

NOBILITY.

It is not that the mountains make the men, in solitary grandeur, but apart—The towering hills of the Alps, but some to start A sleeping nobleness to life again. The great-voiced eagles find their province when They join the tollers in the street, the mart, Their honest, rugged sturdiness of heart. Kinship responsibility unshared till then. For such is not the narrow, binding creed, Nor struggle to excel at others' cost—The bickering selfish strife to win who can. On them the Pharisaic cut is lost: There is to seek and help the crying need, To stir in all the majesty of man. —Frederick William Memmott, in the Springfield Republican.

A PHILOPENA WOOLING,
—OR—
Miss Harlowe's Love Story.

John Armstrong took Miss Harlowe out to dinner, and neither the dinner nor the diners received any of his attention, for it was entirely occupied by Miss Harlowe.

He could not have told what was the first course, nor what was the last, nor what had been said by the lion of the evening, Lieut. Barnum of Cuban fame; but he knew at just what droop Miss Harlowe's curling lashes looked prettiest, he knew every detail of her gown, he knew just how her brown hair turned to gold where the rays of the electric globes fell upon it. Miss Harlowe held out a twin nut in her pretty palm. "Will you eat a philopena with me, Mr. Armstrong?" she said.

It was marvellous what a softening effect those lashes had on her brilliant eyes, one felt the difference when she looked straight at one and when she looked up from under their silken fringe. Some people said she had hard eyes. Armstrong did not think so. He bent over the small hand and took up the nut as if it were a jewel. "I will do anything that you ask me to do," he said. "But what happens when one eats a philopena?"

"Oh, you cannot accept anything from me and I cannot accept anything from you. If one of us does and the other cries 'philopena!' the unfortunate is obliged to give a pawn." "Those are very hard conditions, altogether unfair," said Armstrong. "Eat it!" Miss Harlowe commanded, imperiously. Then she looked down at her plate. "There is always a way to get around the hardest conditions," she said, softly.

"Phillipa carried on as usual this evening," remarked the hostess to her husband when the last guest had gone. "I declare, that girl is simply dreadful. She is the dearest, prettiest thing, but she seems to think that all men were created solely for her amusement." Mrs. West had a tender heart, and all the evening she had carried with her the recollection of the pathetic gratitude in John Armstrong's eyes when she told him that he was assigned to Miss Harlowe. She gave an unoffending yellow soft pillow a vicious dig, which might have led one to suppose that for a moment she had transformed it into Miss Harlowe's golden head. Then she gave her husband a hug and a kiss as if to atone to all men for the cruelty of all women.

"My dear," said he, "John Armstrong is able to take care of himself."

But Mrs. West knew he wasn't. Phillipa was sleeping the sleep of the just. Probably it was the sleeplessness of the unjust that John Armstrong was experiencing.

He had been warned. Other moths who had fluttered about the flame exhibited their singed wings, or expatiated on the altogether wingless condition of still more unfortunate victims. But where is the moth that was ever saved by good advice?

"She is as beautiful as a picture, and with about as much heart," said Travers.

"She is beautiful, and she has a heart to match her face," replied Armstrong. "You fellows have never been able to reach it, that's all. She isn't a woman to be lightly won, and I like her for it."

"Lightly won! Good heavens! That's just it; she doesn't want to be won; she only wants to be wooed. John, my boy, I admire your delicious self-conceit and your stubbornness, but I tell you she is just playing with you."

"I do not care to discuss Miss Harlowe any further," said Armstrong coldly. And Travers knew that he had said as much as he dared.

Phillipa sat in her drawing room, waiting for John Armstrong. She was smiling to herself as she remembered that she had told three men that she would not be at home tonight.

"He comes out of his shell when there is no one else here," she said to herself. "What a great, noble head he had! And what a will! I will tell him about the other men."

He came directly, and she welcomed him very sweetly; but as she looked in his face she saw a certain firmness about the lips and a steady light of purpose burning in his eyes, and she shivered a little. Like Travers, she knew that she had gone as far as she dared.

