## BUT ONCE.

We pass this way but once, dear heart! Musing above the birch log's flare, The booming of the mighty mart Borne to us through snow-laden air. Our talk is of Life's little day; Between us and the embers' glow A phantom wavers, spent and gray,

The Year that died awhile ago. We pass this way but once. The seeds, From lax or heedful hands that fall, Will yield their kind. Lush, noisome Our wild remorse cannot recall; Sweet herbs of grace and goodly grain We idly strew or plant with prayers :-Others will reap, for loss or gain, And cursing us, will burn our tares

We pass this way but once. Though hard And steep the climb through blinding hear And cruel frost, and sharp the shard 'Gainst which we dash our hurrying feet, Our toil and hurt leave scanty trace :-A blood-stain on a displaced stone, Vague lettering on a boulder's face, Perchance the echo of a moan

We pass this way but once. The joy That might be ours to-day, withheld (As you might dally with a toy !) Changes, like fairy-gold of eld, To withered leaves that mock our tears. The love denied, the hope delayed, Whate'er the wealth of future years, Remain, for aye, a debt unpaid.

With thy true eyes on mine, dear heart, As at the margin of the sea Which thee and me one day must part Forgive all that I would not be. Assoil thou me, while I cast out Dark fancies that have wrought me pain; Let love's strong faith bear down weak down We shall not pass this way again. -Marion Harland, in Harper's Bazar.

## A TRUE HEART.

The tide was out, and Jess was raking for clams. He had his back to the shore and Marty Hines, coming down, barehead. ed and barefooted, from the little brown house behind the sand dunes, had rained a handful of pebbles over his shoulders before he knew that any one was near him. She carried a basket and a rake. "Pop" wanted some chowder for his supper, she said, and she hoped Jess hadn't scooped the cove clean.

Jess loved her little mocking ways. He was standing ankle deep in the water, but he came about at once with a jovial laugh and took her basket. He had scooped up a good many more than he wanted to carry he said, turning to a sack that stood bulging with clams in the shade of a huge bowlder; and when he brought the basket

back it was full to the brim.

Marty beamed on him. That was an easy way to go clamming, she said, dropping down on the sand and drawing her feet under her skirts. She liked to have things made easy for her, and it was not the first time that Jess had filled her basket. He lived opposite the little brown house, and had been a sort of a big brother to her ever since she could remember. But of late he had not been content to be merely a brother; he would willingly have dug clams for her all his life. It was not work anyway, for one like Marty, he said to himself, looking down protectingly at the diminutive figure, she was so little, and so pretty with her pale hair and big blue eyes —as pretty Jess was positive, as any lady in the land.

And now the tide was coming in, and a the girl sprang up and shook the sand from her skirt, the gurgling waves ran after her and kissed the small brown feet. Jess envied them their boldness; he would hardly have ventured to kiss the tips of her fingers. Yet there was a time when he used to carry her on his shoulder; he was so burly and strong, and she such a mite of a maid. He could do it easily enough now if nothing but strength were needed, but he was intensely conscious that Marty was no longer a child. Marty too was conscious of it, and she did her best to impress it on others; she twisted her wavy locks into a prim knot at the back of her head, and took on no end of young-womanish airs : but Jess liked her none the less.

He had to go back to the clam-bed for his rake, and as he waded in he shouted to her that as soon as he had his boat loaded up he would row her home.

A moment later a peddler's wagon came lumbering through the sand, and the peddler, catching sight of Marty, reined in his horses and pulled off his hat.

Come, see my new ribbons, Miss Hines," he called. "Finest lot ever brought into Hardacre."

Marty started up with a pleased face. She liked to hear herself addressed as "Miss Hines," and then she blushed because her feet were bare. She hadn't minded Jess-he himself was barefootedbut this dapper young man, with his tailor made clothes and shiny patent-leather shoes, made her feel like getting behind a plum bush.

