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations incumbered with mortgages, and a hundred or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property.

Her business affairs were mismanaged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience that she could not manage her plantations successfully, he had purchased the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them outright small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of his ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled his resources. Other purchases followed, until he was a truck farmer with considerable wealth.

He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her property, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend.

Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for one hundred dollars, and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in boyhood. At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner, but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling her that he would never have got on in the world if she had not generously aided him by giving him the first farm.

His bounty is now her only recourse, and no millionaire in the land is happier than he is when "pay-day" comes around, and he can send his check to his kind-hearted "old miss."

The other negroes whom she befriended after the war have been either improvident or ungrateful, but one at least had the energy and thrift required for making him a well-to-do farmer, and the heart to take compassion on a friendless and unfortunate woman who had once been kind to him.

This is a true story, which illustrates the tender feeling sometimes existing between the negro and his former master, and the gratitude which good treatment may inspire even in a despised race.—Youth's Companion.

HORNS OF THE BRONZE AGE.

The Finding of Battle Trumpets of Old Denmark.

Among the masterpieces of the bronze-worker which have come from that olden time to us are great bronze battle-horns, called by the Danes lur. These are truly gigantic. Twenty-three specimens have been found in Denmark, all in peat bogs, and most of them in pairs. For years a dozen of these lur hung in the museum of Altona. Recently Dr. A. Hammerich secured permission to study them, and to use them as models for scientific instruments, and to test them. Finally, these were played upon before a large and enthusiastic audience, the king himself being present. Only a few times since have these old horns been sounded, but on one of these occasions we had the good fortune to be present. Two players from the opera were the performers; the court of the museum was filled with hearers. Wonderful, is it not, that horns two thousand years old, buried for long centuries in peat bogs, should, after this long silence, still be capable of giving out clear, ringing—even sweet—tones?

The conditions in which these lur are found are most suggestive—always in peat bogs, usually in pairs. This could not be the result of accident. Other objects are found purposely laid away in the same manner; thus ten bronze hemispherical plates were found at one spot; nine fine bronze axes, all of one form, at another. Similar clusters of celts, spears, etc., are not uncommon. On one occasion about one hundred miniature boats of thin beaten gold were placed in a vessel and buried; such occurrences are not completely understood.—Prof. Frederick Starr, in Popular Science Monthly.

She Would Look It Up.

"Ab, my darling wife," said George the week after his marriage, "if your husband were to die—what would you do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, George," said the wife, reflectively; "I never thought of that. I must look into my 'Book of Etiquette' and read the rules for young widows."—Chicago News.

Quick as a Pun.

Lady Morgan, the Irish novelist, was gauded at a pun. Some one spoke of the laxity of a certain bishop in regard to Lenten fasting and concluded: "I believe he would eat a horse on Ash Wednesday!"

"And a very proper diet," said her ladyship, "if it were a fast horse."—Wit of Women.

Matrimonial Item.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told. He will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—Texas Sittings.

Unnecessary Prescription.

Doctor—I should prescribe for you a walk before breakfast.

Mr. Popleigh—Good heavens, doctor! That's what the matter with me now. I have to take too many walks before breakfast.—Puck.

The Mother of Alexander the Great.

It was said to have been a woman of great natural abilities, strong-willed and singularly impulsive.

RAIN BATHS FOR CHILDREN.

Eight Hundred New York Children Can Be Bathed Here in Eight Hours.

At the New York juvenile asylum the problem of expeditious, thorough and sanitary bathing of the one thousand inmates has been solved at comparatively small expense. The plan is adapted only to institutions, but contains many suggestions for the construction of the free-public-all-the-year-round hot and cold water baths which are to be erected under authority of the law by the city authorities in such sections as may be designated by the board of health.

The old-time system of bathing large numbers of men or women or children in a tank has been found to be objectionable from a sanitary standpoint. In fact there have been instances where diseases have become epidemic in institutions in consequence of that plan. The shower or rain-bath system is in force in the several lower east and west side establishments which are maintained by charity, but are not actually free, a nominal charge of five cents being made for soap and towel. Individual bathing compartments are the rule in these.

There are eight hundred boys and two hundred girls in the juvenile asylum. There are children of the streets, chronic truants from the public schools, incorrigibles and proteges of the Gerry society. The discipline of the institution is admirable in all the educational and industrial departments, and the average health of the inmates is frequently commented upon. The number of baths taken by each pupil is regulated by the seasons. In the summer time there are daily ablutions.

The "rain bath" is located at the end of a large hall, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, and the actual area of the bathing space is eighteen by forty. The brick-paved floor of the bath is sunk two feet below the level of the floor. Two large supply pipes, one containing hot, the other cold water, are joined so that the water may be given the proper temperature before entering the network of service pipes, which are suspended below the ceiling. There are one hundred and ninety-two nozzles, each of which distributes the water in a coarse spray. Two hundred boys can be thoroughly bathed every twenty minutes.

