

### DON'T FUSS AND FRET.

It doesn't pay to fuss and fret when anything goes wrong. Instead of walling when you lose, just sing a merry song. It's always better while you work to whistle than to whine. And when luck falls, it never pays to sit down and repine.

The man who makes the best of things shows sturdy common sense. The chances are that he will rise to fame and eminence; but if he doesn't, none the less he'll make the most of life. And women will envy and congratulate his wife.

—Somerville Journal.

### A Daughter of the Veldt.

Experience of a Deluded Briton

It is a bad thing to travel in a country during war time, even when you are familiar with its language, but it is far worse when you only know enough of the native tongue to make yourself misunderstood. I have managed to get myself into some gorgeously picturesque situations on this account, and more than once have vowed to master the Boer dialect or wreck my talking apparatus in the attempt. It is not an easy language to learn. It is very like their kopjes—steep, rocky, and disjointed; and, like the kopjes, you can't take it by storm, but must climb steadily and with patience, and make sure of one step before you venture on the next. It is a superb language to use when one is driving bullocks or blacks; the first sentence seems to roll off the lips like a malediction, and the second chops off short like the bark of a toy terrier. I should ask for no finer form of speech on earth if I wanted to curse mine enemy, but how on earth they manage to make love with it passes my apprehension. Still, I thought it might come in handy if only to frighten Australian horses with, and kept constantly on the lookout for a chance to learn; and verily my chance came into me in due season. I didn't learn the dialect, but I learned something else which may prove equally useful in later life.

We had pitched camp for a week, in order to allow the ever-dallying provision concoys to catch up with us; so, obtaining permission from headquarters, I saddled up and rode out to do a little scouting on my own account. For I have long since learned that it's no use hanging around camp if you want to know anything about the real life of the folk who dwell in the land. About six miles from our lines I ran against a dainty little farm-house cuddled up against the slope of a shrub-covered kopje. On one side of the dwelling a trellis-work of vines broke the wind, and on the other a long, double row of orange-trees beautified the scene. Tall, graceful poplar trees whispered in the wind at both front and rear, while a pretty flower-garden, fragrant with flowers, spread far away in front of the substantial dwelling. I was admiring these things from my horse's back when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had possibly played the imbecile in straying so far from camp. But it was too late to hang back. If the farmer-folk were friendly, I was in luck; for the inside of such a dwelling could not be ill supplied with creature comforts. If, however, they were hostile, I was at their mercy, I had no desire to match my pony's pace against the flight of a Mauser bullet; so humming a song and thinking of a psalm, I rode forward as if certain of a kindly welcome. An elderly Boer with a kindly face met me at the door, and gave me the time of day with all civility, a lad took hold of my bridle, and I swung myself out of my saddle just in time to receive a civil greeting from the farmer's wife—healthy, wholesome, substantial, well-fed, and well-clothed. They invited me inside, and there their four daughters introduced themselves to me. They all talked English as well as I could, and before I had been there twenty seconds I had arrived at the conclusion that I should never get a better chance to study the language of the people of our foes, and determined to sacrifice myself upon the flinty shrine of duty. Three of the maidens were plain-faced, good, honest-looking girls, but the fourth had a face many a man would risk his life for.

So much of my whole career has been passed amid the rougher and more rugged scenes of life that a description of dainty womanhood comes awkwardly from me. But I have read so much about the ugliness and clumsiness of the Boer women in British journals that I should like to try and describe this daughter of the veldt, although only a farmer's daughter. I do not know if she should be called short or tall, but her cheek could have nestled comfortably on the shoulder of a fairly tall man. I don't know how much hair she had, but there was enough of it to make a fellow feel as if it didn't matter a rap if half the earth was bald. It was not red, nor yellow; it was like honey, kissed by sunshine. She had the sort of forehead which one never sees on the face of a fool, Nature's sign-board for an emporium for brains. Her eyes were large, brown, and fearless, not bold, nor yet wavering. Her mouth was perfect, not one of those sepulchral which disfigure some feminine faces, not childishly small like a bud bursting into bloom, but a strong, true mouth, large enough for a prayer to slip through, but not big enough to gear with. Her waist would just about fill the crook of a strong man's arm, and make him feel that there was no room for anything else under heav-

en. Her hands were shapely, brown, and strong, cracked a little by wind and weather; not toy hands, but hands that could spank a baby, or help a husband back to paths of rectitude when all the world had damned him past redemption.

