GL MPSE OF FINLAND.

A CHARMING COUNTRY IN HOT SUMMER WEATHER.

Russia's Scandinavian Conquest and What Has Been Made of It—With Morals for the East and the West—Customs and Manners.

Helsingfors Correspondence.

THE voyage from Stockholm to St. Petersburg in a Finish steamer is a pleasant one, for the Baltic is a quiet sea, and the coast, with its shallow fjords and rock-bound headlands, while less bold and impressive than that of Norway, does not lack the charm of picturesque wildness and beauty. Three nights and two days are spent on a small but fairly comfortable boat, and the long stops at intermediate points are not tedious. Glimpses of towns like Abo, Hango and Helsingfors are interesting because they reveal at once the genuine strain of Scandinavian character and the intelligence and flexibility displayed by Russia in governing a subject race swayed by progressive impulses and an alien religion. Not only is the coast scenery of Finland like that of Sweden and Norway, but the people also have the sturdy virtues and progressive tendencies which characterize the Scandinavian race. The Finlanders are sincere and devoted Protestants, who have little in common with holy Russia; but they have been allowed a large measure of local independence and religious toleration. Finland is not a Russian Ireland, but is well governed, prosperous and contented.

The approach to Helsingfors is guarded by the historic fortress of Sveaborg, with batteries on seven islands, 900 mounted guns and a garrison of 5,000 men. This was the northern Gibraltar built by a Swedish admiral toward the end of the eighteenth century. For centuries Finland had been under Swedish rule, but the Russians had set their hearts upon conquering it, although it was a poor and barren country, often decimated by famine. Sveaborg was designed to be an impregnable barrier against invaders from the Neva, and the high admiral who fortified the seven islands was so confident that it could never be captured that he proudly directed his body to be buried there. His monument still stands, with an inscription in the spirit of the Wren epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral; but the fortress was mysteriously surrendered by a Swedish admiral in 1808, and the Russian flag is now over it.

Whoever passes the grim fortress, with its memories of naval bombardments and generations of warfare, has an object lesson in Russian persistence and patience. The same conquering race which coveted Finland, persevering in its purpose generation after generation until the last rampart was taken by intrigue and treachery, has its aspirations south as well as north, and awaits with equal confidence and tenacity of mind the fulfillment of its ambitions. Constantinople is another Sveaborg fortified by European diplomacy against Russian assault. For generations it has been coveted, and every pious Russian knows in his heart that the flag will some day be there, and also over Jerusalem. It is a race that can wait for centuries for what it ardently desires.

The Russians, having conquered Finland early in the present century, have completely reconciled the Protestant population to their rule. They have succeeded in this policy by adroitly making concessions to local pride. The emperor of all the Russians is the Grand Duke of Finland, and governs the country with the consent of the Estates of the Diet, which assemble periodically at Helsingfors. New taxes cannot be imposed without the concurrence of the four estates, and the fundamental code of laws is Scandinavian in origin. Recent changes in administration have tended to Russianize Finland, but the country continues to enjoy the privileges of representative institutions. There is a separate Finnish customs line, which has to be passed even when the traveler is journeying from St. Petersburg. Russian currency does not pass in the shops. There is a Finnish monetary system distinct from that of the empire. Universal military conscription is enforced in conformity with the laws of the empire, but Finland is not garrisoned by Russian troops, but by its own soldiers. The grand-duchy, with its Scandinavian love of independence and liberty, enjoys exceptional privileges of local autonomy and religious toleration. It is not a disaffected province of the empire.

