river to a ruined temple-"Me an' von an' "im )he indicated me by a jerk of his head) was there one day when Hi made a bloomin' show o' myself. You an' 'im stopped me doin' such—an' Hi was on'y wishful tor to desert. You are makin' a bigger bloomin' show o' yourself now."

'Don't mind him, Mulvaney,,' I said. "Dinah Shadd won't let you hang yourself yet awhile, and you don't intend to try to either. Let's hear about the Tyrone and

"There's no fool like an ould fool. You know you can do anythin' wid whin I'm talkin'. Did I say I wud like to cut Mullins' liver out? I deny the imputashin, for tear that Orth'ris here wud report me, ah! You wud dip me into the river, wud you? Sit quiet, little man. Anyways, Mullins worth the trouble av an extry p'rade, an' I will trate him wid outrajis contimpt. The Tyrone an' O'Haral O'Hara an' the Tyrone, begad! Ould days are hard to bring back into the mouth, but they're al-Following a long pause:

The Tyrone was recruited any fashion in the ould days. A draf' from Conne-mara-a draf' from Portsmouth-a draf' from Kerry-an' that was a blazin' bad draf'-here, there an' iverywhere."

"But to reshume. My room—'twas before I was married—was wid twe've av the soum av the earth, the pickin's av the guttermane men that wud neither laugh nor talk not yet get dhrunk as a man shud. They thried some av their dog's thricks on me, but I dhrew a line round my cot, an the man that thransgressed ut wint into hospital for three days, good.

"O'Hara had put his spite on the room he was my color sargint—an' nothin' cud we do to plaze him. I was younger than I am now, and I tuk what I got in the way av gali and punishment dhrill wid my tongue in my cheek. But was different wid the others, an' why I cannot say, except that some men are burrup mane and go to dhirty murdher where a fist is more than enough. Afther a whoile they changed their chune to me an' was desp'rit frien'ly, all twelve av

thim cursin' O'Hara in chorus.

"'Eyah,' sez I. 'O'Hara's a divil and I'm
not for denvin' ut, but is he the only man in
the wurruld? Let him go. He'll get tired
av findin' our kit foul our 'contrements on-

properly an' kep'.'
"'We will not let him go,' sez they.
"Thin take him,' sez I,' an' a poor yield ye'll get for your trouble."
"'Is he not misconductin' himself?' sez

another.
"'Has he not put his spite on the roomful av us? Can we do anythin' that he will not check us for ?' sez another.

"That's thrue, sex I.
"Will ye not belp us to do ought?" says another, 'a big, bould man like you.'
"I will break his head upon his shouldthers av te puts hand on me, sez I; 'I will give him the lie av he says that I'm dhirty, an' I wad not mind ducking him in the ar-tillery throughs if ut was not that I'm thrying for my sthripes."

"Is that all ye can do?' sez another. 'Have ye no more spunk than that, ye blood-dhrawn calf?'
"'Blood-dhrawn I may be,' sez I, gettin'

back to my cot an' makin' my line round ut; but ye know that the man who comes acrost this mark will be more blood-dbrawn than me. No man gives me the name in my mouth, sez L. 'Onderstand, I will have no part wid you in anythin' you do, nor will I raise my fist to my shuperior. Is any wan comin' on ?' sez 1.

"They made no move, the' I gave thim full time, but stud growlin' an' enarlin' together at wan ind av the room. I tuk up my cap and wint out to canteen, thinkin' no little av mesil', an' there I grew most undacintly dhrunk in my legs. My head was all

sonable.
'Houligan,' I sez to a man in E Company that was by way av bein' a frind av mine, 'I'm overtuk from the belt down. Do you give me the touch av your shoulder to presarve my formation an' march me acrost the plain into the high grass. I'll sleep ut off there,' sez I; an' Houligan-he's dead now, but good he was while he lasted, walked wid me, givin' me the touch whin I wint wide, ontil we came to the high grass, an' my faith, the sky an' the earth was fair rowlin' undher me. I made for where the grass was thickust, an' there I slep' off my liquor wid an easy conscience. I did not desire to come on books to frequint; my character havin' been shpotless for the good half av a year.

"Whin I roused the dhrink was dyin' out me an' I felt very bad. I had not larned to hold my liquor wid comfort in thim days. Tis little betther I am now. 'I will get Houligan to pur a mussick over my head, thinks I, an' I wod ha' risen, but I heard some wan say: 'Mulvsney can take the blame av ut for the blackslidin' hound he is.' 'Oho!' sez I, an' my head rang like a watchman's gong; 'Fwhat is the blame that this young man must take to oblige Tim Vulmea?' For 'twas Tim Vulmea that sphoke.

"I turned on my belly an' crawled through the grass, a bit at a time, to where the spache came from. There was the twelve av my room sittin' down in a little patch, the dhry grass wavin' above their heads an' the sin av black murdher in their hearts. I put the stuff aside to get a clear view. 'Fwhat's that?' sez wan man, jumpin'

up.
"'A dog,' sez Vulmea. 'You're a nice hand to this job! As I said, Mulvaney will "Tis harrad to swear a man's life away,"

ser a young wan.
"'Thank ye for that,' fhinks I. 'Now,
fwhat the divil are you paragins conthrivin'

"'Tis as easy es dhrinkin' your quart, sez Vulmea. 'At 7 or thereon O'Hsra will come acrost to the married quarters. Wan av us 'll pass the wurrud to the room an' we shtart the divil an' all av a shine-laughin' an' crackin' on an' t'rowin' our boots obout. Thin O'Hara will come to give us the ordher to be quiet, the more by token, bekaze the room lamp will be knocked over in the larkin'. He will take the straight road to the inn door, where there's the lamp in the verands, an' that'll bring him clear against the light as he shtands. He will not be able to look into the dhark. Wan av us will loose off, an' a close shot ut will be, an' shame to the man that misses. 'Twill be Mulvaney's rifle, she that is at the head of the rack; there's no mistakin' that longshtocked piece even in the dhark.

"The thier misnamed my ould firin' piece out av jealousy-I was pershuaded av that made me more angry than all. "But Vulmea goes on: 'O' Hara will dhron

an' by the time the light's lit again there'll be some six av us on the chest av Mulvane erying murdher. Mulvaney's cot is near the ind door, an' the shmokin' rifle will be lyin' undher him whin we've knocked him over. We know, an' all the rig'ment knows that Mulvaney has given O'Hara more lin than any wan av us. Will there be any doubt at the coort-martial? Wud 12 honust sodger boys swear away the life av a dear, quiet, swate-tempered man such as is Mulvaney— wid his line av pipe-clay roun' his cot, threatenin' us wid murdher av we overshtepped ut, as we can truthful testify? Mary, Mother av Mercy!' thinks I to

mesili. 'It is this to have an onruly mim-ber an' fistes fit to use. Oh, the sneakin'

"The big dhrops ran down my face, for I was wake wid the liquor an' had not the full av me wits about me. I laid sthill an' heard thim workin' themselves up to swear my life by tellin' tales av avry time I had put my mark on wan or another; an' my faith, they was few that was not so distinguished. 'Twas all in the way av fair fight, though, for niver did I raise my hand except whin they had provoked me to ut.

