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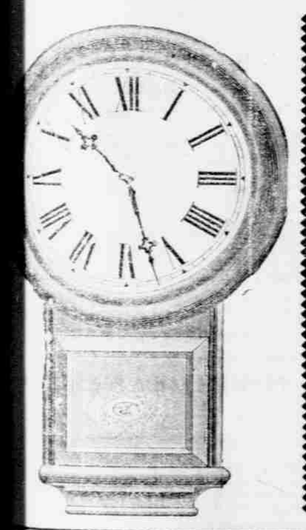

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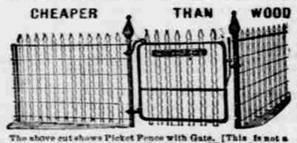

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AMANDA TODD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Amanda Todd's orbit of existence is restricted, of a necessity, since she was born, brought up and will die in this village, but there is no doubt that it is eccentric. She moves apart on her own little course quite separate from the rest of us.

Had Amanda's lines of life been cast elsewhere, where circumstances had pushed her, instead of hemming her in, she might have become the feminine apostle of a new creed, have founded a sect or instituted a new system of female dress. As it is, she does not go to meeting, she never wears a bonnet and she keeps cats.

Amanda Todd is 60, and she never was married. Had she been, the close friction with another nature might have worn away some of the peculiarities of hers. She might have gone to meeting, she might have worn a bonnet, she might even have eschewed cats, but it is not probable. When peculiarities are in the grain of a person's nature, as they probably are in hers, such friction only brings them out more plainly, and it is the other person who suffers.

The village men are not, as a rule, very subtle, but they have seemed to feel this instinctively. Amanda was, they say, a very pretty girl in her youth, but no young man ever dared make love to her and marry her. She had always the reputation of being "an odd stick," even in the district school. She always kept by herself at recess, she never seemed to have anything in common with the other girls and she always went home alone from singing school. Probably never in her whole life has Amanda Todd known what it is to be protected by some devoted person of the other sex through the mighty perils of our village street.

There is a tradition in the village that once in her life, when she was about 25 years old, Amanda Todd had a beautiful bonnet and went to meeting.

Old Mrs. Nathan Morse vouches for the reliability of it, and, moreover, she hints at a reason. "When Mandy, she was 'bout 25 years old," she says, "George Henry French, he come to town, and taught the district school, and he see Mandy, an' told Almira Benton that he thought she was about the prettiest girl he ever laid eyes on, and Almiry, she told Mandy. That was all there ever was to it, he never waited on her, never spoke to her, fur's I know, but right after that, Mandy, she had a bunnit, and she went reg'lar to meetin'. 'Fore that her mother could scarcely get her to keep a thing on her head out of doors—allers carried her sunbunnit a-danglin' by the strings, wonder she wasn't sunstruck a million times—and as for goin' to meetin', her mother, she talked and talked, but it didn't do a mite of good. I s'pose her father kind of upheld her in it. He was most as odd as Mandy. He wouldn't go to meetin' unless he was driv, and he wa'n't a member. 'Nough sight ruther go out prowlin' round in the woods like a wild animal, Sabbath days, than go to meetin'. Once he ketched a wildcat, an' tried to tame it, but he couldn't. It bit and chewed so he had to let it go. I guess Mandy gets her liking for cats from him fast enough. Well, Mandy, she had that handsome bunnit, and she went to meetin' reg'lar 'most a year, and she looked as pretty as a picture sittin' in the pew. The bunnit was trimmed with green gauze ribbon and had a wreath of fine pink flowers inside. Her mother was real tickled, thought Mandy had met with a change. But land, it didn't last no time. George Henry French, he quit town the next year and went to Somerset to teach, and pretty soon we heard he hed married a girl over there. Then Mandy, she didn't come to meetin' any more. I dunno what she did with the bunnit—stamped on it, most likely, she always had consider'ble temper—anyway, I never see her wear it arterwards."

Thus old Mrs. Nathan Morse tells the story, and somehow to a reflective mind the picture of Amanda Todd in her youth decked in her pink-wreathed bonnet, selfishly but innocently attending in the sanctuary of divine love in order to lay hands on her own little share of earthly affection, is inseparable from her, as she goes now, old and bare-headed, defiantly past the meeting house, when the Sabbath bells are ringing.

