WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN AND HER DOWDY COSTUMES.

Bloomers In Ann Arbor—Woman, Religion and Law—Novelties In Jewelry—The Dainty Mull Gown—Lady Norreys on Knickerbockers—Girls In New York.

This quaint sketch of the Japanese empress was made by a native artist, who lose every idea of grace when he deals with European costume. It is not much to be wondered at in the case of this fair sovereign, whose foreign clothes are of the ugliest fashion of 17 years ago. What ignorant and vulgar person furnishes these garments it would be interesting

EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

to know. Probably the unsalable costumes of London dressmakers, costumes put together in the late seventies, are unloaded upon trusting oriental palace officials by some ingenious introducer of civilization.

It is a pity to so spoil the really charming personality of the empress, who used to be bewitching in the pretty clothes of her own land. This drawing represents the sovereign and her ladies engaged in preparing lint for the Japanese wounded—a most womanly occupation.—New York Tribune.

Bloomers In Ann Arbor.

The liveliest piece of recent news from Michigan university was set forth in a newspaper dispatch which tells of the brave stand made by certain of the women students at Ann Arbor in defense of one of woman's newest rights.

Miss Day, a junior, wears bloomers when she rides a bicycle, as all women do who choose. But she can't ride a bicycle all the time, and finding it an inconvenience to change her raiment from hour to hour she fell into the habit of wearing bloomers around her boarding house. Mrs. Eames, who keeps the boarding house, is not a "new woman," but one of the older fashioned sort who believe in skirts. She told Miss Day that bloomers did not "go" in her house, so Miss Day compromised and agreed to wear bloomers only when she rode her bicycle. But Miss Brown of the Medical school cried "Tyranny!" when she heard of it and put her bloomers right on and sallied forth into the street and declared war. Some of the professors' wives who ride bicycles sided with her and declared it to be the constitutional right of every woman to wear bloomers with or without bicycles whenever she would. Then Mrs. Eames rose up and declared that she would have no bloomers worn about her house if she lost every bloomering boarder she had! Now there is war in Ann Arbor. But of course the bloomers will win. The town has been a stronghold of women's rights ever since its university started, and if women want a new right at any time there is no better place to seize it in.

A place for bloomers and every bloomer in its place may be a good rule, but there is small chance for it to be enforced in Ann Arbor. Certainly this presents a grave question of casuistry, and women will do well to consider it. The Bachelor's opinion is that only pretty women should wear bloomers at any time.—Bachelor of Arts.

Woman, Religion and Law.

Among unused manuscripts accumulated in the office of The Woman's Tribune is one by the late lamented Dr. Grace Danforth. The following part of it is still timely, and especially so in view of the present comments by women on the Bible:

"Had the religious scientists or political worthies of 2,000 years ago received their education in a modern college, their views would have been modified in many respects. What could they know of woman's condition in an age of invention, where machinery has relieved her in large measure from constant attendance upon household necessities? Where she can pass alone with perfect freedom around the globe? There would be no freedom for man, if, like woman, he persisted in wasting his time sifting the religious ashes of the past. What woman needs is not the study of the Bible and creed, but history and law. Law does not teach that woman brought sin into the world, but it does reflect the consequences of such teaching. As long as woman has not self respect enough to spurn such slander, she will never win her freedom, neither is she worthy of it. We cannot advance with our faces to the past. The future contains hope for women, and all the inspiration needed to grasp its possibilities is an earnest purpose and confidence in her powers. This she can never acquire so long as she bows the knee to the opinions of an age that regarded her merely as man's handmaiden. We refuse the opinions of that age on every other subject. Why should they still be used to enforce woman's inferiority, and most wonderful still, why should woman hug the chains that bind her, and by every sophistry try to prove they are not chains? Is it not the natural outcome of the slavery in which she has been held for ages?"

Novelties In Jewelry.

The desire to meet the tastes of those who have gratified themselves with the ordinary forms of jewelry has produced some novel pieces. The taste for the odd, the bizarre, the interesting, instead of what has always been termed the beautiful, is a characteristic of this era. The mind must be entertained as well as the eye. Some new and interesting pieces of jewelry will illustrate this tendency. With all the splendor of jewels and enamels three bonnets are made and trimmed with flowers, ribbons and feathers. These are three brooches. One is an ancient form—one may imagine Minerva wearing it, since it has something the shape of a Greek helmet, having a brim. This is of solid diamonds. A bunch of curling feathers of gold powdered with diamonds curls over the brim. Two strips of ribbon are brought down from the front and back to meet at the edge. These are of rubies. The bonnet has what the milliner would call a piping of gold around the edge.