"''Tis all well,' sezs wan av thim, 'but who's to do this shootin'?' 'Fwhat matther?' sez Vulmea. ''Tis Mulvaney will do that-at the coort-martial." "'He will so,' sez the man, 'but whose hand is put to the thrigger in the room?" 'Who'll do ut?' sez Vulmea, lookin' round, but divil a man auswered. They began to dishpute till Kiss, that was always playin' shpoil five, sex: 'Thry the kyards' Wid that he opined his jackut an' tuk out the greasy palammers, and they all fell wid

ate to you, is the see av sphades, which from time immimorial has been intimately connected with battle, murdher and suddin

"Wanst Kiss dealt an' there was no sign, but the men was whoite wid the workins av their sowls. Twice Kiss dealt an' there was a gray shine on their cheeks like the mess ay an egg. Three times Kiss dealt an' they was blue. 'Have ye not lost him?' sez Vulmes, wiping the sweat on him. 'Let ha' don' quick?' 'Quick ut is,' sez Kiss,

throwin' him the kyardt an' ut iell face up on his knee, Black Jack!

"Thin they all cackled wid laughin'.

'Duty thirpence,' sez wan av thim, 'an' cheap at that price!' But I cud see they all dhrew a little away from Vulmea an' lei' him sittin' playin' wid the kyard. Vulmes sez no word for a whoile, but licked his lips, catways. Thin he threw up his head an made the men swear by ivry oath, known and unknown, to stand by him, not alone in the room, but at the court martial that was to set on me. He tould off five av the biggest to stretch me on my cot whin the shot was fired, an' another man he tould off to was fired, an another man he touid on to put out the light, an' yet another to load my rifle. He wud not do that himself; an' that

was quare, for 't but a little thing.
"Thin they swore over again that they wnd not bethray wan another, an' crep' out ay the grass in diff'rint ways, two by two. A mercy ut was that they dud not come on me. I was sick wild lear in the pit av my stommick, sick, sick, sick! Afther they was all gone, I wint back to canteen an called for a quart to put a thought in me. Vulmea was there dhrinkin' heavy, an' politeful to me beyond reason. 'F what will I do, f what will I do?' thinks I to meself wifn Vulmea

wint away. "Presintly the Arm'rer Sargint comes in stiffin' an' crackin' on, not pleased wid any wan, bekaze the Martini-Henri bein' new to the rig'mint in those days we used to play the rig mint in those days we used to play the mischief wid her arrangemints. "Twas a long time before I cud get out av the way av thrying to pull back the back-sight an' turnin' her over afther firin' as if she was a

"Fwhat tailor men do they give me to work wid? sez the Arm'rer Sargint. 'Here's Hogan, his nose flat as a table, laid by for a week, an' ivry comp'ny sendin' their arrums in knocked to small shivereens.'

groovin'. He did that, but he did not put in the pin av the fallin' block, and av coorse, whin he fired he was strook by the jumpin' clear. Well for him 'twas but a lookin' him betune the eyes.
blank—a full block charge wud ha' cut his "'You're a good man,' sez l

" 'How's that, Sargint?' sez I. "This way, ye blundherin' man, an' don't you be doing ut, sez he. Wid that he shows me a Waster action, the breech av her all cut away to show the inside, an' so plazed was he to grumble, that he demonstrated fwhat Hogan had done twice over. An' that come av not knowin' the weppin you're purvided wid,' sez he.

"'Thank ye, Sargint, 'sez I; 'I will come to ye again for further information.' "'Ye will not,' sez be. 'Kape your clanin' rod away from the breech-pin or you will get into throuble."
"I wint outside an' I cud ha' danced wid

delight for the grandeur av ut. They will load my rifle, good luck to thim, whoile I'm aways, thinks I, and back I wint to the canteen to give them their chanst.

"The canteen was fillin' wid men at the ind av the day. I made feign to be far gone in dhrink an' wan by wan all my roomful came in wid Vulmea. I wint away walkin' thick and heavy, but not so thick an' heavy that any wan cud ha' tuk me. Sure and thrue, there was a kyartridge gone from my pouch an' lyin' snug in my rifle. I was hot wid rage against thim all an' I worried the bullet out wid my teeth as fast as I cud, the room bein' empty. Then I tuk my boots an' the clanin' rod and knocked out the pin of the fallin' block. Oh! 'twas music whin that pin rowled on the flure! I put ut into my pouch an' struck a dab av dirt on the holes in the plate, puttin' the fallin' block back. 'That'll do your business, Vulmea,' sez I, lvin' easy on the cot. 'Come an' sit on my chest, the whole room av you, an' I will take you to my bosom for the biggest divils that iver cheated halter.' I wud have no mercy on Vulmes. His oi

"At dusk they came back, the 12 av thim, an' they had all been dhrinkin'. I was shammin' sleep on the cot. Wan man wint outside in the veranda. Whin he whistled they began to rage roun' the room, an' carry on tremenjus. But I niver want to hear men laugh as they did-skylarkin', tool

little I cared!

'Twas like mad jackals.
"'Shtop that blasted noise!' sez O'Hara in the dhark, an' pop goes the room lamp. I cud hear O'Hara runnin' up an' the rattlin' av my rifle in the rack an' the men breathin' heavy as they stud roun' my cot. I cud see O'Hara in the light av the veranda lamp an' thin I heard the crack av my rifle, She cried loud, poor darlint, being mis-handled. Next minut' five men were holdin' me down. 'Go easy,' sez I; 'iwhat's ut

all about?" "Thin Vulmea, on the flure, raised a howl you cud hear from wan ind av cantoumints to the other. 'I'm dead, I'm butchered, I'm blind,' sez he. 'Saints have mercy on my sinful sowl ! Sind for Father Constant ! On, sind for Father Constant an' let me go clean!' By that I knew he was not so dead

as I cud ha' wished. "O'Hara picks up the lampin the veranda wid a hand as stiddy as a rest. 'Fhwat dog's thrick is this av yours?' sez he, an' turns the light on Tim Vulmea, that was shwimmin' in blood from top to toe. The fallin' block had sprung free behin' a full charge av powther-good care I tuk to bite down the brass afther takin' out the bullet, that there might be somethin' to give ut full worth-an' had cut Tim from the lip to the corner av the right eve, lavin' the eyelid in tathers, an' so up an' along by the forehead to the hair. 'Twas more av a rakin' plow, if, you will undherstand, than a clean cut, an' niver did I see a man bleed as Vulmea

did. The dhrink an' the stew that he was in pumped the blood strong. The minut' the men sittin' on my chest heard O'Hara spakin' they scattered each wan to his cot, an' cried out very politeful, 'Fwhat is ut, Sargint?' 'Fwhat is ut?' sez O'Hara, shakin' Tim.