However, if Amanda Todd had elected to go bareheaded through the village street from feminine vanity, rather than eccentricity, it would have been no wonder. Not a young girl in the village has such a head of hair as Amanda. It is of a beautiful chestnut color, and there is not a gray thread in it. It is full of wonderful natural ripples, too—not one of the village girls can equal them with her papers and crimping pins—and Amanda arranges it in two superb braids wound twice around her head. Seen from behind, Amanda's head is that of a young beauty; when it turns a little, and her harsh old profile becomes visible, there is a shock to the stranger.

Amanda's father had a great shock of chestnut hair, which was seldom cut, and she inherits this adornment from him. He lived to be an old man, but that ruddy crown of his never turned gray.

Amanda's mother died long ago; then her father. Ever since she has lived alone in her shingled cottage with her cats. There were not so many cats at first; they say she started with one fine tabby, who became the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother to armies of kittens.

Amanda must destroy some when she can find no homes for them, otherwise she herself would be driven afield, but still the impression is of a legion.

A cat is so covert, it slinks so secretly from one abiding place to another and seems to duplicate itself with its sudden appearances, that it may account in a measure for this impression. Still there are a great many. Nobody knows just the number—the estimate runs anywhere from 15 to 50. Counting, or trying to count, Amanda Todd's cats is a favorite amusement of the village children. "Here's another," they shout, when a pair of green eyes gleams at them from a post. But is it another, or only the same cat who has moved? Cats sit in Amanda's windows; they stare out wisely at the passers-by, from behind the panes, or they fold their paws on the ledge outside in the sunshine. Cats walk Amanda's ridgepole and her fence, they perch on her posts and fly to her cherry trees with bristling fur at the sight of a dog. Amanda has as deadly a hatred of dogs as have her cats. Everyone which comes within stone throw of her she sends off yelping, for she is a good shot. Kittens tumble about Amanda's yard and crawl out between her fence pickets under people's feet. Amanda will never give away a kitten except to a responsible person, and is as particular as if the kitten were a human orphan, and she the manager of an asylum.

She will never, for any consideration, bestow one of her kittens upon a family that keeps a dog, or where there are many small children. Once she made a condition that the dog should be killed, and she may be at times inwardly disposed to banish the children.

Amanda Todd is extremely persistent when she has selected a home which is perfectly satisfactory to her for a kitten. Once one was found tied into a little basket like a baby on the doorstep of a childless and humane couple who kept no dog, and there is a story that Deacon Nehemiah Stockwell found one in his overcoat pocket and never knew how it came there. It is probable that Amanda resorts to these extreme measures to save herself from either destroying her kittens or being driven out of house and home by them.

However, once, when the case was reversed, Amanda herself was found wanting. When she began to grow old, and the care of her pets told upon her, it occurred to her that she might adopt a little girl. Amanda has a comfortable little income, and would have been able to provide a good living for a child, as far as that goes.

But the managers of the institution to whom Amanda applied made inquiries, and the result did not satisfy them. Amanda stated frankly her reason for wishing to take the child, and her intentions with regard to her. She wished the little girl to tend her cats and assist her in caring for them. She was willing that she should attend school four hours per day, going after the cats had their breakfast, and returning an hour earlier to give them their supper. She was willing that she should go to meeting in the afternoon only, and she could have no other children come to visit her for fear they would maltreat the kittens. She furthermore announced her intention to make her will, giving to the girl, whom she should adopt, her entire property in trust for her cats, to include her own maintenance on condition that she devote her life to them as she had done.

The trustees declared that they could not conscientiously commit a child to her keeping for such purposes, and the poor little girl orphan, who had the chance of devoting her life to the care of pussy cats and kittens, to the exclusion of all childish folowers, remained in her asylum.

So Amanda to this day lives alone, and manages as best she can. Nobody in the village can be induced to live with her; one forlorn old soul preferred the almshouse.

"I'd 'nough sight ruther go on the town than live with all them cats," she said.

It is rather unfortunate that Amanda's shingled cottage is next the meeting house, for that, somehow, seems to render her non-church-going more glaringly conspicuous, and then, too, there is a liability of indecorous proceedings on the part of the cats.