"Maybe, though," he went on, in a high nasal voice, "you'd ruther wait till you git home. I'm goin' your way, an' if you'll jump in, I'll be pleased to take you

This was too enticing an invitation to be refused, and Jess, coming back, was just in time to see the wagon going up the road between the sand hills, with Marty seated beside the driver.

For a moment the young fisherman gazed after them with his heart thumping, and then finding that Marty had forgotten her clams, he shouldered the basket, and

took it to the boat. "I ain't goin' to let Jim Harley cheat ol' man Hines out of his chowder," he said,

savagely, and snatching up the oars, he began rowing as if on a wager.

But the wagon reached the house ahead of him, and when he carried in the clams, there was Marty so absorbed in a flowered pink calico that the peddler was displaying that she couldn't even take time to thank

"You'll become it firs' rate," the man was saying, holding the goods so close to the little girl's face that his hand brushed her cheek. And Jess set down the basket and went away, with his heart thumping harder than ever.

A few weeks later the peddler came again. Jess, who chanced to be fishing in the cove that day, caught sight of him as he turned into the 'long shore road, and just then one of the horses stumbled and dawn? And he remembered now that the just then one of the horses stumbled and went down on his knees. The driver was off his box in an instant, and a rain of blows and curses followed. Jess set his teeth together, he so longed to shake the miles to Hardacre. But Jess was a good fellow. But there was a pull at the line, and by the time he had taken off the bass was left that Marty was nowhere in the that had swallowed the hook, Harley, hav- neighborhood, he went striding to the viling succeeded in getting the horse up, had

that ain't fit to have any women folks to onto the Hull Harbor road," said Ben Jeslord it over," soliloquized Jess, as he re-baited his hook. Jess had had no women folks of his own since his mother died, but his grandfather, half blind and entirely deaf, lived with him, and no woman could have given the old man tenderer care.

There was another tug at the line, and before the fish could be unhooked the wagon had disappeared behind the dunes. Jess set his teeth together again.

"Gone up there to show off some more of his toggery," he muttered, with half a mind to haul in his lines and go home. But the fish were biting now, and Jess was a born fisherman; even the desire to keep an eye on his rival was not strong enough to induce him to turn his back on a school of bass and porgies that had just fairly begun to take hold.

Soon after that the setting in of winter brought to an end, for the time, the peddler's visits; and before spring, Jess, with no one to put him to a disadvantage, had won from Marty a promise of marriage. Ro day had been named for the wedding; "God No day had been named for the wedding; there was no need of being in a hurry, Marty said; but when in February the old Marty said; but when in February the old But Marty was as incapable of speech as But Marty was as incapable of speech as an which her head had struck; grandfather died, Jess, in his loneliness begged her not to delay it any longer. Marty, however, was still disposed to take her time. She had set her heart on having some wedding finery, and as the village storekeeper was out of everything in the way of lace and ribbons, she insisted that she must wait until Jim Harley came from town with a fresh assortment.

"Won't have to wait long," said Dan Carson, the storekeeper. "He 'lowed he'd be here by the time the frost was out o'

the ground?"
And the alewives, sure prophets of spring, had scarcely begun to run in Cat Brier brook, when the peddler made his appearance.

And now Marty was in her element. Her father, having done usually well with his clamming and eeling that winter, had given her ten dollars to spend as she pleased; and it is surprising what a quantity of dry goods can be bought for ten dol-lars when one is not fastidious as to quality. She had a two-dollar bill besides that she had earned picking beach-plums, and with this she paid for the cutting and making of the wedding-gown. A dollar and a half was the usual price in Hardacre, but when it was for a wedding the december. but when it was for a wedding the dressmaker felt free to charge an extra fifty cents. It was the same pink print that the peddler had tried to persuade her to buy in the fall, and there was no question as to its becomingness, for the shade just matched the color of her cheeks. She had a full dress rehearsal all by herself in her peddler had tried to persuade her to buy little attic room, the night before the day appointed for the wedding, and the effect was so enchanting that she could not resist running down to show herself to the "folks." Jess, who had dropped in a moment before, devoured her with his eyes; but the peddler too was there—having pre-vailed on "ol' man Hines," who was always ready to do a kindness, to keep him for the night, pleading that his horses were too jaded to go any further.

