

**The hanging of a man and a woman** back to back in a Quebec jail is a practical illustration of Canadian sentiment on equal punishment for both sexes.

A Missouri young man was acquitted the other week of murdering his mother, but he has yet to answer for killing his sister. The other members of the family are no doubt glad they died some years ago.

The governor of Indiana says that large tracts of land in that state have been exhausted and abandoned, amounting in a single county to 10,000 acres. By deep plowing and proper fertilization, those lands would again become fruitful. The richest silver veins in England were found only two yards beyond where the original prospector abandoned his work as hopeless. The saddest of all failures are the not-quite-enough. A little more courage, a little more top-dressing, and a little deeper plowing will alter the whole face of the day's work.

Historically, the Declaration of Independence cannot for a moment be put upon the same plane as the Constitution. The former was a political manifesto, issued by a revolutionary body, and like most such manifestoes was a rhetorical appeal for support, philosophizing the Yale Review. The latter is the fundamental law of the country, which can be quoted in courts, and according to which the rights of the individual may be gauged. Leaving aside rhetoric and an appeal to the feelings, it lays down carefully and exactly the really essential maxims of good government. It very wisely leaves the subject of political rights almost untouched, but it does lay great emphasis upon the maintenance of civil rights.

A London doctor, Tucker Wise by name, has issued a solemn warning against the keeping of canaries. Ten per cent. of these birds, he avers, die of consumption, and they often distribute the disease among the unfeathered bipeds who entertain them. Well, one more danger of this sort hardly counts in these days when everything from kisses to Bibles has been denounced as a source of infection. A while ago folks were advised to get rid of their parrots, nominally for the same crime now charged against the canaries, but the suggestion is believed to have come from somebody who hated parrots—there are such persons—and no attention was paid to it. Possibly the smaller birds may also have their enemies, and Tucker Wise sounds like the name of a man who would be inclined to sleep late o' mornings.

Nursing is now a profession in which the most cultured and refined women are glad to serve, though the duties are arduous and demand more than an ordinary amount of both bodily and mental strength. Their predecessors under the old system, or rather lack of system, could hardly be said to be advanced beyond the alphabet of the present requirements. The trained nurse of today must have enough medical knowledge to second the efforts of the most skilled physician, and in the hospital as well as the home practically shares responsibility for recovery of the patient. As a rule she has learned self-mastery in trying emergencies, and brings to her task a practical sympathy displacing the fear and sensitiveness ordinarily expected from her. As her training keeps pace with the latest improvements in medical science, she will have an increasingly important share in bringing them to the aid of the sufferer.

The knowledge that the horse is on his last legs, so to speak, has come with such suddenness that we are unable to realize its full effects, facetiously observes Puck. Witness the agonies of those persons who, solicitous for the graces of language, feel impelled to coin a word that shall specifically note the horseless state of the new vehicle. They are having veritable Græco-Roman wrestling matches with variations of "auto." But, bless their hearts! they are taking a lot of trouble needlessly. Even if they find a word that satisfies the demands of euphony and accuracy, it will be ignored as soon as we get used to the new method of propulsion. Even the awkward term "horseless-carriage" will disappear. Ten years from now it will be as absurd to speak of an "auto-truck," "automobile," or "horseless-carriage," as it would be today to speak of the Pennsylvania Limited as a train of "horseless carriages," or of the St. Paul as a "sailless ship." The automatic vehicle will be called simply a truck or carriage or whatever it may be, and we shall take the absence of the horse as something too trite to need notice.

**THE STREAM'S SOLILOQUY.**

Some say that I'm a babbling and I chatter on my way,  
O'er the sands through many lands with heart of stone,  
But there's music in my babbling, and my chatter is a lay,  
That I love to sing when quiet and alone.  
Oh, the woodlands are my playthings and the dales my sweet delight,  
And the shaded nooks my rapture as I steal along from sight.

Some say I'm never quiet; that I always fret along,  
Through the glades and in the shades, with discontent,  
But because I like to ramble is it such an ardent wrong—  
Must I fret in some secluded channel, pent?  
But I have my dreaming hours, and the babbling of my song  
Brings its pleasure to the flowers and its treasures to the throng.