'Well an' good do you know fwhat ut is, ye skulkin', ditch-lurkin' dogs! Get a doolie, an' take this whimperin' scut away. There will be more heard av ut than any av ye will care for. "Vulmea sat up rockin' his head in his

hand an' monnin' for Father Constant. "Be done! sez O'Hara, dhraggin' him up by the hair. 'Ye're none so dead that ye can't go 15 years for thryin' to shoot me.'
"'I did not,' sez Vulmea, 'I was shootin'

"'That's quare,' ses O'Hara, 'for the front av my jacket is black wid your pow-ther.' He tuk up the rifle, that was still warm, and began to laugh. 'I'll make your life hot to you, sez he, 'for attempted mur-dher an' kapin your rifle on properly. You'll be hanged first an' thin put undher stop-pages for four-fifteen. The rifle's done for,'

"'Why, 'tis my rifle!' sez I, comin' up to look. 'Vulmea, ye divil, fwhat were you doin' wid her—answer me that?' 'Lave me alone,' sez Vulmea; 'I'm

'I'll wait till you're betther,' sez I, 'an' thin we tu will talk ut out umbrageous.' "O'Hara pitched Tim into the doolie, none too tinder, but all the bhoys kep' by their cots, which was not the sign av innocent men. I was huntin' ivrywhere for my sallin' block, but not findin' ut at all I niver

found ut. "'Now fwhat will I do?' ser O'Hara, swingin' the veranda light in his hand an lookin' down the room. 'Light the lamp, ye dogs,' an' wid that he turned away, an' I saw him walkin' off.

dealin.' Black Jack, sorr, I shud expayti- ment you have conthrived, but by fwaht I've seen I know that you cannot commit murdher wid another man's rifle, such shukin' cowards you are. I'm goin' to slape, I sez, 'an you can blow my head off whoile I lay.' I did not slape, though, for a long time. Can ye wonder?

"Next morn the news was through all the reg'mint, an' there was nothin' that the men did not teil. O'Hara reports, fair an' easy, that Vulmea was come to grief through show the mechanicism. An' by my sowl' he had the impartinince to say that he was on the sphot at the time, an' cud certify that ut was an accident! You might ha' knocked my roomful down wid a straw whin they heard that. Twas lucky for him that the bhoys were always thryin' to find out ho the new rule was made, au' a lot av thim had come up for easin' the pull by shtickin' bits av grass an' such in the part av the lock that showed near the thrigger. The first issues av the 'Tinis was not covered in an' I mesilf have eased the pull av mine time an agin. A light pull is ten points on the

range to me. "'I will not have this foolishness,' sex the groanin' in hospital he changed his will. 'Make him an early convalescint,' sez he to the doctor, and Vulmea was made so for a warnin'. His big bloody bandages an' face puckered up to wan side did more to kape the bhoys from messin' wid the inside av their rifles than any punishment.

"O'Hara gave no reason for fwhat he'd said, an' all my roomful were too glad to inquire, tho' he put his spite upon thim more wearin' than before. Wan day, however, he tuk me apart very polite, for he cud be that at the choosin'. "'You're a good sodger, the you're an insolint man, sez he.

"Fair words, Sargint, ses I, 'or I may insolint again." 'Tis not like you,' sez he, 'to lave your rifle in the rack without the breechpin, for widout the breechpin she was when Vulmea fired. I should ha' jound the break av ut

in the eyes av the holes, else,' he sex.
"'Sargint,' sex I, 'fwhat wud your life ha' been worth had the breechpin been in place, for on my sowl, my life wud be worth just as mach to me av I tould you whether ut was or was not. Be thankful the bullet

in knocked to small shivereens."

"Fwhat's wrong wid Hogan, Sargint?"
sex I.

"Wrong!' sex the Arm'rer Sargint;
'showed him, as though I had been his mother, the way av shtrippin' a 'Tini, an' he shirup her clane an' casy. I tould him to put her to again an' fire a blank into the blow-pit to show how the dirt hung on the good sodger, an' I will be threated as such any crooving. He did that hun the did not rough. an' whoile my fists are my own they're strong enough for all work I have to do. They do not fly back toward me, sex I,

"'You're a good man,' sez he, lookin' me betune the eyes, an' Oh, he was a gran-built man to see. 'You're a good man,' he sez, 'an' I could wish for the pure frolic av ut that I was not a Sargint, or that you were not a privit, an' you will think me no

coward whin I say this thing."
"I do not, sex I; I saw you whin Vulmea mishandled the rifle. But, Sargint, I
sex, 'take the wurd from me now, spakin'
as a man to a man wid the sthripes off, though 'tis little right I have to talk, me being fwhat I am by natur'. This time ye tuk no harm an' next time ye may not, but, in the ind, ye tak harm an' bad harm. Have thought, Sargint,' sex I, it's worth ut, isn't ut?'

"You're a bould man,' sez he, breathin' hard; 'a very bould man. But I am a bould man, tu. Do you go your way, Privit Mulvaney, an' I will go mine.'

"We had no turther spache thin or afther, but wun by another he drafted the twelve av my room out icto other rooms an' got thim spread among the comp'nies, for they was not a good sort to live together, an' the company off cers saw ut. They wud ha' shot me in the night ay they had known fwhat I knew, but they did not."
'An' in the ind, as I said, O'Hara met

'An' in the ind, as I said, O'Hara met his death for his divilitry. He wint his own way too well, Eyah too well! Shtraight to that affair widout turnin' to the right or to the let' he wint, an' may the Lord have merey on his sowl. Amin."

"Earl' 'earl' 'said Ortheris, pointing the moral with a wave of his pipe, 'an' this is 'im 'oo would be a bloomin' Vulmea all for the sake of Mullins an' a bloomin' button!"

"Ortheris" I said havelily for the

"Ortheris," I said hastily, for the remances of Private Ortheris are slightly too daring for publication, "look at the sun; it's a quarter past six."