Jess was up before daylight the next morning, for he wanted to draw his seine and get the fish out of the way in good season. A fellow didn't want to be bothering about such things on his wedding day, he said to himself, as he plodded through the fog. "His wedding-day!" he repeated softly, with the feeling that it was a holy

While he was busy with his nets he saw the peddler driving by. He wondered that he had not waited for the wedding; but he was not sorry; his room was better than

Before the sun was fairly afield he had his fish in the car, and finding that he had plenty of time, he went half a mile out of his way, through a bit of timber, to search for May flowers. There were only a few sprigs out, and he gathered them as carefully as if they had been orange-blossoms. There were enough at least to make Marty a little bouquet. They made him think of Marty, they were such a pretty blending

It was too early, he knew, for Marty to be up, but as he came opposite the house he saw Mrs. Hines in the yard milking, and he stopped at the bars and said goodmorning, and asked if Marty was pretty

"Oh, she's all right, I guess," said her mother, cheerfully; "but seein" it was her las' day at home, I thought I'd let her

sleep as long as she wanted to."

"Well, when she wakes up, you jus' give her these for me, will you?" And Jess bashfully presented the little bunch of ar-

Mrs. Hines, who had risen from the milking-stool, took the flowers and lifted live for.

them to her nose. "I declare, them's sweet!" she commented. "Marty'll be mightily pleased with 'em "

Jess had on his old tarpaulin hat and his woolen blouse; but his face was aglow with happiness, and standing there, tall and rugged, with the wind tossing back the curling brown locks from his forehead, he had the look of a young sea king. Mrs. Hines who had no son of her own, regarded him with motherly admiration.

"I'm glad it's you, Jess, stid o'—some other folks," she said. "He was off this mornin' 'fore anybody was stirrin', an' I ain't sorry he's gone. I don't know as he's bad, but-well you're worth ten of him, Jess, if I do say it, an' I hope Marty'll make you a good wife."

"Thanky', Mother Hines; I'll risk that," Jess answered confidently.

He had left his breakfast on the stove, and as he poured the coffee he told himself

that there would be somebody sitting at the other side of the table to pour it for him; and then he tried to imagine how it would seem to hear her saying, "Have another cup Jess." Perhaps she would say "deary." Some wives did. And the happy fellow felt a lump rising in his throat

and his eyes growing foggy again.

He had cleared the table and was doing his best to make the bare little room look homelike when Marty's father burst in. The old man's face was white and drawn; he was without a hat, and the wind had whipped the long gray hair into a tangled mat across his forehead.

ain't in her room, an' we thought maybe she'd run over to see you 'bout something.' "No, she ain't here daddy," said the young man; "but 'tain't likely she's fur off. I don't see anything to be scart about." But scarcely had he spoken when curtains were so closely drawn that noth-

ing could be seen but the driver's hands. They had no horses, and it was three himself that Marty was nowhere in the

But no one in Hardacre had seen the

sup, the blacksmith, "an' prob'ly he's half way up there by this time, so if it's some o' his dry-goods you're after, I guess you'll have to pat'onize the store.'

Jess, waiting to make no explanation, faced about as if starting for home; but as soon as he was out of the village he hired a horse and wagon at a farm house and set out for Hull Harbor, four miles away. It seemed a hopeless chase, for Harley had three hours the start of him; but his horse was a good traveler, fresh from the stall, and Jess did not spare him.

A part of the way the road lay through a stretch of scrub oaks, and as he came into the open he saw the peddler's horses plunging toward him, apparently without a driver. There was a wild clatter of hoofs and wheels. and he had barely time to turn out when the wagon crashed into the trunk of a tree. At the same instant he heard a frenzied shriek, and amid the general wreckage a woman was hurled to the

not even the throb of a pulse could be detected; and Jess, having lifted her into the wagon and pulled off his blouse to serve as a pillow, drove slowly back, feeling that

his wedding had been turned into a funeral.