The second bonnet is a huge directoire shape, made of alternate strips of black enamel and gold. This is trimmed with black enamel ribbon looped and bowed in the true style, and tumbling over from the back is a group of three feathers of diamonds curled gracefully. The third is another directoire hat of black enamel and gold, but trimmed with a large ornament of smoked quartz with branching stems of gold. The effect is that of a spray of flowers made to rear its head.—Elsie Bee in Jewelers' Circular.

The Dainty Mull Gown.

The beauty of mull is something that can never be denied, and while it is not a particularly expensive material it becomes rather costly to make it up, inasmuch as silk or satin is required for its lining, writes Isabel A. Mallon in The Ladies' Home Journal. That girl who is at once fond of pretty clothes and economical has saved the white silk or white satin party dress that has served its time and utilizes it, after it has been thoroughly cleaned, as a foundation for the mull skirt, under which it looks so well. It might be that instead of white it was a pale pink or blue that did service, for this would also be in good taste and make a very effective background for the thin mull.

Instead of being plaited the mull skirt is carefully gathered and falls over its silky lining in fine curves. Its trimming consists of three narrow flounces carefully hemmed by hand and headed by a quille, which is in reality a triple box plait of very narrow pink satin ribbon. Broad pink ribbon, that which is known as the sash width, makes the yoke, and the lower part of the bodice, which is of the mull, is fulled to it. This fullness is evenly laid on the yoke edge, but at the waist it is drawn to the center so that a pointed effect is achieved.

The yoke is overlaid with rather coarse lace, white in color, and the collar, which is of the folded mull, has an edge of lace turned over on it as if it were a specially made rolling collar.

Lady Norreys on Knickerbockers.

Lady Norreys in the London Telegraph gives her opinion on the great knickerbocker question. She asserts that the only lady cyclists who have any rude remarks addressed to them are those who wear what is sometimes called "rational dress," and she adds: "I hate it. I think it perfectly horrible, and I have never met any one yet who either liked or wore it. I hear a great many opinions on the subject, and I think there is a strong feeling against it. Lady Dudley, Lady Wolverton, Lady Lurgan all cycle, but I am sure not one of them would appear on her machine without a skirt over her knickerbockers.

"The skirt is not at all dangerous. I wear mine short. It is not made full, and I have it stiffened with horsehair to just above the knees, which keeps it out of the way and prevents it clogging. It is lined, but in order that it shall not catch it is stitched in places all the way round, and I find it most successful and have never experienced the slightest accident or inconvenience from it. I wear no skirts underneath—only knickerbockers and gaiters to the knees." She concludes, "Though I believe all objections to cycling itself will gradually die away, I do not think English ladies will ever quite reconcile themselves to the divided skirt."

Girls In New York.

A correspondent of the New York World asks:

Kindly inform me at what age a girl is marriagable in the state of New York and whether a girl's husband can pay the girl's parents so much a month until she is 16 years of age? J. G. R.

The New York World replied:

A girl is marriagable in this state at 12 years. That is the only age for marriage that the law of this state knows. Between 12 and 16 the girl is the property of the parents. What bargain the man makes with the parents, whether he buys her with a lump sum or on the installment plan, is a private matter between him and the girl's parents. You can doubtless buy a wife on either plan if you are not particular as to the girl. But a wife under 16 is hardly such a one as any decent man would care to have, and parents who sell their daughters in marriage on the installment plan are not looked upon with favor by society. The law should forbid the marriage and not make any marriage legal before a girl is 16 at least. While it remains as it does of course you have the right to buy a girl under that age from her parents if you care to. But when she is 16 she can have it set aside as invalid on petition.

Woman's Place In a Republic.

Mrs. Annie L. Diggs of Kansas has been giving lectures in New Jersey. "Woman's Place In a Republic" was the theme of a fine address that she delivered before the Woman's club of Orange. She claimed that in the state, as in the home, woman's place was beside man. She thought it much more "womanly" to express a silent opinion through the ballot box than to circulate petitions and lobby and try to "influence" all sorts of men, and it did not take women away from their homes nearly as much. Experience in Kansas had shown that women did not care to hold office after they had demonstrated that they were capable of doing so successfully. The only offices they continued to fill were those of county superintendent of education and school commissioner, in which positions they had given general satisfaction. In fact, all the objections urged against the entrance of women into political life had disappeared in actual practice.