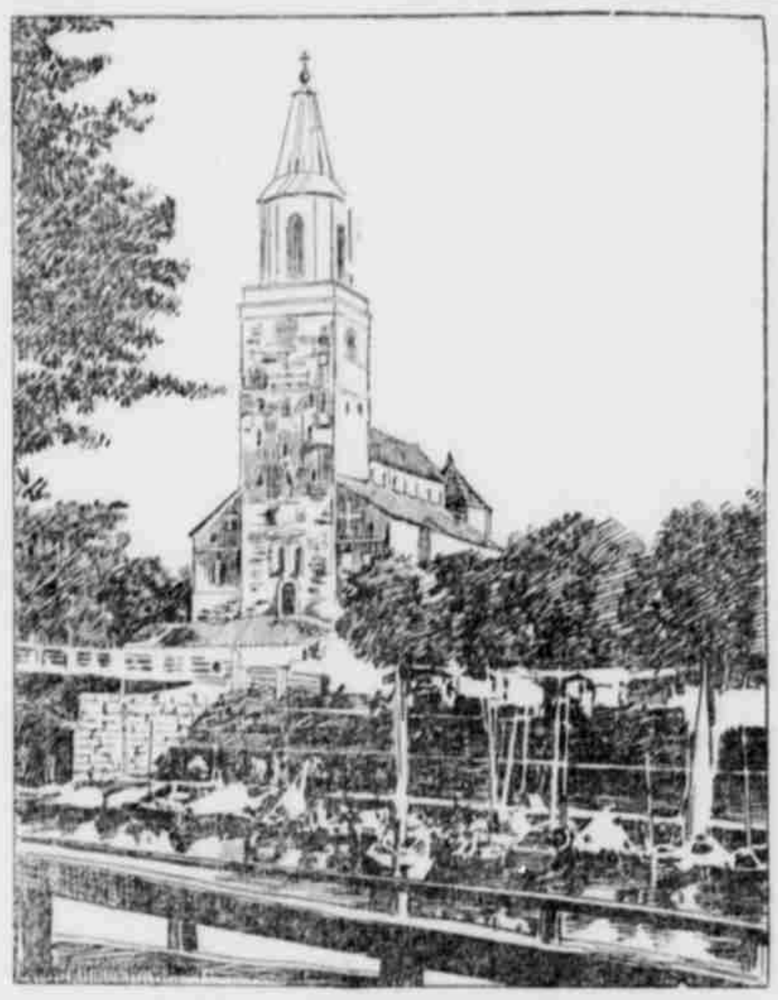
The first glimpse of ancient Abo from the sea is unpromising. A castle on the bluff, which once witnessed scenes of revelry in the days of Gustavus Wasa and the Erics, is a blackened ruin serving as a prison. A scientific observatory crowning a high hill has lost its academic character with the removal of the ancient university to Helsingfors, and with a melancholy air of having seen better days is now degraded into a navigation school. The spire of the Cathedral of St. Henry is a degenerate example of clumsy, heavy Gothic, which does not invite close inspection. The town has lost much of its distinction as a center of learning, and has been rebuilt after disastrous fires with broad streets flanked by inartistic frame buildings; but it has a flourishing trade, and its fortunes have materially improved since the Russian conquest. The traveler who perseveres in exploring the dull and barren streets finds many signs of thrift and intelligence, and when he enters the quaint cathedral he is well repaid for his long dusty walk, for in an humble way it is the Westminster Abbey of Finland.

For generations the great families were buried in the vaults of this ancient church, the foundations of which were laid in 1300. Conspicuous places were found for bishops, soldiers and heroes. The chapels are filled with monuments, and the pavement is lined with inscriptions. Protestants and Catholics who have served their country are sleeping here side by side, their religious faith is betokened in their effigies by upturned or folded hands. Here are monuments to generals in the Thirty Years' War, to the Scotch soldiers of fortune serving in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, to pious bishops and to Horns, Finckes, Totts and other great men of the North. Here, too, in a granite tomb, are the ashes of the peasant Queen Catherina Mansdotter, who, after wearing the Swedish diadem as the wife of Eric XIV, returned to Finland to die with her own people. A picture in stained glass above her grave tells the romantic story. The girlish Queen, between two pages, has taken off her crown, and is descending the steps of the throne with a last farewell to Sweden and a fond, homesick glance for Finland. It is the one romance of this antique Lutheran cathedral. The other monuments and warrior figures sing of arms and men of action.