But in the course of the day the girl recovered consciousness, and managed, in broken sentences to give an account of the accident. They had driven to Hull Har-bor, to the minister's house, and she was holding the horses while Harley went in to ask the minister to marry them, when from no apparent cause, the animals became frightened and broke into a run.

'Thank God for that !" cried Jess, with a vague idea that perhaps it was the angel of the Lord that spurred them to flight. But Marty had lapsed into unconsciousness

again. The morning after the accident Harley, who had been obliged to remain in the village while his wagon was undergoing repairs, mustered courage to call at the door, having first made sure that Jess was out on the cove. Marty had been taken into her mother's room—a little lean-to that opened out of the keeping room-and Mrs. Hines, n answer to his inquiries as to the extent of Marty's injuries, told him to come judge for himself.

He had really liked Marty-at least he But one look at that poor marred face made him regret that he had been so hasty. The ribbon had lost its prettiness, and he had

knew him no more. But during all the weary weeks that ensued, Jess haunted the house day and night barely taking time to draw his seine, and sparing himself no steps that could lighten the cares of the old father and mother.

And at last Marty, with the help of a crutch, was able to stand on her feet again. There was no looking-glass in her mother's room, and she hobbled at once to the little mirror that hung between the windows in the keeping-room. But what she saw made her draw back with a cry of horror, for about her forehead and temples all the hair—the soft, pale hair whose fluffy rings had been her pride—had been cut away, leaving a hideous scar exposed, while down

the side of her face ran a vivid zigzag seam. She turned away with a moan. was she to go on living with a mark like that always before her to remind her of her folly? And her crutch! The doctor had e would have to use it all her life. And before her mother, who had gone to the kitchen, missed her, she had made her way to the road. In her frenzy the cove seemed the quickest and surest way of escape from the life she dreaded. But just outside the gate Jess barred the

"Let me go," she cried, for Jess had folded her, crutch and all in his strong arms, and was looking down, with his heart in his eyes, at the scarred face.

"Oh, Jess, forgive me, and let me die in peace," she pleaded. "Truly, until that night that I came down in the pink dress, I hadn't thought o' givin' you up, but he promised me such an easy time—jus' to go ridin' roun' the country with him all the summer, and in winter I was to live in town and have all the pretty things I wanted. I was a fool to listen to him, an' I know I'm rightly punished, but it's more'n I can bear. Nobody'll ever want to look at me again, an' I've got nothin' left to

Jess laid his cheek against the drooping

"You've got your father and mother Marty," he said slowly; an' you've got me. I'm yours the same as ever, an' what do you suppose I care for the scars so long's I've got you? Only tell me that you love me, an' I'll be thankful all my life that it

was let to happen, I'm that selfish."

Marty could make no further protest, it was such rest to feel those strong arms round her.

"I've loved you always," she said brok-aly. "An' oh, Jess—I know I don't deenly. serve it-but a true heart is worth all the finery in the world. I've found that out.'

-Mary B. Sleight, in Harper's Bazar.

## Nature's Teachings.

In some parts of Central and South Africa a single firefly gives enough light to illuminate a whole room.

The creatures known as ocean hydras have no hearts, lungs, liver, brains or nervous system-no organs at all save mouth and skin.

The whole coal supply of our planet would barely suffice to produce heat equal to that which the sun dissipates in onetenth of a second.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world is in Galicia, Hungary. It is 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thick-

The celebrated French cave hunter, M. "Ain't Marty here?" he gasped. "She Martel, has explored a natural pit in the limestone of the Lozere, France, and made there a most remarkable discovery. After descending a vertical shaft for 200 feet he reached an immense hall sloping downward, at the lower end of which was a virgin for-

The truth of the adage about constant dripping wearing away a stone is strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Niagara river has been 36,000 years cutting its channel 200 feet deep, 2,000 feet wide and seven miles long, through solid rock. Evidence is conclusive that the falls were formerly at Queenston, seven miles below the present situation. It has been proved "Man that'll thrash a dumb critter like peddler. "He must have turned off foot a year for the last half a century. that they have not receded more than one

A Review of Some of Its Methods and Machinations.-How the Boss Gained and Retains His Great Power.—Schemes that have Undoubtedly Been Very Profitable to Some Person.-Manner of Enlisting Trusts and Corporations in his Interests.—His Expensive Estates.

