

THE GARRET CLATTER.

I don't hear the young folks patter
Like they used to long ago
Up the stairs to raise a clatter
Underneath the rafters low.
What's the reason things is stiller
Since the young folks went away—
John an' Joe an' sweet Permitter?
Looks as if they'd gone to stay.

Wife, there hain't no sunshine gushin'
In the way it used to come;
'T only seems as if the pushin'
Shaders was a-comin' hum.
Sorter quietlike an' dreary,
Only us two here alone;
Jist the days seem draggin' weary
Like a long an' dismal moon.

In the garret things is quiet;
Mice an' spiders has their way
Where the youngsters used to riot
In their childish pranks an' play.
Sweet Permitter used to tag 'em,
Joe an' John in corners dark,
An' the maiden used to tag 'em,
Tire 'em out an' raise a lark.

When the humbees was droopin'
An' the flowers was in bloom,
An' the lilac bush was groanin'
With the scent of its perfume.
Then the young folks used to patter
Up the stairs a-long ago—
Up the stairs to raise a clatter
Underneath the rafters low.

Seems to me I'm sometimes dreamin'
Of the things that used to be,
Till the old life comes a-streamin'
Back ag'in to you an' me.
Then I hear the young folks patter
Up the stairs they used to go,
There to raise a garret clatter
Underneath the rafters low.
—Waverley Magazine.

IRENE.



HOPS and offices were pouring their streams of life into the crowded streets. It was 6 o'clock at evening. At a corner where a human tide swept like a torrent from a broken dam a woman stood under a lamp post. She was tall and dark, and so motionless that she might have been a statue. Her arms were folded under her cloak. A policeman, edging his way through the crowd, asked her a question. She shook her head slowly, and did not look at him. The policeman passed on, and the next moment there were two quick pistol shots, a scream, and a stampede. The officer ran back, fighting his way through the swirling crowd. He found the woman, pistol in hand, bending over a man lying upon the pavement. The officer seized her wrist, and, looking at him with a strange smile, as she relaxed her hold on the pistol, she said:

"I am a woman, and I demand to be treated as such."
When she had been taken to the station and asked to make a statement, she said: "My name is Irene Roma. The name of the man I shot is Roy Campbell. I shot him because he ought to be killed. He did not keep faith with her, and she died of a broken heart. He is a brute, and ought to be dead."
Campbell was taken to a hospital. His wounds were pronounced dangerous. An effort was made to interview him. But all he would say was: "I suppose she thought she had a right to shoot me." He asked if he had put her in jail, and appeared to be pleased when told that she had been allowed out on bail.

Three weeks later the wounded man was sitting propped up in bed, when a card bearing the name of Irene Roma was handed to him. He looked hard at it, rubbed his eyes, held it further away, then closer, and then remarked: "I don't understand why she should want to see me. Let her come in."
With a timid, awe-struck air the woman approached the bed. She coughed in embarrassment as she seated herself on a chair which the nurse placed for her. She put back her hair, made aimless motions in her confusion, and then, looking straight at Campbell, said: "I am awfully sorry I shot you."
Campbell smiled. "And are you sure you haven't come to shoot me again?" he asked.

She frowned in reproof. "You know I haven't. If you had thought that you would have told them to keep me out."
"No, I wouldn't. You have come so far out here that I couldn't have found the heart to disappoint you."
"A plaster of sarcasm won't draw out a soreness, Mr. Campbell. I have suffered so with remorse that I have come to see if I could not find some sort of consolation. You don't know how I have suffered. And I must go through a hateful trial, too, with everybody looking at me. Oh, I do wish I hadn't shot you!"

"Yes," he drawled, "I rather wish so myself. So, you see, we have something in common. But you needn't be worried over the trial. I shall not appear against you."
The nurse had withdrawn. They were alone. She put back her hair again, and he followed the movement of her graceful hand—the hand that had shot him. "No, I will not appear," he went on. "It is something of a distinction to be shot by the handsomest woman in Liverpool." He hesitated as he saw the tears gathering in her eyes. "I take it all back," he said. She wiped her eyes, and sat looking far away through a window. The mystery that lies in the cloudland was reflected in her eyes, and he gazed at her. She turned her eyes upon him, and the mystery flew from them.