There is a handsome park with statuary near the cathedral, and the older quarter of the town shows indications of wealth and refinement. Nothing, however, is more characteristic of Finnish life and progress than the conspicuous signboards at the street corners. The names are printed in three languages at every street crossing. In some of the blocks there will not be a single house, but at each corner the name of the thoroughfare appears in large letters in Finnish, Swedish and Russian. A fellow-traveller hazarded the conjecture that the chief recreation of the population in the dull, sleepy town was found in reading street signs; and certainly every man, woman and child was able to decipher at least one of the triplicate signs.

There is perhaps no other country in Europe where primary education is conducted more systematically than in Finland. The Lutheran clergy are said to make a practice of refusing sacrament to men and women who cannot read and write. As children are taught to read the Bible from their earliest years, the chances of excommunication for illiteracy cannot be alarming. Instruction in various handicrafts is also given in public schools, and every adult not only knows how to read and write, but also how to earn a living in one trade or another. The market women have dull, coarse faces, but they are not so ignorant as they appear. Lutheranism has opened the Bible for them, and Scandinavian instinct has made them keen and shrewd in bargaining.

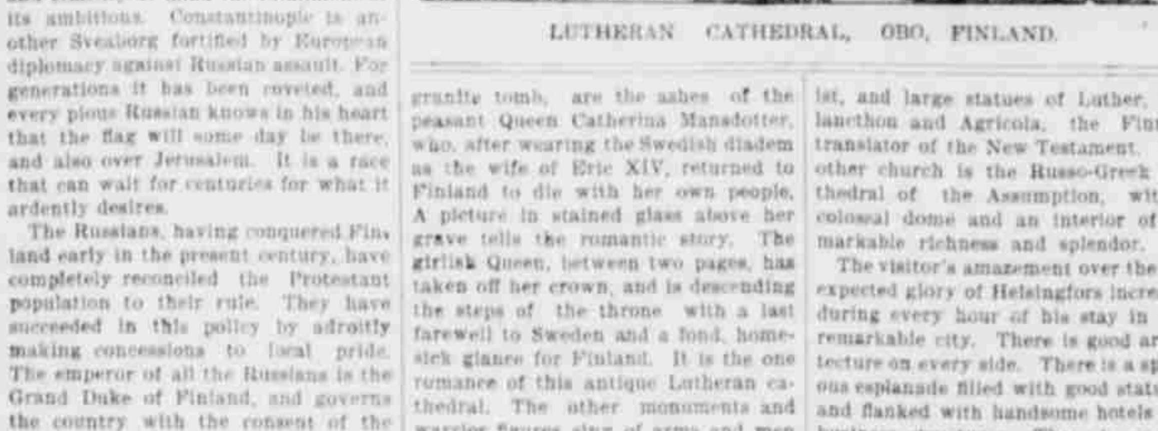
Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a city with a population of 70,000, and is a center of wealth and refinement. The visitor, who is expecting few signs of higher civilization is this quarter of the Baltic, is amazed by the stateliness of the public buildings and the splendor of the churches. In the course of a morning's stroll he finds an imposing Parliament House, built from the designs of a Finnish architect; a Senate House filled with portraits of Granddukes; two Italian Renaissance buildings, admirable for their chaste design, where the nobility meet, and where the state archives are stored; a spacious Art Gallery, stocked with paintings by Finnish artists; a large group of university buildings, including a fine library, well-equipped laboratories and museums; and at least two magnificent churches. One of these churches is the Lutheran cathedral, on a massive platform of granite, with a handsome portico of Corinthian columns on each side, and a dome towering above the roof, the ridge of which is ornamented with statues of the twelve Apostles. The interior is rich and impressive, with a fine altar painting by a Russian artist, and large statues of Luther, Melancthon and Agricola, the Finnish translator of the New Testament. The other church is the Russo-Greek Cathedral of the Assumption, with a colossal dome and an interior of remarkable richness and splendor.