The New York Evening Post, through its Washington correspondent, furnishes the following interesting information for the people of Pennsylvania who desire knowledge of Quay rule in Pennsylvania:

"Despite the excitement of war, Washington is deeply interested in the political campaign which has begun in Pennsylvania. Here all the parties to the contest are well known. The two Stones have long been members of the house of Representatives and Mr. Oney the members sentatives, and Mr. Quay, the most remarkable product of modern politics, directs from here the movements that have made his name famous. Moreover, Washington recognizes the pending contest as involving not alone the fate of parties, but the very form of government in a State, for the Harrisburg convention decided that the machine should not restore to Pennsylvania the Republican form of government guaranteed by the constitution, but should continue there the rule of Mr.

Quay.
"That rule is no more strictly a dictatorship than it is republican, for even an absolute monarchy might be honest and might guarantee to all citizens equality under the law. Quayism is rather the 'boss system,' a distinct form of government, which has not yet received the attention in the text books that its promise. nence deserves. The individual law maker drops out. Legislation and privileges are 'arranged for' with the boss or an authorized lieutenant, just as you arrange for the meats and vegetables you need for dinner. The boss's puppets in Legislature or city council or national Congress simply register his will. If they did not, they would not be there, for it is his 'organization' which

nominates and elects them. "The secret of Quay's great strength is his power over the corporations. He has been able through municipal, state and national legislation, to bestow extraordin-ary advantages and privileges, and the recipients in return have poured immense sums of money into his machine; and the money together with the public offices in his control, has built up and maintained an organization which was capable of continuing the favors. It was an endless

"Take the sugar trust for an example. For years Mr. Quay has been its constant and abiding friend in the United States Senate. A very diligent newspaper correspondent related that in 1890, when the McKinley tariff bill was in conference, he was never able to get to the committee room early enough in the morning not to find Mr. Quay and his son Richard there. Quay was not a member of the committee but through his 'influence' over men who were there, was able to have a large share in shaping legislation. 'In what are Mr. Quay and his son so much interested?' asked the correspondent of a Pennsylvania member of the conference committee. 'The sugar schedule,' was the reply and Mr. Quay's vote and influence during many years substantiate this view. Now, suppose Mr. Quay succeeded in getting a sugar schedule adopted which took only \$1 a year out of every consumer of sugar in the United States, that would mean \$70,000. 000 for the trust, and it could afford to pay handsomely for the political organization which made his services available. With this money at his disposal the overthrow of Quayism was practically impossible.

The Carnegie works form another bul-

works form another bulwark of Quay's strength. He has been persistent in securing extraordinary rates for the armor plate and steel forging which they sold to the government, and in turn the Carnegie interests have been at Mr. Quay's service. Besides recompensing his friends at the expense of the American taxpayer, Mr. Quay has been able to throw in some very substantial chromos. The president of the Carnegie company, J. G. A. Leishman, was appointed minister to Switzerland under the present administration, and Charlemagne Tower, one of the largest owners of the Bethlehem iron works, was appointed minister to Austria. It is related that only two members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress knew Tower when he was appointed. He is a very fresh man, and had laid down generous funds for the Quay machine in the contests through which it has passed. Although the Republican campaign fund raised in 1890 was the largest in the history of the country, the records do not show that Tower gave a cent, but he had more wisely invested his funds in Mr. Quay's pro-convention contests for the control of the State.

