

THE OLD CALENDAR.

The calendar of ninety-six Now totters to its fall, And that for ninety-seven comes To crowd it from the wall.

AN ARMY COQUETTE.

In civil life the good days were at a time not nearer than 50 years past, but in the service a sun that rose ten years ago shone on a good old day.

It was not her fault surely that she didn't know the ways of Mexican love. She had told plenty of men that she loved them, and nothing had happened.

Mrs. Mandeville—who was more Mexican than Spanish—bore a good Castilian name, which covered a multitude of sins.

There were any number of Mandeville children younger than Betty, and all unmistakably favoring their swarthy mother.

After she had promised to marry the second lieutenant, Betty went down to Lowell to visit her aunt who was her mother's sister and was the wife of Captain Locke.

Mrs. Locke had nothing to be proud of but Betty, who detested her mother and all her mother's family, liked her uncle well enough and got along famously with him despite his temper.

There were six officers calling on Miss Mandeville, so Carlos sat apart and sulks. But he outstayed them all.

"I don't, said Betty. 'They're a bore.' 'Do you not truly?' 'Of course I don't. How could I?'

"Very well," Miss Mandeville shrugged her shoulders. "Then you had better go. Ines may get angry if you stay, and you like her more than you do me."

Carlos denied this in words that were neither kind nor just to Ines, but Betty damned her with fair praise.

"Can I kiss you?" Carlos asked boldly. "I suppose so, because we're cousins, you know," Betty assured him as she raised her innocent face to his handsome Mexican one.

Now, with Betty's beauty and other attractiveness, it was natural that she should have a great deal of attention from the bachelors; but Carlos' devotion was so marked that they drew off one by one, leaving the field pretty much to him.

It is now well established that the disease is not a mysterious "stroke" from Heaven, a visitation from God beyond control of man, but an indirect product of dirt and bad food, commencing among the classes least able to resist the virus, and scarcely touching those whose higher standards of life and general diet enable them to defy it.

At the same time this correlation of the plague with poverty opens up serious questions during the present famine in India. But a process of this kind taken place in Bombay on a scale that would have been beyond the powers of any city of medieval Europe, and which is still being the powers of any Asiatic city outside of British India.

How do you know that?" the captain asked. "She tell me so." "When?" "Last night. She tell me that she loved me, so to-day I come for to ask her from you."

"Are you sure she said she loved you Franelo?" "Oh, yes, sairntly. She sees me also." "The captain left the room and went to find his niece. 'Elizabeth, that fellow says that you told him you loved him. Did you?'

"Supposing I did? He made me. He's an idiot to think I mean every little thing I say?" "Did you kiss him?" "The captain's face cleared, then he thought him of the ways of women. 'Did you let him kiss you?'

He caught her hand. Come in here to Franelo and explain yourself. You'd better say you'll marry him after that proceeding." Betty was frightened. Her defiance changed to pleading. "Please don't make me see him, Uncle Nat, dear. Please."

"Come on." "But Uncle Nat, I can't say I'll marry him. I was only fooling. I'm engaged to another man." Captain Locke dropped her hand and returned to the sitting room.

"Franelo," he said coldly, for he disliked his nephew sincerely. "I regret that this unpleasant thing should have you under my roof. My niece tells me that she was not in earnest, and that she is soon to marry another man. However, she shall not stay another day with me to trouble you or any one else. I shall send her home to-night."

When the news was broken to the second lieutenant, he called Providence a great many hard names, which is frequently all the thanks Providence gets for doing us a good turn.—Guendolen Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

There are 119,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them except once in a while a single specimen turns up in exchange. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze 2 cent pieces were set afloat. Three million of these are outstanding. Three million 5 cent pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen.

Bombay's Great Plague.

More Than Half The People Have Fled To Escape Death.—The City Panic Stricken—Bodies Abandoned in the Streets—Not Enough Men Can Be Found To Bury the Dead—Bazars Deserted—Few Europeans Attacked.