LUTHERAN CATHEDRAL, OBO, FINLAND.

The visitor's amazement over the unexpected glory of Helsingfors increases during every hour of his stay in this remarkable city. There is good architecture on every side. There is a spacious esplanade filled with good statuary and flanked with handsome hotels and business structures. There is an imposing theater modelled after the Dresden Opera House. There are large hospitals equipped with the most scientific appliances for surgery. There are polytechnic schools and educational institutions without number. The public squares are worthy of a city of the highest artistic taste, and the residential quarter shows every sign of refinement and taste. Helsingfors may be one of the smallest, but it is also one of the handsomest of European capitals.

Russia not only knows how to wait generation after generation for the accomplishment of her ambitious ends, as Sveaborg on its seven fortified islands can bear witness, but when the the practical talent required for governing subject races with tolerance and wisdom, and for reconciling them to foreign rule with the material advantages of prosperity. Finland with its alien race and religion, has not been converted into another Ireland seething with agrarian discontent and political unrest. Its religion and local liberties have been respected, and its prejudices and susceptibilities have not been wantonly excited. Its capital has been rebuilt, and a new era of prosperity has opened. Finland is one of the quietest and best-ordered provinces of the Empire. Nihilist agitators have been powerless there. The province has been converted into a stronghold of Russian power, with its naval arsenal at Sveaborg, a second defence for St. Petersburg hardly inferior to Cronstadt, where the mightiest fleet of battle-ships can be defied. I. N. F.



DIET HOUSE, HELSINGFORS, FINLAND.

WHY ARE FLOWERS FRAGRANT

Still a Subject of Discussion Among the Scientists.

The great leading object of nature in providing nectar and fragrance in flowers is still a subject of discussion in scientific journals, says the New York Independent. That some flowers are unable to fertilize themselves and must have the aid of insects is certain; and it is also certain that in many cases this fertilization is accomplished by the insects while on foraging expeditions for the sweets which flowers furnish. But small well-ascertained facts cover a small portion of the ground. The fertilization is as often accomplished by insects in search of pollen as in search of honey; but it is not contended that pollen is given to flowers in order to make them attractive to insects, as is said of the sweet secretions. It is believed that nectar must be of some direct value to the plant, as well as the pollen; and the effort is to find out what is the chief office of nectar in the life history of the flower. Since thought has been turned in this direction a new class of facts is being recorded. In California grows a lupine (lupinus confertus) which often takes exclusive possession of large tracts of land. It does not yield a particle of nectar. It has bright crimson-violet flowers, and these are produced in such abundance that the color of the mass may be noted at long distances. But it has fragrance. This is so powerful that the traveler notes it long before he meets with the growing plants. The pollen-collecting insects visit the flower in great numbers. It is believed that cross-fertilization can be effected by these pollen-collecting intruders. At any rate, the fragrance would be thrown away if it were provided for the mere sake of advertising for insect aid—as the other numerous species of lupine which have no fragrance are as freely visited by bees for the sake of the pollen as is this species. The cross-fertilization is effected as freely without fragrance as with it. This point has been made before, though with no reference to the philosophical questions involved. Fragrant flowers are the exception, not the rule. In some families of plants where there may be several scores of species only one or two are fragrant. This has been especially noted among the wild species of violet. But no one has so far been able to note the slightest advantage in life economy which the sweet scented ones possess over the odorless ones.

A Nameless Terror.

M. Calino—"Listen! Here is a very good proposal for our daughter—a young man, rich, honest, unselfish, good looking; only—there is an only—he is a foundling—without a name." Mme. Calino (with a start)—"Without a name! Then I shall have a son-in-law who will write anonymous letters? Never in the world!"—Le Monde Comique.

An Academy's Centennial.

A few of the academies for which New England was famous in days gone by survive, and one of them, the Peacham academy, in Vermont, has just celebrated its centennial by guns at sunrise and a dinner at noon, at which the alumni ate and glorified the institution's past.