They evidently do not share their mistress' dislike of the sanctuary, and find its soft pew cushions very inviting. They watch their chances to slink in when the sexton opens the meeting house; he is an old man and dim-eyed, and they are often successful. It is wise for anybody before taking a seat in a pew to make sure that one of Amanda's cats has not forestalled him; and often a cat flees down one flight of the pulpit stairs as the minister ascends the other.

We all wonder what will become of Amanda's cats when she dies. There is a report that she has made her will and left her property in trust for the cats to somebody, but to whom? Nobody in this village is anxious for such a bequest, and whoever it may be will probably strive to repudiate it. Some day the cats will undoubtedly go by the board; young Henry Wilson, who has a gun, will shoot some, the rest will become aliens and wanderers, but we all hope Amanda Todd will never know it.

In the meantime she is undoubtedly carrying on among us an eccentric, but none the less genuine mission. A home missionary is Amanda Todd, and we should recognize her as such in spite of her non-church-going proclivities. Weak in faith though she may be, she is, perchance, as strong in love as the best of us. At least I do not doubt that her poor little four-footed dependents would so give evidence if they could speak.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Modern Flat Building.

"You know, it's old enough and familiar enough," said a flat dweller, "but it's striking all the same, to hear the whistle blow in the kitchen, from somebody in the cellar at the elevator, and may be at the same time to hear the bell ring from somebody at the front door. The servant throws up the door to the elevator shaft, to be ready to receive the things that the man is sending up from below, and she swings around and presses the button and opens a door far away and in still another part of the house. All simple enough, but it interests me all the same. It seems sort of like running the steamer from the bridge; or like throwing the levers in the switch house and controlling switches far away; it seems like business; it's modern and up to date."

Florida Indians.

"Our Indians," says Dr. Brecht, Indian commissioner in the state of Florida, "are not multiplying rapidly. This is due to physiological and social reasons. Still, there has been an increase. In 1859 there were but 112. Now there are something over 500. The chief social reason for their slow propogation is the custom of countenancing no marriages of persons who have a drop of the same blood in their veins. This is sometimes hard on the girls. One leader I know has two beautiful daughters, who cannot get married because the eligible young men are almost all akin to them."—Chicago Chronicle.

GOT EVEN WITH TORMENTORS.

How a Practical Joker Turned the Tables on a Bevy of Pretty Girls.

A San Francisco gentleman came to this city a short time since, and with his wife quartered at a fashionable boarding house. They were a very jolly couple, and soon made friends with all the inmates, among whom were a number of young ladies. The gentleman was, as one of the young ladies said, "an awful tease," and took great delight in playing all sorts of harmless jokes on the young ladies, telling the young men that marriage was a failure and in other ways endeavoring to keep them out of the toils of matrimony, and, in short, keeping up an everlasting "joshing."

The young ladies determined to get even on him when he went away on the steamer, so all went down to see him and his wife off. Now, although he had been married to his second wife some two years, they were a fine-looking couple, and might easily be taken for a newly-wedded pair. To give all the people on the steamer the idea that they were just married and starting out on their bridal tour was the way the young ladies planned to get even. They procured a lot of rice and poured it in every crevice about the baggage of the couple, and in their pockets and among their wraps, so that rice dropped from them at every step.

One of the young ladies, who was acquainted with the officers of the steamer, explained the situation to them and secured their aid in carrying out the plot, and also a promise that the delusion should be kept up all the way to San Francisco. They then scattered rice about the stateroom of the "bride and groom" and all over the deck in front, and when the go-ashore gong sounded they just emptied their vials of rice on the unfortunates and started ashore.

The man was paralyzed for a moment, but, "catching on," he said: "Well, if this is a bridal party it is my duty to kiss all the ladies," and he went for them then and there, and he kissed them right and left, not hap-hazard, but squarely on the mouth every time, with resounding smacks which could be heard clear up on the wharf. Such an uproar had not been heard at the steamer dock since the prerailroad days.

The last to be saluted had escaped half way down the gangway, but the "bridegroom" rushed down after her, nearly knocking overboard "the last man," who was just coming up, and he kissed her the hardest of all. "They sailed away with the fair young bride" and the young ladies returned to their boarding house and have ever since been trying to decide who the joke was on.—Portland Oregonian.

GOLD IN DEER'S TEETH.

Man Who Found It Now Trying to Discover a Mine.