"The street railroads of Philadelphia have long been a great source of power for the Quay machine, and the Senator was for a time nominally the president of one of them at a large salary. In fact it is hard to look over Pennsylvania and find any corporation or business interest which could make money out of favorable state or national legislation through contracts, privi-leges or franchises that had not apparently paid tribute to Mr. Quay. His election to the Senate was itself a conspicuous example of the hypnotic power of the great organi-zation which he had built up. It will be recalled that as a state treasurer he had ecome so involved that various reputable New York newspapers made serious accusa-tions and defied him to sue them for libel, offering to stand service papers in Philadelphia. But Mr. Quay never responded. It is commonly alleged that he lost in speculation money belonging to the State, and that Cameron and the others made the short-

age good. "Then Mr. Quay had been recorder of the city of Philadelphia, an office created by the pliant Legislature for his sole bene-fit, and forced upon the city. It paid about \$60,000 per year in fees. With a record of this sort, which disgusted the decent element of Pennsylvanians, Mr. Quay was able to get into the Senate of the United States, where his opportunities for spoil have been enormously increased, and the great State of Pennsylvania presented his name to the St. Louis convention of 1896 for the Presidency. Although he has been in politics all his life, and his senatorial salary is only \$5,000 a year, Mr. Quay maintains four palatial establishments and lives on the scale of probably not less than \$50,000 a year. He has a beautiful est of stalagmites, resembling palm and pine trees. Some of these are of great beauty, and one, over 90 feet in height, farm in Lancaster county.

"It is interesting to note, parenthetically, that when he attempted to go fishing from his Indian river place he found Jupiter Inlet a little too shallow for his boat. Soon thereafter the Congress of the United States appropriated some \$75,000 to dredge out the channel in the interest of American commerce.

The Quay Machine.

most remarkable institution of its kind in the history of the country. Mr. Croker's New York machine, organized for similar purposes, deals with the teeming population of a great city where a good percent-age of the voters are foreigners who have had little chance to learn the ethics of free government. It is hardly to be wondered at that the mercenary theory of politics has its attractions to them. Mr. Quay, however, deals with simon pure Americans of the middle classes. In rural Pennsylvania his hold is unassailed. The very men who support him religiously at every election as the apostle of true Republicanism are lying awake nights for fear that the Pope of Rome is trying to steal away American liberties, or that the tide of immigration will be the ruin of the country. These are two ideas very conspicious in the country districts of Pennsylvania. A.-P.-A.-ism is rampant. Fear of immigration is so intense that Mr. Quay has voted for all sorts of projects for keeping foreigners out, and was one of the five Senators to support Tillman's amendment to put a large per capita tax upon them. His henchman Stone is a great immigration restrictionist and is the author of the consular certificate plan. The restriction of immigration may be all right, but it is pathetic to think of the honest

yeomanry of Pennsylvania fearing the

Italian and the Pope, yet implicitly fol-

lowing Mr. Quay.

"The pending election in Pennsylvania is a trial of Quayism. The senatorial succession is at stake in the Legislature to be chosen this fall. If William A. Stone is elected Governor, and a Quay Legislature, the same legislative system will probably continue which has become a stench in the nostrils of every honest man, and against which John Wanamaker has made his remarkable campaign. When Quay was driven into close quarters two years ago, he promised all sorts of legislative reforms, and among them that the \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 held by the State Treasurer should be put out at interest for the benefit of the taxpayers, instead of being deposited, as in the past, in pet political banks, organized in some cases for that purpose. But to these promises of reforms the Legislature under his control paid no real attention.

One of his State Senators, Mr. Saylor, got so deep in the mud, that he did not dare to run again, and so, for 'vindication,' Mr. Quay had him appointed consul at Matanzas. Saylor was allowed sixty days of salary to go to his post, which he proceeded to do, but never assumed the duties of the office.