A Modest Act.

Ned—She held her dress up over two feet! Ted—Well, did you think she had only one foot?

MISSING LINKS.

Encourage children to walk alone, for they are often made high-shouldered by being led by the hand all the time in walking.

It may seem incredible, but it is true all the same, that Kansas City possesses a negro who has a marked antipathy to watermelons.

"What do you regard as the most important event of the century?" asked the philosopher. "Well," answered the wheelman, "the finish is about as satisfactory as any part of the run."—Truth.

Mrs. Schussman (at a summer resort)—Gottlieb, the paper says that the natives of the Sandwich islands pay about $5 for a wife. Professor Schussman (absent-minded)—Hm! hm! So much, Jenny?—Das Echo.

Said the Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath? And the little boy looked up in astonishment as he replied: "Guess you don't know my dad, or you wouldn't have asked that question."—Boston Transcript.

No thistles grew in Australia till a Scotchman planted some seed out of love for his old country. It was a very natural but foolish deed, for now the thistle has multiplied into millions, and gives a great deal of trouble.

An enterprising editor of Madrid prints his journal on linen with a composition which is easily removable by water. The subscriber, after reading the news, sends his paper to his washerwoman and it comes back a handkerchief.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells this to the Boston Christian Register: "When Theodore Parker left this country for the last time he sent me, with his farewell, five volumes of his works, each with his own autograph. I have 'lent' each of these to some 'friend' who has forgotten to return it, and I do not now 'possess' one of the five."

Norway is furnishing a new illustration of the difficulty of making a people temperate by law. 'Since the very strict laws relating to the sale of brandy came into force, last year, an enormous trade has sprung up in what is called "port wine," which comes from Hamburg, and is sold at 12 to 20 cents a bottle. The temperance agitators are now clamoring against this suspicious fluid.—New York Post.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY THE READY WIT OF HIS COMMON LAW WIFE.

A Conspiracy Unveiled—Evelyn Webster Tells a Most Extraordinary Story—Electric Chair Was Ready—Saved Murderer.

EVELYN Granville Webster, whose husband was the central figure of one of the most sensational murder trials of modern times in New York, has made a startling confession. It is to the effect that she, aided by Webster's friends and attorneys, concocted a conspiracy which resulted in the murderer's escaping the electric chair and his being sentenced to nineteen years in the penitentiary, where he now is. Evelyn Granville sprang suddenly into fame about eight years ago as the most handsome woman on the Rialto. Of her antecedents little was known and few questions were asked. She was the reigning beauty in her circle when in 1891 she met Burton Webster, who was then a well-known bookmaker. They took up life together, and in this chapter of her existence the woman in her confession says little of importance save that she was not in love with Webster, who had the most diabolical temper of any person she ever met. Of the day of the murder she says:

"I had been ill all day and was lying on the couch dressed in a loose gown when Burt came in, and at a glance I saw that he had been drinking heavily. Fanny Romaine, my nurse and companion, was with me. She knew his symptoms as well as I, and so when he poured out a glass of champagne and whisky and insisted that she drink it she did so. Had she refused Burt would probably have been electrocuted.

"The woman had hardly swallowed the glass of liquid before she toppled over, dead drunk. Burt laughed, and, sitting down beside me, began to jest about the weakness of women's heads. After a while he went out. When he returned I was startled by his face.

"What on earth is the trouble, Burt?" I demanded.

"'I've shot that man Goodwin,' he said. 'I am going to get out of the way. Keep your mouth shut.'