"Yes, I am sorry I shot you," she said; "but I hate you, and never can forgive you."
"Ah! and I am therefore consoled by the thought that you never can forgive me."

"Brute!" she said. "I almost wish I had killed you."
"When a woman almost wishes a thing, she wishes it doubly," he replied. "I don't know but there is some truth in that," she assented. "But what a beast you were to treat Florence so. How could you?"
"Because I was a beast, I suppose."
"Yes, you were. She was taken ill with fever shortly afterward, but it was a broken heart that killed her." Her eyes shot shafts of hatred at him. "But I didn't come to reproach you," she said.
"Then why did you come?" he asked. "To ask you why you could have been so heartless. I simply want to know. Was it because you have no heart at all?"
"It was because I had too much heart."
She darted a fierce look at him. "Ah! it was because you loved another woman."

"Yes, Florence made me promise to tell her—if I should love any one but her I did her. It was not my fault if another woman set my soul afire, when Florence had only warmed my heart. God knows I fought against it. But at last I had to tell her, and I left it with her whether or not I should keep my promise of marriage. Then she drove me from her presence."
"Ah! And then you went to the other woman and told her of your love, and she spurned you."
"No, I did not tell her. Indeed, I was determined that she should not know."
She looked at him searchingly. "You killed my sister, but you are more of a man than I thought."
He smiled sadly. "A man is always more or less of a man than a woman thinks."
"If you hold so poor an opinion of women, I don't see how you could love one."
"I don't see, either."
"Fool!" she said.
"Yes; I'm a man."
She smiled at him, and then after a silence she said:
"Do you intend to tell the woman of your love?"
"No."
"If you do, and she loves you, I will shoot you again."
"That's consoling."
"Then let it console you. But really I am sorry for you—for your weakness. You ought to have had more strength than to let that other woman—and I know she is a fright—win your love. You ought to have known that she was playing with you."
"Reason addresses the brain, but it cannot reach the heart. I told you that I fought."
"Yes, I know." And after a long silence she said: "I wish you would tell me the name of that woman."
"Irene Roma."

She sprang to her feet with a cry, and a nurse ran into the room. She found the visitor on her knees by the bedside. "Leave us," the man said, and the nurse withdrew. He put his hand on her head, and she sobbed under his touch. "And that was the reason I could not keep faith with her," he said. "You set my soul on fire, and it was with her tears, and for that love I was willing to die," he said, unable now to see her, kneeling beside him, but feeling the warm tears upon his hand.
"O, don't—don't say that!" she sobbed. "In my despair I hated you because I loved you so."—Princess.

He Was a Clever Thief.
While a well-to-do Parisian was returning recently by train from Havre, during the first hour his only fellow passenger in the compartment was a young man, who made himself very agreeable. Then others got in, and talk was general. Finally the Parisian dropped asleep. Presently the young man, turning to the other passengers, with a wink toward the sleeping man, said, in an undertone, "I'll play a good joke on my uncle," and he unfastened the strap by which a small traveling bag was slung over the shoulder of the sleeper. "I'll change into the next compartment at the first stop, and my uncle will wake up and think he has been robbed. It will be fun to see his face, and I can watch through the little glass in the partition. Don't give it away."
The others grinned appreciatively, and the young man presently slipped out with the bag. Soon after the owner of the bag woke up. He missed his pouch from the strap, and jumped up in great excitement, exclaiming, "I've been robbed!"
The response from his fellow passengers was a roar of laughter. This added anger to the victim's excitement, and he stormed furiously. Finally one of the passengers assured the angry man that his bag was all right; his nephew had it in the next compartment.
"My nephew?" shouted the bewildered man; I haven't any nephew. I never had a nephew. I don't know anything about any nephew."
Then it was the turn of the other passengers to be dumfounded. But the thief got away, and there were several thousand francs in the bag.—Tit-Bits.

Worked-Out Hunting Ground.
Game and fur-bearing animals are rare along the Yukon, as it is an old hunting ground and has been drained by constant traffic for more than half a century.
When a girl tells you that she can't sing don't try to coax her, but let it go at that.
A man never cuts much of a figure in history until after he shuffles off this mortal coil.
When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn, he can afford to stop praying.

GOSSIP FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON FEMININE TOPICS.

Masculine Attire for Women—The Russian Blouse Jacket—The Waterfall Coming In—She Wields a Plane—Etc., Etc.