So she looked when I saw her, and I said unto my soul: "Verily it is a good thing for a man to know something of his enemies' language," and I made up my mind to learn. It was the fifth evening after that, and I had registered my fifth visit to the farm, when an event befell which put an end to my studies in Dutch for the time being. I had dined with the farmer, the plain sisters had made music for me, they had lifted up their voices in song, also, for I was an honored guest, having been enabled to do some little deed of kindness through the favor of our courteous general to a relative of the ladies who was a prisoner in our lines. They had given me blankets and rugs for the poor beggar, and the general had handed them to the man. The night was a beautiful one, so, lighting a cigar, I rambled down toward the quarter-mile long avenue of orange-trees; it was to be my last visit, for our troops were on the move at dawn. As I sauntered forward I heard the rustle of a woman's skirts amid the bushes on my right, and looking in that direction I saw the navy-blue dress and the red-gold hair of the lady who had been teaching me Dutch. I had not many seconds to look at her, but brief as the time was I had long enough to notice that one hand the blue skirts switched up so that about a foot of white petticoat was displayed. I also noticed that she was heading toward the orange walk, which I had long since learned was known in the family as "the lovers' walk." She did not look in my direction, did not turn toward me at all, but like many another fool I was puffed up in my folly. What harm is there in it, I mused, if I take my last lesson in Dutch in the shade of the orange trees? Tossing my cigar away, I sauntered after the flying figure, out of the flower-garden, over the field, into the shady walk. I meandered like a he-goat through a gap in a hedge, I walked about fifty yards, and saw no one, heard no one. Then all at once I found myself looking right into the face of a big, hairy savage, who wore a tweed coat and a bandolier full of cartridges; in his hands he carried a handy little Mauser carbine.

"Well, Mr. Spy," said the hairy individual, "you are my prisoner."

I tried to smile, but somehow the springs in my face had got out of order and would not work.

"What did you want sneaking after me for, you beastly Englishman," snarled the man with the gun. "I could have shot you last night, and the night before, and the night before that, if I had liked; but I did not want to bring trouble on this farm. What did you want to hunt me for?"

I found my tongue for a moment, then, "Hunt me for? Blowed; didn't know such a chap existed."

He lowered his carbine an inch or two. "Then what are you doing in the lovers' walk?"

"What are you doing here?" I blurted.

We stared at each other like two grass-fed calves in the starlight, and I edged a foot or two away from the gun. Just then I heard the pattering of girlish feet on the gravel behind me, and, turning my head, saw one of the plain sisters hurrying toward us, and almost at the same second the reddish-gold head of the "beauty," the head of the girl who had been teaching me Dutch, passed from a patch of shadow into the streak of starlight where the hairy young giant was standing fondling his gun. I saw her clasp his arm, heard her hurriedly whisper something in Dutch, which caused the giant to grin as if half his head ached to part company with the other half. The beauty pointed toward me and the plain sister, who had come to a halt beside me. The plain girl put her hand kindly on my shoulder, and whispered: "Don't you think it's too chilly out here?"

Chilly was no name for it. It was as cold as Klondike. The sight of that carbine in the starlight had taken all the warmth out of the atmosphere as far as I was concerned. I turned to go, when a little hand touched mine. The lady who had been teaching me Dutch was at my side. "Before you gentlemen leave," she said, "I want you both to make a promise. You are enemies now; some day, when the war is over, you may be friends. But promise not to hurt each other by talking of this meeting. Otto had no business to come. Father had forbidden him until the trouble ended with the British."

"I came out of love for you," grunted the man with the gun.

"And you came out of fondness for me," murmured the plain girl, her voice shaking with laughter that was almost choking her. I muttered the biggest lie I had ever parted with.