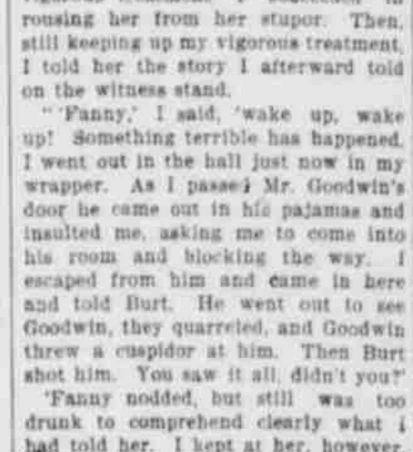
"I forgot my indisposition and ran as rapidly as I could to Goodwin's apartments. I found him lying on the broken cuspidor that afterward figured so prominently in the trial as having been thrown by Goodwin at Webster before the fatal shot was fired. As a matter of fact, it was never thrown. Goodwin broke it by falling on it.

"I stooped over the wounded man and asked, 'What did he shoot you for?' He seemed to half faint away, but still looking at me he murmured faintly, 'I meant no harm, no harm.' He couldn't say anything more and I ran out. I was tremendously excited, but seemed to think with perfect clearness. I realized instinctively that Goodwin was going to die, and that I must act quick to make out a defense for Burt. Before I got back to my own room I had mapped out a plan.

"I fairly flew at Fanny Romaine, who was still stupid from drink. I shook her and beat her and threw water in her face and applied smelling salts to her nostrils. By means of this vigorous treatment I succeeded in rousing her from her stupor. Then, still keeping up my vigorous treatment, I told her the story I afterward told on the witness stand.

"'Fanny,' I said, 'wake up, wake up! Something terrible has happened. I went out in the hall just now in my wrapper. As I passed Mr. Goodwin's door he came out in his pajamas and insulted me, asking me to come into his room and blocking the way. I escaped from him and came in here and told Burt. He went out to see Goodwin, they quarreled, and Goodwin threw a cuspidor at him. Then Burt shot him. You saw it all, didn't you?'

'Fanny nodded, but still was too drunk to comprehend clearly what I had told her. I kept at her, however, and by the time the police came she had heard the story so often that she was firmly convinced that she herself had been a witness to the whole trouble.



EVELYN GRANVILLE WEBSTER.

"'Oh, Fanny, Fanny,' I said, 'this is terrible. [illegible]'

"'Poor Evelyn,' [illegible] the sympathetic Fanny, [illegible]

"Burt had found a secret hiding place, but I said some of his friends knew where to communicate with him. Howe & Hummel were engaged to look after his interests, and soon arrangements were made for his surrender, as it was thought that the story Fanny Romaine and I told would clear him. I knew that there would be no difficulty about the baby. That could be had at any time for money, and of money there was no lack. The only thing necessary was to put off Burt's trial long enough to have me pass through the necessary period that must elapse before the baby could be born. This, too, was arranged. Burt's lawyers succeeded in delaying the trial seven months. When the case was finally called I was prepared. I came into the court room with a baby three weeks old.

"Where I procured the baby no one need know. I paid $100 for it, that is all, except that I learned to love it before it was taken from me. It had the hoped-for effect, I think. Burt was saved. I carried it every day into the court room, and the little thing was so good that it must have touched any one's heart.

Since the trial I have not been able to go to communion, as I was resting under a false oath. The priest to whom I confessed told me I would first have to make a public confession to right the wrong done by me. Now I have done so, and I feel as if that alone had lifted a ton off my heart."

"E. GRANVILLE WEBSTER."

BOUGHT HER OWN PICTURES.

Southern Society Woman Paid for Photos in Job Lots.

Mrs. Edward Bright, one of the most beautiful of the society leaders of New Orleans, has just succeeded in buying up a large stock of her own photographs which were offered for public sale in many retail shops in New York. Mrs. Bright, who as Miss Ella Mehle was the belle of New Orleans, was a queen of the Mardi Gras and was photographed in her costume. In some way the negative escaped from the hands of the photographers and found its way to New York. Prints were made of it for the purpose of illustrating a new process of photography. Of course nobody knew who the beautiful original was, and the prints were scattered broadcast. So long as the picture went to the photograph trade only, Mrs. Bright did not hear of it. But when some enterprising photographer reproduced it in large sizes, labeled it, "A Southern Beauty," and sold it to fancy shops, which offered the pictures for sale at 15 cents a copy, Mrs. Bright's friends in New York soon wrote to her about the matter, and the lady was naturally indignant.