Every day the plague at Bombay becomes worse. It is estimated that nearly half the population of the city has fled to escape death. The situation is greatly aggravated by the prevalence of the famine, thousands of the natives who leave the city having absolutely nothing on which to support themselves in the country, and thus they fall victims to the slower death from starvation.

Eight thousand fugitives are camping out at Adheri, where every condition is favorable to an outbreak of cholera. There is a scarcity of water in and about town, and the sanitary arrangements are of the crudest character.

In Poona and Bandra the plague is raging with great virulence. The efforts of the physicians to stay the progress of the disease in the slightest degree have been fruitless, and the death rate is exceedingly high. Hundreds of persons attacked by the disease have died in two or three hours, after suffering dreadful agony.

The customs of the natives add to the hideousness of the plague. The Mohammedan cemeteries are over crowded, and it is impossible to find men enough to dig graves and bury the dead.

The sound of dirges is incessant in and around the places where the Hindus burn their dead, in accordance with their time-honored custom, and the funeral music has a most depressing influence on all who hear it, natives and foreigners alike.

It is said that numbers of dead bodies of Parsees, the religious sect who expose their dead bodies to be eaten by the vultures, are slowly decomposing in the open air in the places in which they were left.

They have not been eaten by the vultures, the birds having been overgorged by the great abundance of corpses.

Everywhere the greatest difficulty is found in obtaining men to carry the dead to the cemeteries, burning places, and the Dokhannas, or "towers of silence," of the Parsees. Even relatives shun their last service to their dead, fearing that they will contract the disease by touching or approaching the corpses.

In many cases bodies have been found abandoned in the streets, their bearers having been overcome by fear while taking them to their last resting place.

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The essential features of the British Indian sanitation are a pure and practically inexhaustible water supply brought by engineering works from distant sources of the cities, a complete system of the municipal distribution of the supply, the power thoroughly flushing the sewers, and a scientific drainage system for rapidly getting rid of noxious products. It is with her water works that Bombay is fighting the plague and has brought within manageable compass a pestilence that has hitherto defied control.

Other cities of British India, notable Calcutta, which has thorough systems of water supply, have thus far defended themselves from the visitation with entire success. And the methods adopted in Bombay doubtless form the most valuable subject lesson in protection against the scourge ever afforded the cities of the East.

It is essentially a disease that cannot exist where cleanliness prevails and wholesome food is to be obtained.

A Hold Up.

An "Old Timer" Tells How a Young Lady Flagged a Train and Called a Conductor Down.

In the year 1885, says "Old Timer" in writing to yesterday's Pittsburg Post, the passenger and freight departments on the Hollidaysburg branch was represented as follows: Engineer, Yank Jones; fireman, James Stewart; passenger conductor, James H. Cramer; baggage-master, Christian Kephart; freight conductor, David T. Cramer.

When not too heavy to do so, the freight and passenger trains would be hauled together; thus the freight conductor was often with the passenger train.

I remember a very laughable incident that occurred that summer, and there is no doubt some persons still living in Hollidaysburg and Altoona who were passengers on the train that day and who will remember the circumstance.

One, I know, will recall it the fireman, James Stewart, who is now an engineer on the eastern slope of the mountain. On one of our trips from Altoona to Hollidaysburg, with several freight cars attached to the regular passenger train, and while rounding the curve south of Allegheny station, Yank discovered a lot of cows on the tracks.

He sounded the alarm and called for brakes, but one of the cows was struck and killed. Two or three days after the killing of the cow, while the train was on its noonday trip from Hollidaysburg to Altoona, and when near the place where the cow was killed, Yank called for brakes twice in a way that said he wanted to come to a stop as quickly as possible, and we all responded to his call promptly and soon had the train stopped; and there, standing in the heavy rain that was falling at the time, was a handsome young girl of 16 or 17 years of age, with a red bandana handkerchief tied on a stick, with which she had flagged the engineer.