"The attitude of William A. Stone and Charles W. Stone to the Quay machine is significant and may well be described in the words of one of Mr. Quay's warmest friends: 'You see, W. A. Stone has always supported the old man in everything he has done, and has always been on hand. Charles W. Stone has run to the fence a good many times.' This means, in plain English, that Wm. A. Stone has had a stomach for everything that Quayism has meant. Charles W. Stone is a type in polities of many excellent men. excellent man and the methods of Mr. Quay sorely vex him, but as a Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania he could not come out squarely against the 'old man.' So he gave out the statement a few days before the convention that he did not wish to be considered as anti-Quay.' He bears the same relation to the political brigandage in this State that Secretary Bliss bore to the Platt machine in New

York last year. 'There are no gratifying signs that the Federal administration has got through bolstering up by the use of offices the infamous Quay machine. At first President McKinley gave Quay about what he but the selection of Chas. Emory Smith, the anti-Quay Republican editor as Postmaster General, marked a parting of the ways. It looks as if Quay would have to break with this administration as he did with that of Harrison, and as he

A Digging in Australia Has Yielded \$250,000,000 in Gold in 30 Years.

The richest gold mine in the world is located under the thriving town of Balla-rat, Victoria, Australia, The town has about 25,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are employed in the mine. There are more than 100 miles of tunnels under the city, some of them being at a depth of 2,000. The entrances to the mine, which is controlled by a corporation and is known as the Band, Barton and Albion councils, is outside the city. The region around Ballarat has been dug over several times by miners. It was formerly covered by a dense forest, but the trees have been chopped down, and the mark of the miner' shovel and pick is visible on all sides. Not one of the workers struck pay dirt, and the work was all done in vain.

The rock in which the gold is found beneath Ballarat is not rich in the yellow metal. It yields but half an ounce of standard gold to the ton, and yet the Band, Barton and Albion mine has yielded more than £50,000,000 in gold since it was opened 30 years ago. The work is done so systematically and so thoroughly that it is enormously profitable in spite of the low grade of ore. The supply of paying quartz seems practically inexhaustible, and as the vein is extensive, being spread over much territory, the mine bids fair to last for cen-

All of the paying veins of Australia run north and south, and have a dip of 25 degrees east and west. In working the mines shaft is sunk until the vein is struck. Then the miners work upward, allowing the ore to fall backward and downward to the shaft, through which it is raised to the surface, where it is milled. The workmen in the Band, Barton and Albion are much more comfortable than the workers in a coal mine. There are no noxious gases and no danger from explosions. Pure air is forced in through various shafts, and thus into the drivers. The tunnels are drilled far apart, so that there will be no danger to the city above, where all is trade and bustle.-London Tit-Bits.

## The Truth About Convicts in Siberia.

The most conclusive evidence as to what the life of the average convict really is is furnished upon the best evidence by the convicts themselves, who certainly ought to know when and where they are well off. Not more than one-fourth of the exiles when their time has expired elect to return to Russia, whither they are attracted by that love and attachment to home so strong in every human breast, so particularly strong in the Slav. The fact is that they have found life in Siberia pleasanter, the road to ease, a competency and even to wealth less rugged, less crowded with competitors. So they become colonists and of their own free will and choice remain in Siberia, throwing their fortunes in with the destiny of the new land, and I, know-"But why more of this? No one is for a ing something of the conditions of life moment in doubt as to what the Quay machine is for and what it means. It is the Stephen Bonsel in Harper's.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

New fall capes for dressy wear are ex-tremely novel in shape, and give the quaint sloping effect to the shoulders of the wear-er such as is seen in old-fashioned daguerreo types of 1860. Others have small, closefitting yokes, or deep, shawl-shaped por-tions, finished at the lower edge by circular flounces. The military cape, too, is a great feature of younger women's wardrobe. These latter garments are made of navy blue or gray military cloth, lined with scarlet and trimmed with gold cord and brass buttons. Hoods lined to match the capes can be worn with them or not, as preferred, and certainly are a picturesque addition, especially when framing a piquant face during an evening stroll in the crisp fall nights.

