

here, where so few profes the position of light-keeper is open to her; provided, of course, she can stand the examination that is necessary be fore she can be placed upon the roll of eligibles for appointment. The posi-tion is both congenial and remunerative, and for a great many years women from time to time have found their way into the profession, until now there are few States with a coast line that do not number at least one among their light-keepers, and frequently a greater number.

The accommodations of a lighthouse

station are, of course, varied. Some-times they are simple, but in the case of the new structures they are very elaborate. In the ordinary building there are usually a service-room, living-room, bed-room, oil-room and a

The duties of the lighthouse-keeper are many and important. The top of the tower is usually a tiny room, all glass windows. The lantern is in the centre of the room; it is a great prism of glass in shape like a beehive. The lamp is set into this, and the lenses magnify the comparatively small light of the lamp and make it a great beacon seen far off over the waters. Should the luminant be a flash-light, there is Should machinery to be wound up every few hours to cause it to revolve. At sunse



LIGHTHOUSE STAIRS.

the keeper climbs the steep steps in the high tower, takes down the curtains that darken it throughout the day, and sets the lamp inside the lantern. As she makes out the last dim sail upon the horizon and feels a thrill of isolation, and that the sun has left "the world to darkness and to me," she may have a serene sense of consolation in remembering that hundreds of other keepers are climbing upward in the night, and her soul's cry for compan-ionship is answered. At midnight the lamp is changed; a freshly filled one is put in the place of the first lighted one

When storms are raging or fogs prevailing the keeper stays awake to wind the machinery that keeps the fog signal booming over the water. Many sleepless nights are thus spent by the light-keepers in devoted vigil of the aids to navigation. At the gray of dawn the keeper is again climbing the iron ladder to the tower-top. Before the red rim of the sun appears the lamp is extinguished, the fine, prismatic lenses are covered, and the huge panes of glass that form the

O country has a more spiend of the keeper is not concluded with cause, as she says, "I have done my thing than the United States, and of the daily routine is now to be personal to the daily routine is now to be personal to the first women to be appointed." ormed.

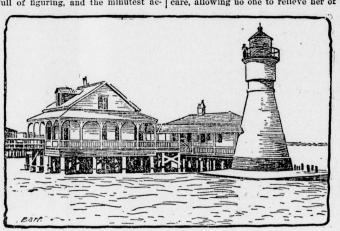
The light-keeper must give an ac count of his stewardship. A record is kept of every gill, pint, quart and gal-lon of oil that is nightly consumed by the lamps, the fractional parts of inches of wick burned, the lamp-chim-neys broken, and the general consumption of all supplies furnished yearly in large quantities by the Government. The accounts are piled up in pamphlets full of figuring, and the minutest ac-

lighthouse-keepers on the Pacific coast are widows, Mrs. Emily A. Fish at Point Pinos, and Mrs. Julia F. Will-iams, of Humboldt, California. Point

Pinos light is situated on a point of land jutting into the sea. Mrs. Fish obtained permission to add to the accommodations, and built a comfortable residence with modern improve ments for herself.

Mrs. Fish keeps the light with great

care, allowing no one to relieve her of



MRS. NORVELL ON LIGHTHOUSE TOWER, LAKE PONTCHA?

curacy is absolutely necessary. Trust in a keeper is imperative. Daily, monthly, quarterly and annual reports are rendered to the inspector, and each report is a detective upon the other, every light is a watch-tower, and every visible light-station reports the others on the log-book or daily journal.

The pathetic story of Lena, the sixyear-old keeper of a port light on the Mississippi River, brings tears to many eyes. The blind grandfather pleaded with the child not to venture to the island post that night, in vain. Lena had promised the inspector never to forget that light, and, although a sorm swept the river, she hastened to reach the post, only to have her frail life dashed out by the waves. While Mrs. Fowler, wife of the keep-

er at the North Dumpling light, Fisher's Island Sound, Rhode Island, was in charge of the tower in her husband's absence, during a thick fog a break occurred in the machinery by which the bell is rung as a warning to sailors. The bell was at the top of the tower, with no regular means of reaching it. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Fowler set a ladder against the tower, climbed the height, tied a rope to the bell, and rang it until the fog cleared away. The Lighthouse Board warmly commended Mrs. Fowler's courage in a letter that is precious to her. These are but a few transcript rom official pages.