MRS. EDWARD BRIGHT.

Her husband engaged a detective and ordered him to buy up all the copies he could. Disguised as a peddler of photographs he purchased all that were offered for sale. When he chanced into the shop of a dealer named Rosenbaum, in Park Row, he found 600 of the prints. These had been bought at auction for $3.

Now that the story is out, it is possible the supply of Mrs. Bright's photographs will increase and the offerings be so large as to go beyond the capacity of Mr. Bright's bank account to pay for.

Hangs to His Job.

The city of San Luis Potosi is building a hall that will be the eighth wonder of the world. It has cost millions and will cost millions more. Seven years ago a dozen skilled stone masons from Pennsylvania were imported to do the ornamental carving of its front. One Fourth of July a number of the party got drunk and killed a Mexican in a bar room brawl. His companions, in the language of Gen. Crook, "rose like a flock of quail and lit running." He was tried and condemned to be shot. Then arose the certainty that with him in the grave there was no one to do the fancy carving on the city hall. It was decided to keep him at work and shoot him when he had finished. Every day, in summer's shine and winter's snow, this workman hangs like a fly against the great white wall and pecks away at gargoyles and griffins' heads. A file of soldiers stands in the street looking up at him. His life ends with his job, and they say that he is the most deliberate workman ever in the Mexican republic or any other republic. At the present rate of progress, according to the best obtainable calculations, the front of the city hall will be sufficiently scrolled and carved about the middle of 1950.

A Magnetic Island.

In the Baltic, the Danish island Bornholm, which is situated about twenty-four miles, east by south, from the nearest point of Sweden, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of this magnetic island is not so great that it can draw the nails out of ships, as was told of the legendary magnetic hills, the magnetism of the rocks on the island of Bornholm can and does cause a good deal of trouble to ships in quite another way, for the island exerts such an influence on the magnetic needle that it causes a vessel to turn perceptibly aside from its course. The effect of the island magnetism is felt at a distance of 15 kilometers, or about nine and one-half miles.

Shouldn't Take Baths.

A lady at [illegible], Pa., being about to take a bath, removed her four diamond rings, worth $1,500, wrapped them in a piece of tissue paper and left them on the wash stand. The maid threw the wad into the drain. Plumbers have now been searching three days for them, and after they have torn out all the pipes in the house they will pursue the rings into the sewer.

Baby's First Tooth.

A Chicago woman discovered her baby's first tooth, fainted away and remained unconscious for three hours. In the meantime some old women rushed in and, thinking the baby had swallowed something, procured a stomach pump and came near pumping its soul out. The baby will doubtless be careful about springing its next tooth on its excitable mother.—Ex.

"Well, Golightly, did you have any fun wearing a red lantern on your wheel?" "Yes; about fifteen men thought I was a drug store and chased me ten blocks."—Detroit Free Press.

JESSE JAMES' SON.

How He Got Work from the Son of the Man Who Procured His Father's Death.

Ex-Gov. Thomas T. Crittenden of Missouri was recently asked if the story was true that he had employed in his office Jesse James, Jr., whose father, the outlaw, was killed through Mr. Crittenden's instrumentality. The ex-governor replied: "If I were to build a monument of denials as high as that erected to Washington at the capital, I don't suppose I could effectually stop the continued existence of this story. The facts in the case are that several years ago my son, Thomas T. Crittenden, Jr., then a real estate dealer in Kansas City and now county clerk of Jackson county, in which Kansas City is located, advertised for a boy to work in his office. On the morning following the advertisement a number of boys were on hand and my son resorted to a kind of civil service examination to test their merits. The boy whose papers were best was called forward and asked his name.

"'My name is Jesse James, Jr.,' he replied.