Gold has been found in a variety of queer places, among others in the dust shaken from chickens' feathers, in the crops of wild turkeys, and between the toes of a wolf hound. The latest odd place for gold is as a filling for a deer's teeth, and it is told of in the Nidologist by John A. Bryant, of Kansas City, Mo.

A Kansas City taxidermist was found in a great state of excitement by Mr. Bryant. He had recently got two deer heads for mounting from Colorado. The jaws of both deer were being scraped, and then the taxidermist observed a peculiar substance crusted on the teeth. This sediment was brownish yellow in color, and just for fool's luck the man scraped it off and sent it to an assayer. The assayer got a lump of gold, pure, yellow gold, from the stuff, and the taxidermist made haste to find out the precise locality where the deer were killed. Then he asked about the deer licks where the animals got their salt. He doesn't know yet whether the gold came from a salt lick or from the dust blown onto the grass or browse on which the deer fed.

The taxidermist said that the deer were killed not more than 100 miles from the Cripple Creek gold mines, and further, that he knows the spot exactly. He thinks that if deer can get gold filling for their teeth in the ordinary course of nature, a man can get bushels of it. He has so much faith in this that he is going to sell out his business, buy a burro, a grub stake, and a prospector's pick, and then go to prospecting on the deers' trails.

BRIEF BUT INTERESTING.

The Story of an Interview with the Grand Old Man.

The correspondent of a London paper was seated on the stairs leading from the peers' gallery one day, when Mr. Gladstone happened to come downstairs unobserved by him. As the correspondent blocked the way the Grand Old Man said to him, politely: "Will you kindly let me pass?" The question at once suggested a brilliant idea to the newspaper man. He rushed to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch to his paper: "I had a somewhat brief but profoundly interesting conversation with Mr. Gladstone last evening, meeting the right honorable gentleman in the lobby," etc. Mr. Gladstone never denied the authenticity of the half column of conversation that followed.

A MYSTERY OF THE RIFLE.

Unaccountable Result of Shooting from a Vise.

Something that no man understands is why a rifle, clamped in an immovable vise, will not put a bullet in the same hole every time, even if the wind does not interfere. A correspondent of Shooting and Fishing tells how he put a rifle of 32 caliber into a vise and fired it ten times, the sights being always aimed directly at a mark. The bullets went all over a four-inch circle at 50 yards. Theoretically all ought to have gone into the same hole.

A man who holds his rifle gripped hard at one time and easily at another will not shoot as well as one who takes the same hold of his rifle every time. The best results are obtained from bench rests when the man puts his shoulder against the rifle butt.

Her Hat an Obstruction.

It is a literal fact, says a London paper, that the conductor of an omnibus had to press down a girl's hat at each side the other day before she could get in at the door. The wearer of the cartwheel could not make out what was hindering her from getting in, when the conductor, with a polite "Allow me," gently depressed the brim on either side.

THE SHIP BUCEPHALUS.

"No snipe shooting to-morrow, sir."

The officer of the life patrol paused with lighted lantern on his arm, his sou'wester buttoned close up to his throat and the peak of his oilskin cap pulled far down over his weatherbeaten face and passed out into the night.

As he opened the door a gust of wind swept the knob from his grasp, dashed the framework against the wall of the chamber and extinguished the flickering oil lamp that made shift to render visible the darkness of the room.

Clarence Baxter hastily fastened the door after the retreating figure, relighted the lamp and sat down on the sea chest which served as a chair and a bed. A strange place it was, this beachcomber's cabin. Timbers from every ship that had come ashore on Coffin beach these 50 years were woven into its heterogeneous framework. Here a part of a steamship's deckhouse, there a stanchion from the sturdy hull of some long-forgotten merchantman, yonder the patched wainscoting of a clipper ship's once gorgeous cabin—cheek-by-jowl these relics of departed pride stood like monuments of the dead past in some strange nautical cemetery.

Outside the gale raged with increasing fury. Low though it sat between the sand dunes, the solid walls of the hovel trembled and rocked under the impact of the blast like a ship in a heavy sea. Such a spring storm had not been seen on the coast for years—not since the night (as a veteran told afterward) when the clipper ship Bucephalus came ashore 'way back in the '50s. In the angle over there the prow of this vessel formed a sort of cornerstone for the strange structure, and the horse in the figurehead stared at Baxton with the sightless eyes of an emblem of death.