Where I glide along at evening softly o'er the shallow pool,  
As they go, cattle low and quench their thirst,  
And the plowboy gets a hatfull of the water clear and cool,  
Standing where the summer postles blossom first.  
How I love to see the bosky with her pretty soft gray eyes,  
And a coat as red and glossy as the sunlight in the skies.

If a stream can fall in love then I have surely lost my heart  
To a maiden, sunshine-laden, who each day comes to the wood,  
From the banks she looks with laughter where the light and shadows part,  
And I'd tell her of my passion if I could.  
But I'm just a restless fellow, and my love must go unknown,  
So I chatter on forever just a little stream, alone.

**TOO CAUTIOUS.**

BY S. T.

There was a sad group of ladies gathered in the parlor of a pretty house on the outskirts of the town of Topham. Miss Martha Joyce, spinster, of uncertain age, sat in a low rocking chair her sweet face clouded, her tender heart sore; while her two nieces, May and Bessie Joyce, twin sisters of 18, blue-eyed and pretty as rosebuds, sat one each side. The three ladies all wore mourning and bore in their pale faces and heavy eyes the traces of recent sorrow; but while Aunt Mattie meekly folded her hands and sighed, May and Bessie gave voice to considerable inward indignation.

"I don't care for ourselves," said Bessie, using the plural that meant the inseparable twinning; "we are young and can work, but it is too hard to have Aunt Mattie turned out of house and home after all she has done for Mr. William Oldfield."

"Don't blame your uncle, dear," began Aunt Mattie.

"We wasn't our uncle," snapped out May.

"He did what he promised to do," continued Aunt Mattie.

"And then undid it," said Bessie, angrily.

"We are not sure of that, dear."

"Now, auntie! He made a will, leaving you this house and \$10,000 and \$10,000 apiece to Bessie and me," said May; "but afterward, if he did not destroy it, where is it?"

"Yes, where is it?" echoed her sister.

"If it was in the house, surely it would have been found in the general turning out of our household possessions today."

"Well, dear, it can't be found, and we must go back to our old rooms and try to re-establish the little school I left five years ago. We have had a comfortable home for that time."

For the facts of the case were these: William Oldfield, a widower of many years, possessing large means, had been attacked late in life with a painful, incurable sickness, trying to nurse, distressing to witness and having an irritating effect on the nerves of the sufferer. After enduring the trials of dishonest servants and nurses, incompetent housekeepers and careless attendants for a time he had persuaded his dead wife's maiden sister to give up a small but flourishing school, by which she supported herself and her brother's orphan girls, and keep house for him.

In default of regular salary, he gave a home to the aforesaid nieces, who supported themselves by sewing, and promised a legacy to Miss Mattie, who, however, hardly expected and never demanded it. Yet, most assuredly, she had earned it, for her brother-in-law, by reason of pain and bad temper, made her a slave to his sick whims, keeping her actively employed as nurse, as he grew worse and worse, till, during the last year of his life, she rarely left his room.

Faithfully and patiently she endured the monotony of her life, the caprices of her patient's temper, the fatigue of nursing, till death claimed the invalid and released her. The promised legacy had been left to her and the girls in a will made a year before William Oldfield died; but the lawyer said the document was not intrusted to his care. Failing to find it in the house, the ladies were notified that William Oldfield, Jr., the nephew and heir-at-law of the dead man, would take possession of the entire property at once.

It was well known in Topham that this heir was by no means the one to whom the uncle desired to leave his property, as the remainder of his estate, after the legacies mentioned, passed, by the terms of the last will, to the town to endow a hospital.

The young heir-at-law had been on ill terms with his uncle for years, being a spendthrift, a gambler and a man addicted to drinking, heartlessly indifferent to his uncle's sufferings and laughing boisterously when the lawyer proposed to him to make some compensation to Miss Mattie for her services.

"The old maid was fishing for my uncle's money, of course," he said, "though she is not even a relative. Let her go back to her proper place and learn to keep her busy fingers out of other people's pies."

So the lawyer, Mr. O'Byrne, of kindly heart and great legal knowledge, was obliged to give Miss Mattie notice to quit the house she had been promised should be her own, giving vent as he did so to some opinions of his own in the matter, not strictly professional.