A Wonderful Piece of Work.

During the last suffrage campaign there was sent from Brooklyn to the headquarters of the state organization a compiled list of the property owned by women in the city of Brooklyn and standing in their names upon the tax lists of that city. The names were to be estimated among the thousands and the property among the millions.

The task was a herculean one, demanding iron patience and perseverance, quickness at writing and figures and familiarity with the rules and regulations of the city offices. It was conducted by Miss Jessie J. Cassidy of the Kings County Political Equality league, one of the new champions of woman's enfranchisement in the City of Churches. She was aided in her labors by volunteers from time to time, but the chief credit of the great feat is due entirely to herself.—Margherita Arlina Hamm.

Courageous Resolutions.

The wheelwomen of Grand Rapids to the number of 125 held an enthusiastic meeting the other day and adopted the following resolutions: "Whereas, our Heavenly Father, with divine love and infinite wisdom in our creation, has made us bipeds and endowed us with wisdom, and, whereas, we believe the most convenient and the most truly modest dress is the one which clothes each leg in separate coverings, and true modesty requires a reform in clothing our legs; therefore, be it resolved that in all cases where, in our best judgment, the regulation skirt is unhealthful, impracticable, uncleanly and inconvenient, we will have the moral courage to renounce our prejudices and adopt such other costume as will eliminate these objections as nearly as may be."—New York Tribune.

Oxford and Women.

The Oxford Association For the Education of Women has decided to apply to the university to open the door to women for the B. A. degree. This decision was come to by an overwhelming majority, but only after a considerable tussle. Strange as it may appear, the advocates at Oxford of the higher education of women are not at one on this subject. It is a good omen, however, that the main resolution was moved by the president of Magdalen and seconded by Miss Smith, the pioneer of the woman's movement at Oxford. The proposal to appeal to the university, although a consequential resolution, was hotly resisted, but the majority for it was eight to one. The battle, however, is not won yet.

School Suffrage.

One of the leading articles in a recent number of The College Folio, a monthly edited and published by the students of the Woman's college of the Western Reserve university at Cleveland, is on "School Suffrage as a Privilege and a Duty." The writer urges college girls of legal age to take an interest in public school matters and to vote at the school election. In conclusion she says:

"First of all, take pains to learn the routine of your new duty, then do it. Do not let college girls, who should stand for advanced thought among women, fail at the first test."

Miss Frances Willard.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens of Portland, Me., vice president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, makes the following declaration: "The statement which is being extensively circulated that Miss Willard is to be married is without foundation. She is with Lady Henry Somerset at the present time at Reigate, England, and they are busily engaged in making preparations for the convention for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union, which is to be held in London June 14-21."

Invading Germany.

As in England, so in Germany, the "new woman" movement is advancing with rapid strides. It is about to have a paper all to itself, and it will be known as Frauenbewegung. There will be summaries of native and foreign writings on the woman question and other interesting matter from the pen of woman.

Strong Minded and Domestic.

The notion that the strong minded woman is not domestic in her tastes and instincts seems to be disturbed by the congratulations that have been called out by the completion of Mrs. Livermore's 50 years of wedded bliss.—Boston Herald.

The Chicago Women's club has obliterated the color line. The decision to admit colored women was largely due to one of the members, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. The question will now be brought up at the next meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Miss Annette Rankin of the class of '95 of the University of Buffalo, who graduated recently, is the first woman to complete the course in dentistry at that university.

The governor of New Hampshire has vetoed the bill passed by the legislature to raise the age of protection for girls to 16 years.

Some young women are wearing their watches set like a large button on the lapel of their jackets.

Lasell seminary at Auburndale, Mass., has a military battalion composed of 75 girl students.

Miss Nellie Giles has been appointed school census enumerator in Omaha.

An Interesting Bowl.

A careful study has been made of a silver bowl found some few years ago in Denmark in the Gunderstrup bog. Supposably the bowl was not buried, but was dropped on the surface of the ground, and the bog grew up and in time covered it. The question of its origin is the one which interests archæologists. Is it Danish or Gallic? Dr. Muller considers it as made by Danish workmen, who had learned their art in Gaul. French archæologists claim it to be of Gallo-Roman origin. Embossed in the surface are elephants, lions, hyenas, leopards—animals all foreign to Denmark. One figure holds a severed head. There is a hunter killing an aurochs. The bowl has an inner decoration.—New York Times.