The hairy individual rested his gun against a tree, stepped forward, and lifting his slouch hat to the plain girl, said, "For your sake, I promise."

I lifted my helmet to the "beauty," and said something similar. A few minutes later, as I was buckling my girth, I heard him galloping off southward to join Olivier's commando. As I swung up into the saddle, the plain sister slipped away, and the "beauty" lifted her hand in farewell. As our hands met, she said, "Why did you come to the lover's walk?"

"To get a last lesson in Dutch," I said, with a sheepish grin.

"Well," she answered, "I hope you'll remember your lesson," and I heard the two of them laughing as I galloped out of the veldt.—A. G. Hales, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

### BRITISH SINECURES.

The Queer Lot of People Who Lived About the Queen.

You may expect that the reformers in England will attack parliament immediately upon its assemblage for the purpose of cutting off the sinecures of a queer lot of people who have lived about the queen, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record. There are a thousand or more attendants at Windsor castle. Many of them hold their positions by hereditary right and have little or nothing to do. The sovereign of England has, however, several honorable and remunerative appointments which King Edward VII. will cling to tenaciously as his mother. He has the privilege of appointing six trumpeters, who draw pay at the rate of \$750 a year and are given quarters in the barracks at Windsor with their families. These appointments are not hereditary and the late queen used to reward soldiers who had distinguished themselves by extraordinary gallantry.

One of the most desirable posts at Windsor castle is that of "the king's limner," who in ancient times decorated books and manuscripts with initial letters and who now prepares the parchment commissions when his majesty is pleased to confer knighthood or some other honor upon one of his subjects. The gentleman who now fills the post has extraordinary skill with the pen and brush and his diplomas and certificates were greatly admired for their exquisite taste and skillful execution. He receives a salary of \$2,500 a year. The clockmaker at Windsor castle receives the same compensation and it is his business to keep all the timepieces in repair. The historiographer, who is supposed to keep a record of events, holds a hereditary office with a salary of \$2,500 a year. The master of music, Sir Walter Parrett, the famous organist, receives \$1,500 and arranges concerts for his majesty's diversion. The surveyor of pictures is paid \$1,500, the librarian (who by the way is Richard R. Holmes, an eminent author) receives \$2,500, the examiner of plays \$1,600, the keeper of the swans is paid \$300 and the barge master, who looks after the boats used by the royal family at Windsor, has a similar compensation.

The king's champion is a relic of the middle ages. On coronation day it is his business to prance around in armor mounted on a mail charger with a long spear and a monstrous sword, and challenge all the world to dispute with him the title of his sovereignty, or the life of the champion, and may be accepted by subject or alien.

Queen Victoria and her uncle, William IV., dispensed with this medieval absurdity at their coronations, but the champion's pay and perquisites still continue, for they are hereditary and cannot be abolished even by act of parliament without some indemnity.

The present champion is Francis Seaman Dymoke, who is now a venerable man, and is any should take the trouble to accept his challenge he would have to resign in favor of a more brawny Briton. He receives a salary of \$600 a year and certain allowances of food and clothing which he draws from the lord steward of Windsor castle.

Another ancient superannuation is the page of the pipe, who also holds a hereditary office which dates back to the time of Charles II. That merry monarch acquired the tobacco habit from some of his Virginia colonists and required a page, who was paid a salary of \$500 a year, to keep his smoking apparatus in order. In a moment of generosity his majesty made the appointment permanent. Until 1765 the honor was held by the duke of Grafton, who got hard up and sold it to a merchant named Harrison. As Queen Victoria did not smoke the office was a sinecure and the descendants of Harrison are entitled to the privilege of entering the presence of their sovereign at any time.

### Deft Ware.

Genuine deft ware is remarkable for its hardness, thinness and lightness, as well as for the immense variety of its recherche patterns, such as some familiar landscape of Holland or some faithful copies of Dutch masterpieces of the various schools. Many Americans buy each year more or less expensive articles of imitation ware because they are unable to tell the trademark of the genuine deft ware. This mark is a bottle, illustrating the old-time name of the famous works, and underneath this is a monogram of the letters J. T., for Jost Thooft, and the name Delft, in curious script, beginning with a D almost like the small Greek letter d enlarged. This emblem is found seldom on the ware offered as deft in America and England.—New York Tribune.