The first woman to act as a lighthouse-keeper was probably Elizabeth Smith, who, 'n 1830, kept the light at Old Field Point, Long Island, and had full charge of it for twenty-five years. Nancy Rose was appointed in November, 1857, as a lighthouse-keeper to succeed her husband at Stony on the Hudson River. She is the first woman keeper whose appointment is on official record. In her seventyseventh year, Mrs. Rose still climbs the ladder to the light with no uncertain step, faithfully keeping her vigil under stormy and starry skies. Her bright eyes are unimpaired in vision. The lighthouse stands on the hilltop. The keeper's cottage is surrounded by a well-kept garden that during the summer-time is full of blooming dah-lias. Mrs. Rose maintains the family

light in Little Traverse Harbor, on said this of her work: "I first went into the service in 1869 with my husband, who was the keeper of a light upon an island. In 1872 he was drowned while rescuing a boating par-The appointment was given to me and I continued in my first charge for fifteen years. I was then transferred to the mainland, and I have been here for more than sixteen years. I love my work-it has its fascinations for me; and I love the water, although it has been to my beloved ones a cruel friend. I have had many stirring experiences in all these years of light-teeping. Many are the storms I have seen, watching the wild waves beating upon the shore. Every evening as I climb my tower-steps I know that there are hundreds of othe: lightkeepers doing the same thing. I have many sleepless nights when storms are raging. My station is built of brick and stone, and is very comforta-ble and warm to live in. We lightkeepers feel a great sympathy with our sailors, for we know their eyes are watching to catch the welcome glim

the official duties of the station. As a result she received, in March, 1901, a letter of special commendation for the neatness, excellence and faithfulness of her service, a document that is filed with the official records of the

Mrs. M. D. R. Norvell is one of the well-known heroines of the lighthouse service. She was born in Washington, D. C., and her great-grandfather designed the Washington monument. The romantic, brilliant and versatile girl married a young man of fortune, who suffered financial reverses, and was appointed keeper of the light at the Head of the Passes, Port Eads, Louisiana. At his death Mrs. Norvell succeeded him as keeper of the light, in 1891, and she brought up her two children in the sunshine and storm of

Another of these heroines is Mrs. Martha A. Keeler, who has spent twenty-four years in various lighthouses along the North Carolina coast. Nine years of this time she fourteen miles from a postoffice and ten miles from land, but she bad her birds and flowers and books, and between them and the performance of her household duties the time passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Josephine pleasantly enough. Mrs. Josephine Freeman has kept the light on Blakis-ton Island, near where the broad Potomac joins the bay, since 1876. Mrs. Freeman says the winters are severe and that terrible storms frequently prevail. She often walks across the ice to the distant Maryland shore for mail and provisions.

Mrs. Daniel Williams, keeper of the watching to catch the welcome gilm-mer of the lights as they sail on the stormy deep. The light-keepers are much exposed to danger, and many lives are lost in going to and from the mainland to the lighthouses that are built upon rocks and shoals. Our lives are given to our work, and we feel the great responsibility resting upon us. We are faithful to the duties as signed us, and we keep our lamps trimmed and burning, a guide to mar-iners on the way to safe harbors of refuge."—Woman's Home Companion, THE CHINCHILLA.

Very few people seem to know much about that finest and most delicate of furs, the chinchilla. Were it not for its lack of durability, the skin being thin and light, this loveliest of pelts would be more used for whole gar-As it is, most of us are con-

It is expensive to start out with about the price of a bealskin, and doubly so, when you consider that its wearing qualities are quite below seal. But it is lovely and becoming, and when you consider that it will last a number of seasons if no strain be put upon it, you can't wonder that so much of it is sold.

that yellowism, or dull gray, or greasy skins are imitations; rather are they the coats of different sorts of chinchil-las which come from Chile, Buenos Ayres and La Plata. The real chinchilla, the sort which is worth having, and which has made this fur fashionable, comes from the mountainous dis-

measures five or six inches, and the ears, which are almost hairless, are rather large, broad and silky.