"Oh! Three-quarters of an hour for five an' a 'arf miles! We'll have to run like Jimmy O.

The three musketeers clambered onto the bridge and departed hastily in the direction of the cantonment road. When I overtook them I offered them two stirrups and a tail, which they accepted enthusiastically. Ortheris held the tail, and in this manner we trotted steadily through the shadows by an unirequented road.

At the turn into the cantonments we heard carriage wheels. It was the Colonel's barouche, and in it sat the Colonel's wife and daughter. I caught a suppressed chuckle, and my beast sprang forward with lighter step. The three musketeers had vanished into

the night.

THEY'LL GET A CHANGE. Mr. Madison Square Drops Onte the Loss of Appetite Business in Good Time. Alex. E. Sweet's Correspondence.]

"What is the matter with you, Matilda? You don't eat as fluently as usual," remarked Mr. Madison Square to his wife at the dinner table a few days ago.
"I have not been feeling well for som

time. I think the girls and myself will have to get a change of air this summer," replied Mrs. Madison Square languidly.
"O, you do, do you? Your bealth is in a precarious fix? If all you want is a little change, I'll lend you a quarter. So you are off again this summer to some health resort? Suppose you take me along. That will be a change. You want to go to Saratoga, where the porter collects 50 cents if you look at him, with 25 cents extra if you sneeze. And you can't tool me by saying that maybe one of the girls will catch a husband, for I know what these seaside engagements amount to. Because Rebecca bagged Jacob at a well that's no sign that our girls can do the same thing at a water-ing place. The men have learned a great deal since then. You have got your mouth fixed for Long Breach where fixed for Long Branch, where you can sit on the piazza and talk three bours at a stretch and listen to a brass band that makes the tide ebb before its time. You and the girls will stay right here for a change, with the accent on the change, where the change will not be spent before the summer is. It you really want the wild enjoyment you get at the average summer resort you can sleep out in the woodshed and daub your face with walnut juice. Want to go to a water-ing place, do you? What's the matter with the pump on the corner?"

Exit Mrs. Madison Square, indignant.

WOMEN CHECK-WRITERS.

Unscrupulous Persons Can Easily Raise the Amounts in Many Cases. "It's a great wonder," said a Pittsburg bank cashier yesterday, "that lady depositors are not continually being defrauded, because of their manner of drawing checks Of course, when they draw them at the bank we can correct them. But the checks they write during their shopping tours would. I should think, be a constant temptation to people with tough consciences. They could be so easily raised. Nearly all, except the experienced ones, fail to fill out the line after putting down the amount and any bungler could raise the figures. It is a blessing, therefore, that most of the checks are drawn to the order of the reputable business

houses of the city. "Frequently their checks are for ridicuplayin' shooil five, sex: 'Thry the kyards!'
Wid that he opined his jackut an' tuk out the greasy palameters, and they all fell wid the notion.

"'Deal on!' sex Vulmes, wide big rattlis' oath, 'an' the black curse av Shielygh come to the man that will not do his duty, as the kyards say. Amin!'

"Black Jack is the masther, sex Kiss,"

"An was all ashamed, past spache.

"'Fwhat d' you think he will do?' sex wan of thim at last. 'He knows we're all in ut.'

"Are we so?' sex I from my cot. 'The man that will not do his duty, as the kyards say. Amin!'

"Black Jack is the masther, sex Kiss, 'Black Jack is the masther, sex Kiss, 'The was of thim at last. 'He knows we're all in ut.'

"Are we so?' sex I from my cot. 'The man that see that to me will be hurt. I do not know,' sex I, 'Twhat onderhand divilsented here for 19% cents.''

VICTORIA'S LETTERS. he writes as follows: Her Family Record as It Appears in

Our State Department. SIGNATURES AT 18 AND AT 71. Joyous Words on Her Wedding and Thank-

fulness for Each Heir. OTHER INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ] WASHINGTON, June 14. HE great departments of Washington have hidden away in their musty records the romances of the greatest men of the United States. There is a tradition that some very spicy love letters of George Washington are

hidden away in the State Department. Others of the records contain references to the troubles which existed at the time that Peggy O'Neill, the handsome daughter of the Washington tavern keeper married Major Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War, and set Washington society by the ears, and still others describe the troubles which

the persecution of the pretty Mrs. Reynolds. By all odds the most interesting volumes of love and marriage, however, found in these departments are those which contain the letters of kings and queens describing their marriages, and in glowing terms picturing their gratitude to heaven for the birth of a prince or a princess. According to the

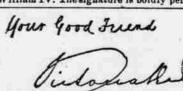
Alexander Hamilton underwent through

your Good Triend Victoriako

The Queen's Signature at 18.

court etiquette of Europe whenever a son or daughter is born to a ruler a letter is sent to the State Department, These letters are carefully filed. They are bound in great morocco covered books, and they constitute the most valuable autograph collection of the United States. Many of the pages are bordered with black, aunouncing the death of a ruler, but such an announcement is always secompanied by the proclamation of another to the throne, and the old rule, the King is dead, long live the King, ever

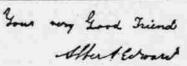
VICTORIA AT EIGHTEEN. It takes one large volume to contain the court letters of Great Britain, and there are many autographs of Queen Victoria scattered through the pages. The first letter she writes was penned when at sweet 18 she stepped out of private life into the the throne of the greatest Government on the fees of the of the greatest Government on the face of the globe. Her letter announcing her ascent is written on blue foolscap paper, with a nar-row black border in honor of the death of William IV. The signature is boldly penned



The Queen's Signature at 71. in a schoolgirl hand, and she evidently wrote it very carefully. The ink is as black to-day as it was when it reached the State Department during the administration of President Van Buren, and the indorsement of the great Minister Palmerston appears in the same ink below it. The letter reads: Victoria, by the Grace of God. Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., to the Presi-dent of the United States of America. Sendeth

greeting:

Our good friend: It is with the deepest affliction that we announce to you the decease of our most honored and beloved uncle, his late Majesty King William the IV., of blessed memory, whom it pleaseth God to call from this world on the morning of the 20th instant, at 2:12 o'clock, in the 72d year of his age and the seventh of his reign. While we thus communicate to you the earliest intelligence of this mournful event, we feel convinced that you will participate in our own and the public grief for the loss of a sovereign whose memory is justly dear to his family and to his subjects of every class. In acquainting you at the same time without accession to the throne of this kingdom, we cannot omit to assure you that it will be our most earnest deire to cultivate and maintain the relations of friendship and good



Bignature of the Prince of Wales.

understanding which so happily subsist between the two countries; and that it will always afford us further opportunities of proving the interest we take in the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and so we recommend you to the protection of the Almighty.

