The rain plashes fast on the terrace, The winds past the lattices moan The midnight chimes out from the minster,

I want you, my darling, my darling; I am tired with care and with fret; I would nestle in silence beside you, And all but your presence forget. In the hash of the happiness given,

To these who through trusting have grown To the fullness of love in contentment But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling; My voices echoes back on my heart; I stretch my arms to you in longing,

And lol they fall empty, apart. I whisper the sweet words you taught m The words that we only have known, Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter, For I am alone

I need you, my darling, my darling; With its yearning, my very heart aches, The load that divides us weighs harder; I shrink from the jar that it makes, Old sorrows rise up before m-;

Old doubts make my spirit thy own, Oh, ceme through the darkness and save

For I am alone.

#### THE OUTWARD SEEMING.

"No, not a single cent will they get from me, ' said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose, and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading from her friend, Miss Hepzibah Lockey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Sarah Bayard an' her children don't come mnder that head."

"But bein' as they're your own kin," said Miso Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "It's only natural for 'em to look to

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'. I told Tom when he married Sarah Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o'helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to anybody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it 'fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunate his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibab, who was a kindly old soul. "If he'd lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place an' left Sarah comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called on to shoulder her burdens with her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' out for any more.

"Yes, your hands are pretty fullhear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss | goodness I'd brought my umbrella," Sarah, "If I do say it."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins, said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can aliers take comtort in thinkin' that, But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan

"She don't deserve help," and Miss first place, I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too everlastin' delcate, an' would break down in less'n five years, But he would have his own | gracefully untidy. way an' marry her, an' now she's laid up-just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said you know young people is gener'lly mortal headstrong.

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some time with ner hands in her lap, thinking over the heart of the most beautiful roses." contents of the letter she had just recerved.

Tom's marriage to Sarah Bayard, an ing? of anything or anyone?" orphan daughter to the man who, to

heart against Sarah.

almost penniless.

did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

made it necessary for the trustees of the

The sale of the furniture of the farmbut she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three children looking to her for support.

only a strange sort of pleasure in being way. But she prays only with her able to say at last, "I told you so." lips; her heart has nothing to do with

As she sat at her kitchen window that it, She thinks and cares only for the warm July afternoon, the quiet broken outside seeming, and so—"
only by the ticking of the large eight-

day clock, and the purring of the cat by interrupted the conversation by runshould write in reply; · in what words she would remind Sarah of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor at his sister's hands.'

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her revery, and she sprangup, sarprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

I'll let her wait a while for an answer. she thought. "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the milale-lot, First thing I know them pesky town-boys will be after 'em and I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went She paused on the path that led out. to the meadow to look back to the house, thinking it was very likely Sarah | if the sound of the words frightened had calculated on being asked to take her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashiened house, with roomy chambers, wide fireplaces and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were all shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but three curly headed children making none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to heed the old motto, \*De mortuis nil nisi bonum," whenever she spoke of

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteons that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in fill.

ing her pail in a very short time. It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps towards the

"I look such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got the article in question. "I put up a compano to tea.'

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her but took it for granted they were left eyes fell on a very delightful shaded there for us, and so took possession of that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah, "I arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to

She concluded that she was sufficient ly cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished oughter have taken my advice in the of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast dis-

She had no doubt that the minister way to the arbor, and her heart sank at Miss Hepzibah, as she went out, "But | the thought of being found in such a paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we could only be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without." "You forget," said Mr. Lawton, "how often we see worms eating into the very

"Is nothing true then? Are we never able to put faith in the 'outward seem-

"Those who make the loudest prouse the expression of his neighbors, had fessions are often the most corrupt," never been "forehanded," had not said the minister, "and, as I was saying pleased his sister, who thought Sarah a moment ago, there are so many, oh, Tom, however, had been very happy use no bad language and give liberally in his wedded life, and had never re- to the missions. But they do not think thre weight. gretted his choice, as he took pains to it necessary to guard their thoughts, to say to his sister whenever he wrote to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness, Now, you are a stranger And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good here and are to leave us to-morrow, so a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her case in point. I have in my church a hundred or any other given number of Tom's death seven years after his on a farm a couple of miles from the time, six times as much power will be marriage, was a terrible blow to his village. She is very active in the consumed in turning the larger as in wite and his children, who were left church, is always ready to visit the sick turning the smaller shaft. or give to the poor. She has provided But Sarah, knowing the way in which for the education of several heathers in she was regarded by her sister-in-law, Africa, and has taught a class of men in the lapex of the Washington monument the penitentiary, visited the jail and has a perpendicular elevation of 91 inarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and ures 5; inches. Its weight is a hundred poor young widow secured the position sordid to a pitiable degree. She does ounces. It it were made of copper its of teacher in a district school, and for nothing without making a show about weight would be 326 ounces. The surtwo years, on a very s ender salary, had it, so as to be well regarded among face appears much whiter than silver, managed to keep the wolf from her door.