THE CHINCHILLA.

the ground color. The light parts are a slate-white, while down the back it is of a dark blue or black cast.

While the half savage South American Indians still do the catching of these nimble and cautious animals, they no longer surround their holes in the earth with a network of cactus upon which the poor little things used to impale themselves after being lured out and scared into trying to escape. Besides this punctured the skin, making it less valuable.

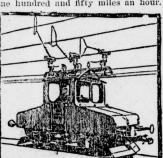
Then they tried smoking them out, but this turned the skin yellow.

Now they use dynamite! Having located their victims they form a network of grasses and hardy plants around a hill on the side of which the chinchilla burrows. A dynamite cartridge with a fuse attached is then discharged in the centre of the network and the poor little things are frightened into running out and scampering about, when the Indians dash into the inclosure with clubs, and kill them by striking them on the head. To date this is counted the best way out of a bad job; it is a quick death, and does not damage the skins, which bring up to \$15.

The skins are immediately removed and placed on bushes to dry, the In dians often making their next meal from their hideless victims. Some Indians hunt them with ferrets.

To Make 150 Miles an Hour.

An electric engine has been invented which is expected to attain a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.



A society, lately formed, comprising the leaders of the most noted machine works, has for its sole object the at tainment of phenomenal speed on rail-The new locomotive was roads. structed by Siemans & Halske, and the preliminary tests, which, by special order of Emperor William, were made therewith on the military railroad Berlin-Zossen, are reported to have given brilliant results.



social sciworkers in social science, addressing the Vegetarian Congress in London, testify that a vegetarian diet is a certain cure for the liquor habit." . .

DR. TALMAGES SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

ubject : Secret Societies-Why Silence is Sometimes Best — Organizations That Work For Humanity's Service — The True Tests For Secret Societies.

Washingron, D. C.—A practical question which is asked in most houses and for many years is here asked by Dr. Talmage and answered; text, Proverbs xxv, 9, "Discover not a secret to another."

It appears that in Solomon's time, as in all subsequent periods of the world, there were people too much disposed to tell all they knew. It was blab, blab, blab; physicians revealing the case of their patients, lawyers exposing the private affairs of their clients, neighbors advertising the faults of the next door resident, pretending friends betraying confidences.

One-half of the trouble of every community comes from the fact that so many people have not capacity to keep their mouths shut. When I hear something disparaging of you, my first duty is not to tell you, but if I tell you what somebody has said against you and then go out and tell everybody else what I told you, and they go out and tell others what I told them that I told you, and we all go out, some to hunt up the originator of the story and others to hunt it down, we shall get the whole community talking about what you do and what you did not do, and there will be as many scalps taken as though a band of Modocs had swept upon a helpless village. We have two ears, but only one tongue, a physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a good deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill, and then there will not be such awful need of sermons on Solomon's words, "Discover not a secret to another."

Solomon had a very large domestic circle. In his earlier days he had very conjused notions about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the matrimonial state kept him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sorosis or female debating society of 700, discussing day after day all the difficulties between husbands and wives, between rulers and subjects, until Solomon, in my text, depl

hunt up some other forget-me-not or heartsease. Plants love company. You will find them talking to each other in the dew.

You sometimes see a man with no outbranchings of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard, like a ship's mast ice glazed, which the most agile sailor could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts and blossom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather together to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the state, some to discuss religious themes, some to kindle their mirth, some to advance their craft. So every active community is divided into associations of artists, of merchants, of bookbinders, of carpenters, of masons, of planters, of shipwights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades would accomplish no more than if you should preach to a busy ant hill a long sermon against secret societies.

Here we find the oft-discussed question whether associations that do their work with closed doors and admit their members by passwords and greet each other with a secret grip are right or wrong. I answer that it depends entirely on the nature of the object for which they meet. Is it to pass the hours in revelry, wassail, blasphemy and obscene talk or to plot trouble to the state or to debauch the innocent, then I say with an emphasis that no man can mistake, "No!" But is the object the defense of the rights of any class against oppression, the improvement of the haind, the chargement of the heart, the advancement of art, the defense of the Government, the extirpation of crime or the kindling of a pure hearted sociality, then I say with just as much emphasis, "Yes."