Given at our Court at Kensington, the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord 1837, and the first year of our reign.

Your Good Friend,

VICTORIA R.

SHEEP'S EYES AT VAUX. Victoria's next letter is on white paper. It gives the credentials of Henry Stephen Fox as Minister to America, and again recommends us to the protection of the Al-mighty. The letter following this reads like copperplate, and it contains the an-nouncement of the Queen's marriage with Prince Albert, Victoria was then 21 years of age. She had several lovers before she fell in love with Prince Albert. One of hese was Lord Elphinstone, a tall, fine looking Scotch peer who was made Governor of Madras, in India, in order to get him out of the way of the future Queen. Another was Lord Fitzallen, but Fitzallen was a Roman Catholic, and he fell in love with a

Napoleon III. When Prince parmaid. His family sent him to Athens

to get him out of the way of the barmaid and he lost the Queen. It is said that the Queen later in life cast sheep's eyes at our own new Congressman, Mr. Vaux, but however this may be, she married Prince Albert in great style and began to raise children as rapidly as any poor man's wife on the Western frontier. Just about a year after the ceremony she had her first child, and there is no doubt that her marriage was a happy one. The letter in which she announces her marriage is written in the following jubilant lan-guage, and is signed in a bold, round hand.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER MARRIAGE. The celebration of our marriage with His Royal Highness, the Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, second son of His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, having taken places at London, un the 10th of the present month, we lose no time in notifying you of this event. The sentiments of friendship which you have already manifested toward us on other occasions, afford us the assurance that you will take an interest in an event which, by the blossing of the Almighty will, we trust, contribute to the welfare of our people and secure our own domestic happiness. And so with our cordial wishes for your welfare and prosperity, we recommend you to the protection of the Almighty. cember, less than a year after her marriage, and it announces the birth of her first child.

She writes as follows:

The Almighty having in His infinite goodness been pleased to grant us a Princess, who was bern at 1:50 clock on the 21st of November, we hasten to notify you of this happy event in the full conviction from the sentiments of friendship which you have evinced toward us on former occasions, that you will take an interest in an event so important to our dominions, and so gratifying to curselves and to the Prince Consort, and so with our cordial wishes for your welfare and prosperity, we recommend you to the protection of the Almighty, etc., etc. etc., etc.

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. Just one year later comes the announce-ment of the birth of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, which is chronicled as follows:

of Wales, which is chronicled as follows:

The proofs which we have received of your friendship and of the interest which you take in all that concerns our person and family, do not permit us to defer announcing to you that the Almighty, in His infinite goodness, has been pleased to grant us a Prince, who was born at Buckingham Palace on the morning of the 9th instant. In communicating to you an event so highly important to our people, and so joyful to ourselves and the Prince Consort, we embrace the opportunity of assuring you of our constant friendship, and we recommend you to the protection of the Almighty, etc., etc.

Two years later another Princess came, and a few pages further on we find the birth of a Prince recorded, and so it goes, Princes and Princesses pepper the pages of this great autograph book, and at each new birth Victoria expresses her thankfulness to the Lord and recommends us to the protection

of the Almighty.
Altogether the Queen has had seven children, and she has enough grandchildren to

- Le Nagolas Napoleon III. When President.

start a township. She has a number of cousins, and her family costs England about \$4,000,000 a year. I saw Queen Victoria in Scotland about three years ago. She is fat and dumpy now, and all the romance has gone out of her soul. Her silly attachment for John Brown made her

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FINANCES.

She has an immense private fortune from which she has a big income in addition to that received from the Government, and she manages her money so well that it grows from year to year. Her husband, when he died, lest about \$3,000,000, and the letter chronicling his death, which I find in this autograph album of the State Department was written by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who was then 21 years old. This is the first time that Albert Edward's name occurs in our state correspondence. It is probably the first time he had anything to do with the governing of England, and it is worthy of record. It reads as follows:

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the President of the United States of America, Sendeth Greeting: My Very Good Friend—The Queen, my beloved mother, has sustained an overwhelming loss in the death of my beloved and mourned father, His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, Prince Albert Edward of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Saxony, which took place at Windsor Castle at 10:50 o'clock, in the night of the 14th ultime, after a short illness, in the 43d year of his age. You can well conceive the utter desolation and grief of the Queen under the unexpected bereavement which Her Majesty, her family and her country have undergone. In these deeply afflicting circumstances I have been commanded to write in this one instance on behalf of my disconsolate mother, for the purpose of announcing the fatal event. The Queen is persuaded that you will kindly receive this notification as from herself, and that you will give her your kindly sympathy under the heavy trial which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit her. And so I recommend you to the protection of the Almigaty. MY VERY GOOD FRIEND-The Queen, my

the Almignty.
Your very Good Friend,
ALBERT EDWARD.
OSBURN HOUSE, the 5th of January, 1862.

HOW SIGNATURES CHANGE. Her last signatures have materially changed from the first. Her V's are now made with a great flourish instead of being an ordinary wedge, and taking two signa-tures, one written when she first ascended the throne and another penned but a few

months ago, one would not imagine the two to be written by the same person. The same thing helds good of other signatures. These royal autograph books contain the names of Napoleon during different periods of his life. When he was first elected President of the French Republic he wrote his name L. N. Bonaparte, and the letter in which he announces his acceptance of the place is very moderate and full of patriotism and republicanism. On another page a letter is pasted in. It is dated only year later, but in it Louis Napoleon ha hrown off his title of Bonaparte and signs himself simply N. Napoleon. In the next

> Notre bon comi Nyling

etter he drops the Louis and comes out boldly as "Napoleon, the Emperor." Shortly after he became Emperor he announced his marriage with Eugenie. This marriage took place in 1853, nearly 20 years before he lost his throne. It was a love match, and the letter written in French which Napoleon sends about it is interesting. He says that he hopes that the mar-riage may promote the friendship between the two countries, and closes by recommending us to God and signing himself, "Our

Good Friend, Napoleon."

The book of French autographs is full of social history of the royalty of France. Louis Phillippe shortly before his ascension to the French throne aunounced the mar-riage of his son to the President of the United States, and a short time later I find his signature appended to a letter stating that the Comte de Paris, his grandson, has been born. Louis Phillippe is one of the best penmen of all the kings. His letters look more like diplomas that State corre-enoudence. Miss Grundy, Jr.