Then the mortgage on her home was not marry to suit her, and I was told of pure aluminium was produced from forcelosed, and a long illness which not an hour ago, that she had declared American ore, and it is the largest block followed her removal from the farm to a her intention not to help in any way of that metal ever cast or made in any small room in the village of Milford, that brother's sick and penniless widow | country, and children. She speaks of them with school to appoint another teacher in her bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they are compelled to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to ing or sinking, water-marks or gauges house provided Sarah with money to speak to her on the subject, but she defray her expenses during her iliness; would be highly insulted, I know, if I century later, and finally repaired last yentured to call her to account for her year. At short, regular intervals the want of charity and natural affection, gauges were inspected, and the readings She thinks herself a Christian, but in carefully noted. The records of 134 It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called to church next Thursday night and pray my opinion she is very far from being forth only sympathy and pity from its earnestly for the forgiveness of her recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah sins and for help to walk in the right

the stove, she was thinking what she ning down the path with the announce ment that tea was ready, and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor, as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail and berries behind. She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of

what the minister had said. Reaching home she sat down in the big rockingchair by the kitchen stove, and feaning her chin on her hand stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward-for the first time in her

"Only the outward seeming," she murmured; over and over, inaudibly, as her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I'm not a Chris-

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not come to the regular prayer-meeting on Thursday night, and when he called to sce her on Friday he was surprised to see mud pies in the front yard who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever.'

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially, and although she felt tired and warm after her journey to Milford, she seemed quite happy.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat. 'Yes, it'll be a surprise to most folks, but I ain't afraid but they'll live

through it." "I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life was very lonely. "Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out o' it; seems sought o' nice to see 'em round, for they're well mannered children. Sarah's been very particular about 'em. Did you notice

the boy as you come in? He's the very moral o' Tom.' As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. Early in the following winter Mas Jenkins invited her minister and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupy-

ing a position before Mrs. Lawton. "I'm so fond of blackberry jam," said the lady, as she helped herself to lot of it last summer, but the nicest I made was from some berries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who left them there, them, pail and all, Lulu called it my mystery jam. I've often wondered if the mystery would never be explained." But it never was,

# An Important Food Reform.

Discoveries of much importance on account of the relation they bear toward a more wholesome supply and consequently upon the public health. have been recently made in the process of refining cream of tartar. Cream of tartar, as is well known, is a bitartrate of potassa purified from the crude tar-Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd very sincerely that she had not thought tar, or argol, which collects in a crystalline deposit upon the bottom and sides of wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. This tartar, in its crude looked so exquisitely neat and cool that state, contains lime and other impurities, which no process of refining known prior to that here described was able to entirely remove. It has been possible, was about to show his companion the it is true, to neutralize the lime to some extent by the aid of chemicals, and this method was resorted to in order to proplight. But suddenly the stranger cure cream of tartar in small quantities for pharmaceutical purposes; but it was open to serious objection in view of the fact that the chemicals employed for this purpose were not always washed out but remained in quantities that were uncertain and prejudicial to its quality. The supposed impossibility of removing the lime has, accordingly, caused cream of tartar to be classed and sold as pure when it did not contain more than five per cent. of this impurity. The major part, however, of that used in commerce, or for culinary purposes, contains the tartrate of lime to far too delicate and dainty to prove of so many, who think themselves Chris- an extent much greater than five per such belp as the wife of a farmer of tians because they go regularly to cent. not infrequently being found, slender means. equaling one-fourth or more of its en-

If you have the means of travel, the best time for this enjoyment is after fifty. You will then have read enough

woman of middle age, who lives alone turns in one minute or other specified

The aluminium pyramid which forms

To determine the vexed question whether the level of the Baltic was risyears now show beyond all cavil that while the Scandinavian coast has been steadily rising, the southern littoral of the Baltic has been as steadily sinking. Since 1750 the coast of Sweden has been upheaved on an average nearly fifty-six inches. No change has been perceptible on a line which passes from the Swedis coast over Bornholm and Laland to the Schleswig-Holstein shore. At this moment little Luly Lawton

"Marian, dear, how is the morning, fair or cloudy?" inquired Ethel Ray, turning on the invalid couch, where she lay day as well night.