A reporter witnessed the process. Along the walls of the room is arranged a series of lockers, one for each boy, who has a number. In this Sunday clothing is hung. A relay of one hundred boys marches into the large room and each holds bare his head for forty. The attendant claps his hands and the lockers are opened. Another signal and the boys quickly disrobe. Another and they form into an orderly double line. Then they march toward the bath. An attendant gives each boy a cake of soap. They enter the paved space and stand at equal distances, not directly under the nozzles, but in such manner that the streams from two of them strike the body. The temperature of the water, controlled by the engineer, having been previously tested, the water is turned on and the boys begin to use the soap, washing the hair first. There is no disorder or noise other than the spluttering sounds that always attend a boy's ablutions.

In eight minutes the bath is over and the water is turned off. Then the boys march out of the tank, which is, of course, constantly drained. Each surrenders his bar of soap and receives a towel, returns to a post in front of his locker and at a signal begins the work of vigorously drying himself. Then clothing put off is resumed, or if it be Sunday or a holiday the best suit is put on. In the meanwhile a second relay of boys has entered the room and gone through the same routine. Before the first boys have donned their clothing and are ready to march out the others are beneath the shower and are vigorously scrubbing themselves, and one another.

Eight hundred boys can under this plan be bathed in eighty minutes, although the time consumed is generally extended to two hours. The same system is followed with the girls in the presence of the matron and female attendants.

Under the rain or shower system the best results are obtainable from whatever point of view the matter is considered. A minimum of water is used and a maximum result achieved, a not inconsiderable item in many locations. The plan especially recommends itself to institutions that are not near an inexhaustible supply of running water, such as New York city is blessed with. There is no possibility of communicating ophthalmic or skin diseases under this plan and the abolition is thorough.—N. Y. World.

Saved by His Horse's Tright.

When the hunter is hunted there is more excitement than fun. A traveler in southeastern Africa, while hunting buffalo, suddenly came upon an enraged female elephant, which immediately charged him. The horse had no show on the rocky ground, so the man dismounted and ran for shelter. As he gained a secure place, he turned and saw the horse with his head up and fore-feet planted firmly in the ground, as if carved from stone, while the elephant was smelling about with the trunk. The horse acted as if paralyzed with fright, and stood thus for fully five minutes. Then he gave a sudden jump, ran to a rocky ledge fifty feet away, and again stood still. The elephant looked much puzzled at this action, and flapped her ears meditatively. Then she raised her head and began to trumpet at a furious rate. This was the chance the hunter had been waiting for, and he fired. She stopped screaming, ran swiftly a hundred yards and dropped dead.—Golden Days.

South Carolina has more manufacturing hands than it would be able to employ, having net less than 24,000, who were out of employ last year.

Gen. Booth, in one of his recent salvation talks in Scotland, referring to the angels who had warned Lot and his family to leave the doomed city said: "I do like these angels. When I go to Heaven and have got over the first surprise at all I shall see there I'll go and have a cup of tea with them."

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Fredericksburg, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men and the left one to women of the congregation.

Cincinnati has a new \$1,500 "go-pel wagon"—a gift to a Methodist society of that town from T. A. Snyder, a rich layman. It is fitted in elegant style, the body being of sage green, with jet moldings, while the interior is finished in cream enamel. Fourteen people can be seated comfortably, while space in the center is reserved for the preacher.

The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Carole Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1887, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

The Baptist Union throws out a warning note concerning those Sabbath school teachers who are usually attacked about this season of the year with what it calls the "give-ups." For this deplorable malady it offers the following prescription: "Rise early Sunday morning, read over the Sunday lesson, think over the list of children in the class, recall the anxiety of the superintendent; having taken these preliminary steps, take a few doses of patience, use a few grains of common sense, take a brisk walk toward the Sunday-school room, ask God to bless the medicine and repeat one week later."

ETHICS OF GOOD CLOTHES.

A Word of Advice to Women in Business. The business woman can not afford to disregard the conventionalities of dress. She who is wisest and most fortunate follows in the wake of present-day fashions, avoiding exaggeration or absurdities so far as is long as possible, but even adopting them when she finds herself forced to do so or remains conspicuous among women.

Men have small patience with the woman who departs from conventional dress standards, nor have they much admiration for that other woman who holds all matters of dress in contempt and regards her clothes as a question of covering only.