Hank asked her what was wrong, thinking the bridge over Mill run had been washed away. She said she wanted to see Jim Cramer, the passenger conductor. Jim was standing on the platform of the baggage car, and the platform of the car was full of passengers, all wanting to know what was wrong and why the train had been stopped at that out of the way place.

Jim stepped off the platform and the girl walked toward him. He asked her what she wanted. She replied loud enough to be heard by all the passengers: "I want you to pay me for my cow that you killed the other day; and you cannot move this train until you do pay me."

This stand-and-deliver demand made by the young lady knocked all the talk out of Jim, and before he could reply the passengers, who were all well acquainted with Jim, said: "Yes, Jim, pay for her cow, so the train can go on to Altoona."

By this time Jim had recovered his voice, and told the girl that he would see about paying for the cow when he got to Altoona, but the girl answered him, saying: "No, you pay me now, and you cannot move this train until you do."

However, Jim gave Yank a signal to go ahead, and the train moved off on its way to Altoona, and as far as we could see the girl she was still waving the handkerchief for the train to stop.

H. J. Lombard was superintendent, and Jim acquainted him with the facts in the case. He made inquiries, and I was informed, sent the young lady the value of the cow in the shape of his individual check. It appeared the cow had been a gift to the young lady by her mother as a wedding portion, and was highly prized by her. I could give the name of the young lady who held us up, and no doubt she is still living in the vicinity of the city of Altoona, and may be a grandma now.

Gold in Alaska. A Belt Three Hundred Miles in Length Discovered by the Geological Survey.

An interesting report, made by Director Walcott of the Geological Survey, showing the presence of an enormous gold belt in Alaska, has been forwarded to the House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Interior. The report tells the story of an expedition that was sent out by the Geological Survey to determine the gold and coal deposits along the line of the Alaska coast.

A second expedition followed in May, 1896, going to the gold fields of the Yukon River to investigate the report that there were large placer deposits along the stream beds. The party traversed the valley of the Yukon from the British boundary on the east to the mouth of the river on the west. All of the well-known placer deposits were examined, and the origin of the gold in them was traced to the quartz veins along the headwaters of the various streams entering the Yukon.

The "Bloody Angle."

One of the Most Desperate Engagements in the War—The "Bloody Angle" in the Wilderness—Cut in Two by the Incendiary Musketery of Fire.

I had been anxious to participate in the scenes occurring at the "angle," and now got permission to go there and look after some new movements which had been ordered. Lee made five assaults, in all, that day, in a desperate and even reckless attempt to retake his main line of earthworks; but each time his men were hurled back defeated, and he had to content himself in the end with throwing up a new line farther in his rear.

The battle near the "angle" was probably the most desperate engagement in the history of modern warfare, and present warfare, and presented features which were absolutely appalling. It was chiefly a savage hand-to-hand fight across the breastworks.

Rank after rank was riddled by shot and shell and bayonets-thrusts, and finally sank, a mass of torn and mutilated corpses; then fresh troops rushed madly forward to replace the dead, and so the murderous work went on. Guns were run up close to the parapet, and double charges of canister played their part in the bloody work.

The fence rails and logs in the breastworks were scattered into splinters, and trees over a foot and a half in diameter were cut completely in two by the incessant musketry fire. A section of the trunk of a stout oak tree thus severed was afterward sent to Washington, where it is still on exhibition at the National Museum. We had not only shot down an army but a forest.

The opposing flags were in places thrust against each other, and muskets were fired with muzzle against muzzle. Skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets, and men stabbed to death with swords and bayonets thrust between the logs in the parapet which separated the combatants.

Wild cheers, savage yells, and frantic shrieks rose above the sighing of the wind and the pattering of the rain, and formed a demoniac accompaniment to the booming of the guns as they hurled their missiles of death into the contending ranks. Even the darkness of night and the pitiless storm failed to stop the fierce contest, and the deadly strife did not cease till after midnight.