Marian swept the scant curtain back from the narrow window of their poor

"Dark and cloudy," she replied, the cold dreariness of the new day striking a chill to her sensitive, heavily-burdened heart. A tired; hopeless look swept over her delicate, noble face. leaving a slight droop at the corners of her mouth, a shadow in her eyes. Ethel saw the change of expression, and for a moment ber own grew less cheerful and bright.

Never mind; there will be a rift in the clouds by and by." she said, with renewed hope "I am glad you have such faith, pet," said Marian, still looking out on the

street. A poor beggar crept feebly along, his rags fluttering in the bitter wind, and in pity for a lot sadder than her own the girl lost some of her discontent. She turned from the window with a bright er expression and put on her hat and cloak to start out on that weary round of music lessons which were their sup-

"I am sorry to leave you all day, Ethel, but it will be late before I can get through."

"Do not fret about me, Marian. Mrs. O'Malley will come in and give me my lunch and a fresh glass of water, and I have this beautiful lace to mend for Miss Constantine, and that magazine you brought me yesterday to read. Oh, shall be fully occupied until you return."

"Well, well, it is comforting to have so brave and busy a little sister at home. I think of it often when I am roseate tint. out, and it gives me courage," said Marian, bending over the couch with mutely questioned her lover's. tender, misty eyes,

The crippled girl clasped the slender hand caressing her hair, and drew it down close to her pale cheek.

"Am I a help to you Marian? Oh, that thought makes me happy! I lie here such a helpless, useless creature; sometimes I have feared that I was only a burden to you."

"Never think that again, dear onenever. If it were not for you-She broke off, and stooping, kissed the sweet pale face resting on the pillow, but when she would have moved sway, Ethel held her a moment longer. "Marian, darling, do not lose your faith and hope. There will be clear sunshine after awhile, and all the dark clouds will vanish."

"I will try to think so," she replied, with a smile—a smile that vanished the moment she left her sister's presence. and memory began to bring up one by one the events of the two years just

passed. The girls had been left orphans at an early age, but with property sufficient to supply all they could ever need, not only of necessities, but even luxuries. Their guardian controlled and managed the money, and they lived in his house. under the care of his good-hearted maiden sister. Ethel bad always been lame and delicate, but Marian went out into the world, seeing and enjoying its beauties and pleasures.

Walking swiftly along to give her first music lesson, she drew a sharp breath of anguish, as memory too faithfully recalled all the glory and happiness of a three months tour in Europe, with a party of friends, just before the downfall of fortune. At the very outset they met Mark Keller, handsome, traveled, and to the young girl a very king among men. He joined the party. and singled her out as the object of his attentions. The routes they traveled he had been over before, and he could point out all that was beautiful or ineresting. It was a golden season, and the girl's heart surrendered in spite of womanly pride and reluctance. But she had no cause to feel shame or to believe her love unsought for. One mellow, moonlight night in an old Italian garden he stretched out his hand to her with sudden, passionate words of love, and so eloquently did he plead for the sweet gift of all her future life, she could not withhold the promise to be his wife. "You shall never regret it, You

shall be happy," he cried, with a lover's confidence "I am happy now," she whispered,

flushed and shy, but radiant. They wandered long among the flowers, feeling that heaven lay about them; but the next morning the girl received bad news from home. She only made out clearly that her presence was needed, and with only one regretful sigh for the bright dreams she had cherished, she began preparations for the long journey. Keller earnestly begged to be allowed to accompany her, but she gently refused. He must go on with their friends, and if she needed him,

she would write for him to come. "I shall come on in a few weeks whether you send for me or not. We must finish this interrupted tour together, Marian."

She returned home to find their guardian dead and their fortune gone, swept away in some ill-advised speculation. The maiden lady sought a nome with relatives, and Marian Ray found her-Helpless, did I say? Nay, she was the only hope and comfort of poor Marian's morning joke is not in such favor as heart, for her handsome, wealthy lover formerly, but still many insist upon came not, and the letter she wrote to making it a part of their daily wear. him explaining their reverse of fortune remained unanswered. She tried to think of him with contempt, to hold the love that failed in the hour of her bltterest need as valuless, but she only succeeded in tormenting her own faithful, loving heart, which, in spite of pride and reason, clung to that short, sweet romance with a hold death alone could

house through the bitter cold, while the city; but, when, her day's work ended, she started home in the evening, a strip of blue had appeared overhead. She lifted her eyes to it, and saw the clouds part wider and wider, until the little lustre. When made up properly it is rift had become a broad bright space still a favorite. across the heavens.