MASCULINE ATTIRE FOR WOMEN.
In the different lines of masculine attire women are affecting there are slippers made in exactly the style of those worn as an ordinary house slipper by men. The great charm of the slipper is that which makes much of the charm of other articles of feminine wearing apparel of a masculine cut. In the small sizes in which the slippers for women are made the mannish cut accentuates the femininity of the effect.

SHE WIELDS A PLANE.
Not content with being an artist in burnt wood—that is, an artist who with a poker and a board achieves beautiful results—Mrs. Minnette Slayback Carper has started upon a career as carpenter. She lives in St. Louis.

She is the first woman in the world to enter upon a course of manual training. She is now learning to be a carpenter and cabinetmaker under Professor Swofford at Washington University. Already she exhibits an aptitude which augurs well for a high degree of proficiency in both of those branches. She studied carpentry, as she considers a practical knowledge of it a necessary adjunct to her Lurntwood work.

THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE JACKET.
Of course the Russian blouse jacket, with or without basques, is for the time being the fashionable garment par excellence, but the belt, which is its indispensable accompaniment, unkindly makes the girth of the figure numbering inches beyond those reckoned graceful far too apparent. However, if the waist is not large, it can certainly be worn by women who cannot well be called slender of build. If the blouse is not too full front and back and fits closely at the sides. In black or dark blue serge, braided-trimmed on jacket and sleeves, with a gored skirt to match, a very neat, taut and serviceable Russian blouse costume is formed, that, if warmly lined, can be worn without any sort of wrap far into next season.—New York Post.

THE WATERFALL COMING IN.
One of those cheerful souls who delight in bearing ill-tidings tells us that the waterfall fashion of wearing the hair is coming in again. The waterfall was the way smart young women wore their aken tresses forty years ago, and old daguerotypes of beauties of those days show them with a rose behind one ear and a huge mass of hair, tied up in a net, at the back of the head. The newest of the smart coiffures is, it must be admitted, not unlike the dreadful waterfall of the fifties. The hair is first waved all over the head. At the back it is drawn down on the neck and then coiled in a loose chignon. Over this a net is fastened, and from beneath the net two bewitching curls peep out. They are bobbing, energetic curls, and do not suggest the limp sentimentality of the old-fashioned waterfall curl. The front hair is a wavy, fluffy mass, and is parted in the newest manner possible—at the left side.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW WRINKLES IN NEEDLEWORK.
Honeycomb darning is a new wrinkle in needlework, which is easily and quickly executed and produces charming effects. The matelasse foundation upon which it is worked is a cotton fabric made in white or buff, and can be had in narrow or wide widths. When worked in the best tapestry crewel it has the advantage of being easily washed. The only stitches required are simple hem-stitch, which must be used in outlining the design, and a darning stitch, carried under the upper thread of the material, fills in the pattern. The right side of the material is somewhat like huckaback toweling, and the manner of working is by running the wool under each thread. The darning is only done on the surface, not through the foundation, while the outlining stem stitch is taken through the material. Effective designs for this work are conventionalized poppies, lilacs, etc., done in several tints. A beautiful bedspread of this work has a square of the material traced and worked in a bold design; the square is bordered with an insertion of Torchon lace, and a border of the matelasse is embroidered to match the centre design, the corners bevelled and the whole edged with Torchon lace.

GEMS TO MATCH THEIR EYES.
The very latest of all fads for the fair sex, according to one of the ultra-fashionable jewelers, is to match the eyes with some of the beautiful gems. Of course, the latitude allowed in this is not great, but when a lovely woman makes up her mind to follow out the color scheme many pretty stones which have been uncared and uncalled for will come into prominence.
The fair woman with blue eyes will wear the dainty turquoise, and to add to the beauty and match the brightness thereof they will be set with clear white diamonds.
The choice of the woman with bright hazel eyes will be the beautiful yellow sapphires.
Sapphires belong now, as always, to the violet-orbed beauty, while the rich-looking rubies are to have their day once more, as the brown-eyed multitude of girls look fetching in the warm glint of that rosy stone.