He would have been puzzled to explain why he felt so strangely, left alone in this cozy cabin. Baxton was not a superstitious man, nor one given to sentimental vagaries or emotional weaknesses, and yet, as the door swung to after the officer, he felt for a moment a strange and unaccountable thrill—a chilling of the blood—a consciousness of something outside of his sphere of influence, superior to his power of control, that was gradually but surely working its will around and about him. the feeling was not one of fear. What, indeed, was he to be afraid of? Surely not of the storm, for he was cozily housed. Not the thieves or marauders, for he and the coast guardsmen were the only human beings on that strip of beach. Of what, then, was he fearful? It was all nonsense, he said—he was not afraid at all.

Baxton shivered as he threw another piece of driftwood on the fire and drew closer to the green-blue blaze of the copper-stained timber that cast fantastic, many-hued shadows on the rough walls. "No going back to the mainland to-night," he thought, as the picture of the storm-lashed bay rose before his mind, and he silently objurgated the secretary of the treasury who had promulgated the order for bidding the life-saving men to entertain guests in their cozy stations

The tea chest was filled with old newspapers, the officer had said, with which he might, perhaps, while away an hour. He lifted the lid. Yes—so it was—prints running back for many years, tied up and labeled in a cramped handwriting—that of Calamity Dick's, probably, the fisherman who, until his death last year, had occupied this cabin since no man remembered when. Turning them over, Baxton saw that the packets contained clippings descriptive of the wrecks on this same stretch of sand, called Coffin beach—"Cemetery beach would be better," Baxton thought, as he surveyed the yellow bundles. "Bark Excelsior, June, 1842," read one; "30 drowned, two saved;" "Ship Andromache, January, 1843, 28 drowned, none saved," read another "Ship Harold," 16 drowned, four saved; "Clipper Vanguard, 86 drowned, 15 saved," and so on through a pile of packages that reached knee high as he laid them on the floor. Near the bottom was a larger bundle labeled "Clipper Bucephalus, March, 1856, 122 drowned, four saved." Where had he heard of that ship? "Bucephalus—Bucephalus," he repeated, reflectively, to himself. "Oh, yes, the ship the old figurehead came from," and he began to untie the dusty package.

But slowly it came back to him that he had heard the name before he came to Coffin beach. "Where?" As he asked the question a newspaper, bearing the date 1856, lay spread before him, and his eyes rested on the headlines: "Clipper Ship Bucephalus, Liverpool to New York, Ashore on Coffin Beach, April 26. The ill-fated vessel, which was owned by H. B. Baxton & Co., — Front street, this city, missed its reckoning and ran ashore on Coffin beach at three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last and became a total wreck. The life-saving crew at this place, one of the most dangerous points on the coast, is not on duty at this season of the year. At ten o'clock on the following morning, before anything could be done to rescue the crew and passengers, the ship went to pieces in the terrific surf that was running. Of the ship's company, 82 steerage passengers, six cabin passengers and 34 of the crew were drowned. The second mate, Mr. Lalor, and three sailors came ashore alive on pieces of wreckage—the sole survivors of the disaster. The captain W. B. Wilkins, perished with his ship Mr. Lalor, who was seen by a correspondent of this paper yesterday, states that the vessel's loss was due to the fact that her owner had neglected to provide a proper chronometer, although repeatedly warned of the peril run by the lack of this essential instrument. Mr. Baxton is noted among metropolitan merchants for his great wealth and extreme parsimony. It is said that the matter will be laid before the authorities, in order that the cause of the wreck may be thoroughly sifted, and the blame for this terrible sacrifice of innocent lives placed where it belongs."

In pencil across the margin of the clipping was scrawled in Calamity Dick's cramped script: "And 30 of 'em winin, and Lalor says the captain died a cussin' the owner as the seas swept them pore folks offen the deck into the surf."

Baxton stared at the paper before him. My God! he had heard of the Bucephalus before.

True, he was not born until years after this terrible event, yet the memory of it had poisoned all of his mother's remaining days. "Baxter, the Bucephalus Murderer," he had heard somebody say in his father's lifetime, but until to-night he never knew the meaning of the words. And here, on the very scene of the horror, the son of its author was domiciled under the cabin walls of that long-lost ship. Yonder its figurehead mocked him with staring eyes!