She became desperately gay, but Armstrong was in no mood for railery. He sat silent and watched the play of the light on her hair, the delicate rose color that burned in her cheeks, the quick drooping and curving of her lips.

Then he leaned suddenly over her. He was tremendously in earnest, his straightforward nature could brook no preamble. She certainly understood him by this time.

"Phillipa," he cried, "you know that

you are dearer than life to me! Do not put me off any longer. I cannot bear it! You are very beautiful, dear, like some exquisite flower, with all your gifts and graces, and I am only an awkward, abrupt fellow. I have nothing much to offer you, I know I am not worthy of you, but I can give you a heart that is all yours and a lifetime of love and devotion. Will you accept it, Phillipa?"

Phillipa laughed nervously. Then she furled and unfurled her fan and looked up archly.

"Accept anything from you? Why, you must think I have forgotten our philopena! Besides, if I did accept, you know, I shouldn't have a thing to give you for a pawn."

"Phillipa, do not trifle with me." "You are very unreasonable!" Phillipa cried, conscious, however, that her eyelashes were falling her for the first time. "You ask me to accept a gift just as if there never was such a thing as a philopena."

Armstrong rose. His lips were white, his eyes full of pain. He looked down on her a moment, then he said, quietly: "Goodby, Phillipa," and strode from the room.

He took his overcoat from the hall tree and dragged it on deliberately. "Like many another poor fool, I see that I have endowed a beautiful doll with a soul," he said to himself with a bitter smile.

He jammed his hat down over his head and slid back the chain of the door, then he felt the touch of a hand, and he turned and saw what no one had ever seen before—Phillipa's brilliant eyes all soft and misty with tears. She laid her cheek against his sleeve.

"John, dear John, forgive me!" she cried with a little sob. "I do accept, and here, I will give you the pawn in advance."

She drew his head down and kissed him, and Armstrong folded her in his arms without a word.

"You see, dear," whispered Phillipa. "I couldn't give you my heart for a pawn, because you already had it, long ago."—Venita Seibert in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FISSURES IN VESUVIUS.

Suspicious That Another Big Eruption Is Impending.

Professor Matteucci, the careful student of Mount Vesuvius's vagaries, predicts that a new eruption will take place in a short time, and from various indications he feels satisfied it will be no slight one.

He has considered it well to utter a timely warning, as experience has shown that Vesuvius, when it vents its wrath unexpectedly, does a great deal of damage to persons and property in the vicinity.

Professor Matteucci is no alarmist, but bases his prediction on the fact, which he has noticed, that various new fissures are now being formed near the summit of the mountain, and this in his opinion is an unquestionable proof that masses of lava and other matter soon will be again belched forth.

His close study of the volcano during the recent eruption confirms him in this opinion.

Day after day he continued his investigations, often at the peril of his life, and as a result the account of his work, which he has just forwarded to the French Academy of Sciences, contains more facts about Vesuvius than were ever known before.

He noted the daily changes that took place in the crater during the eruption, and he even measured the height which was attained by the great masses of igneous matter after the mountain had vomited them forth.

The largest of these masses ascended to a height of 537 metres, and when it fell it occupied a space of 12 cubic metres, and was found to weigh 30,000 kilogrammes.

It traveled through the air at the rate of 80 metres a second, and it is estimated that a force equivalent to 600,000 horse power must have been required to send it on its skyward career.

This enormous mass fell dangerously near the professor. This was not the only occasion, however, on which he almost lost his life, and his friends are still wondering how he managed to escape the constant shower of fiery rocks that threatened him during the entire eruption.

At one time it was rumored that he had been killed, but happily this proved to be false, and now many are congratulating him, not only on his good fortune, but also on the skill and forethought which have enabled him to ascertain the time when the next eruption may be expected.—London Mail.

An Old Sea-Dog on Lawyers.