"Dear Ethell She would rejoice in that, and call it a happy omen, but I it is not altogether out of style.

cannot," she thought with a happy

smile that ended in a sigh. It was dark when she reached home, and hurrying eagerly up stairs she with her sister as soon as possible. They were careful with the fuel, with everything; necessity forced them to study the room in darkness, only a scanty handful of coals in the grate. She entered, to find a glowing fire and the table set with dainties, while the little teakettle steamed merrily on the hearth. "Ethel!" she cried, hastily throwing off her hat and wraps, and turning to-

ward her sister's bed. "Oh, Marian, sister!" cried the invalid, in a voice trembling with strange emotion; then Marian felt her heart leap in a suffocating throb of pain and rapture, for out of the semi-darkness of the corner Mark Keller advanced, with outstretched hands to meet her.

"Marian have you no welcome for A chilling remembrance of all silence and neglect swept over her, and pride

rose in arms. "Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr. Keller," she said, stiffly, and stepping back a little.

"What! Have you forgotten?" cried in keenest disappointment. "No. sir: it is because I remember that I can give you no friendlier greeting. I wonder that you can expect it after such a long neglect and coldness.

I cannot pass over such slights." "But, Marian, he did not get your letter, and he could not come when he intended, for a hurt received among the Alps kept him a prisoner for several weeks, and then he had to search and search, and has just found us," said Ethel, half raising herself up, the crimson firelight giving even her pale face a

Marian's face changed and her eyes

"It is all true. Could you believe I loved you so lightly?" he murmured; and this time she did not shrink back when he approached, but gave him the welcome he craved.

"Tis the rift in the clouds. Hope said it would come, and I had faith to believe, thank God.

Ethel fell softly back among her pillows, her delicate hands clasped, her eves radiant.

### Shakespeare's Heroines.

There are poets and artists whose genius brings forth men-children only. The greatest of Shakespeare's fellow dramatists, Ben Johnson, was one of these. Admirable as were his wit, his judgment, his learning, his saturic power, his knowledge of life, his rever- Mandeville is one of the most striking ence for art, his constructive talent, he could not fashion a noble or beautiful is a wonderful yellow, her complexion woman. Ben Johnson wrought superbly in bronze, and ran his metal into sloes, with eyebrows to match. "The carefully constructed molds; he could not work in such finer elements of air not often seen. It is considered by far and light as those from which a Miran- the more distingue type. di is framed, and some of these subtle ical faces of men apparent in the gloom. black eyes. But in his greatest dramas all exists for peare's method. In no play of his do and fascinating. we find a woman as center of the piece. sound; in that circle of traitors through type. which Shakespeare leads us in his "Inand its retribution.

# The Fashions in Jokes.

The plumber joke is getting a little out of season, but it may be packed in camphor and will be in style when the

freezes come again. The roller skate joke is very popular, and is worn on all occasions, either with or without trimming. The rich editor joke does not appear

o pall upon the taste. It is quite becoming when worn with passementerie Spring poetry jokes are undergoing a revival, and are quite au fait in re-cherche circles. With a waste basket

overskirt, they may be worn either morning or evening in the house. The young-man-and-girl's pa joke holds its own, and is really one of the most popular and fashionable seen in polite society.

The mule joke is relegated to the commoner classes, and may be called 'old fashioned.' It is still in favor in self among the world's workers, and the rural districts, and seems destined with a helpless invalid to take care of. to continue for several years.

The angry - wife-at-3-o'clock-in-the-The liver pad joke has almost disap

peared. Occasionally, however, it may be seen tied with a knot of ribbon quite The honest politician joke is too de-

collete to be popular. If cut high in the neck, it might reign for a brief season. The sleeping policeman joke had many friends and bade fair to become courtly in its style, but it lacked tone All day she walked from house to and feel into line with ordinary styles. Puns are popular with all classes. clouds hung dull and heavy over the They may be worn as bangles and in

an infinite variety of ways, The boarding house pie, hash or gum shoe steak joke enjoys a periodical naissance and seem to retain its original

The young-husband paregoric joke may be worn on evening occasions, and Types of Beauty.