Skirts and Waists.

There is a curious "shimmering" effect in many of the silks which is very soft, pretty and becoming. A pale yellow ground, with a pattern of roses, will have a silvery sheen over the whole thing, which makes it almost impossible to tell just what the exact shade of color or colors really is. These silks are now all the rage for the fancy waists, and also for the full fronts to be worn with gowns made with jacket effects.

It is not necessary to have skirts and waists of the same silk. For instance, a fancy silk skirt, in which there is any one predominating color, can be made with a silk waist of a plaid color, or with an all lace waist over the same color as the skirt. The advantage of this is that the plain silk waists covered with lace can be worn with all sorts and varieties of gowns, while the silk waists which match some one costume are, generally speaking, only pretty with that particular costume. Fancy effects are so much the order of the day that it is really worth while to make the best of this economical fashion when we have it with us.—Exchange

LOST ALL AT POKER.

PROPERTY NOW WORTH MILLIONS STAKED ON FOUR QUEENS.

How Nicollet Island, at Minneapolis, Passed Out of Possession of Pierre Bottineau. His Connection With the Early History of Minnesota.

There recently died at his home in Red Lake Falls a man who was so thoroughly identified with the early history of Minnesota that to relate it without mentioning his name would be like trying to make bricks without straw. This man was Pierre Bottineau, the offspring of a French father and an Indian mother, and he possessed all the characteristics of both races.

Mr. Bottineau was a native of what is now North Dakota, having been born 12 miles west of the place where Fargo, N. D., now stands. At the time of his birth Lord Selkirk formed a colony of Swedes and Scotchmen near Fort Garry, and when Bottineau was 10 years of age these people began an exodus for other points. Young as he was, Bottineau was an experienced guide, skilled in wood and prairie craft, and more than one of Lord Selkirk's colonists he piloted out of the wilderness.

In many of the early expeditions of the United States government Pierre was employed as a guide and scout, and was one of the principal members of the noted Sibley expedition, which crossed the plains in the early days. He was well acquainted with almost every foot of the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and at one time was the owner of vast tracts of valuable land, which he subsequently lost in one way or another. Mr Bottineau was a warm friend of James J. Hill, the railway magnate, having met him at St. Paul when that place was little more than a trading point and where Mr. Hill was employed as a freighter.

In 1841 Mr. Bottineau took up a claim on the spot where St. Paul now stands, but after having held it for a short time traded it for a horse and cow, which he drove away to his home in the wilderness, little thinking that the land he had almost given away would in a few years be the site of a great city. Later on Mr. Bottineau purchased for a small sum a large portion of what is now Minneapolis, but lost the greater portion of it through the dishonesty of purchasers and the rest through his weakness for poker, a game which he thought he understood, but which other people understood better than he did.

There is a story, which the elder residents of Minneapolis declare to be true, that Bottineau was once the sole owner of Nicollet island, lying in the Mississippi river, which divides Minneapolis into east and west Minneapolis, and which is now one of the most important business and residence districts in the city and valued at many millions of dollars, and that he lost it during a game of poker. A party of men met one evening at the home of one of them, so the story goes, to play their accustomed game. The stakes kept growing larger and larger, until every jack pot contained a small fortune, even for that early day.

Ever since the game had begun Mr. Bottineau had been losing steadily, but at last he was dealt a hand upon which he hoped to regain all his losses and win something besides. He was given four queens pat, and drawing one card, secured an ace, leaving only four kings with which his hand could be beaten.

As he saw—or thought he did, which amounted to the same thing—one of the players discard a king, he considered his hand invincible and played it accordingly. His opponent also considered his hand a good one and promptly raised every bet made by Bottineau.

Soon all the players but Bottineau and his opponent dropped their hands and retired from the game, after which they sat and watched the conflict. The table was heaped with money and the personal belongings of the two men, who were wishing they had more to wager upon their respective hands. At last all the men possessed lay on the table in front of them, and it was Bottineau's bet. Carefully looking over his cards, he thought a moment and then remarked that all he had left was Nicollet island, which was once the home of Father Hennepin, one of the earliest settlers of Minnesota, his log cabin having stood upon a little mound in the center of the island up to a few years ago, when it was pulled down to make room for the residence of Colonel King.