"You are sure you have searched faithfully for the will?" he asked.

"Quite sure."

"He certainly had it," said the lawyer. "I drew it up myself—ten thousand apiece and the house and personal effects and furniture to Miss Martha; the rest of the estate for the use of the Topham hospital. Dear! dear!

why won't clients put such papers in proper keeping instead of clinging to them as if they were life-preservers? I am very sorry, Miss Mattie. I have represented matters to the heir, but he fails to see them in a proper light."

So the ladies packed their trunks and gathered in the little parlor to spend their last evening, preparatory to an early start in the morning. And while they sat, mournfully conversing, a strange event occurred. A shock-headed boy rang the bell and handed in a note, which ran in this wise:

"Miss Martha Joyce: I do not know that the disease of which my uncle died was contagious, but I have a horror of illness in any shape or form. I therefore beg of you, before you leave his house, to burn the bedstead and bedding as used, that I may not find it when I take possession. Yours, very truly,

"WILLIAM OLDFIELD."

"Well!" cried Bessie, "if impudence can reach a sublimer height than that I am mistaken."

"Burn the bedstead! that splendid black walnut bedstead that matches the chamber suit!" said Miss Mattie.

"It really seems a pity!"

"Let him do it himself," said May; "we are not his servants."

"I'll tell you what I will do, dears," said gentle Aunt Mattie; "I have had everything washed but the tickings; I'll just empty the mattresses and have those washed, too. But I really cannot reconcile it to my conscience to burn up things that are perfectly harmless."

"Oh, Aunt Mattie, give the bedding to old Peggy! She will be delighted. The blankets are soft and fine and the sheets all clean. The young sinner only wants them out of his way."

So old Peggy, an aged woman, pensioner to all the charitable folks in Topham, was sent for and told of this stroke of good fortune.

"We will go with you," Bessie said, "and help you carry them."

The four women ascended one flight of stairs to the room where William Oldfield died. Everything was in order there and over the mattresses was spread a white Marseilles quilt that Bessie put with the rest of the bedding, while Aunt Mattie and May dragged the mattresses to the floor.

"They are all stuffed with hair, Peggy," Aunt Mattie said. "I ordered them myself."

"Yes, marm," said the old woman, feeling them carefully and nodding her head; "I'm thinking I'll sell the hair. Husk stuffing will do for my old bones, and I can buy some flour and coal, likely, with the price of the hair."

"Just as you please," said Aunt Mattie, tying the mattresses securely with a stout cord. "Now, girls, are you ready? Hannah will help Peggy with this bundle, and we will carry the sheets, blankets and spreads."

So when William Oldfield took possession the next day he found the bedstead bare and a note from Bessie tied to it, respectfully declining to make a bonfire of the furniture and stating the fact that the bedding had been given away for a charitable use.

"If he doesn't like it he is welcome to dislike it," that young lady said, graciously, as she signed the dainty epistle in her finest handwriting.

The heir said a bad word, locked up the room and occupied another apartment, where there had been no "confounded sickness," as he said, and there reigned in the house where Aunt Mattie had kept dainty neatness the confusion of a young bachelor's household, the disorder following frequent late suppers, when the city friends of young Oldfield came down to "make a night of it" and help him spend the old man's money.

Quiet Topham was scandalized and sighed over the days when the dissipated nephew was a far-away disgrace for mild gossip, but there seemed to be no help for the trouble.

The funeral had been over nearly three months, and Miss Mattie had collected a goodly number of little folks once more around her, when one morning, while Bessie was busy in the little kitchen baking pies and May was running a sewing machine in the sitting room, there came hobbling up to the door old Peggy.

"Come in, Peggy," Bessie said, cheerily. "You are just in time for an apple pie I baked for you."

"Bless your kind heart and sweet face," said the old woman. "You are never so poor yourself but you remember those who are worse off. But it's Miss Mattie I want to see."

"You are just in time, then. There's the noon bell ringing, and here comes Aunt Mattie and May to help about dinner."

"Miss Mattie," said old Peggy, "did you ever lose a paper when you were at the old house?"