"The hull is breaking up!" It is no longer the fisherman's house, but the cabin of a sinking ship. See how the timbers strain and wrench as the keel pounds on the remorseless sand; hear how the waves thunder on the deck above, as though to crush the trembling fabric; listen to the creaking of the overstrained timbers! The water is slowly rising yonder, where the cabin floor is lowest. Who are these that crowd down the companionway—women scantily clad—terror in their eyes, their hands bleeding, their naked feet raw from contact with the cruel ropes? One is an aged gentlewoman who leans feebly on the shoulders of a young man—her gray hair streams over her brow, her dim eyes look with a mother's tender love on her son's resolute young face. All these poor creatures are chilled with exposure, weak with suffering. Two of the women lead, another carries a child. "Better to drown here," says one, bitterly, "than to freeze to death on deck." (Baxton does not hear these words, but he sees the lips move and knows what they are saying.) Then the little group huddles close together in the gloom, the mothers gather their children to their breasts, and one, an ancient gentlewoman, prays silently, as she locks hands with the stripling. "I pray Thee, O Father, if it be Thy will, take me and spare him." * * * Now the pale lips of the woman are still, her head sinks on her breast and the son rises with a terrible cry—(Baxton cannot hear that cry, but he sees the man's awful eyes and knows what he says). "My mother is dead!" Then the waves pound harder on the deck, the timbers shrink and creak and groan, the fabric lifts and falls with dull, terrible thuds—it is high tide—the ship is breaking up. Although it is day, the cabin grows darker and darker. The water rises higher. Baxton must save himself. He staggers across the heaving floor where mother and son lie dead in each other's arms, reaches the companionway, gains the deck—and then, before him, over the shattered bulwarks, to which clings half a hundred miserable, drowning creatures, looms a great towering wall of green water. Lashed to the mizzen shrouds, the captain, trumpet in hand, sees not the coming avalanche—his glance rests only on the face that is emerging from the companionway—Baxton's face. Casting off the rope that holds him to this place of safety, with livid stare and blazing eye, he points straight at Baxton.

"See, see," he cries, "the murderer Baxton! Curses on you—curses on you—curses!" In a second it was over. The monstrous hill of water, the double wave that marks the flood-tide, strikes the shattered ship a full, fair blow, mounts as high as the yardarm, clear over the decks, shatters the weakened hull to fragments and bears down mast and bowsprit in one common ruin, amid an awful grinding and crushing and a splintering of timbers. Then rises a great shriek that pierces to heaven over the tumult of the sea (Baxton cannot hear that shriek, but he feels it), followed by the boiling seethe of waters—and the wave passes on, leaving naught to tell the fate of the Bucephalus save a few scattered spars, a few battered corpses (ghastly playthings of the tide) and—that is all.

The following is from the Daily Record of April 28, 18—:

"A strange accident happened at Coffin Beach on Friday last. Clarence Baxton, a well-known New Yorker, went down on Thursday for a bit of snipe shooting, expecting to return that night. Prevented from doing so by the storm, he sought refuge in a fisherman's cabin on the beach, where the life patrol left him at 10 o'clock in the evening, comfortably housed and provided with light and fuel. The tide rose to an extraordinary height during the night, so much so that the flood wave (as the last wave of the high tide is called) swept clear over the sand dunes that line the beach, overwhelmed the cabin and swept it out to sea, carrying with it the unfortunate gentleman, whose body was cast up on the shore by the returning tide next morning. Not a vestige of the cabin remained, save the figurehead of a ship, which formed part of the structure. It is curious to note that the succeeding ebb tide, which was an extremely low one, exposed upon the beach the hull of a large ship, supposed to be the remains of the clipper Bucephalus, which was wrecked on the sands some forty years ago. The deceased was the son of the late H. B. Baxton, a prominent merchant of this city."—Vanity.

The Chambermaid's Tips.

A pleasing story is told by the crown prince of Germany, who, with his brother, was recently with their tutor at the hotel of the Chutes du Rhin. When the tutor paid the bill he offered a money present to the chambermaid, who, however, refused the gift, pointing to a notice that tips were forbidden. The tutor explained the situation to the eldest pupil, who thereupon went out with his brother and bought a very pretty brooch. This he gave to the maid, saying that, "as it was not money, she could not refuse it." As the young princes were staying at the hotel incognito the maid did not know that the donor of the brooch will probably be emperor of Germany some day.