There is a passage of curious interest in the will of the late admiral of the fleet, Sir John Commerell. He wrote: "Having had fatal experience of the iniquity of the law in certain cases, when decisions have been given against common sense and justice, it is my directions that my two nieces who are intended to benefit by the death of my child or children mean the two eldest children of my sister at the time this will was made, namely, Edith Bloomfield and Katie Bloomfield, and I entreat the parties interested in my will not to appeal to the law if any difficulty may arise, but to arbitration. Having been swindled myself by every lawyer that I ever had anything to do with makes me offer this advice to my heirs, executors and assigns."—Westminster Gazette.

In Algiers a motor vehicle transport now makes a daily run of 106 miles between two towns where vehicular traffic of no kind has ever before been possible.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Fucks, far from losing favor, appear to be steadily gaining ground and will be correct for the next, as well as the present



TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

season. The novel May Manton shirt waist shown is of white taffeta silk, and is made over the fitted lining, but all waist materials are appropriate and the lining can be omitted when washable fabrics are used.

The foundation fits snugly and closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the portions of the waist proper. The

The Parasol of Many Colors.

Among novelties from Paris is the sunshade with a movable cover, achieved in an ingenious and perfectly simple manner so that the cover can be put on instantly, and, naturally, can be varied as much as liked, so that each one will harmonize with a different dress. It used to be the custom to give as a present a valuable parasol handle, but instead of that it is now fashionable to present the frame, accompanied by several covers. A sunshade cover painted by the giver forms a lovely gift.

Sapphires and Emeralds.

Sapphires and emeralds may be set around with diamonds if you can afford the extravagance. If not, you may have opals and turquoise set in gold.

Girl's Dress.

Little girls are best dressed when wearing simple little frocks that are quite free of fuss. The very charming May Manton model shown is admirable in many ways, including the latest feature in the novel plastron-bertha that finishes the low neck. The original is of China silk, with blue figures on a white ground, and is made with short sleeves and worn without the guimpe; but can be varied and made high by the addition of the latter, while countless materials are equally appropriate. For warm weather, dancing school or party



ETON JACKET.

fronts are tucked to yoke depth, then fall free to form soft folds, but the backs are tucked for their entire length and are arranged to give a tapering effect to the figure.

The novel yoke extends over the sleeves, but can be cut off at the armpits when preferred. The sleeves are in bishop style, tucked for nearly their length, but left free to form puffs above the narrow pointed cuff bands. At the neck is a regulation stock collar with which is worn a tie of black velvet to match the belt.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Woman's Eton.

Etons remain first favorites for light weight jackets and will extend their popularity into the coming season. No other style has so firm a hold on the fashionable world and no other is so generally becoming and useful. This latest design possesses many advantages and is admirable both for the entire suit and the separate wrap. The May Manton original shown in the large drawing is designed for the latter purpose and is of black chevot trimmed with stitched taffeta bands and handsome crocheted buttons, but Oxford chevot, taffeta, cover cloth and all jacket cloths are equally appropriate and all suiting materials are correct when the little coat is part of a costume. As shown, the big sailor collar is used, but when preferred this last can be omitted and the neck finished with a stitched band extended from the revers.

The back of the Eton is smooth and seamless. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts and are turned back to form the pointed revers that meet the collar which is joined to the neck. The sleeves are plain in coat style, trimmed to simulate cuffs.

To cut this Eton for a woman of medium size, three and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide, one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide or one and three-eighths yards fifty inches wide will be required, with two yards of stitched bands to trim as illustrated.

wear the design is admirable as it stands and childish, simple silks, pale-tinted cashmeres and the like are appropriate. For simpler occasions washable materials and darker colors can be used either with or without the separate guimpe. Or the waist can be made with high yoke and long sleeves.

The waist is simple and full, closing at the centre back, and is finished at the low neck with the plastron-bertha. The skirt is straight and full gathered at the upper edge and joined to the belt.

To cut this dress for a girl of eight years of age, five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and three-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide or four yards forty-four inches wide will be required; with short sleeves five and five-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide, four and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourths yards thirty-two inches wide or three and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide; with long sleeves one and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, two and one third yards twenty-one inches wide for



GIRL'S DRESS.

guimpe, two and one-fourth yards of edging and three and three-fourth yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.