### Dark Substances Good Heat Radiators.

The tendency of heat to diffuse itself is effected by radiation, conduction and convection. Nearly all dull and dark substances are good radiators, while bright polished surfaces radiate badly. Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1,000. Compared with silver as a conductor, gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 641, tin 422, steel 397 and wrought iron 436. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top while the bottom will remain cold.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.



### ORIGIN OF ONE OF VICTORIA'S TITLES.

Sir Andrew Clarke first entitled the Queen "Empress of India." This he did in a proclamation dated November 2, 1874, which he issued, as governor of the Straits Settlements, "to the Malay Rajahs, Elders and People to make known to them the good wishes of the great Queen of England." He was uncertain how to convey to the Malays what and who the Queen really was, and the relation which she bore to them. Rani of Ranis was too feeble a term. A certain Major Macnair suggested, "Suppose you call her Majesty, 'Empress of India.'" "Capital!" replied Sir Andrew Clarke. And so, accordingly, she was designated in a proclamation which was subsequently published in a blue book, from which, doubtless, Lord Beaconsfield gained his idea of conferring the title on the Queen.—Mainly About People.

### LEGISLATION FOR SHOP GIRLS.

France and England have recently taken up the "seats for shop girls" question, which has agitated our legislators and shopkeepers for years past. The Early Closing Association brought about the good work in England. This society is something like our Consumers' League, and watches over the shop employees in paternal fashion. The English act provides one seat for every three clerks in places where goods are retailed to the public, and imposes a maximum penalty of \$25.

The French act is even more stringent. It provides one seat for each clerk (or "assistant," as they call them over there), in all places where goods are sold or manufactured, and penalties up to \$200 may be imposed.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### GAUZY SHOULDER SCARFS.

There's no more effective accessory for a féeollete get-up than a scarf. It is a weapon. The graceful woman manages it in as fascinating a manner as ever a seductive Spanish' dame wielded her fan.

It is a protection, too. You may draw it over your shoulders when a breath of chill air suddenly assails you.

The thinner it is the better. Above all, it must not be all stiffened, which means that the fabric of established in its fame in this direction that she makes visits to Philadelphia, Boston and other cities when called, and has established a regular milady's choice are gauze, softest mousseline, chiffon net and finest crepe de chine.

This dainty affair may be plain, tucked, embroidered, edged with frills or finished off with feathers. If feathers be chosen, marabout feathers should by all means be selected.

These lovely scarfs are oftenest made in white, though turquoise, black coral and any other color in which beauty which choose to array herself often figures.

Furthermore, these scarfs are as useful going to and from an entertainment as after one has arrived.

In donning one's wrap there's but to draw the scarf up around one's neck, and luxuriate in it la mode fashion.

As for length, the most truly picturesque scarf reaches nearly to the feet, while in width it may be anything from twelve inches to two yards—this last-mentioned is only for the filmmist materials.—Philadelphia Record.

### FASHIONS IN SKIRTS.

Tucked and pleated skirts, in spite of all the warnings to the contrary, are to be used again, especially in the thinner materials. It would be a pity for them to go out of fashion, now that the knowledge of how to make them has been acquired by the many people who made such a failure of the difficult fashion to begin with. The smartest skirts have the tucks quite close together at the top, and gradually broadening to the foot of the skirt, which is finished with bayadere rows of tucks and bands of lace applique. The waists are tucked to match the skirts, and certainly in the materials that are fashionable—crepe de Chine, soft cloths, mousseline de sole, chiffon, and, for midsummer, muslin—the material looks vastly better with these little tucks than when it is plain. The flat trimming across the top of the waist is carried out either in the lace yoke or the lace collar, and is always a becoming fashion. The newest gowns are cut out a little at the neck, so they may be worn with a broad band of velvet and two or three strings of pearls, or with the collar of pearls and diamonds.—Harper's Bazar.