The up-to-date woman will be on the lookout for that odd little stone called cat's-eye, not expensive, but often as pretty as it is odd.
Diamonds belong most essentially to the deep, dark, black eye beauty, but she cannot have the monopoly of this radiant jewel, for so many of her sister women have bright eyes that they will have the other stones set with the diamond, and thus add, not only to the beauty of the simpler stone, but to the luster of their own eyes.
As the tide of prosperity rises the craze for the beautiful and expensive colored diamonds, brown, rose, canary and even black, seems growing stronger, and fabulous prices are paid for these rare gems by women who want the rarest and best of everything in jewels in their caskets.—Chicago Times.

AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOR GIRLS.
The State School of Agriculture at Anthony Park opened recently. Although sixty-nine of the boys registered yesterday and only four girls, the girls were the centre of interest. Boys at the school are an old story. But not until this year have the "co-eds" enjoyed the advantage of a full year's course. For not until this fall has there been a girls' dormitory. Heretofore, accordingly, the girls slipped in bashfully every spring after the boys had vanished, and skipped through a little school year of six weeks' duration. But yesterday they marched boldly up to their own dormitory, a fine three-story building of buff brick. It affords agreeable accommodations for sixty girls. Each couple of students has a parlor, from which extend two sleeping alcoves. Every six girls use in common a dressing-room and bathroom.

But although the new dormitory will lodge sixty girls, there will be more than sixty girls to be lodged. That number alone attended the girls' school last spring, and they will doubtless meet many new comrades this fall.
The opening of the girls' department brings several additional teachers into the faculty. Mrs. Eugenia Meredith, who has herself been a practical farmer and stock raiser in Indiana, and who has contributed learnedly to the agricultural journals, will be preceptor in many of the branches of agriculture to be studied by the girls. The girls are to take the same course of high school studies as the boys in the preparatory course of six months. Afterward the girls will do as much work as their brothers, and, perhaps, a little more. The feminine Cincinnati will take the full course in dairy work, in horticulture and in fruit culture. In general agriculture the girls will stop at the beginning of the chapter on "Stumps." But as extraneous amusement, they will be established in the laundry, which will be established in the former kitchen of the old "home" building. The person to teach these things has not yet been chosen. The girls will also be instructed in cooking by Miss Juanita Shepperd, late of the Boston Cooking School. The rolling-pin and the beaten biscuit club will be supplemented by the dumb-bells, that are to be used under the guidance of Mrs. R. L. Jacobson of St. Anthony Park, teacher of physical culture.

Boys and girls will eat together, and with their backs to each other, and in icy indifference, in the great dining-room.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

FASHION NOTES.
Bright blue cloth jackets, made after the Russian blouse model and trimmed with black braid, are worn with black skirts.
Sashes are once more in high favor, few smart gowns being seen without something of the kind. Black is most used in velvet taffeta or thin silk.
A beautiful skirt for evening is made of fine lawn hung over white silk and trimmed with two wide lace-frilled flounces set one over the other.
The full bell-shaped sleeves distinguish some of the new coats. They fall over another close-fitted sleeve to the elbow, are lined with satin and edged with fur.
Fish, grasshoppers and birds of various kinds are reproduced in jewelry this season, and, glittering with diamonds and colored gems, they are a new delight to the eye.
Dog collars of pearls and pearls and diamonds are to be worn more than ever with evening dress. The broad bands of black or colored velvet, decorated with diamond sticks, will also be seen.
A novelty in neck dressing is made of narrow strips of fur, set closely on a satin ruche. It is finished in front with a jabot of cream-colored lace, the upper ends of which are finished by two large velvet bows.
Heavy guipure lace is a feature of trimming on many of the new cloth gowns, where it covers the square neck, so fashionable with the new blouse waist, yokes, revers, epaulets and collars, with good effect.
Beiled blouses with low square necks are noted on toilets for evening wear next season. These have three-quarter length mousquetaire sleeves, with frills as a finish. If preferred, however, triple frills may form short sleeves that do not reach the elbow.
Chenille toques and capotes promise to be favorites. Some of the new shapes have a bow under the crown, which gives a resemblance to the college mortar-board. Rembrandts are also popular; some of them show wonderful crowns of cornflower blue.
High collars are quite the correct thing on noisive gowns as well as coats, and they are sometimes made of fur. The Medic collar appears again, and so also does the Valois, which is simply a decoration, as it extends across the back only.
Narrow velvet ribbon still occupies a conspicuous position in the elaboration of many winter gowns. On imported

models for promenade wear alternate bands of narrow fur and an equal width in velvet ribbon form a rich garniture from the hem to the knees.
Velvet is very largely used to trim woolen gowns. Collars, belts and yokes are made of it, and the color of the trimming in most cases matches that of the gown instead of being of a brilliant color in cerise, green, blue and similar vivid contrasts used a year ago.