"My son was more than amazed, and said:

"'Do you know who I am?'

"'Yes, sir; you are Gov. Crittenden's son.'

"'Well, then, you go home and tell your mother all about this, and if she is willing for you to work for me at the wages I offer, come back to-morrow morning.'

"Very well, sir. I have got to help my mother and sister, and I'll be back.'

"And back he was the next morning. At this time Mrs. Jesse James was living in the suburbs of Kansas City. Now let me tell you what became of this boy. He remained with my son for several years, being honest and faithful to a degree. Then my son secured him a place in Armour's packing house in Kansas City, where he is now employed respected by every one and having a number of men under him. And he is but 20 years of age. This is the whole story."

FEE AT IC[illegible]
grind it FRE[illegible]

SLICK SCHOONER, ABLE SKIPP[ER]

A Sight on the River That Won the Admiration of South Street Loungers.

From New York Sun: There are fashions in painting ships' bottoms as in everything else. In recent years a pink shade has been thought the proper thing, but in some cases green looks slicker still. The other day the South street loungers looked admiringly at a big schooner coming down the East river, and looming up all the bigger, because she was light. She was white above the water line. Below she was painted a clear, lightish green, and she was high enough out of water to show a good bit of it. Her masts were scraped bright and her mastheads were painted white. She carried a boat on davits across the stern, and this boat was painted white and green, too. Take it altogether, she looked as trim and handsome as a big schooner could look.

But admiration for the schooner could not lessen the pleasure the loungers felt in the way in which she was handled by the big tug alongside of her. The captain of the tug halted with her just off the slip, and slewed her round, and then took her into the slip. She was a good big schooner, 400 tons or so, but the captain of the tug laid her alongside the wharf so gently and easily that you couldn't tell when she touched it; there was nothing to do but hand her lines over the side. The tug lay just beyond her in the slip, her dark, bronzed copper dripping and glistening as she rolled and lifted slightly in the water. The schooner, before she had all her lines made fast, sagged off a little with the tide, and then the captain of the tug pushed her again as easily and as gently as before. Then when she was all made fast the captain of the schooner on his quarter deck and the captain of the tug in his pilot house saluted each other. And the captain of the tug rang her out of the slip and pointed her down the river and pulled the jingle bell.

Sightseeing Simplified.

There is always room for a new application of an old principle, even so old a one as that of the division of labor. Millicent—How long did your Easter trip to Rome occupy? Madeline—Oh, a week altogether—there and back. Millicent—And you saw everything? Madeline—Oh, yes; you see there were three of us. Mother went to the picture-galleries, I examined the monuments, and father studied local color in the cafes.—Roseleaf.

A Liberal Corporation.

New York Weekly: Grateful Citizen—I was delighted to read in the papers that you had refused to raise the price of ice. President of Ice Company—That is true. We shall make no change in the price. The only change will be in the lumps.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

When melting glue for use it is a good plan to add a little finely powdered chalk to it. This will greatly augment its strength.

If milk boils over onto the stove a very unpleasant smell is the result. This may be cured by sprinkling a little common salt on the stove.

When flower vases are stained they should be washed with vinegar mixed with very hot water, or ammonia may be used instead of the vinegar.

A frying pan, however soiled, may be rendered beautifully bright if it be cleaned with ammonia. Make a strong solution of ammonia and water and let the pan soak in it for several minutes.

Leather-covered chairs, when dull and shabby-looking, may be greatly improved in appearance by being brushed over with the white of an egg. Leather portmanteaus and trunks may also be treated in the same way. Beat up the white of an egg until it is a stiff froth. Then dip into it a piece of old linen or other soft rag and rub the leather well, but without using too much force. The article must then be left until dry.

Gallant Bandit (robbing a young woman's jewelry)—I assure you, miss a diamond ring on such a lovely hand is absolutely superfluous.—Fliegende Blätter.

Kansas City has 9,000 employes in its packing houses and stock yards.