The woman whose dress is neat, stylish, becoming and suitable to the time and place is the woman with whom they like best to deal. They do not wear diamond earrings to flash in their eyes when dictating to their stenographer, but they resent it almost as an affront to themselves if her dress is antiquated in pattern, ill-fitting and unbecoming. They have not long as it is adversely concealed, form so do not object to an unbecoming figure when the carriage is such that the lack of corsets can not be detected, but they are very apt to make remarks about the poor woman who throws away her stays and does not learn to use her backbone.

Good clothes may not be an essential to success, but they are more or less of an index of ourselves, and it is only the women who are sure of their position in every way who can afford to let the index be misleading. Business women who are depending upon their own exertions for a comfortable livelihood dare not do so.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mrs. Figg—Dear old Tom comes into the house without a coat on an attack on that day of dog days. "Yes, my dear, a home-spun coat unless a fellow like you knows."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are something like forty thousand public schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable and education is compulsory.

The Methodist National university, Washington, D. C., has received an endowment of \$100,775 for the chair of history from a New York woman. The fund for the proposed hall of history now amounts to \$101,230.

It is estimated that the Protestant churches of America, Great Britain and Europe are represented in their work for other lands by 9,000 missionaries and more than 50,000 native workers, and have expended during the past year about \$12,500,000.

Rev. Dr. Merrick, S. J., former president of St. Francis Xavier's college, has returned to New York after an absence of some years. Ill-health obliged him to retire for a time from active duty, and he has spent the last few years in comparative quiet in Boston.

The famous Dr. Duff once said to an Edinburgh audience that if the ladies of that city would give him merely the cost of that portion of their silk dresses that swept the pavements of the streets he would, with that money, support all his mission schools in India.

A Press Prayer union, to associate in Christian interest persons connected with the press, has been formed in London. It is hoped that similar organizations for promoting the spiritual well being of those who are engaged on the press will be formed in other large centers.

The Biddford (Me.) school board proposes to build an addition to the school building in the town, and the citizens have suggested that the addition take the form of a high board fence, built in front of the building, in order to "hide the architectural monstrosity from the public gaze."

Gen. Booth, in one of his recent salvation talks in Scotland, referring to the angels who had warned Lot and his family to leave the doomed city said: "I do like these angels. When I go to Heaven and have got over the first surprise at all I shall see there I'll go and have a cup of tea with them."

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Fredericksburg, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men and the left one to women of the congregation.

Cincinnati has a new \$1,500 "go-pel wagon"—a gift to a Methodist society of that town from T. A. Snyder, a rich layman. It is fitted in elegant style, the body being of sage green, with jet moldings, while the interior is finished in cream enamel. Fourteen people can be seated comfortably, while space in the center is reserved for the preacher.

The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Carole Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1887, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

The Baptist Union throws out a warning note concerning those Sabbath school teachers who are usually attacked about this season of the year with what it calls the "give-ups." For this deplorable malady it offers the following prescription: "Rise early Sunday morning, read over the Sunday lesson, think over the list of children in the class, recall the anxiety of the superintendent; having taken these preliminary steps, take a few doses of patience, use a few grains of common sense, take a brisk walk toward the Sunday-school room, ask God to bless the medicine and repeat one week later."

ETHICS OF GOOD CLOTHES. A Word of Advice to Women in Business. The business woman can not afford to disregard the conventionalities of dress. She who is wisest and most fortunate follows in the wake of present-day fashions, avoiding exaggeration or absurdities so far as is long as possible, but even adopting them when she finds herself forced to do so or remains conspicuous among women.

Men have small patience with the woman who departs from conventional dress standards, nor have they much admiration for that other woman who holds all matters of dress in contempt and regards her clothes as a question of covering only.

The woman whose dress is neat, stylish, becoming and suitable to the time and place is the woman with whom they like best to deal. They do not wear diamond earrings to flash in their eyes when dictating to their stenographer, but they resent it almost as an affront to themselves if her dress is antiquated in pattern, ill-fitting and unbecoming. They have not long as it is adversely concealed, form so do not object to an unbecoming figure when the carriage is such that the lack of corsets can not be detected, but they are very apt to make remarks about the poor woman who throws away her stays and does not learn to use her backbone.

Good clothes may not be an essential to success, but they are more or less of an index of ourselves, and it is only the women who are sure of their position in every way who can afford to let the index be misleading. Business women who are depending upon their own exertions for a comfortable livelihood dare not do so.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mrs. Figg—Dear old Tom comes into the house without a coat on an attack on that day of dog days. "Yes, my dear, a home-spun coat unless a fellow like you knows."

There are something like forty thousand public schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable and education is compulsory.

The Methodist National university, Washington, D. C., has received an endowment of \$100,775 for the chair of history from a New York woman. The fund for the proposed hall of history now amounts to \$101,230.

It is estimated that the Protestant churches of America, Great Britain and Europe are represented in their work for other lands by 9,000 missionaries and more than 50,000 native workers, and have expended during the past year about \$12