This island Bottineau was willing to bet against $200. The bet was called by the man on the opposite side of the table and Bottineau laid down his four queens with a smile of triumph on his face. With a shout his opponent laid on the table face up, four kings and a tray. There was a dead silence for a moment. Then Bottineau called for writing materials, made out a deed to the island and left the place. Since that day he never touched a card or countenanced gambling in any form.

After drifting around the country for a time Bottineau came to Red Lake Falls, where he took up a claim and where he remained up to the time of his death, at the age of 84 years. He gradually acquired other property and left his heirs a valuable estate. With the death of Pierre Bottineau passes away the last of the old time Canadian voyagers and guides, such an important factor in the upbuilding of the northwest. He was the father of 27 children, only a few of whom survive him. The one best known is J. B. Bottineau, who spends much of his time at Washington as the attorney of the Turtle Mountain Indians.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Animals and Speech.

The theory is advanced by Bayard Taylor that animals remember and recognize the speech of their native land. Once, noticing in Barnum's museum a hippopotamus which wore an unmistakable look of dejection, he spoke to it in English. The beast did not move. Going to another corner of the cage, he said in Arabic:

"I know you. Come here to me."

The animal at once turned its head, and when Taylor repeated the words it came to him, rubbed its head against the bars and looked up at him with evident delight.

Calls for the same species of animals differ in different parts of the world, but each individual will undoubtedly get used to his habitual call. Cab horses have often been known to pay no attention to gentle coaxing, but to start off promptly at the usual flow of expletives.—Chicago News

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

One day in every year Lord and Lady Aberdeen always dine with their servants.

Frederic Remington was a clerk in Mr. Platt's express office before he essayed art.

Henri Rochefort no longer haunts the boulevards of Paris, but lives the life of a literary recluse.

Dr. Chrysander, for many years the private secretary of Prince Bismarck, is now studying medicine at the University of Jena.

Mark Twain is making a big success on his lecturing tour of the world. In Australia his reception has been unusually enthusiastic.

Mrs. Langtry has a fine ranch near Lakewood, Cal., and it is thought that she may retire from the stage and seek a home in this part of California.

The young Marquis de Castellane, it is said, always speaks very disrespectfully of America and Americans. Not long ago he took a good deal of stock in this country.

On account of his daughter's marrying a gentile Mr. Cohen, president of the Jewish board of deputies in London, has resigned the office, which he had held for 16 years.

Lord Dufferin, in announcing his resignation of the wardenship of the Cinque ports, said that at the conclusion of his official career next summer he proposed to reside almost continuously in Ireland.

Marion Butler of North Carolina, youngest of the members of the new senate, is 32 years old. His father was an extensive slaveholder, and he was reared on a plantation, but the war deprived him of his family possessions.

Dr. C. F. Scott, state veterinarian of Wisconsin, has declared war on the flower called goldenrod. He says that horses that eat it contract a peculiar disease resembling consumption, which is incurable and causes speedy death.

J. M. Coe Forsaythe is the name of the future king of the Cannibal islands. He is said to be worth $2,000,000. His mother is now ruler of that famous group of islands, the old king of which is famous in a one time popular song.

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Davis of Washington knows more about mathematics than is required in bargain counter transactions. She is about to complete the calculations of the ephemeris or almanac of the sun, a scientific publication of the United States observatory.

Lord Knutsford, who was recently promoted to the rank of viscount, is married to the favorite niece of the great Lord Macaulay. It was to his "Dearest Babba," as he called her, that Lord Macaulay addressed his "Lays of Ancient Rome," which he composed for her special entertainment and instruction.

When Anna Jones and W. A. Donovan were beardless children, they were playmates. As they grew older they became lovers, but fate separated them. Anna married a man named Elliott and became celebrated as Barnum's bearded lady. A few days ago she was divorced from her husband, and on the following day she became Mrs. Donovan.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Watteau buttons, all roses and briers, are one of the favorite styles.

White, pearl and cream tinted glace gloves are still the correct thing for evening wear except when the long gloves are needed, and then they are suede.

As usual at this season of the year felt hats prevail, and the French felt models this season are as soft and fine as velvet. These are fashioned in every possible way.