Our troops had been under fire for twenty hours, but they still held the position which they had so dearly purchased. My duties carried me again to the spot the next day, and the appalling sight presented was harrowing in the extreme. Our own killed were scattered over a large space near the "angle," while in front of the captured breastworks the enemy's dead, vastly more numerous than our own, were piled upon each other, in some places four layers deep, exhibiting every ghastly phase of mutilation.

Below the mass of fast decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs and the writhing of bodies showed that there were wounded men still alive and struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid entombment. Every relief possible was afforded, but in too many cases it came too late. The places it came to late. The place was well named the "bloody angle."

The result of the battle are best summed up in the report which the general-in-chief sent to Washington. At 6:30 P. M., May 12, he wrote to Halleck as follows: "The eighth day of battle closes leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even that of a company, whilst we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's), one brigade (Dole's), and one regiment entire of the enemy."

The Confederates had suffered late in general officers. Two had been killed, four severely wounded, and two captured. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was less than seven thousand; that of the enemy between nine and ten thousand as nearly as could be ascertained.—Campaigning with Gant, in the January Century.

McKinley Prosperity. Among the banking institutions that have recently been blighted by the breath of the McKinley prosperity are the following: The Atlas National bank, the Dime Savings Bank, of Chicago, Ill.; the Scandia bank, of St. Paul, Minn.; the Bank of Superior, of Superior, Wis.; the McCoy Banking company, of Independence, Mo.; the Commercial National bank, of Rockford, Ill.; the Columbian National bank and the Washington bank, of Minneapolis, Minn. Besides these bank failures many business firms have gone to the wall.

Costly Ground. A lot on Broadway, in New York, has been sold for \$1,600,000, or at the rate of \$258.57 per square foot. This price has been exceeded but twice in land sales in the metropolis—when \$300.70 per foot was paid for 508 square feet at the southeast corner of Wall and Broad streets, and when 11,447 square feet at Broadway and Pine were purchased at the rate of \$267.87. The former deal was made in 1885 and the latter in 1893.

Speakeasies in the State. There are 35,000 speakeasies in Pennsylvania where liquor is illegally sold and no license paid and 24,000 licensed places for the sale of liquor. This fact has been ascertained by a committee created by the last legislature to investigate the workings of the high license law, with a view to correcting its defects if there were any, and for the purpose of making suggestions where by the law should be strengthened. The committee's report will call especial attention to the speakeasy.

Judge: "This man says you shot him in the back of purpose while out gunning with him." Sam: "Dat ain't so. He jist shot himself axerdently." Judge: "It's almost impossible for him to have shot himself in the back." Sam: "Oh, you ain't posted on dat ere nigger. Dere ain't no mean trick dat ere coon wouldn't be guilty of, sah."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Stevens, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union of the state of Maine, and Miss Cornie M. Dow of Portland, daughter of Neal Dow, have together been able to secure homes for 23 Armenians in the state of Maine.

Violets, violets! In the millinery world violets are holding forth at a great rate. These popular flowers are on every new hat, on corsage and on muff. Violet sachets and extracts are now the foremost perfume, as well.

It is said that every hearty laugh in which a man or woman indulges tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood move more rapidly, and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at other times. Therefore, perhaps the saying, "Laugh and grow fat," is not an exaggerated one, but has a foundation in fact. No truer words were ever uttered than those which state so clearly, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." The jolly, wholesome, happy-hearted people are those who have most friends and see the best that life holds out to them.

What pieces of inconsistency women are! When the small sleeves were introduced they were pronounced horrible and every one of them said they wouldn't have them put in their gowns, and now they are voted "just lovely."

A new idea in skirt garniture is to have two bias pieces of the material, four inches wide and nine inches long across each hip from back to front, the centre just touching the belt. This has seven buttons and false buttonholes on the upper edge. A bias fold to match is put around the foot of the skirt with the buttons, put on in clusters of five at intervals of about 12 inches. It is very new and stylish.