—Bigotry has no head and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.—Daniel O'Connell.

—The Brooklyn bridge is 278 feet above the river.

UP-TO-DATE TEA GOWNS.

The Two Essentials Are Pretty Colorings and Materials Which Drape Softly.

In no gown does a woman appeal so strongly to a man as in a wrapper. There is an air of homeness, of for-us-alone, which appeals to him whenever he sees a wrapper-gowned woman.

Knowing this, women regret that etiquette does not allow the donning of wrappers outside of one's room. Nor would an arrangement of this sort be feasible, since it is the very exclusiveness of the wrapper which makes it so attractive.

A compromise between wrapper and street gown is made, however, in the tea gown. That garment has the long, clinging lines of the wrapper, the soft-draped sleeves and the flowing train. At the same time it is tight-fitting about the waist, as demanded by Dame Fashion for all gowns in which the weaker sex robes itself for appearance before men.

These general lines, set down above, are followed in all garments of this character. But so varied are the details of each that tea gowns are as diverse as the flowers of the field and quite as beautiful.

A front of chiffon, soft silk or net, draped softly, is indispensible to all up-to-date tea gowns. A band of shirring or ribbon gathers this front at the waist.

The craze for Louis jackets having affected all female apparel, tea gowns are made with elongated jackets, which open in broad revers each side the front and spread in the back to a magnificent train.

Sleeves are of several designs, all unique and exceedingly long. The mousquetaire sleeve is much favored, while cuffs conceal the hand. One charming sleeve was gored and flounces of narrow lace were inserted in the seams. The bottom of the sleeves spread out into a bell, pointed, and edged with lace. This finish, by the way, is much used on all negligee sleeves.

Persian, or printed warp silk, is the popular material, if so expensive a stuff could ever become popular. In lieu of it a soft challie may be used. This material is now to be secured in Persian colors and is altogether attractive for the make-up of a tea gown.

As a hint to my sisters whose purses are lean let me say that the beauty of a tea gown depends not upon the price of the material used. I have known an exceedingly charming affair to be made of material that cost but 15 cents a yard. All one needs are pretty colorings and stuff that drapes softly.—Chicago News.

SHOULD WOMAN WEEP?

If She Must, Let Her Shed Her Tears Artistically.

"Should woman weep?" is a topic of discussion by the readers of Woman, a London publication. One contributor puts in a most emphatic "No!" The crying woman, it is maintained, is out of date—she belongs to the '40's and '50's, and not to this end of the century. Women was then a submissive slave and man the righteous ruler. Now all is changed. The new woman is here and she rules; therefore, she should not cry.

In the opinion of another writer, a woman should cry provided she does so "noiselessly." "If her face begins to swell, all wails should cease and she must not sniff, gulp or otherwise make an object of herself. If she does all the pathos of her crying is gone." The idea is thrown out that "style" in weeping should be cultivated; for there are several "forms" of weeping. "Some weep alone to their pillow in the dead of night." This, it is held, is a mistake, because it makes the weeper old and ugly before her time, and does not do anybody the slightest good.

Then there is the woman who is crying at every opportune and inopportune moment. That is bad form in weeping. The "whimpering style, with a grievance, usually found in the past middle-age lady," is to be shunned. The worst form of all is the "red-faced cry of temper," which usually asserts itself in an injudicious stamp of the beautifully arched Trilby and ends in a general stampede of the assembled multitude.

When a Czar Was Near Death.

The late Russian general, Tcherevin, was the founder of the Okhrana, or czar's bodyguard, composed of men of high rank or great wealth, who were sworn to protect the person of Alexander III. It is related of Tcherevin that one night, as he lay extended in the dark in front of the czar's bedroom, a figure approached. Tcherevin, believing the man whom he saw had designs on the life of his sovereign, sprang to his feet and leveled a pistol at the intruder, who simultaneously pointed one at the head of Tcherevin, each demanding to know why the other was there. Their voices revealed them to each other. The man was Alexander III. himself, who, having a haunting dread of assassination, was on a round of personal inspection of the palace.—Chicago Chronicle.

Pocket Electricity.

A number of devices have lately been invented by which an electric lamp can be carried about and used like a candle or lantern. Some of these are complete in themsel