The popularity of self colored cloth dresses remains unimpaired, and it is no wonder, since the material lends itself to most kinds of trimming and is always in excellent taste.

Buttons either very small or very large are a distinct feature of trimming on the latest gowns, and Persian lamb revers fastened down by glittering paste buttons make a gown look very smart.

A new way of making an effective garniture for a bonnet or hat is to place a handsome shaded velvet flower in the center of a soft loose rosette made of chiffon in corresponding or contrasting colors.

Winter jacketings are shown in handsome colors of moss green, plum color, of a rich crimson shade or in bluish dyes, silver blue, deep Neapolitan blue, peacock blue, Russian green, friars' gray and many beautiful shades of brown.

Turquoise blue and the new geranium pink are the light colors most used for collar bands, belts and touches of color on light gowns, with lace waists, and on evening hats, which are larger than they were last year and do not spread out in such an exaggerated manner.

Curious Items of Paris Budget.

In the voluminous book which constitutes the budget of the city of Paris for 1896 are the following curious items of expenses: For winding up the clocks of the city hall, 900 francs; for scrubbing the encaustic tiles in the city hall, 7,000 francs; for furnishing birth and death registers, 500 francs; for children employed in extracting numbers from wheels in drawings of municipal loans, 400 francs; for breakfast of clerks at these drawings, 300 francs; for gifts to janitors of the municipal playhouses, 640 francs; for food to dogs, care of revolvers and purchase of cartridges, 500 francs; for carriage of human bones found in diggings, 7,200 francs; for commemorative plates, 2,000 francs; for numbering houses, 10,710 francs; for feeding aquatic animals and destroying noxious animals in public promenades, 44,200 francs.—Journal des Debats.

That Planet Signaling Scheme.

What has become of the planet signaling scheme suggested by the speculative astronomers two or three years ago? If we remember aright, it was proposed to signal the planet Mars by mapping out an immense right angled triangle on the desert of Sahara, cover the same with light combustibles and set fire to it on some moonless night. It was hoped that the Marsians would see such a blazing figure and answer with the Pythagorean figure of three squares built on the side of the triangle. The desert is still available, and so are the light combustibles.—St. Louis Republic.

THE GHOST LAID.

The Browers were not at all a superstitious family. Had they been they would have moved to the city and taken a flat when the father failed, instead of going to that ramshackle old house at Comeck. I was a lovely old house, without doubt, but—

Well, Mr. Brower fixed the house up so that it would do to live in for awhile at any rate, until better times should come, and they had furniture enough to make them comfortable. Grandfather Brower declared that he didn't care for even a bed when he had his wheel chair, and, in fact, any one of the family would have been content to sleep in it.

This wonderful chair was a patent one, and when grandfather was not using it, or the twins were not pushing each other around in it as a "choochoo car" or a steamboat, its four legs were allowed to stand upon the floor, the wheel legs being raised under the seat so that they would not be in the way. This was all that was wonderful about grandfather's chair, except that it was covered with fine, soft leather, and not one of the springs was broken. It stood in the corner of the sitting room nearest the bay window, when not in use, and was quite an ornament.

As you may have inferred from what I have said, the Browers had very little money, and in consequence they had to condense themselves, as it were, to fit the part of the house which was furnished. The sitting room was a large, square room and three bedrooms, and the nursery opened into it. Mr. and Mrs. Brower had one room, Tony and Ben another, grandfather the third and Emily slept in the nursery with the twins.

Everything went on very smoothly in the Brower household until one night Emily commenced to hear noises. They were queer noises that seemed to come from the sitting room, and she couldn't just account for them in the sleepy state of her senses at the time, but she wasn't afraid—oh, no. So she did not mention the fact to the family that she had been kept awake nearly all night by strange sounds.

But the noises were really there, for Tony and Ben announced one morning that the house must be haunted, as they had heard such peculiar whizzing sounds during the night. It wasn't long before the whole family became aware that something that wasn't visible in the daylight occupied the sitting room at night.

"If it's a person," said Ben, "I'll fix him." And that night he tied cords in many different positions about a foot above the floor, hoping to trip up the intruder. But if he expected to hear a loud thump from the falling of a heavy body which had been tripped by the cords he was disappointed. All the sound that was heard was the same old whir-whir-whizzing that they all knew by heart now.

"Spirits," hinted Tony darkly the next day when they found that the cords had not been touched.