There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should within."

the Government, the extirpation of crime or the kindling of a pure hearted sociality, then I say with just as much emphasis, "Yes."

There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our intentions. The general of an army never sends to the opposing troops information of the coming attack. Shall we who have enlisted in the cause of God and humanity expose our plans to the enemy? No; we will in secret plot the ruin of all the enterprises of Satan and his cohorts! When they expect us by day, we will fall upon them by night. While they are strengthening their left wing we will fall on their right. By a plan of battle formed in secret conclave we will come suddenly upon them, crying, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Secrecy of plot and execution is wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every family is a secret society, every business firm and every banaing and insurance institution.

Those men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. There are thousands of the word of the company of the great secret societies about which there is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak.

Although not belonging to any of the great secret societies about which there has been so much violent discussion, I have only words of praise for those associations which have for their object the maintenance of right against wrong or the reclamation of inebriates or, like the score of mutual benefit societies called by different names, that provide temporary relief for widows and orphans and for men incapacitated by sickness or accident from earning a livelihood. Had it not been for the secret labor organizations in this country monopoly would long ago have under its ponderous wheels ground the laboring classes into an intolerable servitude. The men who want the whole earth

shillings and sixpence for the first offense, five shillings for the second, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisting shall be dealt with as the committee thinks proper.

shillings and sixpence for the first offense, five shillings for the second, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisting shall be dealt with as the committee thinks proper.

Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of humanity and of God or anything elevating, but let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as many do. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the society rooms and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fine horses, but they are stingy about their wives' dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful influence a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart.

There are secret societies where membershin always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain kind and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write hishistory if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken hearted or pre-maturely old, his fortune gone and his home a mere name in the directory.

Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of these nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to the home, which night I will spend in secwling like a March soual, wishing I was out spending it as I have spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of 10,000 that ever get so far on the wrong ro-1 ever stops. Gradua

to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come.

Another test by which you can find whether your secret society right or wrong is the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial success. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the secret society has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a good one. But has your credit failed? Are bargain makers now more anxious how they trust you with a bale of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency AI before they entered the society been going down since in commercial standing? Then look out.

You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortune beaten to death with ball player's bat or cut amidships with the front prow of the regatta or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses or drowned in the large potations of cognac Mononanhela. The secret society was the Look Earn. Their business was the Ville de Havre. They struct, and the Ville de Havre. They struct, and the Ville de Havre when they whether the society to which you belong is good or bad is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in this audience and out them on a roll, and then I should lay that roll back of this organ, and a hundred years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any society that makes me forget that fact is a bad society.

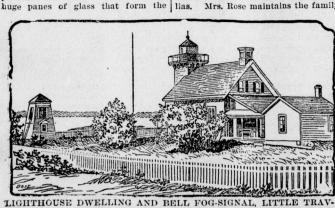
Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die—a nack of

roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any society that makes me forget that fact is a bad society.

Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die—a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lins in the closing moment—the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Whom would you rather have for your nallbearers—the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and inuendo? Whom would you rather have for your eternal companions—those men who spend their evenings betting, sambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightneed up; she has never got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are with no one to put to bed and no one to whom to tell the beautiful Bible stories! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to heln her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say. "Papa, do stay with me to-night—do stay with me to-night!" You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a bad secret society is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was

will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a bad secret society is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dving of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then the returned father comes up stairs, and he sees the cradle gone, and he says, "What is the matter?" On the indigment day he will find out what was the matter.

Oh, man astray, God help you! I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become a ship cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day—a thread of laughter, a thread of banqueting, a thread of laughter, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation—and I twist them together, and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a trans of the heart strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a



walls of the room are curtained. The

tradition in being a light-keeper, as they have held the post ever since the of an almost perpendicular ladder, and tower was built. She has raised sevwhen filled, trimmed and cleaned is en children, and kept the position ready for the sunset hour. The work through various political changes be-

It Comes, What It Eats, How I is Trapped.

tent to have it for collar and revers facings, collarettes, and muffs.

Some make the mistake of thinking

tricts of Peru and Bolivia.

The chinchilla, rodent that it is, lives upon vegetable matter, and is about nine inches in length. The tall is the color of the fur, with blue for