TROTTING RACES IN MOSCOW.
A Vivid Description of One of the Characteristic Russian Sports

It is racing day in Moscow. The course is swept clear from snow, and follows the wooded shores with red-painted railings on each side. On one side is a stand, with seating room for several thousand people and a special box with tent hangings for the Governor-General, surmounted by the imperial eagle in gold. In front of this box, lower down, you see the prizes, consisting of gold and silver cups, vases and ornamental pieces, all in Russian style and taste.
The bell rings; the course is cleared by mounted gendarmes, and now the competitors in due order take their places in front of the stand, but not side by side, as they always start from opposite sides of the course, with heads also turned in opposite directions. The usual race course hum and noise of the betting men are heard, and increase in volume as the bell rings the second time. They are off! and the fascination of rapid motion, open air and strenuous exertion throws its spell over the assembly, high and low, for trotting is certainly the most fashionable and beloved sport in Russia. You cannot recognize people just yet; the green fur collars are raised and reach over the fur caps, leaving only red-tipped noses, beneath which appear never-missing cigarettes. The ladies' heads are almost entirely covered with woolen wraps, so here again you can only guess who is who. To a stranger not investing his money in backing his opinion as to winners, the game might seem monotonous enough, as the horses do not finish side by side, but in the way they started. Yet the Russians think differently—and, besides, is there not plenty of vodka and caviar to be had between the races?

Single horses are pitted against each other, drawing light little sleighs, in which the driver is seated very low down and far away from the horse, owing to the long shafts, intended to give the horse perfect freedom of action. A whip is not used, but on the reins are metal buckles over the quarters, which are employed instead, and almost all horses run without blinkers. Sometimes a horse is attached to the sleigh on one side of the trotter, he is between the shafts. He is the pacemaker, and gallops the whole course, whereas, it need not be said, the trotter must not break. Then follow pair horses, harnessed, and lastly troikas, with three horses, sometimes four, abreast. Troikas are very barbarously gaudy and clumsy things to look at, but exceedingly comfortable all the same.—Badminton Magazine.

History of Ivory.
The earliest recorded history—we might say prehistoric, the hieroglyphical—that has come down to us has been in carvings on ivory and bone. Long before metallurgy was known among the prehistoric races, carvings of horn and mammoth tusk evidence the antiquity of the art. Fragments of horn and ivory, engraved with excellent pictures of animals, have been found in caves and beds of rivers and lakes. There are specimens in the British Museum, also in the Louvre, of the Egyptian skill in ivory carving, attributed to the age of Moses. In the latter collection are chairs or seats of the sixteenth century B. C. inlaid with ivory, and other pieces of the eleventh century B. C. We have already referred to the Nineveh ivories. Carving of the "precious substance" was extensively carried on at Constantinople during the middle ages. Combs, caskets, horns, boxes, etc., of carved ivory and bone, often set in precious stones, of the old Roman and Anglo-Saxon periods, are frequently found in tombs. Crucifixes and images of the Virgin and saints made in that age are often graceful and beautiful. The Chinese and Japanese are rival artists now in their peculiar minutiae and detail.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Raising Geese for Market.
Goose-raising is another growing industry in this country, though not so extensive as duck-breeding. The conditions required are wholly different. The goose, being a larger animal, needs more room than a duck, and it must have water and a free range. On the other hand, the care and attention necessary for raising geese are very small compared with the returns, and the cost of food is not nearly so great as for other birds reared for the market. A goose at full liberty will gather most of the provender in the shape of grasses, insects and other vegetable and animal material to be found in the fields and brooks.
Geese are long-lived fowls. Individuals have been known to reach forty years, while birds fifteen and twenty years old are not uncommon. They retain their laying powers through life. The ganders, however, are apt to become quarrelsome as age advances. The feathers of the geese are an important source of revenue and find a ready sale. A goose will average about one pound of feathers per annum.—Detroit Free Press.

Illustrated Post Cards.
German printers are now turning out illustrated post cards, on which famous works of art are represented in miniature in such beautiful fashion that they are largely sought for album decorations.