FASHIONABLE WRITING PAPER. Fellow and Other Pale Tinta Are Popular

Just Now-Cards for Teas. Detroit Free Press.] Yellow, very deep yellow, known as "pumpkin," is the new color in writing paper, and is stamped with silver and lead. A caprice is to stamp the paper with the lay of the week in Spanish or Arabic; the letters in red on yellow having a peculiar effect. For those who like a more delicate paper there are a variety of pale tints, two combined running diagonally across both the envelope and paper and dotted here and there with a tiny butterfly of another shade, there with a tray butterny of another snade.
There is little change in form, but some of
the envelopes are long with square flaps.
Cards for "teas" are cream white, a trifle
longer than they are wide. Across the top a teapot, in the style known as "Japanesque," a cup and saucer, and sugar bowl are embossed in copper or silver, unde in letters of silver or copper are the words, "Thursday, tea at 5," "Come to tea," or "tea party," there being a multitude of forms to suit the taste of the tea giver.

WONDERPHIL SCALES.

They Will Weigh a Hair or a Signature Lead Pencil Upon a Card.

Louis Globe-Democrat. 1 A fine thing in the way of delicately adjusted scales has just been turned out by a Philadelphia firm for the mint at New Orleans. There are two pair. The larger has a capacity of 10,000 ounces troy, or about 785 pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full capacity will indicate the variation of one-thousandth of an inch.
The other pair is intended for lighter work.
All of its bearings are of agate.
This instrument is believed to be the most delicate in the world. It will give the This instrument is believed to be the most delicate in the world. It will give the precise weight of a human hair and is susceptible to the alightest atmospheric change. A signature written on a card with an or-The next letter is dated the 16th of DeMORE WRINKLES.

Modern Cosmetic Art Has Succeeded in Making the Old Young.

TAKING SILVER OUT OF THE HAIR.

Hints in Regard to the Proper Perfumes and How to Use Them.

COARSE WHOLE MEAL FOOD THE BEST

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] What the modern cosmetic art does not hold for women is hardly worth looking for. Come with me to a New York toilet house I have in mind. A page opens the door to the shadowy, scented interior, deliciously fresh and cool with its tea rose tinted walls, polished floor, bare but for a Turkish rug here and there, and the harmonius bric-abrac which fills without crowding the room.

The semblance of a shop is almost lost, for there are no counters or wallcases, but white and gold tables strewn with luxurious totlet wares, and Louis XVI. cabinets, also white and gold, loaded with charming things, each in its own color, one violet scent bags, boxes, china pots and perfume .cases all in the favorite tint, another jouquil yellow, a third robin's-egg blue, a fourth jade-green, a pretty and soothing attention to color. A white and gold hamper is piled with pale purple satine bags of lavender flowers for scenting linen, generous bags holding a pint of the sifted flowers, the sweetest, freshest scent in the world. Another great basket is heaped with almond-meal bags in white muslin for the bath, yet another with the finest velvety sponges. One glittering case is filled with brushes and combs in embossed silver of rich designs, others with tortoise shell and gold, in Marie Antoinette's taste, and you can order a toilet comb set with rubies and pearls, if you like, with your crest in the middle.

SPECIALTIES IN PERFUMERY. The scent sachets are a specialty, for the perfuming of houses and wardrobes is a business by itself nowadays, and an order for scenting a house is a very welcome and profitable thing. The variety of sachets is a credit to the invention of the makers. These lengths of wadded and painted satin, a yard and a half by three-eighths; what are they for but to line bureau drawers, so that every piece of lace laid in them will take the periumes as it waits the wearing. Longer and broader ones in pale India silk or chinee with flowers are to lay in the great boxes which hold rich dresses, or hang up in closets against the wall, so that gowns and cloaks may take the scent. Long ones are to hang inside the skirt of dresses when worn, thin ones to baste inside jackets, and round ones to wear in the crowns of bonnets

to perfume the hair. Glove sachets of white satin, embroidered with the flower whose fragrance they carry, are luxurious enough for the pillow of the loves and graces together; and ladies have their foot-rugs interlined with vertivert and sandalwood dust to keep away moth. As all women know, it is the hardest thing to find a really good and lasting sachet powder that will carry the essence of the flower without more of the base, as perfumers call t, the infinitesimal of musk, ambergris or pimento, which serves to give it body.

INDIVIDUALITY IN PERFUMES.

A lady's perfumes are serious considera-tions, for they carry her individuality with them, and it behooves her to be careful what she allows about her. Some women always suggest the odious English white always suggest the odious English white rose sachets, which smell of pepper and musk combined, with a suffocating effect, and others have cheap heliotrope which sators too much of the vanilla bottle in the kitchen, and others use those cosmopolite scents which belong to no flower in particular. The odors of white flowers now suit fashionable taste from an idea that they are more delicate than colored once at least they are more delicate than colored ones, at least the suggestion of flower and scent together is more pleasing. Accordingly, white rose, white lilac, white violet, white iris, jonquil

and white orchid figure on the list of new The heavy cut crystal bottles with silver or enamel holders are the choice at present, but porcelain flagons are the best to keep scents in, for an experienced chemist says they should be kept cool and dark to pre serve their essence, and prevent their grow-ing flat. The delicate and costly handkerchief extracts are used in spite of the paragraph that everything is scented except the kerchief, one of those emanations which smells of the brain it came from. The toilet waters for spraying rooms and using in the bath are usually tinctured with some re freshing herb, lavender, citron, or the East Indian grass vertivert, and a rich, old-fash-ioned scent breathes of sandal, cedrat and bergamot in skillful blending, an odor

which charms and invigorates. SOFTENING THE HANDS. What do you want to supplement your defects, it one may imagine you to have any, madam? Something to whiten and soften the hands and keep them supple and soft while you are camping out this summer in the Sierras, where one grows so healthy and please. Here it is, a delicious looking, del-icate scented empleion icate scented emulsion, tempting one to taste it as some luscious fruity con ection, It is unrivaled for the hands, whitening and softening them to perfection, the newest and one of the oldest French cosmetics revived again.

The latest Parisian lotions are colorless liquids which astringe the skin and neutralize its oiliness, or creams, with glycer-ine, which keep the face in a perpetual moisture, plumping the tissues and erasing lines. There is real benefit for wrinkles and sallow complexions in these famous recipes, if intelligently used. This charming little pot of toilet cream will last two months rightly applied, and soften the face to a months marvel by its protecting layer on the skin. I saw it made the other day in the laboratory, and had a hand in the mixing, just to say so; and for all there was in it I should not be afraid to eat it now, The freshest of fresh eggs and lemon juice, sugar, almond oil and rose water mixed with utmost care and cleanliness, stirred and beaten for hours upon hours, smelling delicately as if a rose had been dipped into it sometime, should make a tempting cosmetic to create beauty or restore it to itself.