"A paper!" screamed Bessie and

May in chorus. "Oh, Peggy, did you find one?"

"Yes, dears. I can't read myself, but here it is."

And from the folds of her shawl Peggy drew forth a large folded document, indorsed in round legal hand on the back:

"Last will and testament of William Oldfield."

Aunt Mattie sat down and cried softly. Bessie danced around like an insane Indian, and May, seizing a hat, darted off to Lawyer O'Byrne.

"How did you find it?" Bessie cried at last, when she was exhausted with her solitary dance.

"Well, dears," said the old woman, "I've been waiting till the warm days to empty the mattresses, for they were wonderfully comfortable for my old bones in the winter, and so today I ripped them open, as Mick Calloran said he'd give a fair price for the hair and fill them up again with husk. And pushed in one of them, near the middle, in a little slit cut with a knife, I found the paper. And it's thankful I am this day that its good news I bring, if your face tells the truth, honey."

"Good news! the best of news!" said Bessie. "You shall have the warmest shawl next winter to be found in Topham, Peggy, and the softest bed."

And here May entered with Mr. O'Byrne, and the whole story had to be told again.

"It is the will, sure enough," said the lawyer. "And so Mr. Oldfield wanted you to burn the bed and bedding. H'm! I shouldn't wonder if he was afraid of this very discovery and was too great a coward to risk hunting for it himself. It is my opinion that he will burn the whole house down yet if he keeps possession long. Topham never heard such rioting."

The will was given to Mr. O'Byrne's keeping and in due time proved and executed. The heir-at-law made a great bluster, but knowing his rage was useless left the house once more, considerably the worse for his brief sojourn in it. The fact that even the temporary enjoyment of his uncle's money was an altogether unexpected event probably aided his acquiescence in the legality of the will.

The house was cleaned and purified and once more given over to Aunt Mattie's quiet rule and the happy occupancy of the twin sisters, who gladly gave up sewing and teaching to join in the social pleasures of Topham. The hospital flourishes, and old Peggy never tires of relating how she found the fortunes of the Joyce ladies in the hair mattresses William Oldfield ordered to be burned on the day when fear made him too cautious.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

Among the Egyptians embalming ceased about 700 A. D.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record, as it had, by order of Julius Caesar, 445 days.

Stockings first came into use in the eleventh century. Before them cloth bandages were wound round the feet.

The first equestrian statue erected in Great Britain was that of Charles I, at Charing Cross, London, facing Parliament street.

According to high authorities, the nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed ten million in number.

The use of coats of arms as a badge for different families did not come into practice till the twelfth century. The Germans are said to have originated it, while the French developed the science.

Every day the Thames scoops out of its banks 150 tons of matter, or half a million tons a year. All the rivers of the world are doing similar work, the Mississippi at the rate of three hundred million tons a year.

At a philatelic exhibition, opened at Birmingham, England, there are on view the two most valuable stamps in the world—a penny and a two-penny Mauritius. The market value of the two on exhibition at Birmingham is \$10,000.

The laborers who built the pyramids did not work under such disadvantages as have long been attributed to them. Recent research shows that they had solid and tubular drills and lathe tools. The drills were set with jewels, and cut into the rocks with keenness and accuracy.

The Secret of the Dreyfus Case.

The fact that Dreyfus is a Jew furnishes a key to the mysteries of the case celebre which is connected with his name. It is impossible to understand how the French nation—an impulsive, generous people, who, although blind in their anger, are temperamentally incapable of remaining deaf to the appeal of justice after the initial fury of their wrath has spent itself—can persist in withholding from the condemned officer an opportunity to justify himself before the courts of his country. The paradox may be understood when it is remembered that, after the memory of Sedan, the greatest passion of the French is a deep and enduring hatred of the Jews as a race. The cry, "A bas les juifs!" is almost as potent in France today as was that other cry at the close of the last century—the cry that gave utterance to the hot resentment of more than a hundred years and drove the disdainful Marie Antoinette to the guillotine—"A bas le roi!"—S. Ivar Tonjoroff, in The Arena.

First Aid to the Drowning.