A mustard-plaster ought never to blister the skin. If it burns too much an extra piece of muslin can be placed between it and the body, and can be removed when the patient becomes accustomed to the heat. Mix the mustard with equal quantities of flour and ground ginger.

That the rage for purple and the thousand-and-one variations of this shade is very trying to many women. It takes a very white skin to wear it becomingly, as it casts such a yellow shade.

For a cold on the chest. There is no better specific for most persons than well-boiled or roasted onions, both for a cough and for the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough. If eaten freely at the outset of a cold they will break up even a serious attack.

In just a common, uninteresting street there lives a little woman who has the soubriquet of an artist and the pocketbook of a type-writer.

An unfortunate combination under ordinary circumstances, but not so in this instance, for, with a fluffy soul and emancipated purse, she also possesses a genius for color and economy.

She's made herself a dining room that is as pretty as a picture. This is the way she did it: The floor she stained herself in dark oak, to match the imitation oak woodwork in the doors, windows and over mantel. The stain she had mixed for the purpose at an ordinary painter's. It consisted of oil and turpentine, with the least bit of coloring matter. This mixture dries in the wood, reveals the grain prettily, and only costs eighty cents a quart.

Of course, she started in with a distinct color scheme in mind—blue and white—and selected her rug with this in mind. She found she could get an ingrain rug four feet by seven for \$3, or a jute rug, the same size, for \$5, and knowing the superior wear to be gotten from the jute she gave the extra \$2, as the best economy in the rug run. She was also delighted to find the blue and white colorings in the jute particularly fine.

Her four chairs were of pine, spindle-backed, rush-bottomed, graceful and comfortable. They cost \$1 a piece. The square table was of pine and it cost \$2, and the hanging shelves, a foot deep and three feet wide, which served as a buffer, were of the roughest board, hung on glued rope. They cost exactly \$3.

Five cans of white enamel paint at twenty cents a can converted the uninteresting pine into a pretty white dining set. A single tub of Antwerp blue oil paint added the Delft effect so popular now in aristocratic breakfast rooms.

A couple of yards of Chinese blue and white cotton at fifteen cents a yard contained the shelves and hid the china that was not in the right colors, and was itself a thing of beauty as well. Unfortunately, the presence of a large trunk was necessary in the room. It had to stay open. She covered that trunk with plain blue cotton jeans. A cover that could be removed was neatly fitted and surmounted by two square straw pillows, also covered in jeans.

The daily freshness of the window curtains always suggested an unlimited bank account and a resident laundryman. Snow-white lawn was the groundwork, and the figure dull blue, widely separated and Delft-like to a degree. It cost eighteen cents a yard. Narrow bands of blue jeans held them in place instead of the usual cheap trappings of gilt. A small gypsy table, also painted white, and bearing a small spread of jeans, edged with coarse lace, stood in the window and did duty as a holder of work baskets or tea cups or dessert, as the hour and the occasion demanded.

Over the buffet shelves were placed a row of willow ware plates, which are frequently pressed into table service, and white tea-pots, platters and bric-a-brac adorned the mantel. A fad of this cleverly economical hostess is so eschew table cloths. The smooth, white table surface is invariably laid with doilies, centrepieces and tray cloths, sometimes white and sometimes blue and white, or yellow, and her china service throughout, though cheap, is blue and white. The whole thing, bric-a-brac, pictures, linen, floristain, willow plates and all cost just exactly \$19. It isn't "swagger," or even Bohemian, but it's fresh and pretty and dainty, and it looks as if a lady ate in it. Never try to wear a shoe too small, or that does not fit when you first put it on; there is no misery more nearly distracting than a shoe that hurts the foot. Never let your shoes get hard and dry; don't let them run over; don't let the heels run down; don't dry a wet shoe until you have rubbed it well with a flannel cloth, then with vaseline.