### WOMAN SHOULD BE GENERALLY USEFUL.

The combination of a trained nurse and a nursery governess has recently suggested itself to clever minds, so that now it is not unusual to find in the home one individual possessed of these diverse attainments. There are, as we well know, a number of women who go through a certain amount of hospital training, and yet find, after they have completed their course, that they prefer not to pursue it as steady employment. But if they happily have some other latent talent, such as that of being a governess, or a companion to young girls, this very knowledge of nursing will greatly aid them to place themselves with a much larger salary than they could otherwise command. In these days it has been found to be almost essential for a large family to house some such individual. A professional nurse cannot always be secured at a moment's notice; even a

doctor must necessarily take his time in reaching the scene of action. To have, therefore, on the spot, some one with a knowledge of disease and strength to get to work with it at once is of inestimable value. Not only is the patient thereby made more comfortable, but the nervous tension on other members of the family is relieved. And when the occasion ceases for the one to act as a nurse she should turn readily to her other work, whatever it may be; instructing the children or helping the mother.

There is another combination possible that it seems strange so few are at hand to fill. It is that of a resident typewriter and seamstress. So many women now use this machine for literary pursuits or business correspondence that it is no longer confined to the office. But more often than not its possessor does not enjoy playing on it; nor, on the other hand, has she enough work in the way of home sewing to occupy a woman's whole time. If, therefore, these two occupations could be combined, it would seem that the convenience to the employer would be very great.—New York Sun.

### IN MEMORY OF ANNIE LAURIE.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument over the grave of Annie Laurie. Many people have been of the opinion that Annie Laurie is merely a creation of a poet's brain, but this is not so. She was the daughter of a certain Sir Robert Laurie and was born in Maxwellton House, December 16, 1682, and the record of her birth still exists. Her lover, and the author of the original song, was young Douglas, of Finland, but she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird named Alexander Ferguson. They lived at Craigdarroch house, five miles from Maxwellton, and when she died Annie was buried in a glen near-by.

### PROPER DISPLAY OF THE HAND-KERCHIEF.

There is a real art in the proper display of this essential accessory of dress and comfort. Avoid extreme patterns, styles and all colors. The most elegant handkerchief for every-day use is pure linen, as fine as one's purse can buy, hemstitched either by hand or by machinery or with an embroidered edge, and with a monogram, initial or crest in one corner. For dressy occasions the handkerchief may be more elaborate, but good taste demands that it must ever be white or of the color of old lace. Hold your handkerchief freely in your hand if you do not roll it into a ball, and do not use it too frequently or in a manner to attract attention.—American Queen.

### A CLEVER WOMAN'S SCHEME.

One of the latest schemes of a clever woman forced to earn her own living is establishing herself as a bird doctor. Canaries are her specialty, and she has established a hospital where she attends to the ills of these pets. Broken limbs, disordered digestive apparatus, catarrhs, and fevers are treated by the woman with benefit to the birds and profit to herself. Other song birds and house pets, and even the repulsive parrot, are treated for their ailments by this bird doctor, who is said to be the only woman in the world making a specialty of this business. So well clientele there, as well as among dealers who make the handling of birds an incident to their other business, as is the case at some of the department stores.

### BITS OF FEMININITY.

Floral appliques are poems of beauty if well carried out.

Some sketchily applied black lace appliques look decidedly posteresque.

Box pleats, securely stitched down at both edges, are in danger of being called strapping.

Weird is the only word that expresses the appearance of some of the freshly tilted hats.

Five or seven rows of braid or velvet ribbon finishes the circular flounce of many a handsome crepe.

White silk with black or colored hair stripes, or stripes slightly wider, is charming if simply made.

Tight-fitting, tucked mousseline yokes and undersleeves are a feature of some of the most beautiful dresses.

Graduated plaited effects are varied by ending the plaits in points in strap effect. A button is set in each point.

Whole bodices of chiffon in shirred tucks are liked by lean maidens. A very voluminous yoke is the next best thing.