In Paris more than in New York or in any other great city, there is a decipushed open the door, anxious to be ded fashion in beauty as well as in dress, which changes as reglarly as do the seasons, and which sometimes takes very queer and curious freaks. For economy, and M rian expected to find instance, last spring the type of beauty that was all the rage was what was termed the "Damel Gabriel Rossetti style. This type of beauty is assuredly one of the most peculiar known. It was originated by the Princess de Sagan, who is a great leader of fashion in Paris, and who appeared in her box at the opera one evening golten up in the wonderfully striking "Daniel Gabrie" Rossetti style," The most noticeable of this style of beauty is the hair, which is dyed green, and arranged in a pyramid fashion on the top of the head. Strange to say, the green hair, though of course looking unnatural, is very pretty and odd. It is dyed the most delicate and lovely shade of g een that is known, namely, Nile-green. The complex on that goes with this hair must be like a soft, blushing peach, all cream and white. The eyes are black or brown, the lips their natural color, and the eyebrows dyed to match the hair. Floating gowns, white in color, and composed of airy, fairy talle, or faille, are always worn with this type of beauty. Every woman in Paris had the mania for appearing like a "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti beauty" for a while, but at present in Paris, which by the way Victor Hugo calls the "centre of civilization, green hair reigns no more, and Dame Fashion dictates that her daughters shall now appear in as many different styles of beauty as possible, believing no doubt, that variety is the

spice of life," In New York, for the past two seaons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and the darling brunette beauties. The war still wages furnously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether blonde beaties or their darker sisters will lead this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eves that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark evebrows

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the 'Van Dyke Blonde," of which Lady examples we have ever seen. Her hair fair as a lily, and her eyes black as Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty

Although almost everbody knows elements enter into each of Shakes what is requisite to be a true brunette, peare's heroines. On the other hand, a there are still a few who are not even yet far less robust genius John Webster one | educated up to it, and who call a woof Shakespeare's dramatic disciples, de- man who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks lighted in nothing so much as in full- likes roses and lips like the cherry," length studies of tragic female figures. hair purplish black, and dark grey eyes, There are indeed wonderful creations in a brunette. No woman is a true bruhis plays beside these-sinister and cyn- nette who has not very brown or very

What is known as the "Irish type" the sake of the one woman after whom of beauty is one of the loveliest. No each drama is named—the Duchess of eye is so blue, so large, so expressive or Malfi. Webster's lady of sorrow, and his so heavily fringed as that of the pos-White Devil, Vittoria Corombona, on sessor of this type; no hair is so glossy whom, splendid in her crime, he turns and dark and heavy; no complexion so a high light of imagination that dazzles rosy and healthful, and to people in while we gaze. This was not Shakes- general this type is the most bewitching

A type of beauty which has seen its or conceived as a dramatic unit. And day, but of which we see representahence indeed it is almost an error to tives occasionally, is what is known as study the character of any of Shakes- the "strawberry blondes." Brick-red peare's heroines apart from the associ- hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexate with whom she plays her part. Bea- ions are the accompaniments of this trice is hardly intelligible apart from type. The "yellow blonde" is another Benedick; the echoing voice of love re- type which is rapidly going out of bounds and rebounds in Romeo and fashion, and "yellow blondes" are sel-Juliet," inextricably intermingling from dom seen now except on the stage. lover to lover, until death has stilled all Fanny Davenport is an example of this

The daughters of Spain and Italy are ferno," Macbeth and his Queen are mis- the best examples of the bruneite type erably united for ever by their crime of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type; those of southern Ireland of the Irish type, and those of Greece of the Van Byke type. Here in America we have a mixture of all types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde ner brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of grey or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expres-

# The Wax Plant.

The wax plant of Carolina and Pennsylvania is now grown on an industrial scale in Algeria. The fruit, inclosed in a bag or coarse cloth, is plunged into boiling water, on the surface of which the liquid wax floats after a few seconds and is skimmed off and dried. This wax, of the same chemical composition as beeswax, makes an excellent substatute for it for laundry and similar purposes.

Luminous water-proof paper may be made from a mixture of forty parts pulp, tan parts phosphorescent powder, one part gelatine, one part potassium bichromate, and ten parts of water. It can often be used where luminous paint can-

Distilled water saturated with oxygen is now prepared in Paris, and is rapidly gaining favor,—Aside from its health fulness for ordinary table use, it is said to be valuable in the treatment of disease of digestive organs.

The Dutch Government has had collected the reports of 1300 eye witnesses in order to prepare an accurate history of the Krakatoa volcanic cruption, which many suppose was the cause of the wonderful sky-glows seen over a large part of the world.