SWEETENING THE BREATH. Cosmetic medicines form a separate branch of study, and supplement a toilet dealer's stock in trade as naturally as tooth brushes. I think you asked me awhile ago for something to keep your breath as sweet as your lover's, madam-how did you know it was so sweet? No matter.

"We all teel the charm of balmy breath that doth almost persuade justice to sheathe her sword," and this bottle of clear red liquid, with a few drops poured in a glass of water, will purify the breath and all within the lips that one need not mind how closely the hearers' attention hangs upon them. The same liquid is sovereign for dyspepsia, and reduces the interior to an amiable state very quickly. It is nice to have something one can depend on to neu-tralize the breath from a decaying tooth in that state where the dentist cannot work at it or undo the effects of a sleepless night, which never fails to leave the breath affected. A few drops of such a tincture will often prevent the toothache, which comes of eating sweets. In short, a really good tooth wash is the first of cosmetic necessities.

TAKING OUT WRINKLES.

wrinkled with the tell-tale parentheses each side the mouth and the line across the top o the nose by which men say they teil a woman's age. They will have to learn more if they think to know a woman's age bereafter by anything but the expression of her eyes, which can not be counterfeited yet awhile by most people. And beware of those who can imitate the tender, innocent, appealing look as of a stray scraph, for they

ome from the other place direct.

The specific treatment for wrinkles mus be kept up for six week vigorously, and applied afterward as occasion requires. At night bath the face in hot water, as hot as can be borne, and steam it till the pores are opened when a fine unquent is gently rubbed into the skin which nourishes and strengthens it. Then the operator begins the massage, which is not rubbing so much as working the parts. She hearing by strokas working the parts. She begins by strok-ing with the thumbs above the eyebrowsyou can't do it yourself—pressing outward perhaps 25 times. Then she works all round the orbit of the eyes, and you have no idea how it rests the tired nerves of sight.

TWENTY MINUTES OF FUSSING. Down the temples is the next pass, then the cheeks are stroked round, increasing their plumpness or their tendency that way The lines at the side of the nose and mouth are very gently stroked across and upward, and the drooping muscle of the lower cheek has especial attention and a dash of salt and

brandy lotion sometimes to restore its firm-ness. A skillful operator will fuss over your face 20 minutes and if you don't hap-pen to look exactly beautiful, immediately. you feel so. All this massage is worth every dollar it costs for the nervous relief it gives. Many women never know for years what it is to feel rested and soothed till they come under the hands of a masseur.

The massage alone is enough to take 20

years off a woman's age, but when the wrin-kles are deep, after the penetrating ungent has had time to nourish the skin a little, cupping is employed. The apparatus is a glass cup with rubber bulb attached, which, when pressed, creates a vacuum under it, the skin is drawn into the cup and the suction takes the creases out. The wrinkle treatment is harmless enough if one wants to bother with it. Taken in time, with enough exercise given the parts of the face, wrinkles will become only a word in the dictionary, or there will be shops which supply them for lady physicians and politicians, as they supply gray hair switches for those who want them.

BEAUTY'S PROPER FOOD.

The most skillful and best informed toilet specialists of the cities make the course whole meal food an indispensable part of their diet, as it aids the work of beauty so effectually. It makes fine flesh, it feeds the nerve, and teeth that have begun to crumble and decay renew themselves on this food with sound bone and enamel. There is no need to write to me for this bread. It is to be had wherever one can grind good wheat between coarse stones without bolting it, and bake such flour cakes mixed with milk and water in a very hot oven till thoroughly brown. That is all. Such was the bread the patriarchs ate when they lived hundreds of years. It is good solely because it con-tains the elements needed for the body in the best and most eatable shape. It is notable when living on sound food how quickly the hair and nails grow, and how the former renews its gloss. I have lately heard on the testimony of a very creditable and conservative medical man, of hair which had traced had turned gray, regaining its color with health. If any one clse has proof of such a phenomenon, it is too interesting not to be made public. Nature has secrets to reveal of her renewing powers, unaided by the skill of even high and intelligent art. We may be thankful to accomplish so much for cauty by means of perfumed and delicate cosmetics. But there is a bolder step to take when we can look to the serene and simple processes of nature for restoration

SHIRLEY DARR. PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY A COUNTRY PARSON.] THE doctrine of the survival of the fittest is THE doctrine of the water demonstrate the ruth of such a proposition. True it is, the lemonstration is often the work of time, but it s none the less's verity. The frail trees of the forest succumb to the onslaught of the tempest, while the sturdy ones stand the blast. In every time immemorial the question has been put, "where shall we get the statesmen, the war-riors and the orators like unto those that garland the world with glory to-day?" God

as always answered these questions

emergencies as necessities arise. Out of an apparently chaotic mass of embryotic material have been evolved men to fill the empty niches of the world. There is no probability that the author of material and spiritual things will lose His cunning. PRESIDENT LINCOLN was not a man of the ost refined tastes of æsthetic culture. His obilosophy was the outcome of a sturdy manood that gained its maturity amid the workshops of nature. Artificiality and effeminacy were non-essential to the success of his mission. The elements were so mingled in the man that the problem of human slavery, in its outward form, at least, was solved. The great alchemist so mixed the constituent parts of his character that the divine prescription eradicated the dis

AND yet reflection suggests that Lincoln was only an atom of a great whole. He was but one tree in the forest. Seward and Grant, and the thousands who took up arms for their country in its time of danger, were just as necessary in their varied spheres as was Lincoln. It is little less than folly to speculate or look upon future necessities with pessimistic eyes, when the past has been so fruitful in men for emergencies. Futurity is always pregnant.

THE colored problem, so-called, is a bugabout hat alarms a goodly portion of our citizens and our statesmen are scratching their craniums for a solution. Some where in God's universe there is a method and a man. The method is in the mind of the Almighty, and the man's mother may be rocking him to sleep in a homemade cradle to the music of the trees that sing around a lonely log cabin in the woods or amid the unfamiliar ravines of the Rocky WHAT an age of progress we are living in.

Hygiene is increasing the length of human life, electricity is abolishing distance, or robbing it of its influence. Over-cautious men tell us the world is moving too fast; man is presuming too much; he is handling the force of nature too flippantly. In isolated cases this of nature too flippantly. In isolated cases this may be true, but as a fact of broad acceptability it has no existence. The wheels of material progress have always been lubricated with human blood. Strangel Yes, that must be admitted, but over all the doctrine of the survival of the fittest remains a fact. Fair weather never made a good sailor, peace a good soldier. The existence of danger in generated power is never proved without disaster. The death of one man from the touch of the electric wire may save a hundred other lives. The explosion of a six-horse power boiler may save a thousand lives on board a steamship.