If the facing to revers and collars be of very pretty stuff, it is effective in many cases to have the blouse and stock of the same material.

Two narrow bias velvet bands are often at the base of a stock, said bands ending with a bullet button and falling to meet in front by an inch.

Undersleeves of chiffon, mousseline and lace come separate and ready to wear with the fashionably finished sleeve terminating below the elbow.

Hats of shirred tulle and chiffon are shown for spring and summer wear. They are flat or turban-shaped, and are trimmed by one big rose or a spray of leaves.

### History of "Criticise."

To criticise was originally to pass an opinion upon, whether favorable or otherwise, and the fact that most opinions are unfavorable is indicated in the present signification of the word.

There are no fewer than 250,000 habitual criminals in the United States.



THE INCONSISTENT MAIDEN. She would not, though I coaxed and teased. And begged of her my bride to be. She said she'd marry whom she pleased. Yet—Goodness knows!—she pleases me.—Catholic Standard Times.

SUPREMELY RESTFUL. "I wonder if there's any lazier occupation than fishing." "Well, yes—looking at people fishing."—Brooklyn Life.

WHAT'S SAVED IS MADE. Tess—"Mr. Proxy seems very anxious to have his wife make over her last year's gown." Jess—"He'll make over \$30 or \$40 if she does."—Philadelphia Press.

NONE TO IMITATE. "Now, Johnny," his mother said, as they started for church, "I want you to behave like a good little boy." "I can't!" blubbered Johnny. "I don't know any good little boy!"—Chicago Tribune.

A CHILD'S QUESTION. "Papa, is it true that love is a disease?" "That is the way certain wise experts have diagnosed it, my dear." "And, oh, papa, must we be vaccinated against it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED. "Yes, your honor, the butcher was ugly. I asked him for a choice cut." "What did he give you?" "An under cut." "Three dollars and costs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INVENTION. "So you are an inventor?" said the rudely inquisitive man. "Yes." "What do you invent?" "Principally stories about the things I expect to invent some time."—Washington Star.

THE HUMORIST'S REPLY. "I suppose you love to give pleasure," said the altruistic to the humorist lecturer. "Yes, indeed," replied the other. "I'd have to quit if I didn't, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FIRST AND LAST. "The clothes I got here last winter," said Sloopy, "wore out very quickly. I wish you'd try to make this suit last." "Make it last, eh?" returned the tailor. "I don't think I'll make it at all, unless you make a settlement first."—Philadelphia Press.

HIS NAME. Stranger—What is your name, little boy? Little Boy—Willie. Stranger—Willie what? Little Boy—Willie Don't, I guess. That's what mamma always calls me.—Chicago News.

HE WASN'T. Costigan—Don't say you ain't done nothin'. Madigan—And why not? Costigan—Because that isn't good English. Madigan—Faith, I'm glad to hear it for by the powers, nather am I.—Catholic Standard and Times.

SKEPTICAL. Backbite—Digby is a fool! Bilkins—He said the same of you. Backbite—What? He's a liar! Bilkins—Exactly what he called you when I told him you said he was a fool. Dear me, but you fellows are skeptical.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

HE IMPARTED AWFUL INFORMATION. "They say," said young Mr. Dolley to young Mr. Gurley, "that crossing the knees is likely to cause appendicitis. I wonder if that is true." "It causes something worse than appendicitis, dear boy," replied young Mr. Gurley. "What?" "It causes twosers to bag at the knees."—Modern Society.

AN ILLUSTRATION. It was during the natural history hour. "Give me," asked the teacher, "an example of the alleged deceitful character of the cat." "In restaurants it is sometimes said to pass itself off for a rabbit," answered the head boy.—Philadelphia Times.

HIGH APPROVAL. "How do you like your new teacher?" "The one who came from the West?" asked the little Boston boy. "Yes." "Oh, I like him very much. I haven't had an opportunity to test his knowledge of mathematics. But the way he pronounces such words as 'grass' and 'pass' is very amusing."—Washington Star.

An Austrian named Anton Petermandel, who recently died at Steyr, has made a collection of about 3,000 knives of all times.