Men and Their Hats.

Hats, according to an English writer on matters sartorial, are the most characteristic part of the male costume. The slouch or brigand hat gives great distinction to a spiritual and expressive face, like Tennyson's, for example, but at private theatricals, especially with a feather in it, it is capable of transforming a feeble face into that of a downright idiot's. Mer in cocked hats look wonderfully alike. They confer no individuality. A general, except for his plumes, cannot be distinguished from a military medico. The top hat is in one respect worthy of the estimation in which it is held. Why should we be compelled to go to church in it is inexplicable, but it always had a religious association. When Rogers, who was not beautiful, expressed a wish to be painted in "a devotional attitude," Sydney Smith suggested it should be with his face in his hat, in which so many church-goers seem to find spiritual calm. But there is no doubt that the top hat has a power which is the attribute of no other headgear. It may not be able to confer distinction even at its gloomiest, but when it is in a state of decadence it sinks its wearer in disrespectability fathoms deep. We may talk of the aristocracy of birth, or nature's true nobility, but let the representative of either wear a bad hat, and to the eye of the observer he becomes a black-guard at once.

Perfume From Living Plants.
Captain Smees has discovered a method of gathering the scent of flowers as the plant is growing. He takes a glass funnel and heats the thin end over a spirit lamp. He then draws out the stem to a fine point. This accomplished, the funnel is filled with ice and placed on a retort stand, the pointed end being placed in a small glass bottle, without touching it. After this the stand and the funnel are placed in a greenhouse among the flowers whose odors it is desirable to collect. Gradually the vapor rises from the flowers, and in meeting the colder surface of the funnel, condenses in drops on the outside of the glass. From the point of condensation it trickles down until it drops into the bottle. In a surprisingly short time a large amount of perfume is collected and it is claimed that 90 per cent of the contents of the bottle is perfume; the rest is water. Strange to say, this essence of the flower needs to be adulterated with spirits of wine. Otherwise it would become sour and useless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Bishop's Tactful Lesson.
This story is told of an "Eastern woman" who used to be notorious among her friends for the long time it took her to dress. As the newspaper puts it: "There was no case on record of a guest who had been greeted under her roof with any degree of promptitude." Now she has reformed, and this is how the reform came about:
One evening, at a private entertainment of some kind, she encountered a certain bishop, an old friend of the family.
"Ah, my dear Mrs. Smith," remarked the ecclesiastic, "how are you? I passed your house yesterday and thought of dropping in to see you."
"And you didn't do it? That was very unkind of you."
"Well, no. You see, I said to myself, 'I have just one hour to call upon Mrs. Smith. She will take fifty-seven minutes to dress. That will leave just three for our talk. It is hardly worth while.'"—St. Louis Globe.

An Enemy of Humanity.
There are probably few persons of mature years who have not read the story of the man who put the sick beggar upon his best horse in order to take him to his home and friends. The beggar suddenly recovered his strength and rode off with the horse that was the pride of the desert and the fortune of his owner. The man called after the thief and begged him to halt for a moment. Safe from pursuit, he did so, when his benefactor implored him never to tell how he obtained the horse. As the incident, if known, might stand in the way of relief of some honest beggar who sought charity by the wayside. Although it is claimed that the story is a very old one, it is just as applicable to our time as it was when the affair occurred.

It is the professional beggar who makes the most terrible suffering possible to those who are too proud, too honest or too timid to ask for what they need.—The Ledger.

Foundling Asylums.
"I went through the largest foundling asylum in the world when I was in Moscow," said a returned traveler. "I think there is no single building as large in the United States. About seventy babies a day were received. Most of them were nursed by their own mothers, who had gone around after dropping the basket and applied at the front door to be taken as nurses. Forty per cent of the foundlings die. The girls never live; the boys grow up into the army. The Government does not discourage foundling asylums."

Nature's Wisdom.
The fish's belly is white and his back green, because in swimming about in the water the white belly is the color of the light shining through the water, hence protects him from his enemy below. His back being green makes him, on the other hand, appear from above as part of the green water, and is his safeguard from hawks and other enemies.

The Czar's Tenement.
The Winter Palace in St. Petersburg is 700 feet square, and when the Czar is in residence it shelters 7,000 persons.