EQUILIBRIUM is only maintained in the manner indicated. It is well to weigh probabilities in the scales of past experience, to anticipate possibilities from present environment, but there is no need for over-anxious solicitude about the future. The fading rays of the past are sufficient to illuminate the nathway of the future far enough ahead to avoid irreparable disaster. The Southern question, the alien problem, the supply of men of brain and brawn to meet coming emergencies are all in the hands of a power of litlimitable magnitude. It is as true as truth can be, "There is a divinity shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." er indicated. It is well to weigh probabilities

MINING IN GRAVE YARDS.

A Half Million Dollars' Worth of Gold Goes to American Cemeteries Each Year. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Some French crank, with a taste for statistics that are of no value to any one, has figured it out that the dentists of America annually insert in the teeth of their But all that is in bottles you can become acquainted with as easily as I can tell you. What you want to know more about, I suppose, are the wonderful mystic performances of toilet specialists who take old society women, jaded, and wrinkled and thin, with the galley slave life they lead, and turn them out smooth, rounded and growing younger as the weeks of treatment roll on. What with electricity, facial massage, air pumps and toilet cupping, a really old woman bids fair to be a novelty, outside the country. We will assume you are old, customers about 1,800 pounds of gold, which

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Has Pushed Herself Forward Into Every Field of Usefulness.

FITTED TO MEET MISFORTUNE.

A True Exponent of the American Idea of the Dignity of Labor.

THE WHOLE TRUTH PROM A WITNESS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE ! "It is a curious fact that there were no girl babies in the Garden of Eden."

"No boy babies, either, I believe." "That is of less consequence," said the first speaker, who was a mother of daughters. "Of course, there wouldn't be boys, because no mischief was contemplated. You see, it was already a place of perfect happiness; so the girls were not needed. Afterward, when Adam and Eve had been driven out and all the trouble in the world was on their shoulders, God in His mercy

sent daughters to comfort them." The mother who evolved this novel explanation intended no disrespect to the boys. She wished merely to emphasize the girls. But was there ever a time when the importance of girls needed emphasizing? It certainly does not now, for the girls are declaring themselves; and in the most sensible and charming manner possible. Just at the time when a good many of our young men are turning their backs scornfully upon all industry save the toil of spending the money their fathers got for them, countless multitudes of our girls have suddenly grown tired of constituting a leisure class, and have swarmed into every field of work and enterprise.

Into Every Field. Within the memory of middle-aged

people, the girl who was unhappily compelled to earn her own living had the rauge of choice: She could teach; she could sew; she could go out to service; she could take in washing; in a few localities she could work in the factories. Now the girl who is compelled to work—and the girl who is not compelled—has stepped with selfpossessed grace upon pretty nearly every round of the industrial ladder. She becomes a doctor, and is just as likely as her brother a doctor, and is just as likely as her brother to get a good practice. She becomes a law-yer, and gets along somehow. She studies architecture, and succeeds at it. She studies art, not merely that she may paint pictures, but that she may get money returns. She takes possession of business offices, and long ago she became the majority behind the sales counters. And every day she under-takes something new and makes a success of it.

The girl who works is no longer regarded with compassion. Rather she is admired and many times is envied. It is not alone that necessity drives her that she works. It is because ambition calls. She wants a career of use:ul activity, and she makes it for he self. She has as much social life as her ambitious brother, and she enjoys it with a keener zest than ever before.

And she will marry when the right time

and the right man presents himself, and if the hand of misfortune shall smite, she will not sink helpless under the blow.

Helpless lu Misfortune "Oh, if I could only do something!" said widowed lady to me one time. As the daughter of one rich man, and the wife of another, she had lived through her years of envied happiness, secure in the certainty that privation could never come her way. And yet just now her rich husband had died and left her without a dollar in the world. Her inheritance had gone and world. Her inheritance had gone and without a spar to cling to she was cast into the deep waters to sink or swim. only she, but the crippled child which was the only precious thing she now possessed. She could play very well; she could sing very well; she could paint tolerably, and she could embroider. But not one of her

accomplishments had a commercial value which she could exchange for a calico gown or one day's food. . Training Up Independent Girls.

A man I have in mind who possesses much wealth, including sons and daughters, has had every one of his children taught a trade or a profession. And the teaching has been so thorough and so practical that each member of that household could any day turn effort into money. The peculiarity in this case is that the father has been more diligent in having his daughters made selfsupporting than in having his sons taught.

A boy has a better chance in the world, he says, but a woman needs the best equipment she can have to battle against adversity. And, in this country particularly, adversity

may come any moment; for fortunes are lost far more easily than they are gained. "It my daughters," he says, "have capable husbands and well-provided homes, what I have taught them will do no harm. If otherwise, what I have taught them will do much good, and should I lose my money they will not have to marry Tom, Dick or Harry in order to keep from starving."

They Are True Americans. It is a rather startling thought that just now American girls seem to be the truest opponents of the American idea. They are the ones who eagerly and of their own free will assert and maintain the dignity and independence of labor. So that, after all, the

the Republic. And the charming part of it all is that the girls are doing their patriotic work without fussing about theories and principles and high abstractions.

women are likely to be the true conservators of

He Told the Whole Truth. The robust and healthful independence which should always be suggested by the pame "American" has not been wholly monopolized by the girls, much of it as they now possess. A man of very genuine and inspiring independence was a witness in a Western Pennsylvania court not long ago. A lawyer, who had the cross-examining of this witness, tells the story. Everything went well until a certain question had been asked, and of much as it answered as ful-

filled the lawyer's desires.
"Stop, there! Don't tell any more about that!" "But there is more to tell. I haven't fully answered the question."

The muzzle was held firmly in place, but the witness was not subdued. Even when the Court had rebuked him he was still re-

spectfully insubordinate,
"I have been brought here by authority." he argued. "I have been required to take a solemn outh to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Now, you must allow me to keep the oath you made me swear. Neither Court nor counsel has a right to force me into perjury just because the connsel don't want just quite the whole truth. I insist on my right to give the re-

mainder of my answer."
"And, if you'll believe me," said the disgusted lawyer, "that hayseed court sus-tained him, and I lost my case."

JAMES C. PURDY. CODE OF THE CABLES.

Conference to Reduce the Limit for One Word to Eight Letters.

There is to be an ocean cable conference at Paris this summer, and the principal business to be talked about is a motion to reduce the limit of letters in a code word to eight instead of ten, as at the present time. The proposal has caused a wail of indignation, not only in this country, but also in England and Paris. This ten-letter limit has been in vogue so long that the codes are nearly all based on it, and a general recon-struction of all codes will be required if the