Quiller-Conch's Cornish Magazine relates the following of the dwellers on the stern Cornish coasts: "All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders: 'How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?' 'S'arch his pockets.'

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Maude drap d'ete, velvet of a darker shade, white corded taffeta and irregular shade are stylishly united in the charming waist here illustrated. The



A CHARMING WAIST.

pretty bodice decoration of velvet is finished separately and applied over the completed waist. It may be used as an accessory, for other waists may be worn with low pompadour neck and short sleeves for evening dress. The full fronts are supported by fitted linings that close in centre back, the square yoke of corded or tucked taffeta being applied over the lining. The collar is of taffeta to match the yoke facing. The two-seamed sleeves have becoming fullness at the top and are arranged over fitted linings, the wrists being decorated with bands of velvet and insertion to match the bretelles. The mode presents opportunity for the introduction of three contrasting materials, which is oft-

with crystal buttons. The chemisetto is of white mousseline de soie.

A Picturesque Tea Gown.

A picturesque tea gown of lace over white chiffon has a long mantle of Lyons lace caught in a point at the back of the neck, and angel-sleeves flowing from beneath transparent lace ones. The soft front is drawn in at the waist line by a black velvet band and is made of bouillonnes of chiffon inserted with stripes of black velvet. A tea gown of white silk brocaded with lilacs and roses is trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon and has a front of white plisse chiffon with motifs of cream lace. A primose-tinted silk tea gown has a front of white mousseline with three frills at the foot of the skirt, each one edged with black lace. A ceinture of coral velvet with a steel fleur-de-lis holds it at the waist-line.

Coats For Outdoor Wear.

Outdoor coats of bright blue cloth, cut with long, pointed back and ornamented with stitched bands of cloth and gilt buttons are called Municipal Guard coats by the Parisiennes, who are wearing them with dress skirts of tan or white cloth.

To Have a Clinging Gown.

If you want to have your new gown cling and hang in the most approved fashion, wear a divided skirt of soft taffeta or China silk. This is fully trimmed with ruffles at the bottom and is the only petticoat required by fashion.

Pretty Boleros.

Boleros of renaissance lace are a feature in dress and are very effective over the soft nuns' veilings and crepes de chine.



WOMAN'S ETON JACKET.

times desirable when remodeling misses' waists. The bretelles may be of the same material decorated with braid, ribbon or passementerie, the yoke and collar facing being all-over lace underlaid with satin in white or some becoming color.

To make this waist for a miss fourteen years of age will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

A Natty Eton Jacket.

The natty Eton jacket of blue serge, shown in the large engraving, has a trim tailoring finish of machine stitching, and forms part of a costume. It is smartly fitted by single bust darts and under-arm gorges that extend far back to meet in graceful curves the smooth seamless backs. A belt of the material or of leather is worn which passes under the extended fronts and closes with a fancy clasp in the centre. The fronts are deeply under-faced with the material, and may roll back to the waist or be lapped diagonally over the bust and closed with buttons, as shown in the small sketch. The sleeves, in regulation coat style, may be dart-fitted or gathered at the top, the wrists being plainly finished with stitching.

Jackets in this style may be handsomely reproduced in cloth or velvet of any fashionable shade, to wear with separate skirts of plaid or other contrasting material.

To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require one and a half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

A Beautiful Costume.

A beautiful barege creation is in very light gray over white satin. It is trimmed with bands of white satin and white lace insertion. The skirt is trimmed with three bands of the white lace. They form broad vandyke points in front. The bodice is trimmed with the insertion and white satin bands arranged in slight festoons. The sleeves are extremely small and are trimmed from wrist to shoulder with horizontal bands of white lace. About the waist is a belt of white satin fastened with an antique silver belt set with coral. An elaborate model of lavender cloth has a tunic and double-breasted bolero of the cloth. The skirt proper is of white mousseline de soie, embroidered with lace, and mounted on white silk. The cloth is also trimmed with embroidery of lace figures, and the bolero buttons



WOMAN'S CIRCULAR SKIRT.

insertion or frills of lace, ribbon quilling, ruffling of silk or mousseline, braid, giamp, passementerie or other decoration. To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inches wide.