The box jacket is a favorite for early fall wear. The box effect appears only in front the back being tight fitting, with pleated extensions below the waist line. Hoods are used on some of these jackets. and the collars are high and flaring. Most of the new jackets close double breasted, contrary to the close-fitting waists and basques, which as a rule close down the centre. Little children's jackets have large collars, and on some deep turned-up

The new "Dewey" skirt, of which every woman has one, is simply the Spanish flounce skirt renamed. The shape and depth of the flounce vary in different designs, but the general effect remains the

The close-fitting waist or basque for street wear is gaining in popularity. Some have a loose vest, and others have the faintest suggestion of a blouse.

Plain goods of all kinds will be popular this fall, although checks and plaids will also be worn to some extent, not only to make entire costumes, but for borders and facings on the plain cloths.

Wool crepons will be among the dressy fall and winter materials. These are shown in black and in color combinations, and in most novel and artistic weaves.

Tailor-made garments of silk are stylish handsome and new. The jackets and coats are generally worn with woolen skirts, and moire antique, faille Française or peau de soie are the favorite materials. For elderly ladies the silk wraps are made long enough to entirely conceal the dress beneath. Of course, black is the favorite hue for such garments.

Postillion backs are again popular, so, too, are the small, removable basques or basquinas, which are so arranged on a belt that they can instantly be adjusted to a round waist.

Revers appear, both large and small, and in infinite variety of shape. Epaulets continue on basques and waists, but have not been utilized to any great extent on coats and jackets.

A new material is known as taupinette, which translated means "moleskin" the goods in question being a light-weight, smooth-surfaced cloth, which comes in all the new shades of gray.

Metelasse and cloths in matelasse effects will be very popular for cloaks and capes this winter. Some of the silk weaves have old relief that it a pears to be applied over an under stuffing.

Vandyking is fashionable not only for ollars, but for sleeve wrists, lower edges of capes and jackets, etc. Sometimes fan did with any administration he cannot pleatings of silk of contrasting color are set beneath the slashes, or gores of cloth, plain or embroidered, are inserted.

Satin will remain a favorite material throughout the fall and winter for separate waists. Striped taffeta will also be largely used for these. Indeed, satin will play a large part in evening skirts and entire costumes, even for the debutante, although for the latter it will probably be veiled with net, gauze or lisse.

Artillery red and army blue are the most favored colors at present. They appear without mixture in many of the plain cloths, and in combination in cheviots and camel's hair. A very handsome cloth for jackets and costumes has the outside a mixture of the above colors and the under surface of artillery red.

The five and seven-gored skirts vie in popularity with the "Dewey" flounced skirt. The latter appears as well, if not better, when developed in heavy cloths, as when made of lighter materials. Few of the plain gored skirts measure over four yards at the lower edge.

Ribbon continues to be a favorite trimming for house dresses; satin, moire or velvet varieties are all used, and are put on either plain, in ruffles or ruching.

Military effects of all kinds will be fashionable, probably, as long at the war lasts. Gold cord and braid and brass buttons appear on jackets, cloaks, basques and entire costumes, even the most conservative wom-en yielding to this patriotic fancy. On dark cloths, when not too much of it is used, the gold braid looks very striking and handsome, but it is to be feared that there will be such a deluge of these trimmings before the fall is over that even the most loyal will be surfeited.

Whipcord, vigoureux and diagonal are three materials which are bound to hold a prominent place throughout the cold weather. Double wale diagonal is new and handsome.

From all foreign accounts passementerie will play a large part in cape decoration this winter. Velvet capes will be embroidered in jet and spangles over three-quarters of their surface, and cloth capes will be trimmed with silk passementerie in the same or contrasting colors, says the De

A novelty in bodices is the shirt blouse waist, which, although combining several of the features of the shirt waist, is nevertheless, much more dressy and can be appropriately made in silk, satin or woolen materials. This has a close-fitting, pleated back, and slightly bloused fronts, also a smooth vest and basquine, the latter being removable. As a separate waist to wear with serge or rough woolen skirts this design of waist is certain to meet with favor.

Vests and plastrons are used with many