And Emily, who was of a very sentimental turn of mind, wove a sad romance about a beautiful girl who had lived there many years ago, when the house was new. The beautiful girl (according to Emily's tale) had been wooed and won by a dashing soldier, who had to leave his promised bride and take up his duty on the battlefield. The girl had promised not to mourn in his absence and set herself to work to make her wedding garments. So she sat at her wheel and whiled away the weary hours by spinning and weaving and thinking of her soldier lover. For a long time she kept this up, singing blithely at first and sitting at the window, where she could catch the first glimpse of his return. Day after day her singing grew weaker, as her lover failed to come, and before her wedding garments were finished her singing had been hushed, her work dropped, and she had died. The whirring and whizzing noise, Emily declared, was the ghost of the beautiful maid working her wheel to have her wedding garments finished by the time the dallying lover turned up.

Mr. and Mrs. Brower didn't try to solve the problem in any such way as this. They said that even in the best built houses queer noises were often heard, and they must expect it in that old house.

Grandfather was very much interested in the noise, and he told Emily he thought her solution was captivating, and he intended to leave the lamp burning in the sitting room and see for himself the ghastly maiden at her spinning wheel.

That night he left a light in the sitting room in order that he might keep watch, and the next morning announced that he had solved the mystery.

"If you will all stay awake tonight, you will probably see the ghost, too," said grandfather mysteriously, and consequently the children each took a nap in the afternoon and drank a cupful of strong coffee in the evening—the latter without their mother's knowledge, I am sorry to say—to keep them awake.

The waiting was very tedious, and it must have been about 12 o'clock—the time all well regulated ghosts make their appearance—when grandfather whispered:

"Sh! There she is now!" And in a minute six pairs of eyes were directed through the door into the sitting room.

"Where?" whispered Emily. "I don't see her."

Then grandfather pointed to the corner near the window where his patent chair stood, and there was—what do you suppose?

With a whiz-z-z and a whir-r-r, the wheels of the patent chair were rapidly revolving one after the other as a little mouse ran around them in the manner of a squirrel exercising on the wheel in his cage. The mouse was having the best kind of a time, first on one wheel and then on another.

"There's your lovelorn maiden spinning, Emily," said grandfather, "and there are your spirits, Ben. The mouse certainly has good taste to prefer my chair," he added, "and I'm sure I hope he derives great benefit from his gymnasium!"—Providence Journal.

A Would-be Laureate and Money.

An amusing story is told about one of the candidates for the vacant laureateship. On the death of the Duke of Clarence he sent to a morning paper some verses lamenting the event. The contribution being accepted, a check was forwarded for £25. This the poet returned, with the remark that he "could not accept payment on account of a nation's tears." When the Duke of York was married, he sent to the same journal an epithalamium. This duly appeared, but was not acknowledged by a remittance, an omission that gave the poet pain. Being reminded that he had sent back the earlier check, he insisted that the cases were different. "While I could not," he said, "consent to make money out of a nation's tears, there is no reason why I should not be paid for adding to a nation's smiles."—Westminster Gazette.

The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose.—Zimmerman.

Men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—Goethe.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our doing, and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi.

A SONG OF THE THRUSH.

When greenly blooms the bended wheat,
And tiger lilies dot the vale,
And faintly scents the meadow sweet,
And kine do brim the flowing pail;
What time the pewee leaves his perch
And on the stonefly tests his wings,
Where whitely gleams the silver birch,
Then in dark woods the wood thrush sings.

When past the hay the meadows brown,
And stands the wheat in banded shocks,
And slow the streamlet trickles down,
And sunbeams bake the rifted rocks;
What time the dog days 'gin to wane,
And skies are dun, and June is o'er,
And sulks the high poised weather vane,
The wood thrush sings in woods no more.

When asters fringe the woodland ways,
And wild grapes hang on fence and tree,
And hills are hid in ripening haze,
And down the gulch the streamlets flee;
What time the first soft maple turns,
And a red shade the sumac flings,
And on stone walls the ivy burns,
Once more in woods the wood thrush sings
—William Higgs in Youth's Companion.

THE SHREWD GRAY SQUIRREL.

Attending Strictly to Business, He Gets the Better of a Wily Hunter.