Plain Furniture in Favor.

The plain, simple furniture, solidly made in weathered oak and ash, in simple lines, is increasing in popularity. Its practical usefulness pleases many people; it has an artistic side, which pleases others, and there are no crevices for the secretion of dust, a point which is important to the housekeeper. It is comparatively inexpensive, and the heavy leather upholstery used on many pieces, besides its style, as it is put on with large dull gold nails, has wonderful wearing qualities, and will not become shabby. The shapes of the dining tables are particularly good. They have a number of straight sides, and can accommodate a number of people without crowding. A small one will have six straight sides, the supports passing from the corners to the centre, leaving pie-shaped openings, which give ample room for each person at the table. When used for the libraries these tables are also covered with leather, secured with big-headed tacks.—New York Times.

How to Clean Wool.

Greasy and resinous spots, as those of machine oil, wagon grease, tar, pine and cedar resins, ought to be also cleaned right side down on the folded cloth. Wet them first with alcohol, next very plentifully with turpentine, and last of all with benzine. Between each wetting shift the spots over a clean place. Pour everything in a very small, but steady stream, so it shall go right through the spot, but not much outside it. After wetting rub hard a minute with a soft rag. When the cloth underneath shows white, turn the spot over and wipe the right side quickly with a clean, rag wet in alcohol. Dry quickly, in the sun if possible; let the garment air for six hours, then cover the spots upon the wrong side with a damp, not a wet, cloth, and press with a very hot iron. If the spots want stiffening dip a tooth brush lightly in the gum arabic, hold it six inches above the wrong side of the cloth, and pass the finger across it, so as to spatter the gum in fine spray where it will do most good, then let the garment lie a few minutes before ironing.

Care of Glass Bric-a-Brac.

Glass, though proverbially brittle, will stand any amount of hard usage; but once it is broken the only thing that remains to be done is to throw it away. Cementing will not do much good. Glass that has been properly annealed will stand variations of temperature perfectly well; but if this hasn't been done it is likely to break instantly and without apparent reason.

Glass vases used for flowers frequently become coated with an unpleasant deposit in the inaccessible parts of the inside. This is due to decayed stems of flowers that are left too long in the water. This deposit may be removed by cleaning with a cloth that has been dipped in pumice-stone powder. Care, if beaten flat with a hammer and dipped into the powder makes an excellent brush and holds the pumice-stone in position between the fibres.

Hydrochloric acid, one part acid to eight parts water, will remove any ordinary deposit. If this does not have the desired effect the quantity of acid may be increased.

It is advisable to keep the hands out of the acid as much as possible, as it is injurious and often cracks the finger nails.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Graham Muffins—One and a half cups sour milk; one egg; one teaspoonful soda; a little salt; two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and the same quantity of melted butter. Make stiff enough with graham flour to drop from a spoon. Bake 20 minutes. Nice for breakfast.

Potato Shells—Add to a quart of hot mashed potato a tablespoonful each of butter and cream half a teaspoon of celery salt, quarter teaspoon of paprika and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Press firmly into buttered shells; unmold carefully. Brush the corrugated side with beaten yolk, lay on a buttered pan and bake brown.

Mince Meat Browning—Mince cold roast beef very fine; add to it one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one cupful of grated stale bread, a little lemon juice and stock or gravy. Stir this over the fire until very hot; put in a buttered baking dish; cover with buttered bread crumbs, place it in the oven till brown. Serve with thick tomato sauce.

Lisbon Sauce—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoon of chopped onion, the same amount of green pepper, one cup of tomatoes, two drops of tobacco and one tablespoon each of chopped capers and pickles. Melt the butter, add onion and pepper and fry two minutes; add the rest of the ingredients and cook five minutes; season with a scant half teaspoon of salt. Pour over poached eggs, served in heated shredded wheat biscuit.

NIGHT WORKERS IN NEW YORK.

Figures That Show the Number of Them to Be Upward of 40,000.