"Of course," said a hunter, "everybody knows that when a man with a gun comes along, the gray squirrel goes around on the other side of the tree; he doesn't get killed if he can help it, and he can help himself pretty well. I remember once coming across a gray squirrel up a big oak; he was out on a branch about 40 feet from the ground. He saw me as quick as I did him—quicker, I guess—and when I was ready to fire, he was around on the other side of the branch. This branch was very small, only a mighty little bigger than the squirrel, but he hugged it so close and he was in such perfect line with me that you couldn't see anything of him at all except a little bit of the tip of his tail that was blown out by a strong wind. I blazed away at him and never touched him. Then I went around on the other side of the tree, thinking that possibly I could get a shot at him from there, but as I went one way he went the other, and by the time I had got over on the other side he was on the side I had come from, and in just as perfect line with me as he was at first, and just as safe. I tried him again with just the same result.

"Then I pulled a stake out of a rail fence near by and planted it in the ground on one side of the tree and hung my coat on it, and went myself over on the other side; I thought that possibly I might make the squirrel think there were two men there, or put him in doubt long enough to enable me to get a shot at him, but he never paid the slightest attention to the coat. I don't suppose it would have made any difference to him if I'd opened a clothing store there; he knew the man with the gun, and it was the gun that he was looking out for.

"Well, we dodged around that tree for quite a spell longer. There wasn't any other tree near by that the squirrel could go to, and he knew his only safety lay in sticking to the one he was in, and the way he did stick to it and keep around always on the other side of that branch was something wonderful. I fired five or six shots at him altogether and filled the branch under him half full of shot, but never touched him, and when I thought I had wasted time and ammunition enough, I left him."—New York Sun.

NAMING THE BABY.

They talked of Medora, Aurora and Flora,
Of Mabel and Marcia and Mildred and May,
Debated the question of Helen, Honora,
Clarissa, Camilla and Phyllis and Fay.

They thought of Marcella, Estella and Bella,
Considered Cecilia, Jeannette and Pauline,
Alicia, Adela, Annette, Arabella
And Ethel and Eunice, Hortense and Irene.

One liked Theodora, another Leonora,
Some argued for Edith and some for Elaine,
For Madeline, Adeline, Lily and Lora,
And then after all they decided on Jane.
—London Tit-Bits.

THOSE WASTED MOMENTS.

The Sigh of a Business Woman For Misspent Time For Farewells.

"If I could only have the minutes which my neighbor wastes in saying goodby to me on the front steps, I should be able to accomplish a great deal more than I do now," sighed a business woman as she bowed a friend out of sight and sighed in relief to see her departing.

"Now that neighbor is one of the dearest women in the world, and I have a warm affection for her, but I must confess that she is a nuisance at times, for she has no sense of the value of time, and she wastes many minutes with a prodigality that breaks my heart. I can't offend her by telling her that I am too busy to listen to her chatter of a thousand and one interesting things, to be sure, but things which might as well wait until some more seasonable time, nor can I work while she is here, and the consequence is that with my mind half on my work, half on what she is talking about, I am not so cordial as she would like me to be, nor do I get the best of her conversation.

"Sometimes I have threatened in the bosom of my family to tack up a sign on my door after the fashion of the country editor, which newspaper funny men have made familiar to every one, and announce to my callers that 'This is my busy day,' but I should amend it by saying that all days from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. are my 'busy days.' I haven't dared as yet to put my threat into execution, but some day I shall do so whether people like it or not.

"Why don't you preach one of those little sermons on the woman who procrastinates? If you will, I'll mail marked copies to a few people I know."

So here is the "sermon."—Chicago Tribune.

Americanisms, Good Old English.

My own experience is that most so called Americanisms, and indeed Irishisms also, are in reality archaisms of the English language, which have a habit of surviving where one would least expect to find them. Many persons will tell you that the phrase "to let slide" is an Americanism, but students of English literature will call to mind the following stanza from Chaucer's "Clerkes Tale:"

I blame him not that he considered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his lust present was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every side.
Well neigh all other cures let he slide,
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Several other illustrations of so called Americanisms which occur in Chaucer may be given—as, for example, "I guess," which is frequently to be met with:

With him ther was his sone, a younge squier,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty year of age he was, I gesse."
—Prologue "Canterbury Tales."

Many quaint words are commonly used in America, as "pitcher" for "jug," "fall" for "autumn." "Homely" is invariably used to express the absence of beauty, as "a homely girl" for "a plain girl." An example of such usage may be found in Shakespeare:

Upon a homely object love can wink.
—"Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii, 4.
—Academy.