There are 800,000 persons, men and women, employed in what the law describes as gainful occupation—working for others for compensation.—in New York City, says the Sun. It has heretofore been supposed that about 5 percent of these were employed at night, which would give a total of 40,000 night workers in the city.

Recently a table has appeared intended to show how many night workers there actually are in the four boroughs, and this estimate gives 3200 policemen, 3000 railroad employes, 3000 bakers, 3000 newspaper employes, 2500 engineers and firemen, 2500 actors and musicians and 1000 restaurant employes. The total is 20,600, the balance being made up of butchers, pedlers, steam railroad employes, telegraphers, watchmen, electricians and miscellaneous workers.

The table, accurate in many respects, falls short of completeness as to the total number of persons employed at night in New York. There are in New York and Brooklyn 2167 Raines law hotels which are open all night, in each of which there is at least one man employed and usually two. This figures up 3500.

The table does not include the market men, a considerable group of night workers, who number at least 1000, the men who work along shore loading or unloading boats to the number of 1000 additional, and it does not take into account either those employed on or connected with the ferry business of the city, which is carried on all night, in which there are at least 500, a total of 6000 additional.

The number of watchmen is estimated at 400, actually it is nearer 2000, for there are watchmen of buildings under construction, watchmen of office buildings, watchmen in care of material, factory watchmen, private watchmen and ordinary night watchmen.

There are 250 hotels in New York City and the number of night employees of these—clerks, porters, elevator men, watchmen, bell boys, gas men and cleaners is 2500, or an average of about 10 for each hotel.

Another considerable item of night workers is made up of the employees of apartment houses, elevator men and lanterns, and still another of city employees connected with the water supply department, which is going all night, and in charge of public buildings.

Gashouses in New York do not shut down at night time, but employ night shifts of men, and the same is true of the foundry business, and there are the all night drug stores as well as the all night saloons, and the night hawk cabmen, whose chief time of profit is between midnight and day-break.

Taking all these classes together, it is probably no exaggeration to say that there are 40,000 night workers in New York, exclusive of physicians and clergymen.

Bolivar Scared Him.

The life of a photographer is not always a happy one. He has to invade precincts which are almost sacred in his efforts to get a snap shot, and sometimes he literally takes his life in his hands when he has to set up his machine in dangerous quarters. A well-known artist had an exciting experience the other day when he essayed to make a photograph of Bolivar, the huge elephant at the Zoo. Getting inside the cage in which Bolivar has been confined for so long, the photographer set up his machine and awaited a favorable moment.

Bolivar seemed to be disturbed by the presence of the strange apparatus in his cell, and, suddenly whisking around, managed to snap the chains by which he is always bound. The frightened photographer made a dash to one side to escape the waving trunk which he saw coming his way, and in his confusion made a misstep which landed him, camera and all, in a pit in which the waste hay and refuse of the cage are kept. Luckily for him the keepers rushed to his assistance and dragged him out before the angry animal could get at him. His camera was badly damaged, and nearly a week passed before he could muster up sufficient courage to renew his attempt.—Philadelphia Record.

The Arms of Wales.

The king is said to be favorably disposed to the inclusion of the arms of Wales in those of the future Princes of Wales. It is to be hoped that the dragon will not be used as the symbol of this inclusion, for nothing, heraldically, could be more absurd. The dragon does not occur in the coats of arms of any of the ancient Welsh princes or in those of any of the old Welsh families. It is sometimes spoken of as the emblem of the Tudors; but Owen Tudor, the founder of the Tudor family, was not armigerous; and the red dragon which Henry VII. adopted was not that of the Tudors, but was a compromise between the white bull of York and the red lion and greyhound of Lancaster.

Big Window, No Harmony.

The Builders' Trade Journal says that plate glass, the creation of comparatively recent times, is responsible for many of the enormities which render the street architecture of today so devoid of grace and harmony. Those, however, who contend that a house window glazed with small panes—even those so popular at the beginning of the 19th century, about 12x15 inches—s much more pleasing in appearance than one glazed with one great sheet, are, we think, quite in the right